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THE  
POETICAL WORKS  
OF  
JOHN AND CHARLES WESLEY.

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VOL. VIII.

VOL. VIII.

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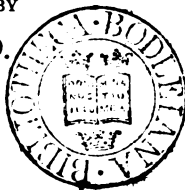
THE  
POETICAL WORKS  
OF  
JOHN AND CHARLES WESLEY:  
REPRINTED FROM THE ORIGINALS,  
WITH THE LAST CORRECTIONS OF THE AUTHORS;  
TOGETHER WITH  
THE POEMS OF CHARLES WESLEY  
NOT BEFORE PUBLISHED.

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COLLECTED AND ARRANGED BY  
G. OSBORN, D.D.

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VOLUME VIII.



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## ADVERTISEMENT.

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WITH the tracts contained in the present Volume the reprinting of the Poetical Works of John and Charles Wesley is completed, so far as (1) the original poems published in their joint names, and (2) their anonymous poetical works, are concerned. Of their separate original publications, one alone remains, viz., Mr. C. Wesley's "Short Hymns on Select Passages of Holy Scripture," which will be commenced in the next Volume.

A wish has been more than once expressed that in this reprint Mr. John Wesley's share in the authorship of such publications as bear the names of both brothers, should be distinctly pointed out. It may, therefore, be proper now to state that the two brothers having agreed not to distinguish their hymns,\* the Editor has thought it better to respect their wishes, especially as any distinction now attempted must be to a great extent, if not wholly, conjectural. But he hopes to be excused for observing that his own inquiries have led him to think it likely that Mr. John Wesley contributed more largely to these joint publications than is commonly supposed; and that the habit of attributing almost everything found in

\* Mr. Bradburn received this statement from Mr. J. Wesley. See his "Farther Account" appended to Mr. Rodda's sermon, preached at Manchester, March 13, 1791.

them to his brother, is scarcely consistent with a due regard to accuracy.

The Collection of Psalms here presented to the reader includes every one that the Editor has the means of verifying, and it is with peculiar pleasure that he notes the appearance of sixteen which have not been before published. Some years ago the Rev. H. Fish published a volume containing twenty-four Psalms previously unpublished, which was at that time believed to contain all the Psalms which Charles Wesley ever versified; the manuscript now in the Editor's hands not having then come to light. These new discoveries will speak for themselves. They raise the total of the ascertained productions of the two brothers in this department to one hundred and ten; and still further enhance our estimate of the fecundity of Mr. Charles Wesley's genius, and his incessant application. The depth, breadth, and tenderness of his sympathies, and his intense and conscientious loyalty, will receive additional illustration from the scattered and fugitive poems here preserved, as well as from the several collections of "Hymns" and "Prayers." Some of these have been so long out of print as to be almost inaccessible even to diligent collectors—and will doubtless be welcomed in proportion to the care with which they have been hitherto sought in vain.

*Richmond, Surrey,*  
*June 22nd, 1870.*

VERSIONS  
AND  
•  
P A R A P H R A S E S  
OF  
SELECT PSALMS.

VOL. VIII.

B

These Psalms are of three classes—some are now published for the first time, others were published by the Authors, and others by various persons since their decease. Each will be distinguished in the table of Contents.

# SELECT PSALMS.

---

## PSALM I.

- 1 BLESS'D is the man, and none but he,  
    Who walks not with ungodly men ;  
Nor stands their evil deeds to see,  
    Nor sits the innocent to' arraign ;  
The persecutor's guilt to share,  
Oppressive in the scorner's chair.
- 2 Obedience is his pure delight,  
    To do the pleasure of the Lord ;  
His exercise by day and night  
    To search His soul-converting word ;  
The law of liberty to prove,  
The perfect law of life and love.
- 3 Fast by the streams of Paradise  
    He as a pleasant plant shall grow ;  
The tree of righteousness shall rise,  
    And all his blooming honours show ;  
Spread out his boughs, and flourish fair,  
And fruit unto perfection bear.



- 
- 4 His verdant leaf shall never fade,  
 His works of faith shall never cease ;  
 His happy toil shall all succeed,  
 Whom God Himself delights to bless :  
 But no success the' ungodly find,  
 Scatter'd like chaff before the wind.
- 5 No portion and no place have they  
 With those whom God vouchsafes to' approve ;  
 Cast in the dreadful judgment-day,  
 Who trample on their Saviour's love ;  
 Who here their bleeding Lord deny,  
 Shall perish, and for ever die.

---

PSALM II.

- 1 WHY do the *Jews* and *Gentiles* join  
 To execute a vain design,  
 Idly their utmost powers engage,  
 And storm with unavailing rage ?
- 2 Earth's haughty kings their Lord oppose ;  
 The rulers list themselves His foes,  
 To fight against their God agree,  
 And slay the' incarnate Deity :
- 3 As sworn their Maker to dethrone,  
 And Jesus, His anointed Son,  
 To rise from all subjection freed,  
 And reign almighty in His stead.
- 4 The Lord that calmly sits above,  
 Enthroned in everlasting love,  
 Shall all their feeble threats deride,  
 And laugh to scorn their hateful pride.

- 5 Then shall He in His wrath address  
 And vex His baffled enemies :  
 " Yet I have glorified My Son,  
 And placed Him on His Father's throne.
- 6 " Conqueror of sin, and death, and hell,  
 He reigns a Prince invincible :  
 All power is now to Jesus given,  
 Triumphant on the hill of heaven."
- 7 " I publish the Divine decree,  
 That all shall live who trust in Me :  
 Look unto Me, ye ransom'd race,  
 Believe, and ye are saved by grace.
- 8 " I heard My gracious Father say,  
 ' Thou art My Son ; on this glad day  
 Thou art declared My Son with power,  
 Raised from the dead, to die no more.
- 9 " ' Ask, and the *Gentile* world receive ;  
 All, all I to Thy prayer will give ;  
 So dearly bought with blood Divine,  
 Lo ! every soul of man is Thine.
- 10 " ' Whoe'er withstand a pardoning God  
 Shall groan beneath Thine iron rod :  
 Whoe'er their Advocate repel,  
 The anger of their Judge shall feel.' "
- 11 Wherefore to Him, ye kings, submit ;  
 Be wise to fall and kiss His feet ;  
 With awful joy revere His sway,  
 Ye rulers of the earth, obey.

- 
- 12 Worship the co-eternal Son,  
Lest you in anger He disown,  
His light withhold, His grace deny,  
And leave you in your sins to die.
- 13 Thrice happy all who trust in Him,  
All good, almighty to redeem !  
They only shall His mercy prove,  
Loved with an everlasting love.

---

PSALM III.

- 1 SEE, O Lord, my foes increase,  
Mark the troublers of my peace ;  
Fiercely 'gainst my soul they rise ;  
“ Heaven,” they say, “ its help denies.  
Help he seeks from God in vain,  
God hath given him up to man.”
- 2 But Thou art a shield for me,  
Succour still I find in Thee ;  
Now Thou liftest up my head,  
Now I glory in Thine aid,  
Confident in Thy defence,  
Strong in Thine omnipotence.
- 3 To the Lord I cried ; the cry  
Brought my Helper from the sky :  
By my kind Protector kept,  
Safe I laid me down and slept ;  
Slept within His arms, and rose,  
Bless'd Him for the calm repose.
- 4 Kept by Him, I cannot fear  
Sin, the world, or Satan near ;

All their hosts my soul defies :  
Lord, in my behalf arise !  
Save me, for in faith I call,  
Save me, O my God, from all !

5 Thou hast saved me heretofore,  
Thou hast quell'd the adverse power,  
Pluck'd me from the jaws of death,  
Broke the roaring lion's teeth :  
Still from all my foes defend,  
Save me, save me to the end !

6 Thine it is, O Lord, to save :  
Strength in Thee Thy people have ;  
Safe from sin, in Thee they rest,  
With the gospel blessing bless'd,  
Wait to see the perfect grace,  
Heaven on earth in Jesu's face.

---

PSALM IV.

1 GOD of my righteousness,  
Thy humble suppliant hear ;  
Thou hast relieved me in distress,  
And Thou art always near :  
Again Thy mercy show,  
The peaceful answer send,  
Assuage my grief, relieve my woe,  
And all my troubles end.

2 How long, ye sons of men,  
Will ye blaspheme aloud ?  
My honour wrong, my glory stain,  
And vilify my God ?

- How long will ye delight  
 In vanity and vice,  
 Madly against the righteous fight,  
 And follow after lies ?
- 3 Know, for Himself the Lord  
 Hath surely set apart  
 The man that trembles at His word,  
 The man of upright heart :  
 And when to Him I pray,  
 He promises to hear,  
 And help me in my evil day,  
 And answer all my prayer.
- 4 Ye sinners, stand in awe,  
 And from your sins depart ;  
 Out of the evil world withdraw,  
 And commune with your heart :  
 In thinking of His love  
 Be day and night employ'd ;  
 Be still, nor in His presence move,  
 But wait upon your God.
- 5 Offer your prayer and praise,  
 Which He will not despise,  
 Through Jesus Christ, your Righteousness,  
 Accepted sacrifice :  
 Offer your heart's desires ;  
 But trust in Him alone,  
 Who gives whatever He requires,  
 And freely saves His own.
- 6 The world with fruitless pain  
 Seek happiness below,  
 "What man," they ask, but all in vain,  
 "The long-sought good will show ?"

---

The brightness of Thy face  
Give *us*, O Lord, to see,  
Glory on earth, begun in grace,  
All happiness in Thee.

7      Thou hast on me bestow'd  
        (Most gracious as Thou art)  
The taste Divine, the sovereign good,  
        And fix'd it in my heart ;  
        Above all earthly bliss  
        The sense of sin forgiven,  
The hidden joy, the mystic peace,  
        The antepast of heaven.

8      Of gospel-peace possess'd,  
        Secure in Thy defence,  
Now, Lord, within Thine arms I rest,  
        And who shall pluck me hence ?  
        Nor sin, nor earth, nor hell  
        Shall evermore remove,  
When all renew'd in Thee I dwell,  
        And perfected in love.

---

PSALM V.

1 O LORD, incline Thy gracious ear,  
        My plaintive sorrows weigh,  
To Thee for succour I draw near,  
        To Thee I humbly pray.  
Still will I call, with lifted eyes,  
        "Come, O my God and King !"  
Till Thou regard my ceaseless cries,  
        And full deliverance bring.

- 2 On Thee, O God of purity,  
I wait for hallowing grace ;  
None without holiness shall see  
The glories of Thy face.  
In souls unholy and unclean  
Thou never canst delight ;  
Nor shall they, while unsaved from sin,  
Appear before Thy sight.
- 3 Thou hatest all that evil do,  
Or speak iniquity ;  
The hearts unkind, and hearts untrue,  
Are both abhorr'd by Thee.  
The greatest and minutest fault  
Shall find its fearful doom ;  
Sinners in deed, or word, or thought,  
Thou surely shalt consume.
- 4 But as for me, with humble fear  
I will approach Thy gate,  
Though most unworthy to draw near,  
Or in Thy courts to wait :  
I trust in Thy unbounded grace,  
To all so freely given,  
And worship toward Thy holy place,  
And lift my soul to heaven.
- 5 Lead me in all Thy righteous ways,  
Nor suffer me to slide,  
Point out the path before my face ;  
My God, be Thou my guide !  
The cruel power, the guileful art,  
Of all my foes suppress,  
Whose throat 's an open grave, whose heart  
Is desperate wickedness.

- 
- 6 Thou, Lord, shalt drive them from Thy face,  
And finally consume ;  
Thy wrath on the rebellious race  
Shall to the utmost come.  
But all who put their trust in Thee  
Thy mercy shall proclaim ;  
And sing, with cheerful melody,  
Their dear Redeemer's name.
- 7 Protected by Thy guardian grace,  
They shall extol Thy power,  
Rejoice, give thanks, and shout Thy praise,  
And triumph evermore :  
They never shall to evil yield,  
Defended from above,  
And kept and cover'd with the shield  
Of Thine almighty love.

---

PSALM VI.

- 1 LORD, in Thy wrath no more chastise ;  
Nor let Thy whole displeasure rise  
Against a child of man :  
Have mercy, Lord, for I am weak,  
And heal my soul, diseased and sick,  
And full of sin and pain.
- 2 Body and soul Thy judgments feel,  
Thy heavy wrath afflicts me still :  
O when shall it be o'er ?  
Turn Thee, O Lord, and save my soul,  
And for Thy mercy's sake make whole  
And bid me sin no more.



- 3 Here, only here, Thy love must save :  
 I cannot thank Thee in the grave,  
 Or tell Thy pardoning grace ;  
 Who dies unpurged, for ever dies ;  
 The sinner, as he falls, he lies  
 Shut up in his own place.
- 4 Weary of my unanswer'd groans ;  
 Yet still with never-ceasing moans  
 I languish for relief ;  
 With tears I wash my couch and bed ;  
 My strength is spent, my beauty fled,  
 My life worn out with grief.
- 5 But shall I to my foes give place ?  
 Or in the name of Jesus chase  
 My troublers all away ?  
 In Jesu's name, I say, " Depart,  
 Devils and sins, nor vex my heart !  
 For God hath heard me pray.
- 6 " The Lord hath heard my groans and tears ;  
 The Lord shall still accept my prayers,  
 And all my foes o'erthrow :  
 Shall conquer, and destroy them too,  
 And make even me a creature new,  
 A spotless saint below."

## ANOTHER.

- 1 IN Thine utmost indignation,  
 Do not, Lord, Thine own chastise ;  
 In Thine infinite compassion,  
 Hear my feeble, dying cries !

- 
- Hear me, for my bones are vex'd ;  
O forgive, forgive my sin !  
Sick I am, and sore perplex'd,  
All a troubled sea within !
- 2 Lord, how long shall Thy displeasure  
Lengthen out my punishment ?  
O correct me, but in measure !  
Let Thy yearning heart relent :  
Sinner's Friend, and kind Receiver,  
Cast my sins behind Thy back :  
Turn me now, my soul deliver,  
Save me, for Thy mercy's sake !
- 3 O reverse the mortal sentence !  
Let me live to sing Thy grace :  
After death is no repentance ;  
Dead, I cannot speak Thy praise.  
Spent I am with endless groaning,  
Wash with tears my sleepless bed ;  
Weary of my fruitless moaning,  
Send my gasping spirit aid !
- 4 Shorn of all my strength, I languish ;  
See, I faint beneath my load !  
Faint through deep distress and anguish,  
Faint into the arms of God !  
God, to me, in great compassion,  
Doth a gracious token give ;  
I shall see His whole salvation,  
I shall all His love retrieve.
- 5 Leave me, then, to Jesus leave me,  
Ye that gloried in my fall !  
Jesu's arms shall still receive me,  
He hath heard my mournful call :

3 Here, only  
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- 5 Lift Thyself up, awake for me,  
 My cause is merry plead,  
 Lead captive my captivity,  
 And make me free indeed.
- 6 Command iniquity to cease,  
 And make an end of sin,  
 'Stablish the just in righteousness,  
 And bring Thy nature in.
- 7 Succour and strength in God I have,  
 Who never will depart :  
 But keep, and to the utmost save  
 The men of simple heart.
- 8 His righteousness I will proclaim,  
 His goodness glorify,  
 And celebrate the Saviour's name,  
 And praise the Lord most high.

PSALM VIII

- 1 SOVEREIGN, everlasting Lord,  
 How excellent Thy name  
 Held in being by Thy word,  
 Thee all Thy world proclaim  
 Through this earth Thy glories sound,  
 Through those flaming worlds above  
 All confess the Source Divine,  
 The' almighty God of love.
- 2 Thou, the God of power and grace,  
 Whom highest heavens adore,  
 Callest babes to sing Thy praise,  
 And manifest Thy power.

He hath answer'd my petition,  
 Show'd Himself the sinner's Friend,  
 Saved me in my lost condition,  
 He shall save me to the end.

- 6 By a world of foes surrounded,  
 By the hellish sons of night,  
 I shall see them all confounded,  
 Put to everlasting flight.  
 He who hath my sins forgiven,  
 All my sins to death shall doom,  
 Hence as by a whirlwind driven :—  
 Come, my utmost Saviour, come !

---

 PSALM VII.

- 1 JESUS, my Lord, on Thy great name  
 I still for help depend ;  
 From sin, the world, and hell redeem,  
 And save me to the end.
- 2 The lion, ready to devour,  
 Would tear my soul and slay ;  
 Ah ! leave me not to Satan's power,  
 But spoil him of his prey.
- 3 Arise, O Lord, Thine arm make bare,  
 Confound the haughty pride  
 Of all my foes ; in wrath declare  
 That Thou art on my side.
- 4 So shall the saints surround Thy throne  
 With joyful songs of praise ;  
 For *Israel's* sake Thy servant own,  
 And save me by Thy grace.

- 
- 5 Lift Thyself up, awake for me,  
My cause in mercy plead ;  
Lead captive my captivity,  
And make me free indeed.
- 6 Command iniquity to cease,  
And make an end of sin ;  
'Stablish the just in righteousness,  
And bring Thy nature in.
- 7 Succour and strength in God I have,  
Who never will depart ;  
But keep, and to the utmost save,  
The men of simple heart.
- 8 His righteousness I will proclaim,  
His goodness glorify,  
And celebrate the Saviour's name,  
And praise the Lord most high.

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PSALM VIII.

- 1 SOVEREIGN, everlasting Lord,  
How excellent Thy name !  
Held in being by Thy word,  
Thee all Thy works proclaim :  
Through this earth Thy glories shine,  
Through those dazzling worlds above,  
All confess the Source Divine,  
The' almighty God of love !
- 2 Thou, the God of power and grace,  
Whom highest heavens adore,  
Callest babes to sing Thy praise,  
And manifest Thy power.

Lo ! they in Thy strength go on,  
 Lo ! on all their foes they tread,  
 Cast the dire Accuser down,  
 And bruise the Serpent's head.

3 Yet, when I survey the skies  
 And planets as they roll,  
 Wonder dims my aching eyes,  
 And swallows up my soul ;  
 Moon and stars so wide display,  
 Chant their Maker's praise aloud,  
 Pour a flood of milder day,  
 And draw me up to God !

4 What is man, that Thou, O Lord,  
 Hast such respect to him ?  
 Comes from heaven the' incarnate Word,  
 His creature to redeem :  
 Wherefore wouldst Thou stoop so low ?  
 Who the mystery shall explain ?  
 God is flesh, and lives below,  
 And dies for wretched man.

5 Jesus his Redeemer dies,  
 The sinner to restore,  
 Falls that man again may rise,  
 And stand as heretofore ;  
 Foremost of created things,  
 Head of all Thy works he stood,  
 Nearest the great King of kings,  
 And little *less than* God !\*

\* So it is in the Hebrew. [*Author's Note.*]

- 6 Him with glorious majesty  
Thy grace vouchsafed to crown ;  
Transcript of the One-in-Three,  
He in Thine image shone :  
All Thy works for him were made,  
All did to his sway submit ;  
Fishes, birds, and beasts obey'd,  
And bow'd beneath his feet.
- 7 Sovereign, everlasting Lord,  
How excellent Thy name !  
Held in being by Thy word,  
Thee all Thy works proclaim :  
Through this earth Thy glories shine,  
Through those dazzling worlds above,  
All confess the Source Divine,  
The' almighty God of love !

---

PSALM IX.

- 1 THEE will I praise with all my heart,  
And tell mankind how good Thou art,  
How marvellous Thy works of grace ;  
Thy name I will in songs record,  
And joy and glory in my Lord,  
Extoll'd above all thanks and praise.
- When Thou hast put my foes to flight,  
They all shall feel Thine utmost might,  
And lose their being with their power :  
My foes shall at Thy presence fall,  
My sins shall fade, and perish all,  
My sins shall die to live no more.



2 For Thou, O Lord, my cause hast gain'd,  
 My right to pardoning love maintain'd,  
 And clear'd me at Thy gracious throne :  
 Thy speaking blood pronounced me free ;  
 My sins Thou hast condemn'd, not me,—  
 Condemn'd to death my sins alone.

Thou hast, in holy souls, destroy'd  
 The world of evil, and its god  
 For ever and for ever slain ;  
 The foul original stain effaced,  
 Its being and its name erased,  
 Nor let one seed of sin remain.

3 Satan, thy reigning hour is past,  
 Thy rage which laid whole cities waste,  
 Their souls thou shalt no longer slay ;  
 Destroy'd is thy destroying power ;  
 For sin exists in saints no more,  
 Its relics all are swept away.

But Jesus shall for ever reign,  
 His throne in righteousness maintain ;  
 His throne for judgment is prepared,  
 And all mankind at that great bar  
 Shall stand, and meet their sentence there,  
 Their fearful doom, or vast reward.

4 The Lord will save His people here ;  
 In times of need their help is near,  
 To all by sin and hell oppress'd ;  
 And they that know Thy name will trust  
 In Thee, who to Thy promise just,  
 Hast never left a soul distress'd.

A helpless soul that looks to Thee  
Is sure at last Thy face to see,  
And all Thy goodness to partake ;  
The sinner, who for Thee doth grieve,  
And longs, and labours to believe,  
Thou never, never wilt forsake.

- 5 Sing to the Lord unceasing praise,  
Who dwells among the faithful race,  
His glorious works to all declare ;  
He at His people's cry shall come,  
Their foes to swift destruction doom,  
And answer all their humble prayer.  
Hear Thou, O Lord, and succour me,  
Regard my helpless misery :  
Thou from the gates of death shalt raise,  
That I within Thy courts may sing  
My God, my Conqueror, and my King,  
And show forth all Thy mercies' praise.

- 6 I glory in Thy power to save,  
My foes are sunk into the grave  
Their malice had for me prepared,  
Their foot is snared in their own net ;  
The nations who their God forget  
Shall find in hell their just reward.  
The Lord is by His judgments known ;  
He helps His poor afflicted one,  
His sorrows all He bears in mind ;  
The mourner shall not always weep,  
Who sows in tears in joy shall reap,  
With grief who seeks with joy shall find.

7 Now, Lord, in our behalf arise,  
 Humble Thy church's enemies,  
 Their vain designs at once o'erthrow,  
 The heathen at Thy bar arraign,  
 Adjudge them here to wholesome pain,  
 That they themselves and Thee may know.

Bring forth the weapons of Thy war,  
 And let Thy red-wing'd lightnings glare,  
 And send Thy thunderbolts abroad,  
 And all their souls with awe affright,  
 And show them in Thy judgments' light  
 They are but men, and Thou art God.

---

PSALM X.

1 WHY standest Thou, O Lord,  
 Far from Thine own removed,  
 And suffer'st those Thou hast abhorr'd  
 To vex whom Thou hast loved?  
 Ah! wherefore dost Thou hide  
 Thy face from our distress,  
 Nor check the persecutor's pride,  
 And prosperous wickedness?

2 Arise, O God, arise!  
 O God, lift up Thine hand!  
 No longer seem to slight our cries,  
 But all our foes withstand.  
 The poor in his distress  
 Commits himself to Thee,  
 Thou Helper of the fatherless,  
 Thou Friend of misery!

- 
- 3 Confound the tyrant's power,  
 The man of sin o'erthrow ;  
 Our depth of wickedness explore,  
 Root out our inbred foe.  
 When sin is all destroy'd,  
 Its being and remains,  
 We then shall say, " The Lord is God,  
 Our King for ever reigns."
- 4 Thou, Lord, hast heard the prayer  
 That sighs the mourners' want ;  
 And Thou wilt still their hearts prepare,  
 And hear their sad complaint ;  
 To judge the fatherless,  
 And save the humble poor,  
 Till Satan can no more oppress,  
 And sin exists no more.

---

PSALM XI.

- 1 ON the Lord my soul is stay'd :  
 Wherefore do ye bid me fly  
 To the mountain-top for aid ?  
 My strong Mountain still is nigh.  
 Jesu's arms are my defence :  
 Who shall come and pluck me thence ?
- 2 Lo ! the wicked bend their bow  
 At the men of heart sincere ;  
 Secretly their darts they throw,  
 Neither God nor man they fear.  
 Whither shall the righteous run ?  
 Justice *here*, for them, is none.

- 3 But the Lord who dwells above  
 Truth and righteousness maintains ;  
 On His awful throne of love  
 Sovereign Arbiter He reigns ;  
 Sends from thence His piercing eyes,  
 All that is in man descries.
- 4 God beholds and loves His own ;  
 God abhors the faithless seed,  
 Rains His fiery judgments down  
 On the persecutors' head,  
 Gives them *here* the trembling cup,  
 Fills in *hell* the measure up.
- 5 Righteous in Himself, the Lord  
 Only righteousness approves ;  
 Sinners, by His grace restored,  
 Truly justified, He loves ;  
 Grants them *here* the perfect grace,  
 Pure in heart to see His face.

---

 PSALM XII.

- 1 HELP, O Lord ! the faithful fail,  
 Scarce a man continues just.  
 Shall the gates of hell prevail ?  
 Shall the church on earth be lost ?
- 2 Every soul from Thee departs,  
 Bold to cast Thy words behind ;  
 Men of double tongues and hearts,  
 False as hell are all mankind !
- 3 God shall judge the faithless race,  
 Bruise them with an iron rod,  
 All who walk in pride abase,  
 Make the rebels own their God.

- 
- 4 "Surely now," the Lord hath said,  
"I will in My might arise,  
Bring My needy servants aid,  
Answer all their plaintive sighs.
- 5 "I Myself will save the' oppress'd ;  
Placed beyond the tyrant's power,  
Satan shall no more molest,  
Sin shall never reach him more."
- 6 True and faithful is the Lord,  
All that He hath spoke shall be ;  
Pure His every written word,  
From the dross of falsehood free.
- 7 In the earthy furnace tried,  
In the soul of fallen man,  
Lo ! as silver purified  
All His promises remain.
- 8 Thou, O Lord, shalt all fulfil ;  
Earth and hell a while may rage ;  
Thou art our Preserver still,  
Christ is ours from age to age.

---

PSALM XIII.

- 1 How long wilt Thou forget me, Lord ?  
Wilt Thou for ever hide Thy face ?  
Leave me unchanged, and unrestored,  
An alien from the life of grace ?
- 2 How long shall I inquire within,  
And seek Thee in my heart, in vain,  
Vex'd with the dire remains of sin,  
Gall'd with the tyrant's iron chain ?

- 
- 3 How long shall Satan's rage prevail?  
(I ask Thee with a faltering tongue ;)  
See at Thy feet my spirit fail,  
And hear me feebly groan, " How long ? "
- 4 Hear me, O Lord my God ! and weigh  
My sorrows in the scale of love ;  
Lighten my eyes, restore the day,  
The darkness from my soul remove.
- 5 Open my faith's enlighten'd eyes,  
O snatch me from the gulf beneath !  
Save, or my gasping spirit dies,  
Dies with an everlasting death.
- 6 Ah ! suffer not my foe to boast  
His victory o'er a child of Thine ;  
Nor let the proud *Philistines'* host  
In Satan's hellish triumph join.
- 7 Will they not charge my fall on Thee ?  
Will they not dare my God to blame ?  
My God, forbid the blasphemy,  
Be jealous for Thy glorious name !
- 8 Thou wilt ! Thou wilt ! My hope returns :  
A sudden spirit of faith I feel ;  
My heart in fervent wishes burns,  
And God shall there for ever dwell.
- 9 My trust is in Thy gracious power,  
I glory in salvation near ;  
Rejoice in hope of that glad hour  
When perfect love shall cast out fear.
- 10 I sing the goodness of the Lord,  
The goodness I experience now ;  
And still I hang upon Thy word,  
My Saviour to the utmost Thou !

- 
- 11 Thy love I ever shall proclaim,  
A monument of Thy mercy I ;  
And praise the mighty Jesu's name,  
Jesus the Lord, the Lord most high !

---

PSALM XIV.

- 1 THE fool hath in his heart denied  
That Being whom His deeds defied :  
Corrupt is the whole human race,  
Not one his Maker-God obeys,  
Plunged in the depths of *Adam's* fall,  
Death, wrath, and curse o'erwhelm them all.
- 2 Jehovah from His throne survey'd  
The creatures whom His hands had made,  
Nor could His all-discerning eye  
One less corrupted soul espy,  
Willing his sovereign Lord to own,  
Or humbly seek a God unknown.
- 3 They all have left the heavenly way,  
And gone in actual sin astray,  
Wholly corrupt, and born in sin,  
Atheists, and beasts, and fiends within,  
Not one, till from above renew'd,  
Or does, or wills the smallest good.
- 4 Their brethren turn'd by grace Divine  
They hate, and spitefully malign :  
Their throat is as an open grave,  
Their tongues are practised to deceive,  
Their lips with adders' poison swell,  
Their tongues are set on fire of hell.



- 5 Their mouth is full of bitterest lies,  
Slanders, and oaths, and perjuries ;  
Swift are their feet to shed the blood  
Of all the faithful sons of God :  
They own *Apollyon* for their king,  
And death is in their scorpion sting.
- 6 Their ways to swift destruction tend,  
And sure damnation is their end ;  
Their life is sin and misery,  
Their hearts are all a troubled sea,  
Nor can they rest a moment here,  
For God they neither love nor fear.
- 7 Poor desperate souls ! they will not know  
That *Tophet* yawns for them below,  
Who exercise their hellish power  
To hurt My people and devour,  
But e'er to mention God disdain,  
Unless to take My name in vain.
- 8 Poor guilty souls ! they fear, they fly,  
And fall with no pursuer nigh,  
Who mock'd the counsel of the poor,  
And vow'd his ruin to ensure,  
Reviled the Lord's afflicted one,  
The man that hoped in God alone.
- 9 But O, thou humbled soul, look up,  
A glad partaker of thy hope !  
The Lord hath thy besiegers shook,  
And all their bonds to pieces broke,  
Thy foes are put to endless shame,  
And Jesus is thy Saviour's name.
-

## PSALM XVI.

- 1 O LORD, Thy faithful servant save,  
Faith in Thy name Thou know'st I have,  
My soul hath call'd Thee mine :  
My good cannot to Thee extend,  
My good did first from Thee descend,  
And all I have is Thine.
- 2 I feel Thy yearning bowels move ;  
Thy people for Thy sake I love,  
In them alone delight ;  
The saints who *here* Thine image bear,  
Who *here* Thy spotless nature share,  
And walk with Thee in white.
- 3 But those that serve the prince of hell,  
His wretched slaves, I still repel,  
Nor in their offerings join ;  
My soul their fellowship disclaims,  
My lips shall never name their names,  
Or call their pleasures mine.
- 4 The Lord Himself my portion is ;  
Thou reachest out my cup of bliss,  
And wilt no more remove ;  
My fair inheritance Thou art ;  
The needful thing, the better part,  
I find in perfect love.
- 5 The Lord I will for ever bless ;  
The Counsellor and Prince of Peace,  
He teaches me His will ;  
He doth with mighty pains chastise,  
And makes me to salvation wise  
By every scourge I feel.

- 
- 6 Him have I set before my face,  
 The pardoning God of boundless grace,  
 Of everlasting love ;  
 By faith I always see Him stand ;  
 And with Him placed on my right hand  
 I never shall remove.
- 7 Wherefore my heart doth now rejoice ;  
 I wait to hear Thy quickening voice ;  
 My flesh exults in hope ;  
 Thou wilt not leave me in the grave ;  
 Sure confidence in Thee I have  
 That Thou wilt raise me up.
- 8 As sure as God brought back our Head,  
 Our great good Shepherd, from the dead,  
 I shall right early rise ;  
 My soul shall no corruption see ;  
 My soul, O Lord, shall rise with Thee,  
 And mount above the skies.
- 9 Thou wilt the path of life display,  
 And lead me in Thyself the Way,  
 Till all Thy grace is given :  
 Fulness of joy with Thee there is ;  
 Thy presence makes the perfect bliss,  
 And where Thou art is heaven.

---

PSALM XVII.

- 1 RIGHTEOUS Lord, attend my cry,  
 Hearken to my earnest prayer ;  
 Now absolve me, or I die,  
 Now mine innocence declare,  
 From the' Accuser's charge release,  
 Clear me by Thy righteousness.

- 
- 2 Jesu, take the sinner's part,  
Plead my cause, in pity plead ;  
Thou hast proved my trembling heart,  
Hast from condemnation freed,  
Visited my nature's night,  
Cheer'd me by the gospel light.
- 3 Lord, Thou know'st my simpleness,  
Guile Thou shalt not find in me,  
Fully purposed through Thy grace  
Sin to' eschew, and cleave to Thee,  
Satan's works and ways to shun,  
Guided by Thy word alone.
- 4 Still support me in Thy ways,  
And my foot shall never fall ;  
Thou hast heard my calls for grace,  
Thou wilt hear me when I call ;  
Bow Thine ear, in mercy bow,  
Hear me, Lord, and hear me now !
- 5 Send me succour from above,  
Thou whose arm is bared to save  
Those who trust Thy wondrous love,  
Who in Thee affiance have ;  
Saviour Thou from all their foes,  
All who Thee and Thine oppose !
- 6 Keep me, who in Thee confide,  
As the apple of Thine eye ;  
Shade me with Thy wings, and hide  
While my deadly foes are nigh ;  
Ever greedy to devour,  
Save me from the' oppressor's power !

- 
- 7 Lo ! they still my steps surround,  
 Watch my helpless soul to slay !  
 Thou their cruel pride confound,  
 Spoil the lion of his prey !  
 Thou, for Satan's downfall, rise,  
 Cast the' Accuser from the skies !
- 8 Save me from the wicked, Lord,  
 Weapons of Thy wrath severe,  
 Thine avenging scourge and sword,  
 Men who have their portion here,  
 With all worldly good endow'd,  
 Poor, and destitute of God !
- 9 But my whole desire Thou art,  
 Happy when I see Thy face ;  
 When renew'd and pure in heart,  
 Partner of the perfect grace,  
 Bright I in Thine image shine,  
 Satisfied with love Divine.

---

 PSALM XVIII.

## PART I.

- 1 THEE will I love, O Lord, my power !  
 My rock and fortress is the Lord,  
 My God, my Saviour, and my tower,  
 My horn and strength, my shield and sword ;  
 Secure I trust in His defence,  
 I stand in His omnipotence.
- 2 Still will I invoke His name,  
 And spend my life in prayer and praise,  
 His goodness own, His promise claim,  
 And look for all His saving grace,

- Till all His saving grace I see,  
From sin and hell for ever free.
- 3 He saved me in temptation's hour,  
Horribly caught and compass'd round,  
Exposed to Satan's raging power,  
In floods of sin and sorrow drown'd,  
Condemn'd the second death to feel,  
Arrested by the pangs of hell.
- 4 To God, my God, with plaintive cry  
I call'd, in agony of fear ;  
My humble wailing pierced the sky,  
My groaning reach'd His gracious ear ;  
He heard me from His glorious throne,  
And sent the timely rescue down.

## PART II.

- 5 When God did on my part appear,  
Astonish'd at His frowning look,  
The earth was moved, and quaked for fear,  
The hills to their foundation shook,  
The everlasting mountains bow'd,  
In presence of my angry God.
- 6 A smoke out of His nostrils pour'd,  
And upwards roll'd its gloomy spire ;  
A fire out of His mouth devour'd,  
A stream of sin-consuming fire ;  
His lightnings flew with surest aim,  
His foes were fuel to the flame.
- 7 The heavens in His descent He bow'd,  
And darkness for His carpet spread,  
His chariot was a sable cloud,  
The wind His fervid wings He made,  
By chariots drawn, the King of kings  
Came flying on a whirlwind's wings.

- 8 Darkness He made His secret place,  
And threw the wide pavilion round ;  
Darkness and clouds eclipsed His face,—  
How inaccessibly profound !  
Implunged in waves of deepest night  
The' Eternal Uncreated Light !
- 9 A ray He darted from His throne,  
And bade the scatter'd clouds retire ;  
His clouds dispersed, His terrors shone,  
And dropp'd in flakes of livid fire ;  
The waves, congeal'd, with horror fell  
In hasty showers of rattling hail.
- 10 The Lord from heaven in thunder spoke ;  
The Lord most terrible, most high,  
Sent forth His mighty voice, and shook  
The battlements of earth and sky ;  
His wrath in storms of hail He show'd,  
As burning coals His judgments glow'd.
- 11 He launch'd the weapons of His war,  
His arrows of vindictive flame ;  
His lightnings, with pernicious glare  
And right inevitable aim,  
Before the rolling thunder flew,  
And all my blasted foes o'erthrew.
- 12 The watery stores discover'd were,  
Broke open by His chiding breath ;  
It laid the world's foundations bare,  
And show'd the mighty springs beneath :  
The deep at Thy rebuke was seen,  
The centre let Thine earthquake in.

- 13 He sent His warrant from above,  
And claim'd, and seized my soul for His ;  
He drew me by the cords of love,  
Implunged in sin's profound abyss ;  
Redeem'd me from the tempter's power,  
Nor let my stronger foes devour.
- 14 They caught me in my evil day,  
On every side they kept me in ;  
But God was my defence and stay,  
He pluck'd me from the straits of sin,  
Brought forth into a wealthy place,  
And freely saved me by His grace.

## PART III.

- 15 Thou still shalt save the poor oppress'd,  
And bring their proud oppressors down ;  
The Lord will give His people rest,  
Will comfort His afflicted one ;  
My God shall in my darkness shine,  
And fill my lamp with light Divine.
- 16 By Thee I have a troop broke through,  
And scaled the wall, O God, by Thee ;  
Thy way is right, Thy word is true,  
And fully verified in me :  
My Lord is faithful to redeem,  
The shield of all that trust in Him.
- 17 For who, except the Lord, is God ?  
Who is a rock but God alone ?  
My soul He hath with strength endued,  
To perfect love He leads me on ;  
My feet, through Him, the hinds outfly,  
And spurn the earth and scale the sky.



- 18 'Tis God instructs my hands to war,  
My arms have broke a bow of steel ;  
My soul is more than conqueror,  
And strong in strength invincible ;  
Thou hast a shield on me bestow'd,  
The mercy of my Saviour-God.
- 19 Sustain'd by Thine almighty hand,  
And greaten'd by Thy gentle love,  
My feet, new-taught on Thee to stand,  
And swiftly in Thy paths to move,  
Confirm'd, upheld on every side,—  
My feet could neither sink nor slide.
- 20 My foes I challenged forth to fight,  
And vex'd them with offensive war,  
Follow'd, o'ertook, and stopp'd their flight,  
Nor would from the pursuit forbear,  
Till crush'd, consumed, beneath my power,  
They sunk, they fell, to rise no more.
- 21 Thou, Lord, hast girded me with might,  
And arm'd my soul for conquests new ;  
When other hosts appear'd in sight,  
Thine arm did other hosts subdue,  
Compell'd the aliens to submit,  
And bow'd their necks beneath my feet.
- 22 The Lord for me doth ever live :  
Blessing ascribe to God most high !  
Glory and thanks to Jesus give,  
The Rock on which I still rely !  
Extol His power, His mercies raise,  
The God of my salvation praise !

- 23 'Tis God who vindicates my right,  
 And all my foes persists to' o'erthrow ;  
 Thou hast redeem'd me by Thy might,  
 Superior to my inbred foe,  
 Thy love hath set my spirit free,  
 And bade me live, O Lord, to Thee.
- 24 Wherefore I will exalt Thy name,  
 And teach the heathen world Thy praise ;  
 In songs of sacred joy proclaim  
 Thy riches of redeeming grace,  
 Till all the heathen world confess  
 And hymn the Lord our Righteousness.
- 25 Mighty to save, His love we sing,  
 The love that doth our souls convert ;  
 The Christian is His priest and king,  
 The *David* after His own heart ;  
 And all His seed—His church—adore  
 The love that saves for evermore.

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PSALM XIX.

PART I.

- 1 OUR souls the book of nature draws  
 To' adore the First Eternal Cause :  
 The heavens articulately shine,  
 And speak their Architect Divine ;  
 And all their orbs proclaim aloud  
 The wisdom and the power of God.
- 2 See, in yon glorious azure height,  
 The sovereign, uncreated Light !  
 That vast expanse of liquid air  
 Doth His immensity declare ;

- And every influence from above,  
His bounteous, universal love.
- 3 The sure-succeeding night and day  
His providential care display ;—  
Who bade them to their bounds retire,  
And stand, as choir to answer choir,  
His knowledge infinite to tell,  
And show the Great Invisible.
- 4 Kindreds, and tongues, and nations, hear  
His all-informing messenger.  
Stretching to earth's remotest bound,  
The heavens their Maker's praise resound,  
And speak the power by which they shine,  
And gospelize the love Divine.
- 5 God in that spacious firmament  
Hath pitch'd the solar planet's tent ;  
Forth from his chamber in the east,  
The sun, in flaming yellow dress'd,  
Comes, as a bridegroom blithe and gay,  
To cheer the world, and bring the day.
- 6 With giant-strength he comes from far,  
Exulting on his rapid car ;  
And, starting from the heavenly goal,  
Holds on his course from pole to pole,  
Earth's inmost stores his rays admit,  
And all things feel the genial heat.

## PART II.

- 7 The book of covenanted grace  
Its heavenly origin displays ;  
Strong characters of love Divine  
Throughout the sacred volume shine ;

Jehovah, by His word, is show'd  
The glorious legislative God.

- 8 Jehovah's law all-perfect is,  
Nor can it e'er receive increase ;  
Nor can it e'er diminish'd be ;  
From error and corruption free,  
It turns the soul which turns to it,  
And makes the man of God complete.
- 9 The testimony of the Lord,  
Deliver'd in His written word,  
Is sure, inviolably sure,  
And shall from age to age endure ;  
The simple it with grace supplies,  
And makes them to salvation wise.
- 10 The statutes of the Lord are<sup>a</sup> right ;  
His laws and equity unite ;  
Reason Divine in all is show'd,  
Adjusted to His creatures' good ;  
They bring us peace, and power impart,  
When written on the' obedient heart.
- 11 The Lord's command is plain, and free  
From darkness and impurity ;  
It purges and restores the sight,  
Guides, by a clear, unerring light,  
The sinner in the paths of peace,  
Convinced of sin and righteousness.
- 12 The fear of God restrains from sin,  
Is clean, and makes the sinner clean :  
The strict, unalterable law,  
Which keeps the faithful soul in awe,  
Can never lose its binding power,  
But lives and reigns for evermore.

- 13 The judgments of the Lord are true,  
And all His faithfulness they show ;  
His perfect equity decrees,  
To all, rewards or penalties ;  
And soon the righteous Judge shall seal  
Their endless doom,—in heaven or hell !
- 14 How precious all Thy sayings are !  
No treasure can with these compare :  
Thy sayings are the soul's repast,  
Sweeter than honey to the taste ;  
They drop like manna from above,  
Or flow in streams of joy and love.
- 15 Thy words are my delight and guide,  
And warn me, lest I start aside :  
Thrice happy are Thy servants, Lord ;  
Obedience is our great reward ;  
We own, to whom the grace is given,  
To do Thy will on earth—is heaven.
- 16 But who can all his errors tell,  
Or count the thoughts by which he fell ?  
Omniscient God, to Thee alone  
My sin's infinity is known !  
Do Thou my secret faults efface,  
And show forth all Thy cleansing grace.
- 17 Till then, from wilful sin restrain,  
Nor let it o'er Thy servant reign ;  
Withhold me by Thy mercy's power,  
And keep, till I can sin no more,  
From all the inward taint set free,  
Restored to paradise and Thee.
- 18 O might my every thought arise  
Well-pleasing in Thy glorious eyes !

My every word advance Thy praise,  
 The strength of Thy redeeming grace !  
 And all I have, and all I am,  
 Extol the power of Jesu's name !

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PSALM XX.

- 1 FAITHFUL soul, thy Lord be near  
 Throughout thine evil day !  
 Thee the God of *Jacob* cheer,  
 The name of Jesus stay !  
 Arm thee with preserving grace,  
 Be thy safeguard and defence,  
 Hear thee from His holy place,  
 And send deliverance thence !
- 2 God be mindful of thy prayers,  
 Accept thy sacrifice,  
 Treasure up thy gracious tears,  
 And answer all thy sighs !  
 Grant thee all thy heart's desire,  
 All thy good designs approve,  
 Higher raise thy joys, and higher,  
 And perfect thee in love !
- 3 We will glory in Thy name,  
 O God, Thy conquest sing ;  
 Thee triumphantly proclaim,  
 Our Saviour and our King.  
 Now I know the Lord from high  
 Succours His anointed one ;  
 Still His arm shall strength supply,  
 And send salvation down.

- 
- 4 Some in chariots put their trust,  
 In horses some confide :  
 We of God will make our boast,  
 And in His word abide :  
 Him we ever bear in mind,  
 All His faithful mercies claim,  
 Life, and strength, and succour find  
 In Jesu's conquering name.
- 5 All our foes by Thy right hand  
 Are suddenly brought down ;  
 We are lifted up, and stand,  
 And stand by faith alone :  
 Still on Thee we cast our care,  
 On Thine only love depend ;  
 King of saints, regard our prayer,  
 And save us to the end.

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PSALM XXI.

- 1 THE soul shall be glad, In Jesus restored,  
 Anointed and made A king with his Lord ;  
 His high exaltation With transport receive,  
 And in Thy salvation Triumphantly live.
- 2 His hearty request, Thou, Lord, hast bestow'd,  
 With holiness bless'd, That image of God ;  
 The baptizing fire, The heavenly birth,  
 Hath lifted him higher Than kings of the earth.
- 3 His head Thou hast crown'd With gold from above,  
 No dross can be found In perfected love ;  
 The gold—it is pure, Unmingled with sin,  
 The kingdom is sure Of heaven within.

- 
- 4 Long life he desired, To spend in Thy praise ;  
And Thou hast inspired His soul with Thy grace,  
Hast bid the believer Thy Spirit receive,  
And gave him for ever And ever to live.
- 5 This, this is his boast And triumph, that God,  
To save what was lost, Should shed His own blood :  
Thy honour and glory On him Thou hast laid,  
And made him in Thee Eternally glad.
- 6 Eternally bless'd And joyful in Thee ;  
Admitted to rest, Thy presence to see ;  
He trusts in his Saviour : Who then shall remove  
His soul from Thy favour, His heart from Thy love ?
- 7 Thou reignest supreme In goodness and power ;  
Thy mercies redeem, Thy judgments devour,  
Thy fire shall consume Who madly offend,  
Thy justice shall doom To woes without end.
- 8 Thy weighty right hand Shall find out Thy foes,  
Who mercy withstand, And Jesus oppose ;  
Who dare Thy displeasure Thy judgments shall feel,  
And fill up their measure Of torments in hell.
- 9 The vengeance decreed Yet farther shall go,  
And root out the seed Of sinners below,  
Because they offended, Maliciously proud,  
And vainly intended Their rage against God.
- 10 Thou, therefore, O Lord, Shalt put them to flight,  
The nations abhorr'd Drive out of Thy sight ;  
The shafts of Thy quiver Shall aim at their face,  
Transfix them for ever When in their own place.
- 11 Take to Thee Thy power, O Jesus, and reign ;  
So shall we adore Thy goodness to man,  
Thy mighty compassion, Thy conquering love,  
Till in Thy salvation We triumph above.
-



## PSALM XXII.

## PART I.

- 1 MY God, my God ! I cry to Thee !  
Ah ! why hast Thou forsaken me,  
Who still lament and groan ?  
Far from my passionate complaint,  
Why hast Thou suffer'd me to faint,  
And seem'd for ever gone ?
- 2 To Thee, by day and night, I cry,  
Incessant pray ; but no reply  
To soothe my endless care !  
O Thou, that answerest not a word,  
O Thou, by *Israel's* tribes adored,  
Regard my dying prayer ! .
- 3 Our fathers trusted in Thy aid,  
To Thee in all their troubles pray'd,  
And Thou didst hear their cry.  
Our fathers were not put to shame,  
But, oft as they invoked Thy name,  
They found deliverance nigh.
- 4 But I, a slighted worm, in vain  
For help unto my God complain ;  
The help I cannot find ;  
Cut off, alas ! from all relief,  
A wretched man of hopeless grief,  
The outcast of mankind !
- 5 All those that see me bruised and torn,  
Rejoice and laugh my soul to scorn,  
And aggravate my load ;

They glory in their cruel deed,  
 Shoot out the lip, and shake the head,  
 And mock my trust in God.

- 6 "He trusted in the Lord," they cry,  
 "That He would save him from on high ;  
 Let Him His own receive ;  
 If God in him doth take delight,  
 He now may claim His lawful right,  
 And bid His favourite live !"

PART II.

- 7 But Thou art He, O God, through whom  
 I issued from my mother's womb ;  
 And, hanging on the breast,  
 By Thee I still was kept from harms,  
 And in Thy everlasting arms  
 Have always found my rest.
- 8 O do not at a distance stand !  
 For sore distress is hard at hand,  
 A host of foes surround ;  
 As *Basan's* bulls, they gape and roar,  
 As lions, ready to devour,  
 And none to help is found.
- 9 My blood pour'd out like water is,  
 Sharp pangs my soul and body seize,  
 Disjointing all my bones ;  
 My heart like wax before the fire  
 Dissolves ; my life doth all expire  
 In agonizing groans !
- 10 Thy wrath doth on my soul abide ;  
 My strength is as a potsherd dried ;  
 And, blasted by Thy breath,

My tongue cleaves to my gums : Thy frown  
 Hath broke my heart, and brought me down  
 Into the dust of death !

- 11 Encompass'd by the dogs of hell,  
 The rage of fiends and men I feel.  
 They pierced my hands and feet ;  
 My starting bones may all be told ;  
 With joy my sufferings they behold,  
 And all my pangs repeat !
- 12 My clothes they equally divide,  
 My vesture they by lot decide :  
 But Thou, O Lord, be nigh ;  
 Make haste to' appear, my Strength, my Lord,  
 My soul deliver from the sword,  
 Revive me when I die !
- 13 Redeem my life from Satan's power ;  
 Nor let the lion's mouth devour,  
 The unicorn's destroy :  
 Thou hast from all their fury freed,  
 And raised Thy Shepherd from the dead,  
 And fill'd with endless joy.

## PART III.

- 14 Thy name I therefore will reveal,  
 Thy goodness to my brethren tell ;  
 To all the' assembled crowd  
 Declare the precious gospel-grace !  
 Who fear the Lord exalt His praise,  
 And love the pardoning God !
- 15 Their God let *Israel* glorify,  
 Who gave His Son for all to die,  
 Who raised Him up again ;

He hath not scorn'd the mourner's care,  
But seen his grief and heard his prayer,  
And heal'd him of his pain.

- 16 Thy glory, Lord, I will display,  
My vows before the people pay,  
My thanks and praises give ;  
The poor shall sing and feast like me ;  
And they who fear Him now shall see  
The face of God, and live.
- 17 Your heart shall find a heaven below,  
Eternal life in Jesus know ;  
The world shall feel His power :  
They all shall to their Saviour turn,  
And tribes and nations yet unborn  
Their bleeding Lord adore.
- 18 Supreme by His eternal birth,  
Prince of the potentates on earth,  
The Lord His sway maintains ;  
Glory and power are His alone ;  
High on His everlasting throne  
The King Messiah reigns.
- 19 The great shall to His sway submit ;  
Monarchs shall taste His heavenly meat,  
And at His footstool fall :  
Him every knee shall bow before,  
And every soul of man adore  
The God that died for all.
- 20 A seed shall first their Lord confess,  
Elect through perfect holiness,  
His own peculiar seed :

His will shall all by them be done,  
 Redeem'd and saved by grace alone,  
 And saints,—and free indeed.

- 21 The spotless church on earth shall rise,  
 Declare to all the ransom-price  
 For every soul laid down ;  
 And every soul shall then believe ;  
 To Christ their whole salvation give,  
 And live to God alone.

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PSALM XXIII.

- 1 JESUS the good Shepherd is ;  
 Jesus died the sheep to save ;  
 He is mine, and I am His ;  
 All I want in Him I have,—  
 Life, and health, and rest, and food,  
 All the plenitude of God.
- 2 Jesus loves and guards His own ;  
 Me in verdant pastures feeds ;  
 Makes me quietly lie down,  
 By the streams of comfort leads :  
 Following Him where'er He goes,  
 Silent joy my heart o'erflows.
- 3 He in sickness makes me whole,  
 Guides into the paths of peace ;  
 He revives my fainting soul,  
 'Stablishes in righteousness ;  
 Who for me vouchsafed to die,  
 Loves me still,—I know not why !

- 4 Unappall'd by guilty fear,  
Through the mortal vale I go ;  
My eternal Life is near ;  
Thee my Life in death I know ;  
Bless Thy chastening, cheering rod,  
Die into the arms of God !
- 5 Till that welcome hour I see,  
Thou before my foes dost feed ;  
Bidd'st me sit and feast with Thee,  
Pour'st Thy oil upon my head ;  
Giv'st me all I ask, and more,  
Mak'st my cup of joy run o'er.
- 6 Love Divine shall still embrace,  
Love shall keep me to the end ;  
Surely all my happy days  
I shall in Thy temple spend,  
Till I to Thy house remove,  
Thy eternal house above !

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PSALM XXIV.

- 1 THE earth, with all her fulness, owns  
Jehovah for her sovereign Lord ;  
The countless myriads of her sons  
Rose into being at His word.
- 2 His word did out of nothing call  
The world, and founded all that is,  
Launch'd on the floods this solid ball,  
And fix'd it in the floating seas.
- 3 But who shall quit this low abode ?  
Who shall ascend the heavenly place,  
And stand upon the mount of God,  
And see his Maker face to face ?

- 4 The man whose hands and heart are clean  
That blessed portion shall receive ;  
Who here by grace is saved from sin,  
Hereafter shall in glory live.
- 5 He shall obtain the starry crown,  
And, number'd with the saints above,  
The God of his salvation own,  
The God of his salvation love.
- 6 This is the chosen royal race,  
That seek their Saviour-God to see ;  
To see in holiness Thy face,  
O Jesus, and be join'd to Thee.
- 7 Thou the true wrestling *Jacob* art,  
Whose prayers, and tears, and blood inclined  
Thy Father's majesty to' impart  
His name, His love, to all mankind.
- 8 Our Lord is risen from the dead,  
Our Jesus is gone up on high ;  
The powers of hell are captive led,  
Dragg'd to the portals of the sky.
- 9 There His triumphal chariot waits,  
And angels chant the solemn lay :  
" Lift up your heads, ye heavenly gates,  
Ye everlasting doors, give way !
- 10 " Loose all your bars of massy light,  
And wide unfold the' ethereal scene ;  
He claims these mansions as His right ;  
Receive the King of glory in."
- 11 " Who is this King of glory, who ?"  
" The Lord that all His foes o'ercame,  
The world, sin, death, and hell o'erthrew :  
And Jesus is the Conqueror's name."

- 12 Lo ! His triumphal chariot waits,  
And angels chant the solemn lay :—  
“Lift up your heads, ye heavenly gates ;  
Ye everlasting doors, give way !”
- 13 “Who is this King of glory, who ?”  
“The Lord of glorious power possess'd,  
The King of saints and angels too,  
God over all, for ever bless'd.”

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PSALM XXV.

- 1 To Thee, O Lord, my soul I raise ;  
I trust in Thee for pardoning grace ;  
Ah ! put me not to shame !  
Ah ! do not let my sins prevail !  
Let none who wait Thy mercy fail,  
But all who hate Thy name.
- 2 Thy ways to me, O Jesus, show,  
And teach me in Thy paths to go ;  
Direct my willing heart :  
O God of my salvation, lead  
A soul that in Thy steps would tread,  
Nor ever more depart.
- 3 All the day long I wait on Thee ;  
In tender love remember me,  
And save me by Thy grace :  
Forgive, forget my follies past,  
Behind Thy back in mercy cast,  
And all my sins efface.
- 4 The righteous Lord is kind and good :  
Sinners who faint beneath their load,  
He quickly will relieve ;



Instruct and grant them power to' obey,  
Whom first He brings into His way,  
And freely doth forgive.

5 The meek He will in mercy guide,  
Nor let the lame be turn'd aside,  
Who now their burden feel ;  
Mercy and truth are all His ways  
To them that keep His pardoning grace,  
And love to do His will.

6 Thy will, O God, I fain would do ;  
To me Thy pardoning mercy show,  
For which I ever wait ;  
Forgive me, for Thy glorious name,  
Because I a mere sinner am,—  
Because my sin is great.

7 What man is he that fears the Lord ?  
Divinely taught His sacred word,  
He all His will shall prove ;  
His soul shall dwell in perfect peace ;  
His seed shall the new earth possess,  
The paradise of love.

8 The secret of the Lord is known  
To humble, trembling souls alone,  
Pierced through with filial fear ;  
He will to them His covenant show,  
Ordain'd His spotless life to know  
And bear His image here.

9 Mine eyes to God I ever lift ;  
I humbly wait the heavenly gift,  
Which shall my guilt remove ;

- From all the toils of hell set free,  
 Redeem from all iniquity,  
 And perfect me in love.
- 10 Turn to me, Lord, in mercy turn !  
 While with redoubled grief I mourn,  
 My troubled heart relieve ;  
 Look on my pain with pitying eye,  
 My load remove, my guilt pass by,  
 And all my sins forgive.
- 11 Regard my cruel, countless foes ;  
 While fiends, and men, and sins oppose,  
 My constant Saviour prove :  
 O ! let me not be put to shame,  
 Who trust in Thine almighty name,  
 And hang upon Thy love !
- 12 Preserve my waiting soul in peace,  
 Thine image, in true holiness,  
 To me, to all, restore :  
 An end of sin let *Israel* see ;  
 From all his troubles saved by Thee,—  
 Let *Israel* sin no more.

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PSALM XXVI.

- 1 GIVE sentence, Lord, with me ;  
 For I have injured none,  
 But walk'd in my integrity,  
 And good for evil done.  
 Thou know'st mine innocence,  
 And labour to maintain  
 A conscience void of all offence  
 Towards every soul of man.

- 2        Yet not in this I trust,  
          But in the living God,  
Who died and rose, to make me just  
          By sprinkling me with blood.  
          Herein do I confide,  
          Herein I rest secure ;  
My feeble steps shall never slide,  
          But stand in Jesus sure.
- 3        Examine me, O Lord,  
          And try my heart and reins ;  
Prove, and discover by Thy word  
          Whate'er of sin remains.  
          I see Thy pardoning love,  
          And in the truth abide,  
Till all the truth in Thee I prove.  
          For ever sanctified.
- 4        For this I have forsook  
          The false dissembling race,  
From all their vain engagements broke,  
          And hated all their ways.  
          I wash my hands and heart  
          In innocence Divine ;  
My righteousness, O Lord, Thou art,  
          For all my sins were Thine.
- 5        Cleansed by the sacred blood,  
          I to Thine altar go,  
In songs to spread Thy name abroad,  
          And all Thy wonders show.  
          Lord, I have loved the place  
          Where Thou record'st Thy name,  
And by the channels of Thy grace  
          For ever found I am.

- 6 Through Thee resolved I am  
Mine innocence to keep;  
Uphold me by Thy saving name,  
And I shall never slip.  
O that I in Thy blood  
May full redemption have!  
Renew me, Thou all-gracious God,  
And to the utmost save.
- 7 Here on Thy promise, Lord,  
My foot of faith stands sure;  
Thee will I with Thy saints record,  
Till Thou hast made me pure.  
Then will I bless Thy name,  
Till, join'd to those above,  
The length, and breadth, and height proclaim,  
And depth, of Jesu's love.
- 

## PSALM XXVII.

- 1 THE Lord my great salvation is,  
My life and health, my joy and peace,  
My light, my comfort, and my power.  
Whom shall I now submit to fear?  
Though hell, the world, and sin are near,  
They never shall my soul devour.
- 2 To swallow up my soul they came;  
But, arm'd with faith in Jesu's name,  
I more than conquer'd them in fight;  
They stumbled on my Rock, and fell;  
And should their host again assail,  
I scorn to fear their baffled might.

- 3 I trust in an almighty Lord ;  
He shall fulfil His gracious word,  
And grant the blessing I require :  
That I throughout my happy days  
May in His house record His praise ;  
This, this is all my heart's desire :
- 4 Still in His hallow'd courts to dwell,  
To see the Great Invisible,  
And ever on His beauties gaze ;  
The channels of His grace attend,  
Till perfect grace in glory end,  
And I in heaven behold His face.
- 5 My soul, distress'd on every side,  
He shall in His pavilion hide,  
And in His secret place secure :  
God shall direct my wandering feet,  
And on a Rock of safety set,  
And make in Christ my goings sure.
- 6 Even now He lifteth up my head,  
And, lo ! on all my foes I tread,  
Conqueror of sin, and earth, and hell ;  
Wherefore I in His house will sing,  
With grateful joy, my God and King,  
And all His glorious praises tell.
- 7 Still then to Thee for help I cry :  
Regard me with a pitying eye,  
And answer me in pardoning grace ;  
Soon as I hear Thy Spirit speak,  
" Turn, wandering heart, thy Saviour seek,"  
My heart repents, believes, obeys.

- 
- 8 Thy favour will I seek again :  
Ah ! do not, Lord, my soul disdain,  
Nor hide Thy face, nor stop Thine ear !  
Thou hast my help in troubles been ;  
O leave me not a prey to sin !  
O God of my salvation, hear !
- 9 When left by all, and void of hope,  
Surely the Lord shall take me up,  
And guide me in His perfect way.  
Hell, earth, and sin my course oppose ;  
Bear me, O God, through all my foes,  
Nor suffer them my soul to slay.
- 10 False witnesses against me rise,  
And hurt my soul with cruel lies ;  
(Their father in his children speaks ;)   
The' Accuser of the brethren stands,  
My life his forfeiture demands,  
And still my death eternal seeks.
- 11 My spirit utterly had fail'd,  
Had not the' almighty God upheld,  
And wrought a patient hope in me ;—  
Hope against hope to' obtain His grace,  
To see on earth His glorious face,—  
His face in holiness to see.
- 12 Wherefore, to all I cry, " Believe !  
Sinner, the faithful word receive,  
Away with thy despairing fear !  
Thy God His nature shall impart ;  
Believe, and He shall change thy heart,  
And He shall make thee perfect here."
-

## PSALM XXVIII.

- 1 To Thee, my Lord, my Rock, I cry,  
    Ah ! do not Thou reject my prayer :  
My prayer if Thou reject, I die,  
    Like those who perish in despair,  
The unbeliever's doom I meet,  
And sink into the burning pit.
- 2 The voice of my complaint attend,  
    While earnest I implore Thy grace,  
While at Thy feet my soul I bend,  
    And worship towards Thy holy place,  
Lift up my heart, and humbly claim  
Thy pardoning love in Jesu's name.
- 3 With sinners sweep me not away,  
    False workers of iniquity,  
Whose souls Thou wilt for ever slay,  
    Because Thy works they will not see,  
Or mercy at Thy hands receive,  
Or timely come to Thee, and live.
- 4 Bless'd be the Lord ! for He hath heard  
    The voice of my continued prayer ;  
I thought He would at last regard  
    A soul that cast on Him his care :  
On Him I with my heart believed,  
And I am help'd, and I am saved.
- 5 Wherefore my heart with joy is fill'd,  
    And dances to the Saviour's name ;  
He is my more than sevenfold Shield ;  
    In songs my Helper I proclaim,  
The strength of all that trust in Him,  
All-good, almighty to redeem !

- 6 Thou Strength of Thine anointed ones !  
Thine own persist to save and bless,  
Cherish, and raise us up, Thy sons,  
To perfect power and perfect peace ;  
Exalt us all on earth to prove  
Thine height of everlasting love.
- 

## PSALM XXIX.

- 1 YE worms, that wear an earthly crown,  
Before the King of kings bow down,  
Glory to God and worship give :  
Honour is due to God alone ;  
Fountain of power your Maker own,  
And happy in His service live.  
With joy the Lord of Hosts proclaim,  
Extol the great Jehovah's name,  
His praises let your lives declare ;  
His image be your costly dress,  
Your beauty be His holiness,  
His love your royal diadem wear.
- 2 His voice upon the waters is,  
(What monarch hath a voice like His ?)  
Loud as ten thousand seas it roars ;  
Above the firmament He sits,  
And earth to the great King submits,  
And heaven its sovereign Lord adores.  
The glorious God majestic speaks ;  
From the dark cloud His terror breaks,  
And waving sheets of lightning shine.  
The' impetuous hurricane of sound  
Rives the strong oaks, and shakes the ground :  
For thunder is the voice Divine.



- 
- 3 Jehovah's voice the cedar rends,  
 And all the pride of *Lebanon* bends,  
 And strips and tears the scatter'd trees ;  
 The hinds affrighted calve, and die,  
 While mix'd with flames the thunders fly,  
 And rock the howling wilderness.  
 Creation hears His voice, and quakes ;  
 Sea, earth, and hell, and heaven He shakes,  
 Firm on His everlasting throne!  
 But all who in His temple praise,  
 And love and thank Him for His grace,  
 Shall never, never be cast down.
- 4 High above all their Saviour sits,  
 And earth to the great King submits,  
 And heaven its sovereign Lord adores ;  
 Jehovah sends His succours thence,  
 Arms them with His omnipotence,  
 And all their strength Divine restores.  
 Jesus, to all who dare believe,  
 The fulness of His power shall give ;  
 The gospel hope, the glorious prize,  
 The perfect love, the perfect peace,  
 The everlasting righteousness,  
 The heaven-ensuring paradise.

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 PSALM XXX.

- 1 LORD, I will exalt Thy grace,  
 Grace which hath exalted me ;  
 Me Thou hast vouchsafed to raise,  
 Sunk in sin and misery ;

- 
- But Thine own Thou wouldst not leave,  
Wouldst not let my foes prevail,  
Me Thou dost the victory give,  
Victory over earth and hell.
- 2 Sick of sin, to Thee I cried,  
Thee, my loving Lord and God !  
Thou the medicine hast applied,  
Heal'd me by Thy balmy blood.  
Thou, omnipotent to save,  
Hast redeem'd my soul from death,  
Snatch'd it from the' infernal grave,  
Kept it from the gulf beneath.
- 3 Sing, ye saints, unto the Lord,  
Thank the Lord our Righteousness ;  
All His faithfulness record,  
All His power and pardoning grace :  
Quickly is His anger past,  
Never doth His grace remove ;  
Long as life His love shall last,  
Life eternal is His love.
- 4 If He seem awhile to chide,  
Leave us a whole night to mourn,  
Yet the veil is cast aside,  
Yet He hastens to return.  
Sure as the return of day  
Chases all the shades of night,  
Sorrow doth to joy give way,  
Darkness to the gospel light.
- 5 "Never more shall I remove,"  
In my prosperous state, I said,  
"Thou the mountain of Thy love  
Hast so strong a barrier made."

Thou didst hide Thy blissful face ;  
Grieved to find my God depart,  
Then I felt my want of grace,  
Then I saw my feeble heart.

6 Yet again to Thee, O Lord,  
Humbled in the dust I cried,  
Self-condemn'd and self-abhorr'd,  
Bruised and chasten'd for my pride :  
"What the profit of my blood,  
When I sink into the grave?  
There I cannot praise my God,  
Cannot show Thy power to save.

7 "Thee the dead cannot declare,  
True and faithful to Thy word :  
Hear me now, in mercy spare,  
Now Thy ready help afford."  
Surely Thou hast heard, and turn'd  
Into joy my heaviness,  
Comforted a soul that mourn'd,  
Clothed me with the robes of praise.

8 Thou hast girded me with joy,  
That I might my Lord proclaim,  
All my days in thanks employ,  
Sing, and bless Thy glorious name :  
Surely this my task shall be  
Till I join the hosts above,  
Plunged into the Deity,  
Lost in all the depths of love !

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## PSALM XXXI.

## PART I.

- 1     IN Thee, O Lord, I trust,  
      And in Thy saving name ;  
Faithful, and to Thy promise just,  
      O rid me of my shame !  
      O never, never leave  
      A sinner to his sin,  
Who would Thy gracious word receive,  
      And longs to be made clean !
- 2     In condescending love  
      Incline Thine ear to me ;  
Send down the answer from above,  
      And haste to set me free :  
      Be Thou my rock, my tower,  
      To which I still may fly ;  
Redeem me, Saviour, by Thy power,  
      Redeem me, or I die !
- 3     Thee, Lord, I humbly claim,  
      My rock, my fortress Thou !  
Act for the honour of Thy name,  
      And save, O save me now !  
      Jesus, my spirit stay,  
      And bring me to Thy breast,  
And guide me in Thyself the way  
      To mine eternal rest.
- 4     Draw me out of the snare  
      My foes have laid for me ;  
Thou art my strength ; I cast my care,  
      My burden, all on Thee !

- Into Thy hands, O God,  
My spirit I commend ;  
And Thou, who bought'st me with Thy blood,  
Shalt love me to the end.
- 5 Who vainly trust in lies,  
Their ways I have abhorr'd ;  
My faith for sure relief applies  
To my redeeming Lord.  
On Him alone I trust,  
The Rock that cannot move ;  
My joy, my glory, and my boast  
Are in Thy pardoning love.
- 6 For Thou my soul hast known  
When plunged in griefs and fears ;  
Thy pity mark'd my every groan,  
And noted all my tears ;  
Thou hast not shut me up  
With my old enemy,  
But brought me forth, enlarged my hope,  
And bid me walk in Thee.
- 7 Have mercy then once more,  
And save me in distress !  
I groan beneath the fatal power  
Of inbred wickedness !  
Despised and hated I,  
And shunn'd by friends and foes,  
With trembling haste my neighbours fly  
From my infectious woes !
- 8 Mine eye with sorrow fails,  
My flesh and strength decay,  
My soul, while sin again prevails,  
Dissolves and dies away.

By all despised, forgot,  
As long deceased I am ;  
A vessel marr'd,—a thing of nought,—  
A worm without a name !

- 9      The many-headed beast,—  
I heard exclaim aloud,—  
With furious rage which could not rest,  
They all my ruin vow'd.  
By force my soul they tried,  
By cunning, to devour ;—  
I saw their snares on every side,  
And trembled at their power.

## PART II.

- 10      But trusting in the word,  
The word of grace alone,  
“Thou art,” I said, “my God and Lord,  
I claim Thee for mine own.  
Thou know'st the' appointed hour,  
My times I leave to Thee ;  
Redeem me from the' oppressor's power,  
From all my sins set free.
- 11      “Upon Thy servant make  
Thy blissful face to shine ;  
And save, for Thine own mercy's sake,  
This helpless soul of mine.  
Ah ! do not let me fall,  
O'erwhelm'd with endless shame !  
For still in my distress I call,  
O Jesus, on Thy name !”

- 12      How vast the mercy's store  
          Thou hast for them prepared,  
Who Thee with filial fear adore,  
          And wait their full reward !  
          Before they hence remove,  
          Who trust in Thee alone  
Enjoy a paradise of love,  
          A heaven on earth begun.
- 13      Them in Thy secret place  
          Thou shalt securely hide,  
Far from the persecuting race,  
          The furious sons of pride.  
          Thy presence shall defend,  
          And their pavilion be ;  
Till all the storms and conflicts end,  
          Their life is hid in Thee.
- 14      Bless'd be the Saviour-God,  
          Whose gracious power I prove !  
His goodness He to me hath show'd,  
          His miracles of love.  
          Shut up in self and pride,  
          Satan's stronghold I was,  
My prison doors He open'd wide,  
          And saved me by His grace.
- 15      For in my heart I said,  
          " I am forgotten quite,  
Cut off from all relief and aid,  
          And cast out of Thy sight!"  
          Yet did Thy pity spare  
          A wretch condemn'd to die,  
Heard all my agonizing prayer,  
          And answer'd all my cry.

- 16 O all ye saints of His,  
Love your redeeming Lord !  
He keeps the souls in perfect peace  
Whose trust is in His word.  
The' Avenger of all those  
Whose sins provoke His ire,  
He fills the measure of their woes  
In everlasting fire.
- 17 But ye that hope in Him,  
Be strong, be of good cheer,  
Your souls He fully shall redeem,  
And make you perfect here ;  
His constant mind impart,  
His image from above,  
And 'stablish each believing heart  
In everlasting love.
- 

## PSALM XXXII.

- 1 BLESS'D is the man, supremely bless'd,  
Whose wickedness is all forgiven,  
Who finds in Jesu's wounds his rest,  
And sees the smiling face of Heaven.  
The guilt and power of sin is gone  
From him that doth in Christ believe,  
Cover'd it lies, and still kept down,  
And buried in his Saviour's grave.
- 2 Bless'd is the man, to whom his Lord  
No more imputes iniquity,  
Whose spirit is by grace restored,  
From all the guile of Satan free ;



- Free from design, or selfish aim,  
Holy, and pure, and undefiled,  
A simple follower of the Lamb,  
And harmless as a new-born child.
- 3 But while through pride I held my tongue,  
Nor own'd my helpless unbelief,  
My bones were wasted all day long,  
My strength consumed with pining grief;  
Crush'd by Thine anger's heavy hand,  
Burn'd up as a dry barren ground,  
I ever of my sin complain'd ;  
But no relief or mercy found.
- 4 Resolved at last, "To God," I cried,  
"My sins I will at large confess ;  
My shame I will no longer hide,  
My depth of desperate wickedness.  
All will I own unto my Lord  
Without reserve or cloaking art :"  
I said ; and felt the pardoning word,  
Thy mercy spoke it to my heart.
- 5 For this shall every child of God  
Thy power and faithful love declare,  
And claim the grace on all bestow'd  
Who make to Thee their timely prayer.  
But when the floods of judgment rise  
And sweep the guilty souls away,  
Remains for sin no sacrifice ;  
For ended is their gracious day.
- 6 Thou art my hiding-place : in Thee  
I rest secure from sin and hell ;  
Safe in the love that ransom'd me,  
And shelter'd in Thy wounds, I dwell.

- 
- Still shall Thy grace to me abound ;  
The countless wonders of Thy grace  
I still shall tell to all around,  
And sing my great Deliverer's praise.
- 7 " I will instruct thy child-like heart,"  
(My Teacher saith, for ever nigh,)  
" Nor let thee from My paths depart,  
But guide thee with My gracious eye :  
Only My gracious look obey,  
And yield My perfect will to' approve,  
Nor cast My easy yoke away,  
Or stop thine ears against My love.
- 8 " Whoe'er like horse and mule withstand,  
And follow their own stiff-neck'd will,  
I bruise beneath My weighty hand,  
And force them all My plagues to feel.  
But he that dares in Me confide  
Shall only know My pardoning grace,  
My mercy's arms on every side  
Shall every faithful soul embrace."
- 9 Ye faithful souls, rejoice in Him  
Whose arms are still your sure defence ;  
Your Lord is mighty to redeem :  
Believe ; and who shall pluck you thence ?  
Ye men of upright hearts, be glad,  
For Jesus is your God and Friend ;  
He keeps whoe'er on Him are stay'd,  
And He shall keep them to the end.
-

## PSALM XXXIII.

## PART I.

- 1 RIGHTEOUS souls, rejoice in God ;  
Meet it is for you to praise  
Him who hath the gift bestow'd,  
Made you vessels of His grace.  
Praise the Lord, ye saints, and sing,  
All your sacred skill exert,  
All the powers of music bring :  
Praise Him with a thankful heart.
- 2 Sing the new, the gospel song,  
Make a loud and cheerful noise ;  
Praise doth all to Him belong,  
In His faithful word rejoice.  
All His works are good and right,  
Only such can He approve ;  
Righteousness is God's delight,  
Earth is full of Jesu's love.
- 3 By His mighty fiat made,  
Heaven confess'd the sovereign Lord ;  
All His hosts His voice obey'd,  
Sprang from nothing at His word.  
He commands the sea to stand,  
Drawn into a hanging heap,  
In the hollow of His hand  
Treasures up the boundless deep.
- 4 Him let all the nations fear,  
Him let all the world obey,  
Earth's inhabitants revere,  
Humbly own His awful sway.

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Spake the Lord, and it was done,  
He the earth's foundations laid,  
By His providence alone  
God sustains the world He made.

- 5 In His providential reign  
O what various wisdom shines !  
He confounds the pride of man,  
Blasts the heathen's vain designs ;  
Brings their counsels all to nought ;  
Only His abideth sure ;  
What the gracious Lord hath thought  
Shall from age to age endure.

## PART II.

- 6 Bless'd the people are that own  
God, the Lord of all, for theirs ;  
Chosen by His grace alone,  
Made His servants and His heirs ;  
God, who from His holy place,  
Where He ever reigns supreme,  
All the sons of men surveys,  
Smiles peculiarly on them.
- 7 He from His eternal throne  
Looks the whole creation through ;  
All mankind to Him are known,  
All is naked to His view :  
God discerns the hearts He made,  
God doth all their motions note,  
All are in His balance weigh'd,  
Every act, and word, and thought.

- 8 Kings by Him in safety reign,  
Not by their unnumber'd host ;  
Vain the vaunted strength of man,  
Vain the mighty giant's boast.  
Trusting in the warlike horse,  
None through him deliverance have ;  
Vain is all the creature's force,  
God, and only God, can save.
- 9 Lo ! the Lord's all-seeing eye  
Watches over them for good,  
Humbly who on Him rely,  
Trust Him both for life and food :  
He from death their souls retrieves,  
He in death sustains His own,  
While to Him our spirit cleaves,  
Hangs for help on Him alone.
- 10 He is our defence and shield ;  
By His everlasting word,  
By His faithful love upheld,  
Wait we to receive our Lord.  
Him our heart shall soon proclaim,  
Joyfully with love o'erflow,  
We have trusted in His name,  
We shall all His nature know.
- 11 Jesus, full of truth and grace !  
Let us now Thy mercy prove ;  
Let the gospel-word take place,  
Perfect us in faith and love.  
Have we not in Thee believed ?  
Vainly can we trust in Thee ?  
Speak us to the utmost saved,  
Free from sin, for ever free.
-

## PSALM XXXIV.

- 1 THE Lord whose saving love I feel  
    Shall be my endless song,  
His mercies in my heart shall dwell,  
    His praises on my tongue.  
My soul of Him shall make her boast ;  
    The poor shall hear and see  
My triumph, and in Jesus trust,  
    And bless their God like me.
  
- 2 Ye humble followers of my Lord,  
    With me exalt His praise,  
Join all mankind with sweet accord  
    To glorify His grace.  
I sought Him, and He kindly heard  
    The sinner in distress,  
And ransom'd me from all I fear'd,  
    And bade me go in peace.
  
- 3 To Jesus, mighty to redeem,  
    Others like me have fled,  
Nor blush'd at having hoped in Him,  
    But found His present aid.  
The poor to my Redeemer cried,  
    Nor ask'd His help in vain,  
By Jesus freely justified  
    And saved from all his pain.
  
- 4 The men that humbly fear their Lord  
    Angelic hosts attend,  
And ministerial spirits guard  
    And keep them to the end.

O trust, ye Christless souls, and see  
The Lord how good and kind,  
Good in Himself, and good to me,  
To you, and all mankind !

5 Bless'd is the man, supremely bless'd,  
Who dares in God confide,  
His rising grief is charm'd to rest,  
His every want supplied.  
Ye saints and servants of the Lord,  
With lowly filial fear  
Adore Him by all heaven adored,  
And feel Him ever near.

6 Near to relieve them at their need,  
Their utmost wish to grant,  
The meek He doth with mercy feed,  
But lets the violent want.  
Poor ravenous souls, they cannot gain  
The husks for which they pine,  
While every good the just obtain  
In perfect love Divine.

7 Ye men of childlike hearts draw near,  
And ye my God shall know ;  
Divinely taught, I teach His fear,  
His pure religion show.  
Thou that desir'st the life of grace  
To all in Jesus given,  
And fain wouldst see a length of days,  
The eternal days of heaven ;

8 Thine undissembling lips refrain  
From every idle word,  
Evil eschew, do good, and gain  
The tempers of thy Lord.

- Seek the unutterable peace,  
The perfect love ensue,  
Then all thy sins and sorrows cease,  
And thou art form'd anew.
- 9 The Lord regards with watchful eyes  
His poor afflicted saints,  
His ear is open to their cries,  
And bows to their complaints.  
The Lord abhors the faithless race  
Who daringly rebel,  
Against them sets His angry face,  
And frowns them into hell.
- 10 But when the poor His help implore  
The Lord in mercy hears,  
And saves them by His gracious power  
From all their griefs and fears.  
From those who groan their sins to feel  
He never can depart,  
His power is present still to heal  
The sore and broken heart.
- 11 The righteous man on every side  
Is troubled and distress'd,  
His faith is in the furnace tried  
And bears the fiery test.  
The Lord, on whom he casts his care,  
Redeems his soul from thrall,  
Preserves his life, his every hair,  
And counts and keeps them all.
- 12 But sinners shall consume away  
And sink beneath their load,  
Their troubles shall the wicked slay  
Who hate the sons of God.



They perish ; while from sin and hell  
 He doth His own redeem,  
 And not a soul shall ever fail  
 That dares rely on Him.

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## PSALM XXXV.

- 1 O LORD, maintain my righteous plea,  
 Strive Thou with them that strive with me,  
 Against my persecutors fight,  
 Snatch up the shield against my foes,  
 Bring forth the spear, their course oppose,  
 And stay the fury of their might.  
 Say to my soul, " On Me rely,  
 Thy Saviour and Salvation nigh  
 In every trying hour I am :"  
 Turn back my foes who seek to slay  
 This helpless soul, with sore dismay  
 And anguish fill, and awful shame.
- 2 Their rage defeat, their malice blind,  
 Make them like dust before the wind,  
 Down their dark slippery way pursue,  
 By Thine avenging angel chase,  
 Scatter the persecuting race  
 Who long their hands in blood to' imbrue.  
 Sworn to destroy my soul they are,  
 My thoughtless innocence to' ensnare  
 Their causeless rage a pit hath made :  
 A sudden blast confound them all  
 While into their own pit they fall,  
 Caught by the snare themselves had laid.

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3 And thou, my soul, thy Saviour praise,  
Thou shalt with thanks adore His grace,  
And all my bones with joy shall cry,  
Lord, who in power is like to Thee  
Whose tender love hath rescued me?  
Thou only art the Lord most high.

Helper of the afflicted poor,  
Thou dost his hunted life secure,  
And save him from his stronger foe,  
Defraud the lions of their prey,  
And bear the ransom'd soul away,  
And bid him all Thy goodness know.

4 False witnesses rose up to blast  
Mine innocence, and vilely cast  
Their foulest slanders on my head,  
With lies and perjuries pursued,  
Evil they render'd me for good,  
And sorrowful to death they made.

Yet did I bear their heaviest load  
When they were visited by God,  
And moved with more than filial care  
Fasted as for my friend, and mourn'd ;  
But to myself my prayer return'd,  
It could not rest with Satan there.

5 But they in my adversity  
With bitterest scoffs insulted me,  
Mix'd with the lewd blaspheming crowd,  
As evil they cast out my name,  
Loaded me with reproach and shame,  
And gnash'd their teeth and raged aloud.

How long, O righteous Lord, how long  
 Wilt Thou behold my cruel wrong,  
 And not mine innocence defend?  
 O save me from so great a death,  
 And pluck me from the lions' teeth,  
 And bid my griefs and troubles end.

- 6 So will I magnify Thy grace,  
 And in the great assembly praise  
 And ever of Thy goodness speak ;  
 Only defeat the alien host,  
 Nor let them of their victory boast  
 Who causelessly my ruin seek.

Their communing is not for peace,  
 The harmless they contrive to' oppress  
 By deep deceit, or daring lies :  
 On me like hell they gaped, and said,  
 "Fie on thee, hypocrite bewray'd !  
 We saw, we saw it with our eyes !"

- 7 Searcher of hearts, Thine eye hath seen  
 The outrage of these perjured men :  
 Ah, do not from my soul depart ;  
 O God, no longer silence keep,  
 No longer let Thy vengeance sleep,  
 But rise mine innocence to' assert.
- Stand up my quarrel to maintain ;  
 Avenge my cause adjudged again  
 According to Thy righteousness ;  
 My God, declare that Thou art mine,  
 Nor let the world and Satan join  
 To triumph in their dire success.

- 8 Ah ! suffer not their hearts to say,  
" See, there ! we have our wish, the prey  
Is lodged within our teeth secure :  
We have our full malicious hope,  
Him we at last have swallow'd up,  
And made his endless ruin sure."  
But O ! at once confound them all  
Who fain would glory in my fall,  
And now rejoice in my distress ;  
Cover with shame, and fill with pain,  
And pay them their rebukes again  
Who boast their prosperous wickedness.
- 9 But let my faithful friends rejoice,  
In shouts of praise lift up their voice,  
Who love to see me walk aright ;  
Yea, let them bless the Lord for me  
Who in my soul's prosperity  
Vouchsafes Himself to take delight.  
Saviour, of Thee my thankful tongue  
Shall speak, and glory all day long,  
Thy righteousness and mercy praise,  
Till with my elder-friends above  
I triumph in Thy heavenly love,  
And see my Saviour face to face.

## ANOTHER.

- 1 HELP, O help, Thou Serpent-Bruiser !  
Me Thy foe Strives to' o'erthrow,  
Cast down the Accuser.
- 2 Jesu, if I have found favour  
In Thy sight, Plead my right,  
Show Thyself my Saviour.

- 3 Fight with those that strive to' annoy me ;  
Earth and hell Both assail,  
Seeking to destroy me.
- 4 With Thy shield my weakness cover,  
Guard my head By Thine aid,  
Till the storm is over.
- 5 Stop the rage of persecution,  
With Thy spear, Lord, appear,  
To my sins' confusion.
- 6 All the power of pride and passion  
O control, Tell my soul  
I am thy Salvation.
- 7 Then my soul shall bow before Thee,  
Spread Thy praise, Sing Thy grace,  
And with thanks adore Thee.
- 8 All my bones, my strength shall bless Thee,  
All I am Shall proclaim  
And with joy confess Thee.
- 9 Who shall with my Lord compare ?  
Who like Thee Can set free  
From the fowler's snare ?
- 10 Thou the needy dost deliver,  
Thou the poor Dost secure  
From the grand Deceiver.
- 11 Satan vexes them no longer ;  
Thou the prey Bear'st away,  
Thou art still the stronger.
- 12 Saved, they rest from their distresses,  
Sin gives place To Thy grace,  
Sin for ever ceases.
-

## PSALM XXXVI.

- 1 My heart, to every vice inclined,  
The sinner's closest sin bewrays ;  
The fear of God he casts behind,  
He hides himself among the trees ;  
Self-soothing in his lost estate,  
Sleeps on secure, and wakes too late.
- 2 His words are all deceit and lies ;  
He hatches mischief on his bed ;  
No longer to salvation wise :  
In every thought, and word, and deed,  
He cleaves to sin, and sin alone ;  
Evil and he, I find, are one.
- 3 But Thou, O Lord, art full of grace ;  
Above the clouds Thy mercies rise ;  
Steadfast Thy truth and faithfulness,  
Thy word of promise never dies ;  
Nor earth can shake, nor hell remove,  
The base of Thine eternal love.
- 4 Unsearchable Thy judgments are,  
A boundless, bottomless abyss !  
But, lo ! Thy providential care  
O'er all Thy works extended is :  
In Thee the creatures live and move,  
And are : all glory to Thy love !
- 5 Thy love sustains the world it made ;  
Thy love preserves both man and beast ;  
Beneath Thy wing's almighty shade  
The sons of men securely rest ;  
And those who haunt the hallow'd place  
Shall banquet on Thy richest grace.

- 
- 6 Their souls shall drink the crystal stream  
 Which ever issues from Thy throne :  
 Fountain of joy and bliss supreme,  
 Eternal life and Thou art one ;  
 To us, to all, so freely given,  
 The Light of life, the Heaven of heaven !
- 7 Stay, then, with those that know Thy peace,  
 The simple men of heart sincere ;  
 From all their foes and sins release,  
 From pride and lust redeem them *here* ;  
 Thine utmost saving grace extend,  
 And love, O love them to the end !
- 8 The prayer is seal'd : we now foresee  
 The downfall of our inbred foes :  
 Jesus hath got the victory,  
 His own right hand our sins o'erthrows,  
 Destroys their being with their power :  
 They die, they fall to rise no more.
- 

## PSALM XXXVII.

## PART I.

- 1 FRET not thyself in vain  
 At evil men's success,  
 Nor envy them the fatal gain  
 Of prosperous wickedness :  
 For all their pomp shall pass,  
 Their glory, wealth, and power,  
 Cut down and wither'd as the grass,  
 And fleeting as an hour.

- 2     Trust in the Lord, and still  
      Thy faith by works approve ;  
So shall He 'stablish thee, and fill  
      With blessings from above.  
      Delight thee in thy God,  
      And God Himself shall give ;  
Shed in thy heart His love abroad,  
      And there for ever live.
- 3     Commit unto the Lord  
      Thyself and all thy ways ;  
Trust Him to keep His faithful word,  
      And bring the things to pass.  
      He shall, in all men's sight,  
      Thy righteousness display,  
Thine innocence as clear as light,  
      And glaring as the day.
- 4     Thou in the Lord be still,  
      With patient hope attend ;  
And wait the counsel of His will,  
      And calmly mark the end.  
      Ah ! let not go thy peace,  
      Nor at the sinner grieve ;  
Who, vainly boasting his success,  
      Doth for a moment live.
- 5     Cast thy concern away,  
      Thy rising grief control ;  
Lest anger into sin betray,  
      And poison all thy soul.  
      Cut off by wrath Divine,  
      The wicked soon shall cease ;  
But who on God their souls recline,  
      They shall the land possess.



## PART II.

- 6      Pass a few days or years,  
        The sinner's boast is o'er ;  
His pomp no more on earth appears,  
        His place is found no more.  
        But still the meek shall live,  
        With every blessing bless'd ;  
Fulness of gospel-peace receive,  
        And everlasting rest.
- 7      'The wicked plots the death  
        Of the detested just ;  
And gnashes on them with his teeth,  
        Who put in God their trust.  
        But God shall him deride ;  
        He sees his evil day  
Approach, to end the tyrant's pride,  
        And sweep from earth away.
- 8      Sinners have drawn the sword,  
        And ready bent their bow,  
To slay the servants of the Lord,  
        The needy to o'erthrow.  
        But God His power shall show,  
        And take His servants' part ;  
Their bow shall break, their sword go through  
        Their own malicious heart.
- 9      The little of the just  
        'T is better to possess,  
Than all the wealth of those that trust  
        In their own wickedness.

- Their strength shall be broke down,  
          Their insolence and power :  
But still the Lord upholds His own,  
          And keeps them evermore.
- 10      He knows their happy days ;  
          Their lot shall still abide ;  
In time of dearth the righteous race  
          Shall all be satisfied.  
          Kept in the evil time,  
          While all the wicked fail,  
Haters of God, they bear their crime,  
          And vanish into hell.
- 11      The wicked borrower owes,  
          But never pays again ;  
Mercy the righteous lender shows,  
          And gives his gifts to men.  
          Whom God hath cursed shall cease,  
          Uprooted by His hand ;  
But whom He condescends to bless,  
          They shall possess the land.
- 12      In paths of righteousness  
          He leads His servant right ;  
His servant's steady walk He sees  
          With favour and delight.  
          Though into trouble cast,  
          He shall not fall away ;  
The Lord supports, and holds him fast,  
          And shall for ever stay.
- 13      I never yet have seen  
          The righteous, or their seed,  
Wandering among the sons of men,  
          And destitute of bread.

Freely he gives and lends ;  
And what to God is given,  
In blessings on his seed descends  
Who lays up wealth in heaven.

## PART III.

- 14      Evil do thou eschew,  
Do good with all thy power ;  
And perfect holiness pursue,  
And dwell for evermore.  
Lover of holiness,  
The Lord preserves His own,  
When all the sinner's offspring cease,  
For ever lost and gone.
- 15      Saints shall possess the land,  
And dwell for ever there ;  
Confess the faith by which they stand,  
Their righteousness declare.  
The law is writ within  
The pure and perfect heart ;  
The saint indeed shall never sin,  
Or from his God depart.
- 16      The wicked eyes the good,  
And watches to devour ;  
God will not leave His saint, pursued  
By persecuting power.  
Though men arrest, arraign,  
And judge him in their day,  
The Lord shall soon his cause maintain,  
His innocence display.

- 
- 17      Thou in the Saviour hope,  
           And in His statutes live,  
 So shall He keep, and lift thee up,  
           The promise to receive.  
           When the ungodly fall,  
           Thou shalt their ruin see,  
 And glorify the Judge of all,  
           Who now appears for thee.
- 18      I have the wicked seen  
           In all his pomp and power,  
 Fair as the laurel-tree, and green,  
           And flourishing his hour.  
           I pass'd, and look'd again,—  
           The mighty man was not ;  
 I sought his place, and sought in vain,  
           His place was clean forgot !
- 19      Observe the saint of God,  
           Who walks in uprightness,  
 The man in perfect love renew'd,—  
           His end is glorious peace.  
           While wicked souls, at last,  
           Together all descend  
 Into a flaming *Tophet* cast ;  
           Damnation is their end !
- 20      But God rewards His own  
           With heavenly happiness,  
 And saves them till their course is run,  
           And keeps in their distress.  
           From all their foes the just  
           A present Saviour have,  
 And (for in Him they put their trust)  
           He shall for ever save.
-

## PSALM XXXVIII.

- 1 IN vengeance, Lord, rebuke me not ;  
No longer let Thy wrath wax hot,  
The sinner to chastise :  
Thine arrows in my soul stick fast,  
My soul, as now to breathe her last,  
Beneath Thy judgments lies !
- 2 Crush'd by Thy heavy hand, I groan ;  
My health is at Thy chiding gone,  
My bones are fill'd with pain ;  
Plagued both in soul and flesh, I grieve ;  
Restless through sin, I only live  
To suffer and complain.
- 3 My sins have swept me far from God :  
My sins' insufferable load  
I groan, I faint, to bear ;  
My desperate soul His grace implores ;  
As bruises, wounds, and putrid sores  
My sins and follies are.
- 4 Mourning I go beneath Thy frown,  
Troubled, and all day long bow'd down  
With guilt and misery ;  
Fill'd with a loathsome, sore disease,  
No health, alas ! no holiness,  
No virtue is in me.
- 5 In all the feebleness of sin,  
Broken, and bruised, and sore within,  
For help I ever sigh ;  
My restless spirit, in deep complaints,  
Its total fall aloud laments,  
And cries a bitter cry.

- 
- 6 But all my wants to Thee are known ;  
Thou hearest, Lord, my every groan,  
    Thou seest my desperate case ;  
My panting heart hath lost its might ;  
My weeping eyes have lost their light,  
    Nor view Thy blissful face.
- 7 My friends can yield me no relief,  
But fly from my contagious grief ;  
    While, hunting for their prey,  
My cruel foes are always nigh,  
And sin, the world, and Satan try  
    My helpless soul to slay.
- 8 But, still regardless of the wrong,  
Deaf to their threats, I held my tongue,  
    And bore my misery.  
No hasty, sharp reply I made :  
Thou, Lord, on whom my soul is stay'd,  
    Shalt answer soon for me.
- 9 O that I now might hear Thy voice !  
Speak, Lord, nor let my foes rejoice,  
    And glory in my fall ;  
Defeat their dire malicious joy,  
Their hopes and vain designs destroy,  
    Confound, confound them all.
- 10 For, O ! I always falling am !  
My helplessness, and sin, and shame  
    I every moment see ;  
I see, and all my sins confess,  
I grieve at my own wickedness,  
    And mourn for help to Thee.

- 
- 11 Mighty and numberless my foes,  
 Passions and lusts my hopes oppose,  
 By fiends and men withstood :  
 I suffer all their rage can do,  
 Because my Saviour I pursue,  
 And dare contend for God.
- 12 Ah ! leave me not, my God and Lord !  
 Defer not to fulfil Thy word,  
 Nor from my soul remove !  
 Make haste Thy goodness to reveal,  
 And let me Thy salvation feel  
 In all-forgiving love.

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PSALM XXXIX.

- 1 WHILE my foes are in my sight  
 Watching me with evil eye,  
 I have vow'd to walk aright,  
 Never more with sin comply,  
 Faithful to the Saviour's grace,  
 Circumspect in all my ways.
- 2 I will to my words take heed,  
 Bridle my unwary tongue :  
 Thus with over-cautious dread  
 Silent I continued long,  
 Satan his advantage gain'd,  
 Fearful I from good refrain'd.
- 3 But my straiten'd spirit mourn'd,  
 Struggling into fervent prayer ;  
 But my heart within me burn'd,  
 And I could no more forbear ;

- While I mused the' enkindled fire  
Burst in flames of strong desire.
- 4 Lord, (at last I spake and said,)  
Show me my own weakness, show  
On how frail and small a thread  
Hangs my fleeting life below ;  
Make me wise to know my end,  
Let me to myself attend.
- 5 Thou hast number'd out my days,  
All my age is but a span,  
Shorter than a moment's space  
Is the longest life of man ;  
At his best estate, with Thee  
Man is all but vanity.
- 6 Stranger to repose and peace  
Still he wanders on in vain,  
Grasps at shadowy happiness,  
Racks himself with real pain,  
Heaps up wealth with endless care,  
Leaves it for his unknown heir.
- 7 Grieved at human vanity,  
What do I expect below ?  
Lord, my hope is all in Thee,  
Thee alone I want to know,  
Wait to taste how good Thou art,  
Long to find Thee in my heart.
- 8 Thou from all my sins redeem,  
Save me by Thy pardoning grace,  
Do not let my foes blaspheme,  
Silence the reviling race,  
On themselves their scoffs return,  
Laugh their idle rage to scorn.



- 9 Dumb I for a while became,  
Sunk beneath my guilty load,  
Open'd not my mouth for shame,  
Shame at having grieved my God,  
Groan'd the' unutterable prayer,  
Smote my breast—and God was there.\*
- 10 Take, O take Thy plague away,  
Thy consuming hand remove ;  
Mortals hasten to decay  
When Thou dost for sin reprove,  
Show, when visited like me,  
All are sin and vanity.
- 11 Hear, O Lord, my mournful prayer,  
O regard my earnest cry,  
Do not still Thy help defer,  
Grant me succour from on high,  
Hear my clamorous griefs and fears,  
Answer all my silent tears.
- 12 Stranger in the vale of woe,  
I my wretched state confess ;  
A poor sojourner below,  
This, alas, is not my place ;  
Thee my fathers' God I own  
Going where they all have gone.
- 13 Only spare my feeble soul  
Till Thine image I retrieve,  
Till Thy love hath made me whole ;  
Let me then no longer live,  
Let me my last stage pass o'er,  
Die, to appear on earth no more.
- 

\* Compare Vol. I., p. 52, ver. 8.

## PSALM XL.

## PART I.

- 1 PATIENT I waited for the Lord,  
Who heard and answer'd to my cry ;  
Out of the pit of sin, abhorr'd,  
He brought, and set me up on high :  
Out of the mire and clay He took,  
And fix'd my feet upon a Rock.
- 2 The Lord hath made my goings strong,  
And 'stablish'd me with gospel grace ;  
Put in my mouth the joyful song,  
The new, unceasing song of praise :  
Many the deed Divine shall see,  
And fear, and trust in God, like me.
- 3 Bless'd is the man that dares confide  
In my redeeming God alone :  
O Lord, Thy works are multiplied,  
The wondrous works which Thou hast done !  
Thy thoughts of grace to us surmount  
The power of numbers to recount !
- 4 I cannot all Thy love declare ;  
No, nor the smallest part express ;  
Worthless my noblest offerings are,  
Unfit the holy God to please ;  
But Thou dost unto me impart  
A hearing ear, and loving heart.
- 5 No shadowy form dost Thou require,  
No legal sacrifice approve ;  
Thou seek'st the contrite heart's desire,  
The offering of obedient love ;  
And lo ! I come to do Thy will,  
And all Thy law in love fulfil !

- 6 Thy welcome will concerning me,  
 I in the sacred volume read ;  
 'T is there my rule of life I see,  
 And in Thy ways delight to tread ;  
 While, by Thy love's divinest art,  
 Thy law is written on my heart.
- 7 Thine everlasting righteousness,  
 Thou know'st I to Thy church have show'd ;  
 Nor hid within my heart the grace  
 And goodness of my pardoning God :  
 Nor shunn'd in open thanks to' approve  
 The truth of Thy redeeming love.
- 8 The great salvation Thou hast wrought  
 I have with joy to all declared :  
 Ah, gracious Lord ! forsake me not,  
 But let Thy tender mercies guard ;  
 Thy faithful love my soul defend,  
 And save and keep me to the end !

## PART II.

- 9 For, O, my soul is sore beset  
 By countless foes ; encompass'd round  
 By countless ills ; beneath their weight  
 I sink oppress'd, o'erwhelm'd, and bound ;  
 The load immense I faint to bear,  
 And fails my heart through sad despair !
- 10 Help me ! Thou God of love and might !  
 Me to redeem make haste away :  
 Put all my cruel sins to flight,  
 Slay all who seek my soul to slay ;  
 Cover with shame my hater's face,  
 And all the alien armies chase.

- 
- 11 Defeat the men, with Satan join'd  
To' ensure my shame and misery ;  
Here only let the mockers find  
The dire reproach they cast on me ;  
Exploded, desolate, forlorn,  
And wretched till to Thee they turn.
- 12 But let the men that seek Thy name  
Rejoice in Thee, their Lord and God ;  
The wonders of Thy love proclaim,  
And publish all Thy works abroad ;  
Saved by Thy dear redeeming grace,  
And always happy in Thy praise.
- 13 I, too, the poorest sinner I,  
With them shall Thy compassion prove :  
On Thee, my Saviour, I rely,  
And wait Thy succours from above :  
Come, O my God, no more delay,  
O come, and bring the perfect day !

---

PSALM XLI.

- 1 BLESS'D is the man whose kind relief  
Doth to the poor extend,  
The Lord shall bear his every grief,  
And bid his troubles end.  
Thou shalt preserve him here, and bless  
Before Thou hence convey,  
Nor let his cruel haters seize  
And swallow up their prey.
- 2 When sick and languishing he lies,  
Thy pity shall sustain,  
In all his sorrows sympathise,  
And sweeten all his pain :

- Thy love shall smoothe his easy bed,  
 And lull his cares to rest,  
 And bid him lean his fainting head  
 On Thy beloved breast.
- 3 I said, when chasten'd by Thy rod,  
 Have mercy on my soul ;  
 My soul hath sinn'd against my God,  
 Forgive and make it whole.  
 My cruel foe with foulest lies  
 Still heightens my distress,  
 When will he die, (in rage he cries,)  
 And his memorial cease ?
- 4 And if he comes with shows of love,  
 As to condole my pain,  
 His words are not of things above,  
 But idle all and vain.  
 Iniquity his heart conceives,  
 He hatches deepest fraud,  
 The object of his hatred leaves,  
 And spreads his lies abroad.
- 5 'Gainst me my mortal foes conspire,  
 And whisper first their lies ;  
 But strengthen'd in their sin, to higher  
 And bolder mischiefs rise.  
 Afflicted by a sore disease  
 He cannot 'scape our power,  
 Cast down, (with joy they say,) he is,  
 And he shall rise no more.
- 6 Now let his guilty doom proceed,  
 Let him no more appear,  
 No, never lift his hated head  
 Again to plague us here.

- Yea, even my bosom-friend who still  
 Was at my table found,  
 Hath spurn'd me with his lifted heel,  
 And wider torn my wound.
- 7 But raise me up, my gracious God,  
 That I my wish may see,  
 Their evil by my good subdued,  
 Their souls brought home to Thee.  
 Hereby Thou favour'st me, I know,  
 Because Thy grace again  
 Hath raised me up, nor let my foe  
 His victory maintain.
- 8 Thou keepest me from hour to hour,  
 And sett'st before Thy face,  
 To sing the greatness of Thy power  
 And triumph in Thy praise.  
 Glory to *Israel's* God and Lord,  
 His name exalted be  
 By angels, and by saints adored  
 To all eternity.

---

PSALM XLII.

PART I.

- 1 As the hart, with fleeing faint,  
 For the cooling stream doth pant,  
 So my soul, by sin pursued,  
 Pants for Thee, the living God !
- 2 See my soul, in pity see,  
 Thirsting, gasping after Thee ;  
 When shall I with faith draw near,  
 Righteous in Thy sight appear ?

- 3 Tears have been my daily bread,  
Tears have wash'd my sleepless bed,  
While they ever cry aloud,  
"Where is now thy pardoning God?"
- 4 Musing on the former days,  
Stripp'd of that ecstatic grace,  
Pouring out my soul, I moan,  
All my joys and comforts gone!
- 5 Once I could in God rejoice,  
Praise Him with a tuneful voice,  
Find Him in His house of prayer,  
First of those who worshipp'd there.
- 6 Why art thou, my soul, oppress'd?  
Why so troubled and distress'd?  
Cast away the heavy load,  
Hope thou, against hope, in God.

## PART II.

- 7 I shall yet record His praise;  
I shall thank Him for His grace,  
When He makes His face to shine  
On this drooping soul of mine.
- 8 Yet again, O God, my God,  
Sinks my soul beneath its load!  
Burden'd, and by sin cast down,  
Faints Thy poor afflicted one.
- 9 Fain I would on Thee rely,  
To my God for refuge fly;  
Ever wandering to and fro,  
Restless as a hunted roe.

- 
- 10 Deep to deep with horror calls,  
While the roaring torrent falls,  
My abyss of misery  
Calls for all the grace in Thee.
- 11 But, alas ! Thy threatenings sound,  
All Thy waves and storms surround ;  
Over me the billows roll,  
Swallow up my sinking soul.
- 12 Unto God, my Rock, I say,  
“ Why dost Thou so long delay,  
Leave me on in grief to go,  
Crush'd by the oppressive foe ? ”
- 13 Pierced my bones as with a sword,  
With the dire opprobrious word,  
While they ever cry aloud,  
“ Where is now thy pardoning God ? ”
- 14 Why art thou, my soul, oppress'd ?  
Why so troubled and distress'd ?  
Cast away the heavy load,  
Hope thou, against hope, in God.
- 15 I shall yet record His praise,  
See again the Saviour's face ;  
Ascertain'd by love Divine,  
Mine He is, for ever mine.

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PSALM XLIII.

- 1 GOD of infinite compassion,  
Take my cause into Thy hands ;  
Satan's whole unrighteous nation,  
Earth and hell, my soul withstands :



- From the evil world deliver,  
 From the cruel world within,  
 From myself,—the worst deceiver,—  
 From this inbred man of sin !
- 2 Thou my only God and Saviour,  
 Thou art my support and might !  
 Why hast Thou withdrawn Thy favour,  
 Cast the mourner from Thy sight ?  
 Wherefore go I on lamenting,  
 Crush'd by my tyrannic foe,  
 Under his oppression fainting,  
 Swallow'd up of sin and woe ?
- 3 O my merciful Director !  
 Show the brightness of Thy face ;  
 Let Thy love be my protector,  
 Lead me by the light of grace :  
 Send the unction of Thy Spirit,  
 Guide into Thy perfect will,  
 That I may Thine heaven inherit,  
 Meet Thee on Thy holy hill.
- 4 Earnest of my full possession,  
 Might I feel Thee in my heart !  
 Fill'd with joy beyond expression,  
 I should never more depart :  
 I should in Thy courts adore Thee,  
 Till I join the church above,  
 Sing, and praise, and fall before Thee,—  
 Thee, my God of truth and love !
- 5 Wherefore then, my restless spirit,  
 Art thou troubled and cast down ?  
 Hope in God, through Jesu's merit ;  
 God, through Jesus, is thine own :

---

I shall yet regain His favour,  
 I shall sing His praise aloud :  
 Jesus is my loving Saviour,  
 Jesus is my pardoning God.

---

PSALM XLIV.

PART I.

- 1 O God, we of Thy fame have heard,  
 Our fathers in our ears have told  
 How oft Thou hast for them appear'd,  
 And wonders wrought in times of old.  
 Thou didst with Thine almighty hand  
 The seven devoted nations chase,  
 Cast out the heathen from their land,  
 And plant Thine *Israel* in their place.
- 2 For not by their own arm or sword  
 The land they in possession gain'd,  
 Thy arm, and Thy right hand, O Lord,  
 For them the victory obtain'd.  
 Thy countenance benignly shone,  
 And help'd and saved the chosen seed,  
 Thou didst Thy favourite people own,  
 And conquering, on to conquer lead.
- 3 O God, Thou art my God and King,  
 Thou dost the same for ever reign,  
 Salvation to Thy *Jacob* bring,  
 Deliverances for us ordain :  
 Through Thee we have our foes o'erthrown,  
 And still we shall the victory get,  
 O'ercome them through Thy name alone,  
 And tread them down beneath our feet.

- 4 For not in my own sword or bow  
 Will I for help or safety trust,  
 Thou, only Thou, hast quell'd the foe,  
 And trod his honour in the dust.  
 Thy name demands the grateful song,  
 O God, we glory in Thy grace,  
 In Thee we triumph all day long,  
 And dwell for ever on Thy praise.

## PART II.

- 5 But Thou, alas ! hast put to shame,  
 And left us at our greatest need ;  
 Thou dost no more declare Thy name,  
 Thou dost no more our armies lead :  
 Thou mak'st us basely turn our back  
 And flee before our foes away ;  
 Swift to pursue, our foes o'ertake,  
 And fiercely seize their trembling prey.
- 6 Thou hast abhorr'd Thine heritage,  
 And given us up as sheep design'd  
 For slaughter, to the heathen's rage,  
 The scorn and outcasts of mankind :  
 Scatter'd through all the nations round,  
 Thy people Thou hast sold for nought,  
 It doth not to Thy praise redound  
 The misery on Thy *Israel* brought.
- 7 Thou mak'st us a reproach and scorn  
 To friends and foes, far off and near,  
 (The world rejoice, the faithful mourn,)  
 A proverb of derision here :

The heathen shake their heads and cry  
With steadfast hate and cool disdain,  
"Cast down and in the dust they lie,  
And never shall they rise again."

- 8 Confusion o'er my soul is spread,  
Apparent in my blushing face,  
I ever bear the burning red,  
The conscious colour of disgrace ;  
With shame the dire reproach I hear,  
The scoffer that blasphemes aloud,  
That executes Thy judgments here,  
God's enemy, and the scourge of God.

## PART III.

- 9 Yet not for all this blasphemy  
Have we, O Lord, Thy paths forsook,  
Or in our heart turn'd back from Thee,  
Or faithlessly Thy covenant broke.  
Though Thou hast sorely smote us down,  
And cast into the dragon's teeth,  
And cover'd with Thine anger's frown  
That shadow of eternal death.
- 10 Had we of God forgetful been,  
Or worship to an idol paid,  
Who tries the hearts and reins had seen  
And all our secret sins display'd.  
But O, Thou know'st we suffer wrong,  
For Thy dear sake, and loss and pain,  
Exposed and outraged all day long  
As sheep appointed to be slain.

- 
- 11 Awake, O Lord, for us arise,  
 No longer sleep, no longer stay ;  
 Ah, do not still Thine own despise,  
 For ever cast us not away !  
 Ah, wherefore dost Thou hide Thy face,  
 Regardless of our misery,  
 And sufferest fiends and men to' oppress  
 The helpless souls beloved by Thee ?
- 12 Our soul is to the dust bow'd down,  
 Our belly to the earth doth cleave,  
 Hear Thine afflicted people groan,  
 And for Thy mercy sake relieve ;  
 Arise, Thy great salvation show,  
 Our foes confound, our shame remove,  
 That all the world with us may know  
 Thine utmost power of saving love.

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 PSALM XLV.

## PART I.

- 1 My heart is full of Christ, and longs  
 Its glorious matter to declare !  
 Of Him I make my loftiest songs,  
 I cannot from His praise forbear ;  
 My ready tongue makes haste to sing  
 The beauties of my heavenly King.
- 2 Fairer than all the earth-born race,  
 Perfect in comeliness Thou art ;  
 Replenish'd are Thy lips with grace,  
 And full of love Thy tender heart ;  
 God ever bless'd, we bow the knee,  
 And own all fulness dwells in Thee.

- 
- 3 Gird on Thy thigh the Spirit's sword,  
And take to Thee Thy power Divine,  
Stir up Thy strength, almighty Lord !  
All power and majesty are Thine :  
Assert Thy worship and renown,  
O all-redeeming God, come down !
- 4 Come, and maintain Thy righteous cause,  
And let Thy glorious toil succeed ;  
Dispread the victory of Thy cross,  
Ride on, and prosper in Thy deed ;  
Through earth triumphantly ride on,  
And reign in all our hearts alone.
- 5 Still let the word of truth prevail,  
The gospel of Thy general grace,  
Of mercy mild that ne'er shall fail,  
Of everlasting righteousness,  
Into the faithful soul brought in,  
To root out all the seeds of sin.
- 6 Terrible things Thine own right hand  
Shall teach Thy greatness to perform :  
Who in the vengeful day can stand  
Unshaken by Thine anger's storm,  
While, riding on the whirlwind's wings,  
They meet the thundering King of kings ?
- 7 Sharp are the arrows of Thy love,  
And pierce the most obdurate heart :  
Their point Thine enemies shall prove,  
And, strangely fill'd with pleasing smart,  
Fall down before the cross subdued,  
And feel Thine arrows dipp'd in blood.

- 8 O God of love, Thy sway we own,  
 Thy dying love doth all control ;  
 Justice and grace support Thy throne,  
 Set up in every faithful soul ;  
 Steadfast it stands in them, and sure,  
 When pure, as Thou their God art pure.
- 9 Lover Thou art of purity,  
 And hatest every spot of sin ;  
 Nothing profane can dwell with Thee,  
 Nothing unholy or unclean :  
 And therefore doth Thy Father own  
 His glorious likeness in His Son.
- 10 Therefore He hath His Spirit shed,  
 Spirit of joy, and power, and grace,  
 Immeasurably on Thy head ;  
 First-born of all the chosen race,  
 From Thee the sacred unction springs  
 That makes Thy fellows priests and kings.

## PART II.

- 11 Sweet is the odour of Thy name, .  
 Through all the means a fragrance comes ;  
 Thy garments hide the sinner's shame,  
 Thy garments shed Divine perfumes,  
 That through the ivory palace flow,—  
 The church, in which Thou reign'st below.
- 12 Thy heavenly charms the virgins move,  
 And bow them to Thy pleasing sway ;  
 They triumph in Thy princely love,  
 Thy will with all their hearts obey ;  
 Revere Thine honourable word,  
 The glorious handmaids of the Lord.

- 
- 13 High above all, at Thy right hand,  
Adorn'd with each diviner grace,  
Thy favourite queen exults to stand,  
Thy church her heavenly charms displays,  
Clothed with the sun, for glory meet,  
She sees the moon beneath her feet.
- 14 Daughter of Heaven, though born on earth,  
Incline thy willing heart and ear ;  
Forget thy first ignoble birth,  
Thy people, and thy kinsfolk here ;  
So shall the King delight to see  
His beauties copied out on thee.
- 15 He only is thy God and Lord ;  
Worship Divine to Him be given,  
By all the host of heaven adored,  
By every creature under heaven ;  
And all the *Gentile* world shall know,  
And freely to His service flow.
- 16 The rich shall lay their riches down,  
And poor become, for Jesu's sake ;  
Kings at His feet shall cast their crown,  
And humble suit for mercy make,  
(Mercy alike on all bestow'd,)  
And languish to be great in God.
- 17 Are not His servants kings? and rule  
They not o'er hell, and earth, and sin ?  
His daughter is divinely full  
Of Christ, and "glorious all within ;"  
All glorious inwardly she reigns,  
And not one spot of sin remains.



- 
- 18 Clothed with humility and love,  
 With every dazzling virtue bright,  
 With faith which God vouchsafes to' approve,  
 Precious in her great Father's sight,  
 The royal maid with joy shall come,  
 Triumphant, to her heavenly home.
- 19 Brought by His sweet attracting grace,  
 She first shall in His sight appear  
 In holiness before His face,  
 Made perfect with her fellows here :  
 Spotless and pure, a virgin train,  
 They all shall in His palace reign.
- 20 In lieu of seers and patriarchs old,  
 Of whom she once did make her boast,  
 The virgin-mother shall behold  
 Her numerous sons a princely host,  
 Install'd o'er all the earth abroad,  
 Anointed kings and priests to God.
- 21 Thee, Jesus, King of kings, and Lord  
 Of lords, I glory to proclaim ;  
 From age to age Thy praise record,  
 That all the world may learn Thy name :  
 And all shall soon Thy grace adore,  
 When time and sin shall be no more.

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PSALM XLVI.\*

- 1 GOD, the omnipresent God,  
 Our strength and refuge stands,  
 Ready to support the load,  
 And bear us in His hands :

\* First published among the Hymns on the Earthquake,  
 March 8, 1750. Compare Vol. VI., p. 25.

- Readiest when we need Him most,  
When to Him distress'd we cry ;  
All who on His mercy trust  
Shall find deliverance nigh.
- 2 Kept by Him, we scorn to fear  
In danger's blackest day,  
Starting at destruction near,  
Though nature faint away ;  
Though the stormy ocean roar,  
Though the madding billows rise,  
Rage, and foam, and lash the shore,  
And mingle earth and skies.
- 3 Let earth's inmost centre quake,  
And shatter'd nature mourn ;  
Let the' unwieldy mountains shake,  
And fall by storms uptorn ;  
Fall, with all their trembling load,  
Far into the ocean hurl'd ;  
Lo ! we stand secure in God,  
Amidst a ruin'd world !
- 4 From the throne of God there springs  
A pure and crystal stream,  
Life, and peace, and joy it brings  
To His *Jerusalem* :  
Rivers of refreshing grace  
Through the sacred city flow,  
Watering all the hallow'd place  
Where God resides below.
- 5 God most merciful, most high,  
Doth in His *Sion* dwell ;  
Kept by Him, her towers defy  
The strength of earth and hell ;

Built on her o'ershadowing Rock,  
 Who shall her foundations move?  
 Who her great Defender shock,  
 The' almighty God of love?

6 All that on this Rock are stay'd  
 The world assaults in vain ;  
 Ever present with His aid,  
 He shall His own sustain :  
 Guardian of the chosen race,  
 Our Jesus doth His church defend,  
 Saves them by His timely grace,  
 And saves them to the end.

7 Furiously the heathen raged  
 Against His church below,  
 Kingdoms all their powers engaged  
*Jerusalem* to' o'erthrow :  
 Earth, from her foundation stirr'd,  
 Yawn'd to swallow up her prey ;  
 Jesus spoke,—she own'd His word,  
 And quaked, and fled away.

8 For His people in distress  
 The God of *Jacob* stands ;  
 Keeps us, till our troubles cease,  
 In His almighty hands :  
 He for us His power hath shown,  
 He doth still our refuge prove ;  
 Loves the Lord of Hosts His own,  
 And shall for ever love.

9 Come, behold the' almighty Lord  
 In robes of vengeance clad ;  
 By the desolating sword  
 What havoc hath He made !

He hath sent His armies forth,  
 States and kingdoms to o'erthrow,  
 March'd in anger through the earth,  
 And ravaged all below.

- 10 Lo! again in tender love  
 He bids their discords cease,  
 Calms their spirit from above,  
 And melts them into peace ;  
 Breaks the bow and burns the car,  
 Instruments of fatal ill,  
 Quells the horrid din of war,  
 And bids the world be still :—
- 11 “Sons of men, be still, and know  
 That I am God alone ;  
 I My saving power will show,  
 And make My goodness known ;  
 All shall with My wish comply,  
 Fear the Name to sinners given ;  
 Bow before the Lord most high,  
 The Lord of earth and heaven.”
- 12 For His people in distress  
 The God of *Jacob* stands,  
 Bears us, till our troubles cease,  
 In His almighty hands :  
 He for us His power hath shown,  
 He doth still our refuge prove ;  
 Loves the Lord of Hosts His own,  
 And shall for ever love.

## PSALM XLVII.

- 1 CLAP your hands, ye people all,  
Praise the God on whom ye call ;  
Lift your voice, and shout His praise,  
Triumph in His sovereign grace !
- 2 Glorious is the Lord most high,  
Terrible in majesty ;  
He His sovereign sway maintains,  
King o'er all the earth He reigns.
- 3 He the people shall subdue,  
Make us kings and conquerors too ;  
Force the nations to submit,  
Bruise our sins beneath our feet.
- 4 He shall bless His ransom'd ones,  
Number us with *Israel's* sons ;  
God our heritage shall prove,  
Give us all a lot of love.
- 5 Jesus is gone up on high,  
Takes His seat above the sky :  
Shout the angel choirs aloud,  
Echoing to the trump of God.
- 6 Sons of earth, the triumph join,  
Praise Him with the host Divine ;  
Emulate the heavenly powers,—  
Their victorious Lord is ours.
- 7 Shout the God enthroned above,  
Trumpet forth His conquering love ;  
Praises to our Jesus sing,  
Praises to our glorious King !

- 
- 8 Power is all to Jesus given,  
Power o'er hell, and earth, and heaven !  
Power He now to us imparts ;  
Praise Him with believing hearts.
- 9 Heathens He compels to' obey,  
Saints He rules with mildest sway ;  
Pure and holy hearts alone  
Chooses for His quiet throne.
- 10 Peace to them and power He brings,  
Makes His subjects priests and kings,  
Guards, while in His worship join'd,  
Bids them cast the world behind.
- 11 On Himself He takes their care,  
Saves them not by sword or spear ;  
Safely to His house they go,  
Fearless of the' invading foe.
- 12 God keeps off the hostile bands,  
God protects their happy lands ;  
Stands as Keeper of their fields,  
Stands as twice ten thousand shields.
- 13 Wonderful in saving power,  
Him let all our hearts adore ;  
Earth and heaven repeat the cry,—  
“Glory be to God most high !”

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PSALM XLVIII.

- 1 GREAT is our redeeming Lord  
In power, and truth, and grace ;  
Him, by highest heaven adored,  
His church on earth should praise :

- In the city of our God,  
In His holy mount below,  
Publish, spread His praise abroad,  
And all His greatness show.
- 2 Built by His almighty hands,  
The towers of *Salem* rise ;  
Fair and firm the city stands,  
Contiguous to the skies ;  
Joy to all the earth she brings,  
Stored with blessings from above ;  
Kept by the great King of kings,  
Her guardian God of love !
- 3 Monarchs with their armies met,  
*Jerusalem* to' assail ;  
Sworn to' o'erthrow the sacred seat  
Where God vouchsafes to dwell :  
Lo ! their boast is turn'd to shame !  
Struck with sore amaze and dread,  
Marching towards her walls they came,  
They came,—they saw,—they fled !
- 4 Horror seized Thy *Sion's* foes,  
And pain'd their guilty heart ;  
As a travailing woman's throes  
They felt the killing smart :  
Scatter'd by Thy stormy ire,  
Dash'd as ships against the shore,  
Tyrants with their hopes expire,  
And sink to rise no more.
- 5 We the works of ancient days  
Have seen repeated now :  
God doth still His *Sion* raise,  
And force her foes to bow :

- Still she in her Saviour trusts,  
 Glories in His constant care ;  
 There He dwells, the Lord of Hosts,  
 He reigns for ever there.
- 6 For Thy lovingkindness, Lord,  
 We in Thy temple stay ;  
 Here Thy faithful love record,  
 Thy saving power display :  
 With Thy name Thy praise is known ;  
 Glorious Thy perfections shine ;  
 Earth's remotest bounds shall own  
 Thy works are all Divine.
- 7 All Thy mighty works are wrought  
 In perfect equity ;  
*Sion*, by Thy judgments taught,  
 Shall give the praise to Thee :  
 Thee let all Thy saints adore,  
 Ransom'd by Thy timely aid ;  
 Every tongue confess Thy power,  
 And every heart be glad.
- 8 Sons of God, triumphant rise,  
 The city walls surround !  
 Lo ! her bulwarks touch the skies,  
 How high, yet how profound !  
 Tell the number of her towers,  
 All her palaces declare,  
 Guarded by angelic powers,  
 And God in person there !
- 9 See the gospel-church secure,  
 And founded on a Rock !  
 All her promises are sure ;  
 Her bulwarks who can shock ?



- Count her every precious shrine ;  
 Tell, to after ages tell,  
 Fortified by power Divine,  
 The church can never fail.
- 10 *Sion's* God is all our own,  
 Who on His love rely :  
 We His pardoning love have known,  
 And live to Christ, and die :  
 To the New *Jerusalem*  
 He our faithful Guide shall be,  
 Him we claim, and rest in Him,  
 Through all eternity.

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 PSALM LI.

## PART I.

- 1 GOD of unfathomable love !  
 Whose bowels of compassion move  
 Towards *Adam's* helpless race ;  
 See, at Thy feet, a sinner see !  
 In tender mercy look on me,  
 And all my sins efface.
- 2 O let Thy love to me o'erflow,  
 Thy multitude of mercies show,  
 Abundantly forgive !  
 Remove the' insufferable load ;  
 Blot out my sins with sacred blood,  
 And bid the sinner live.
- 3 Take all the power of sin away,  
 Nor let in me its being stay ;  
 Mine inmost soul convert :

- Wash me from all the filth of sin,  
Come, Lord, and make me throughly clean,  
Create me pure in heart.
- 4 For, O, my sins I now confess,  
Bewail my desperate wickedness,  
And sue to be forgiven :  
I have abused Thy patient grace,  
I have provoked Thee to Thy face,  
And dared the wrath of Heaven.
- 5 Thee, only Thee, have I defied :  
Though all Thy wrath on me abide,  
And my damnation seal,  
Though into outer darkness thrust,  
I'll own the punishment is just,  
And clear my God in hell !
- 6 Cast in the mould of sin I am,  
Corrupt throughout my ruin'd frame,  
My essence all unclean ;  
My total fall from God I mourn ;  
In sin I was conceived and born,  
Whate'er I am is sin !
- 7 But Thou requirest all our hearts,  
Truth rooted in the inward parts,  
Unspotted purity :  
And, by Thy grace, I humbly trust  
To learn the wisdom of the just,  
In secret taught by Thee.

## PART II.

- 8 Surely Thou wilt Thy grace impart,  
Sprinkle the blood upon my heart  
Which did for sinners flow ;

The blood that purges every sin,  
The blood that soon shall wash me clean,  
And make me white as snow !

9 Thou wilt the mournful spirit cheer,  
And grant me once again to hear  
Thy sweet forgiving voice ;  
That all my bones and inmost soul,  
Broken by Thee, by Thee made whole,  
May in Thy strength rejoice.

10 From my misdeeds avert Thy face,  
The strength of sin,—by pardoning grace,—  
Of all my sin, remove ;  
Forgive, O Lord ! but change me too,  
And perfectly my soul renew  
By sanctifying love.

11 My wretchedness to Thee convert ;  
Give me a humble, contrite heart,  
My fallen soul restore :  
Let me the life Divine attain,  
The image of my God regain,  
And never lose it more.

12 Have patience till, by Thee renew'd,  
I live the spotless life of God ;  
Here let Thy Spirit stay ;  
Though I have grieved the gentle Dove,  
Ah ! do not quite withdraw Thy love,  
Or take Thy grace away !

13 The comfort of Thy help restore,  
Assist me now as heretofore ;  
O lift Thou up my head !

- The Spirit of Thy power impart,  
'Stablish and keep my faithful heart,  
And make me free indeed.
- 14 Then shall I teach the world Thy ways,  
Thy mercy mild, and pardoning grace,  
For every sinner free ;  
Till sinners to Thy grace submit,  
And fall at their Redeemer's feet,  
And weep and love like me.

## PART III.

- 15 O might I weep, and love Thee now,  
God of my health, my Saviour Thou !  
Thou only canst release  
My soul from all iniquity :  
O speak the word, and set me free,  
And bid me go in peace !
- 16 So shall I sing the Saviour's name,  
Thy gift of righteousness proclaim,  
Thine all-redeeming grace :  
Open my lips, almighty Lord,  
That I Thy mercy may record,  
And glory in Thy praise !
- 17 No creature-good dost Thou desire,  
No costly sacrifice require ;  
Thy pleasure is to give :  
Thou only seekest me, not mine ;  
Thou wouldst that I should take of Thine,  
Should all Thy grace receive.
- 18 A wounded spirit, by sin distress'd,  
A broken heart that pants for rest,—  
This is the sacrifice

- 
- Well pleasing in the sight of God ;  
 A sinner crush'd beneath his load  
 Thou never wilt despise.
- 19 Then hear the contrite sinner's prayer,  
 And every ruin'd soul repair ;  
 Remember *Sion's* woe ;  
 Show forth Thy justifying grace,  
 And for Thyself vouchsafe to raise  
 A glorious church below.
- 20 When Thou hast seal'd Thy people's peace,  
 Their sacrifice of righteousness,  
 Their gifts, Thou wilt approve ;  
 Their every thought, and word, and deed,  
 That from a living faith proceed,  
 And all are wrought in love.
- 21 Laid on the altar of Thy Son,  
 Pleasing to Thee through Christ alone,  
 The dear peculiar race  
 Their grateful sacrifice shall bring,  
 And hymn their Father and their King  
 In endless songs of praise.

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 PSALM LII.

- 1 WHY, O thou man of lawless might,  
 Who darest against thy Maker fight,  
 Why dost thou boast thy hellish power,  
 Let loose for one oppressive hour ?
- 2 The goodness of the Lord remains,  
 And still it holds thy rage in chains ;  
 The goodness of the Lord shall last,  
 When thou and all thy vaunts are past.

- 
- 3 Mischief thy heart doth now devise,  
Thy tongue deals out the sharpest lies ;  
What innocence so firm to stand  
That razor in the devil's hand ?
- 4 Thou lovest ill, and hatest good,  
And lying is thy daily food ;  
With lies and perjuries to bite  
Is all thy business and delight.
- 5 But God shall vindicate my wrong,  
And silence thy blaspheming tongue,  
Blast all thy dire malicious joy,  
And thee eternally destroy.
- 6 The Lord shall pluck thy soul away,  
Nor suffer thee on earth to stay,  
Send to the god thou servedst so well,  
And drive thee to thy friends in hell !
- 7 The righteous shall his ruin see,  
And tremble at the just decree,  
The liar's dreadful downfall mourn,  
But laugh his vain designs to scorn.
- 8 Lo ! this was he, the man (they cry)  
Who would not on our God rely,  
But trusted in his wealth and power,  
And dared the innocent devour.
- 9 Who would not here from slanders cease,  
Self-harden'd in his wickedness ;  
His lies and perjuries are o'er,  
He falls, alas—to rise no more.

- 10 But I (all love, and thanks, and praise,  
And glory be to Jesu's grace,)  
As a green olive-tree I grow,  
And flourish in His church below.
- 11 I in the pardoning God confide,  
The God that for His creatures died,  
I on my dear Redeemer's breast  
For ever and for ever rest.
- 12 Saviour, I thankfully adore  
And bless and praise Thee evermore :  
Thou only, Lord, the work hast done,  
Hast ransom'd me by grace alone.
- 13 Thy mercy still will I proclaim,  
And trust and triumph in Thy name ;  
For O ! 'tis all the saints' delight,  
Till perfect faith is lost in sight.

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PSALM LIV.

- 1 SAVE me, Lord, by Thy great name,  
Avenge me by Thy might ;  
Hated for Thy sake I am,  
O vindicate my right !  
Let my prayers Thy help engage,  
Give ear to my continued cry ;  
Save me from the' oppressor's rage,  
O save me, or I die !
- 2 Strangers to my God have rose,  
And seek my soul to slay ;  
God Himself they dare oppose,  
And cast His yoke away :

- But with me my Helper stays,  
The Lord doth still my soul defend ;  
He upholds me by His grace,  
And loves me to the end.
- 3 Evil He shall soon reward  
To all mine enemies :  
Cut them off, O righteous Lord,  
Let sin for ever cease :  
Satan and his works destroy,  
But O ! his hapless servants spare,  
That I may with thankful joy  
Thy faithful love declare !
- 4 I shall then mine all to Thee  
A free-will offering give ;  
Praise the Lord, so good to me  
Who in His name believe ;  
He hath from all trouble freed,  
Mine eyes have seen His perfect power ;  
All my inbred foes are dead,  
And sin subsists no more.
- 

## PSALM LV.

- 1 AH ! Lord, regard the pains I feel,  
No more from me Thyself conceal,  
No more Thy help defer,  
Regard (or utterly I faint)  
My bitter cry, my sad complaint,  
My agonizing prayer.
- 2 The foe comes on insulting loud,  
Strengthen'd by all the' ungodly crowd,  
Meek innocence to slay ;



They come with full malicious power,  
And wrathful hatred, to devour  
Their unresisting prey.

- 3 My heart is pain'd within my breast,  
I sink by fear of death oppress'd,  
And tremble at my doom,  
O'erwhelm'd with dread and sore affright,  
And horror deep as *Egypt's* night,  
Or hell's tremendous gloom.
- 4 O that I from the world could fly,  
And 'scape the lowering tempest nigh !  
O that the heavenly Dove  
Would lend His wings my flight to aid,  
And to some unfrequented shade  
My fluttering soul remove !
- 5 How gladly would I haste away,  
And in some distant desert stay,  
Enjoy my long-sought rest,  
Indulge my calmly pensive grief,  
And find at last my full relief  
In Jesu's loving breast.
- 6 But O ! I still with sinners dwell,  
Whose tongues are set on fire of hell ;  
Thou, Lord, their tongues divide,  
Their malice blast, their fury tame,  
Destroy their hopes, and put to shame  
The sons of strife and pride.
- 7 Their violence I have felt and seen :  
A city of oppressive men,  
The world in Satan lies ;

---

Restless they walk their sinful round,  
Mischief in all their streets is found,  
And miserable vice.

8 Their cruel guile, and cursed art,  
And slanders foul have broke my heart,  
And still my bosom tear ;  
Forced to survive my murder'd fame,  
The' intolerable load of shame  
My nature groans to bear.

9 Less had I felt the deadly blow,  
Inflicted by an open foe,  
Who first avow'd his hate ;  
I might have hoped his rage to shun,  
Or sunk, without a murmuring groan,  
Beneath my milder fate.

10 But he that dealt the treacherous wound,  
And smote mine honour to the ground,  
And triumph'd in my smart,  
Was once my bosom-friend and guide :  
And *thou* hast gored thy partner's side,  
And stabb'd me to the heart.

11 But oh ! what penal woes shall seize  
The desperate slaves of wickedness !  
Who here with Satan dwell,  
They shall with Satan dwell beneath,  
Arrested by the pains of death,  
And tumbled into hell.

12 Till then I to the Lord will pray,  
The Lord shall soon His arm display,  
And save me from my fear,

At morn, and eve, and noon, my cry  
And instant prayer shall pierce the sky,  
And force my God to hear.

13 He hath preserved me by His might,  
And rescued in the' unequal fight,  
And made my conflicts cease ;  
God and His saints were on my side,  
And still the blood of sprinkling cried,  
Restore that sinner's peace !

14 He still the' united prayer shall hear,  
Again in my behalf appear,  
For God is still the same ;  
My foes He shall in wrath cast down,  
Who will not turn, or fear His frown,  
Or tremble at His name.

15 Against his peaceable ally  
He rose, and broke the covenant-tie,  
And show'd his treacherous art ;  
Smoother than oil I found his words,  
Yet sharper far than naked swords,  
For war was in his heart.

16 O thou who like reproach dost bear,  
Cast on the Lord, with me, thy care,  
And He shall still sustain :  
He never will forsake the just,  
Or let them fall, by Him who trust  
To be brought up again.

17 But God shall cast into the pit  
The men of violence and deceit,  
And end their shorten'd days ;

---

Whilst still to Thee by faith I live,  
To Thee, O God, the glory give,  
And ever sing Thy praise.

---

## PSALM LVI.

- 1 HAVE mercy, Lord, for man hath none !  
From day to day he still goes on  
To swallow up his prey :  
My foes continual battles wage,  
And strive, with unrelenting rage,  
My helpless soul to slay.
- 2 Dreadful in number and in power,  
I see them ready to devour ;  
But when to Thee I cry,  
Returns my faith, retires my fear,  
I feel, I feel the Saviour near,  
The Lord, the Lord most high !
- 3 Through Thee I will Thy word proclaim,  
And bless the mighty Jesu's name,  
In whom I still confide :  
Jesus is good, and strong, and true ;  
I will not fear what man can do,  
When God is on my side.
- 4 They daily wrest the words I speak,  
In all their thoughts my ruin seek,  
And close in ambush lie ;  
They mark my steps, where'er I turn ;  
As not to rest their rage had sworn  
Till by their hands I die.

- 5 But Thou, O Lord, shalt vengeance take,  
And cast into the burning lake  
The vessels of Thine ire ;  
Who Thee and all Thy people hate,  
Shall feel Thy righteous anger's weight  
In everlasting fire.
- 6 I now beneath their fury groan,  
But Thou hast all my sufferings known,  
The hasty flights I took ;  
Thou treasurest up my counted tears ;  
And all my sighs, and griefs, and fears  
Are noted in Thy book.
- 7 Whenever on the Lord I cry,  
My foes, I know, shall fear and fly,  
For God is on my side ;  
Through Thee I will Thy word proclaim,  
And bless the mighty Jesu's name,  
And still in Him confide.
- 8 In God I trust, the good, the true ;  
I will not fear what flesh can do,  
For Jesus takes my part :  
I bless Thee, Saviour, for Thy grace,  
Offer my sacrifice of praise,  
And pay Thee all my heart :
- 9 For Thou hast saved my soul from death,  
From sin, the world, and hell beneath ;  
Thou hast my sins forgiven ;  
That I the glorious light may see,  
Walk before God, and perfect be,  
And live the life of heaven.
-

## PSALM LVII.

- 1 BE merciful, O God, to me !  
    To me who in Thy love confide ;  
    To Thy protecting love I flee,  
    Beneath Thy wings my soul I hide,  
    Till Satan's tyranny is o'er,  
    And cruel sin subsists no more.
- 2 To God will I in trouble cry,  
    Who freely undertakes my cause,  
    My God most merciful, most high,  
    Shall save me from the lion's jaws ;  
    Destroy him, ready to devour,  
    With all his works and all his power.
- 3 The Lord out of His holy place  
    His mercy and His truth shall send :  
    Jesus is full of truth and grace,  
    Jesus shall still my soul defend ;  
    While in the toils of hell I lie,  
    And from the den of lions cry.
- 4 Among the sons of men I dwell,  
    Fierce as the wildest beasts of prey ;  
    Inflamed with rage, like fiends in hell,  
    My soul they seek to tear and slay :  
    As spears their teeth, as darts their words,  
    Their double tongues are two-edged swords.
- 5 Be Thou exalted, Lord, above  
    The highest names in earth and heaven ;  
    Let angels sing Thy glorious love,  
    And bless the Name to sinners given ;  
    All earth and heaven their King proclaim ;  
    Bow every knee to Jesu's name !

- 
- 6 To Thee let all my foes submit,  
 Who hunt and bow my spirit down ;  
 Themselves shall fall into their pit ;  
 Who seek my death ensure their own ;  
 Satan and sin their doom shall have,  
 And sink into the' infernal grave.
- 7 My heart is fix'd, O God, my heart  
 Is fix'd, to triumph in Thy grace :  
 (Awake my lute, and bear thy part,)  
 My glory is to sing Thy praise,  
 Till of Thy nature I partake,  
 And bright in all Thine image wake.
- 8 Thee will I praise among Thine own ;  
 Thee will I to the world extol,  
 And make Thy truth and goodness known ;  
 Thy goodness, Lord, is over all ;  
 Thy truth and grace the heavens transcend,  
 Thy faithful mercies never end.
- 9 Be Thou exalted, Lord, above  
 The highest names in earth or heaven ;  
 Let angels sing Thy glorious love,  
 And bless the Name to sinners given :  
 All earth and heaven their King proclaim ;  
 Bow every knee to Jesu's name !
- 

## PSALM LVIII.

- 1 SAY, ye assembled sons of men,  
 Is it your labour and delight  
 Virtue and justice to maintain,  
 And vindicate the injured right ?  
 Or love your cruel hearts to' oppress,  
 Your hands to work unrighteousness ?

- 2 Far from the true and living Way,  
 Conceived in sin, nursed up in lies,  
 The wicked haste to go astray,  
 And still to bolder mischiefs rise ;  
 Their tongues like serpents' stings they dart,  
 And vent the poison of their heart.
- 3 No mercies can their rage disarm,  
 Deaf adders to the Charmer's cry,  
 Not all His gracious words can charm,  
 His softest calls "*Why will ye die ?*"  
 They stop their ears, and haste away—  
 The slander'd innocent to slay.
- 4 But Thou, O God, confound their power ;  
 And save the humbled soul from death,  
 Baffle when ready to devour,  
 And break the ramping lions' teeth,  
 And just when they their arrows shoot,  
 Do Thou destroy them branch and root.
- 5 As waters let them pass away,  
 And never, never more return,  
 Waste as the snail with swift decay,  
 As embryos out of season born ;  
 O'erwhelm, before they see the light,  
 Their counsels in eternal night.
- 6 The Lord shall suddenly reveal  
 His fierce vindictive wrath from heaven,  
 Sweep all their guilty souls to hell  
 As chaff before the whirlwind driven,  
 His wrath the wicked shall destroy,  
 His mercy fill the saints with joy.



- 7 Whoe'er beholds the' event shall say  
 Holy and righteous is the Lord,  
 Who oft forestalls the judgment-day,  
 And doth even here His saints reward,  
 And casts the proud oppressors down,  
 And reigns o'er all the earth alone.

---

 PSALM LIX.

- 1 LORD, I on Thy help depend :  
 Save me from my cruel foes,  
 Thou mine innocence defend,  
 Thou the rage of men oppose,  
 Men who hate both me and God,  
 Men who thirst for guiltless blood.
- 2 Sworn on me to wreak their hate,  
 Me to ruin and devour,  
 For my soul they lie in wait,  
 Men of dignity and power :  
 Earth and hell Thou seest combine  
 Thee to persecute in Thine.
- 3 Not for crimes which I have done  
 Do they now themselves prepare,  
 To and fro with Satan run,  
 Vex me with infernal war :  
 O my God, their fury see,  
 Now awake, appear for me.
- 4 Lord of Hosts, Thine arm reveal,  
 God of *Israel*, show Thy might,  
 Make the harden'd rebels feel,  
 Come and with Thy haters fight  
 Blindly who Thy love despise  
 Open by Thy plagues their eyes.

- 
- 5 Lurking in their dens all day,  
    Summon'd by the evening hour,  
    See them ranging for their prey,  
    Seeking whom they may devour,  
    Yelling with infernal yell,  
    Howling like the dogs of hell.
- 6 Foul their mouth, and fill'd with lies,  
    Swords are in their lips unclean ;  
    Who regards their perjuries ?  
    Surely Thou, O Lord, hast seen,  
    Thou on them Thy hand shalt turn,  
    Laugh their idle rage to scorn.
- 7 Lord, for this I wait on Thee,  
    Thou my strong Defence, and Shield,  
    Thou shalt give mine eyes to see  
    All my heart's desire fulfill'd,  
    Thou to me Thy grace shalt show,  
    Thou shalt all my foes o'erthrow.
- 8 Slay them not, O God of grace,  
    Gracious Thou when most severe ;  
    Only make the faithless race  
    Monuments of Thy judgments *here*,  
    Scatter by Thy vengeful power,  
    Bring them down to rise no more.
- 9 Stop their lying mouths, and turn  
    On themselves the guilty shame,  
    Let them own themselves forsworn,  
    Baffled in their hellish aim,  
    Taken in their pride, and bow'd  
    Down beneath the wrath of God.

- 
- 10 All their wickedness consume,  
     Humbled by Thine anger's blow,  
 Let them 'scape the wrath to come,  
     *Jacob's* God with horror know,  
 God who there His throne maintains,  
 God who o'er the heathen reigns.
- 11 Or if still they will not yield,  
     Let the wretches wander on,  
 Seeking meat, but never fill'd,  
     Murmuring that their prey is gone,  
 Howling till their want of food  
 Drives the prodigals to God.
- 12 But I will Thy power confess,  
     Early I Thy love will sing ;  
 Thou, my refuge in distress,  
     Didst to me deliverance bring,  
 Thee I praise with those above,  
 God of power, and God of love.
- 13 Still in grateful songs of praise  
     Will I my whole life employ,  
 Tell the wonders of Thy grace,  
     Cry aloud and shout for joy,  
 Still to all mankind proclaim  
 Jesus is my Saviour's name.

---

PSALM LX.

- 1 THOU hast chastised Thine own, O God !  
 Cast off and scatter'd us abroad :  
 O turn Thee to Thy church again,  
 Nor let us seek Thy face in vain !

- 
- 2 Thou hast our guilty nation shook  
In wrath ; its strongest pillars broke ;  
Our land doth by Thy judgments reel :  
Return; and all our breaches heal.
- 3 To us Thou grievous things hast shown,  
And made us drink the potion down,  
The bitter draught of deadly wine,  
The dreadful cup of wrath Divine !
- 4 Yet hath Thy tender mercy spread  
A banner o'er Thy people's head,  
That all who humbly Thee revere  
May triumph in redemption near ;
- 5 The glorious gospel-truth receive,  
And, ransom'd by Thy mercy, live.  
Lord, to Thy standard-cross I flee ;  
Stretch out Thine arm, and ransom me.
- 6 God in His holiness hath sworn,  
That all who to their Saviour turn  
His all-victorious grace shall prove,  
And more than conquer in His love.
- 7 Wherefore, I will with joy obey  
His call, and fly upon the prey ;  
The pardon take, the spoil divide,  
And trample down all self and pride.
- 8 In praises with His people join,  
For all His chosen tribes are mine :  
The world shall to my faith submit,  
And Satan fall beneath my feet.
- 9 But who shall his strongholds o'erthrow,  
And lay the lofty fortress low ?  
Will not our God again assert  
Our cause, and take His people's part ?

- 10 With pity, Lord, Thine outcasts see,  
 And lead us forth to victory.  
 Help us in our distress ; for vain  
 Is all the help of feeble man.
- 11 Surely, our God His arm shall show,  
 And we, through Him, shall all things do :  
 In Jesu's strength our foes tread down,  
 And win the fight, and wear the crown.

---

 PSALM LXI.

- 1 LORD, attend my earnest prayer  
 While in the vale below ;  
 Hear me crying from afar,  
 O'erwhelm'd with grief and woe :  
 Let my heart no longer droop  
 Beneath this weight of misery ;  
 Rock of *Israel*, take me up,  
 And set my soul on Thee.
- 2 Thou hast oft my shelter been,  
 My strong defensive tower ;  
 Saved me from the world and sin,  
 And all the' Accuser's power.  
 Still I in Thy house abide,  
 And never, never hence remove ;  
 Still determined to confide  
 In Thy redeeming love.
- 3 Thou, O God, my vows hast heard,  
 And given me my request,  
 Earnest of the joys prepared  
 For all that know Thy rest :

---

Thou, O Lord, the portion art  
Of those that humbly fear Thy name ;  
Thou hast visited my heart,  
And Thine, in Christ, I am.

4 One of Jesu's kings I reign,  
Wash'd in His cleansing blood ;  
Righteous before God remain,  
And live the life of God :  
Ready is Thy truth and grace  
Still to preserve and perfect me ;  
Thou wilt lengthen out my days  
To all eternity.

5 Joyful in this blessed hope,  
O glorify Thy name !  
Till Thy mercy take me up,  
Till Thy mercy I proclaim ;  
Throughout every happy day  
On this delightful task attend ;  
All I owe in love repay,  
And love Thee to the end.

---

PSALM LXII.

1 IN true and patient hope  
My soul on God attends,  
And calmly confident looks up  
Till He salvation sends :  
My Rock and Saviour, He  
Shall answer to my call ;  
And while to Him for help I flee,  
I shall not greatly fall.

- 2     How long, ye violent men,  
       Mischief will ye devise?  
Ye all shall suddenly be slain,  
       And perish with your lies :  
       Who shake your bloody hand  
       'Gainst injured innocence,  
Lo ! as a bowing wall ye stand,  
       And as a tottering fence.
- 3     Wretches !—'t is all their joy  
       And study to disgrace,  
With lies and slander to destroy,  
       Whom God delights to raise :  
       His ruin to ensure,  
       They practise all their art ;  
Blessings are in their mouth impure,  
       And curses in their heart !
- 4     But still, in patient hope,  
       My soul, on God attend,  
And calmly confident look up,  
       Till He salvation send :  
       I shall His goodness see,  
       While on His name I call ;  
He now defends and strengthens me,  
       And I shall never fall.
- 5     Jesus is my defence,  
       Almighty to redeem ;  
My rock is His omnipotence,  
       My glory is in Him :  
       Into His name I fly,  
       My refuge and my tower,

- 
- And on His faithful love rely,  
And find His saving power.
- 6 Trust in the Lord alone,  
Who helps us from above ;  
Ye people all, surround His throne,  
And hang upon His love.  
Pour out your hearts in prayer,  
And still on Him depend ;  
And He that doth your burden bear,  
Shall keep you to the end.
- 7 But never can ye place  
Your confidence in men,—  
A faithless and delusive race,  
And altogether vain !  
Deceitful are they all  
Of high and low degree ;  
Both the great vulgar and the small  
Are lies and vanity.
- 8 Ye powerful to oppress,  
Boast not your lawless might,  
Your wanton violence, to disseize  
The needy of his right.  
If God increase your store,  
Do not in riches trust ;  
Nor let your grovelling souls adore  
Or lick the golden dust.
- 9 The Lord hath oft declared,  
And I His voice have known,  
'Tis His to punish or reward,  
All power is His alone :



In perfect righteousness  
 Thou dost condemn, approve ;  
 Thou art the God of boundless grace,  
 And everlasting love.

---

## PSALM LXIII.

- 1 O GOD, Thou art in Jesus mine !  
 For Thee I sigh, for Thee I pine,  
 And pant Thy power to prove ;  
 My longing soul implores Thy grace,  
 In a dry, barren wilderness,  
 Unwater'd by Thy love.
- 2 Thee, Thee my restless heart requires,  
 And all I am, with strong desires  
 Thy glorious power to see :  
 To see Thee, as I once beheld,  
 My pardoning God in Christ reveal'd,  
 My Lord, who died for me !
- 3 Thy love doth all delights exceed' !  
 Thy precious love is life indeed ;  
 My lips shall sing Thy praise ;  
 My hands I lift in Jesu's name ;  
 My life and strength, and all I am,  
 Shall glorify Thy grace.
- 4 Thee, Lord, my latest breath shall bless ;  
 My joyful lips shall never cease  
 To glory in Thy love :  
 My soul shall feast on heavenly meat,  
 With sacred joy Thy praise repeat,  
 Nor envy those above.

- 
- 5 On Thee I muse with pure delight ;  
Through all the happy hours of night  
I lean as on Thy breast :  
Beneath the shadow of Thy wing,  
Jesus, my Peace, my Joy, I sing,  
My everlasting Rest !
- 6 My soul pursues and hangs on Thee ;  
Thy hand upholds and strengthens me ;  
And me Thou still wilt save  
From all who seek my soul to slay :  
My foes shall fall by beasts of prey,  
Or sink into the grave.
- 7 Who deal in lies and perjury,  
For ever stopp'd their mouth shall be :  
But who their God revere,  
With Jesu's kings shall lift their voice,  
With Jesu's confessors rejoice,  
And reign triumphant there.

---

PSALM LXIV.

- 1 LORD, Thy humble suppliant hear,  
Save me, save me from my fear,  
From the malice of my foe  
Keep me all my days below.
- 2 O preserve my life above,  
Far beyond their reach remove,  
From their force and treachery,  
Jesu, hide my life in Thee.

- 
- 3 Wicked men who Thee oppose  
They declare themselves my foes ;  
All the sons of *Belial* rage,  
War against Thy servant wage.
- 4 Lo, they whet their tongues like swords,  
Shoot as darts their bitter words,  
Secretly the just defame,  
Stab with lies his honest fame.
- 5 Still to bolder mischiefs rise,  
Gall him with *authentic* lies,  
Him with perjuries assail,  
All the fiery darts of hell.
- 6 Bent on evil, every one  
Urges his associates on,  
Commune how their snares to lay,  
How devour the thoughtless prey.
- 7 They the innocent beset,  
Catch the righteous in their net,  
Harden'd by impunity,  
Who (they say) the deed shall see ?
- 8 Evil eager they pursue,  
Glad the purposed evil do,  
Mischiefs in their hearts conceal,  
Hearts as deep and black as hell.
- 9 But the righteous, Lord, at last,  
Shall at them an arrow cast,  
Wound them with a sudden wound,  
All their craftiness confound :

- 10 Make their tongues themselves bewray,  
 Force them their own lies to' unsay,  
 Their own vileness to declare,  
 Their own perjuries forswear.
- 11 Who the convict liars see  
 Shall with just abhorrence flee,  
 Shudder at the touch unclean,  
 Start from the detested sin.
- 12 All who of their downfall hear,  
 Struck with reverential fear,  
 Shall an awful lesson learn,  
 Shall the work of God discern ;
- 13 Still with lowly thanks declare  
 Righteous all His judgments are :  
 But the saints shall make their boast  
 Of His love, and praise Him most.
- 14 All the men whose hearts are right  
 Shall in Jesu's praise delight,  
 Glad in Him their faith confess,  
 Shout the Lord their Righteousness.

---

PSALM LXV.

- 1 PRAISE, O God, attends on Thee  
 Which tongue cannot express,  
 Sion's sons Thy majesty  
 Extol, and never cease :  
 They to Thee their vows shall pay,  
 Render what Thou dost impart,  
 Humbly on Thine altar lay  
 A thankful, loving heart.

- 2 All Thy church of creatures new  
Thy glory shall declare,  
O Thou faithful God and true,  
Thou God that hearest prayer :  
Thee the nations yet unborn  
True and faithful shall proclaim,  
Every soul to Thee shall turn  
And bless the Saviour's name.
- 3 O how great my trespasses !  
I faint beneath their power ;  
But where sin doth most increase,  
Thy grace increases more :  
But we may acceptance find  
Who the gospel-call obey,  
All the sins of all mankind,  
Thy blood shall purge away.
- 4 Bless'd, supremely bless'd is he,  
The vessel of Thy grace,  
Drawn, and call'd, and chose by Thee  
To see Thy lovely face,  
Ever in Thy courts to dwell :  
Who that happy portion prove  
Heaven begun on earth we feel,  
The heaven of Jesu's love.
- 5 Thou in truth and righteousness  
Shalt make Thy Godhead known,  
Vindicate the ransom'd race,  
And send Thy Spirit down ;  
Thou Thy dreadful power shalt show,  
Seal the inbred-tyrant's doom,  
Root and branch destroy Thy foe,  
And all our sins consume.

- 
- 6 God of our salvation, Thee  
Our hearts shall then proclaim,  
All who plough the wide-spread sea  
Shall love the slaughter'd Lamb,  
Trust in Thine atoning blood ;  
All the ends of earth shall call  
Thee their Saviour and their God,  
Their God that died for all.
- 7 Girded with almighty power  
He sets the mountains fast,  
Chides the billows when they roar,  
And calms the furious blast ;  
He the lawless crowd controls,  
Tames their wild tumultuous will,  
Quells the rage of stormy souls,  
And bids the sea "Be still."
- 8 Mortals shall revere Thy voice  
In earth's remotest bounds,  
Trembling while Thy thunder's noise  
From pole to pole resounds ;  
Mortals shall Thy tokens see,  
Thou who bidd'st the planets shine,  
Morn and eve proceed from Thee,  
And praise their Source Divine.
- 9 Full of providential love,  
Thou dost Thy sons sustain,  
Send Thy blessings from above  
In earth-enriching rain,  
From Thy river in the skies  
Streams through airy channels flow,  
Bid the springing corn arise,  
And cheer the world below.

- 10 Kindly do the showers distil,  
 Taught by the art of God ;  
 All the settled furrows fill,  
 And soften every clod ;  
 Thou the acceptable year  
 Dost with smiling plenty crown,  
 Clouds the treasured fatness bear,  
 And drop in blessings down.
- 11 Springs the water'd wilderness  
 Into a fruitful field,  
 Earth her hundred-fold increase  
 Doth at Thy bidding yield ;  
 Hills and vales with praises ring,  
 Joy ascends to heaven above,  
 Laugh the harvesters, and sing  
 The bounteous God of love.

---

 PSALM LXVI.

- 1 O ALL ye saints, rejoice in God,  
 The God of truth and grace,  
 Publish His glorious name abroad,  
 And magnify His praise.  
 Say unto God, How terrible  
 In all Thy works art Thou !  
 Thy foes through Thy great power shall fail,  
 And at Thy footstool bow.
- 2 Thee all the earth shall soon adore,  
 Thine attributes proclaim,  
 In hymns of praise extol Thy power,  
 And triumph in Thy name.

- Come see with joy, ye favoured race,  
What wonders He hath done,  
His works of judgment and of grace  
Throughout the world be known.
- 3 The parting sea at His command  
An open way supplied,  
The people walk'd as on dry land,  
Exulting in their Guide.  
For ever by His power He reigns,  
His eyes the nations see,  
In vain the rebels bite their chains,  
And struggle to get free.
- 4 Sing to the Lord, ye people sing,  
With us our God proclaim,  
Let all the wide creation ring  
With praises to His name ;  
He keeps our souls, and from His ways  
He will not let us move,  
But feeds us with the life of grace,  
And builds us up in love.
- 5 Thou hast, O God, Thy servants tried,  
To raise our graces higher,  
As silver seven times purified  
In the refiner's fire ;  
Thou didst into the wilderness  
Our tempted spirits lead,  
And suffer'dst tyrants to distress  
And on Thy people tread.
- 6 We long entangled in their net  
By Thy permission lay,  
They trampled us beneath their feet,  
And gloried o'er their prey :



- Through water and through fire we pass'd,  
 Through sorrow and disgrace,  
 But Thou hast brought us out at last  
 Into a wealthy place.
- 7 Wherefore with lowly thanks I will  
 Repair unto Thy house,  
 And all my promises fulfil,  
 And pay Thee all my vows ;  
 (The vows I made in my distress ;)  
 • Whate'er I have, or am,  
 I offer to advance Thy praise  
 And glorify Thy name.
- 8 All ye that fear the Lord, draw near,  
 While joyfully I tell  
 The goodness He hath show'd me here,  
 The grace unspeakable.  
 Hear me declare the deed abroad  
 He for my soul hath done,  
 O that the mercies of my God  
 To all the world were known !
- 9 To Him I cried, mighty to save  
 In my distressing hour,  
 And to the name of Jesus gave  
 The glory of His power.  
 If evil in my heart I choose  
 And wilfully offend,  
 The Lord will then my suit refuse  
 And no deliverance send.
- 10 But He indeed hath heard my prayer,  
 And answer'd to my cry,  
 And pluck'd my feet out of the snare,  
 And set me up on high.

The love that answer'd my request  
For ever be adored,  
For ever and for ever bless'd  
My great redeeming Lord !

---

## PSALM LXVII.

- 1 GOD on us His grace bestow,  
His freely-pardoning grace ;  
Bless us from our sins, and show  
The brightness of His face !  
Let Thy way on earth be shown ;  
Thee let every sinner find,  
Make the great salvation known  
To us, and all mankind.
- 2 Let the people praise Thee, Lord,  
The God of truth and grace ;  
Thee, the everlasting Word,  
Let all the people praise !  
O give thanks, rejoice, and sing,  
Every creature under heaven ;  
Let them triumph in their King,  
And shout their sins forgiven.
- 3 Thou shalt judge the nations right,  
Thy equal sway maintain ;  
Rule them by Thy mercy's might,  
And bless them by Thy reign.  
Let the people praise Thee, Lord,  
Thee, the God of truth and grace !  
Thee, the everlasting Word,  
Let all the nations praise !

- 4 Then to perfect holiness  
 The earth her fruit shall have ;  
 God, our God, His saints shall bless,  
 And to the utmost save.  
 God shall perfect us in one ;  
 Then the world their Lord shall see,  
 Thee the nations all shall own,  
 And give their hearts to Thee.

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 PSALM LXVIII.

## PART I.

- 1 LET God, the glorious God, arise,  
 And scatter evil with His eyes,  
 And make His foes before Him flee :  
 His angry look the rebels chase,  
 Who scornfully reject His grace,  
 And hate the' incarnate Deity.
- 2 Arise, the Lord of earth and heaven !  
 As smoke before the wind is driven,  
 So let them at His presence fly ;  
 Dissolved as wax before the fire,  
 Sinners shall feel His flaming ire,  
 And perish, and for ever die.
- 3 But let the saints, with grateful joy,  
 Their happy days for Him employ,  
 And triumph in His saving grace ;  
 Vie with the elder sons of light,  
 And walk exulting in His sight,  
 And hymn His everlasting praise.

- 4 Sing unto God, His praise proclaim,  
 Extol the great Jehovah's name,  
 Who rides upon the stormy sky :  
 His name His essence doth display :  
 Rejoice before the' eternal JAH,  
 The Lord most merciful, most high !
- 5 A father of the fatherless ;  
 The widow, in her sad distress,  
 Is sure to find a friend in Him ;  
 He every helpless soul befriends ;  
 To all His servants condescends,  
 In goodness as in power supreme.
- 6 Poor desolate souls He makes His own ;  
 'T is God collects them into one ;  
 'T is God that sets the prisoners free ;  
 But lets His rebels feel their chain,  
 Till, forced, they own, in want and pain,  
 That sin is perfect misery.
- 7 When Thou, O Lord, didst greatly lead  
 Thy people from the furnace freed,  
 From haughty *Pharaoh's* iron yoke,  
 All nature did its Lord confess,  
 Slow-marching through the wilderness,  
 And earth and heaven Thy presence shook.
- 8 Trembled the earth before Thy frown,  
 The heavens in flakes of fire dropp'd down,  
 The sea dried up, the mountains flow'd !  
*Sinai* was moved with sacred awe,  
 And quaked to hear the fiery law,  
 And groan'd to feel the' incumbent God.

- 9 Thou didst, O God, Thy blessing pour,  
 A plenteous earth-reviving shower,  
 Thy weary *Israel's* camp to cheer ;  
 Type of the grace through Christ bestow'd,  
 Dropp'd from the tutelary cloud  
 The promise of a gospel year.
- 10 Still Thou art *Israel's* sure defence ;  
 The lot of Thine inheritance  
 Thou dost with hosts of angels guard ;  
 Thou hast prepared the gospel-feast,  
 Hast, for the needy and distress'd,  
 The manna of Thy love prepared.

## PART II.

- 11 The Lord, the all-redeeming Lord,  
 Sent forth His everlasting Word,  
 His Word to save a world of foes ;  
 His heralds spread the joyful sound,  
 And, lo ! through all the nations round  
 A cloud of witnesses arose.
- 12 Divinely struck with sudden dread,  
 Kings with their alien armies fled,  
 And to weak women left the spoil ;  
 The feeblest souls that Jesus know  
 Shall still the world and sin o'erthrow,  
 And all the powers of darkness foil.
- 13 Though ye among the pots have been,  
 The sordid slaves of hell and sin,  
 Yet soon the silver-pinion'd Dove  
 The purifying grace shall shed,  
 The wings of His protection spread,  
 And wrap you in His hallowing love.

- 14 When God made bare His arm in fight,  
 And scatter'd kings in *Israel's* right,  
 His love's omnipotence to show ;  
 His people did His name express,  
 Just in the Lord their Righteousness,  
 And whiter than the mountain snow.
- 15 His people are all just and clean ;  
 Beyond the reach of earth and sin  
 Their hidden life is lodged above ;  
 Freed from their hellish *Pharaoh's* chain,  
 His people in His church remain,  
 The mountain of His pardoning love.
- 16 Why, ye ambitious mountains, why  
 With *Sion* would ye vainly vie ?  
 What mountain can with ours compare ?  
 The Lord doth in His church delight,  
 Majestic walks on *Sion's* height,  
 And deigns to dwell for ever there.
- 17 Around His church the angels stand,  
 The countless troops of His command,  
 And God doth with His chariots go ;  
 (As when of old the heavens He bow'd ;)   
 Enshrines His glory in a cloud,  
 And rests on all His saints below.
- 18 Thou, Jesus, art gone up on high,  
 Hast captive led captivity,  
 The powers that held our souls in chains :  
 Thy blood hath sign'd our souls' release ;  
 Pardon, and liberty, and peace,  
 Thy precious blood for all obtains.

- 19 Thou hast received the promised grace  
 For all of *Adam's* helpless race,—  
     The glorious gift unspeakable ;  
 That all Thine image might retrieve,  
 That man again in God might live,  
     That God again in man might dwell.
- 20 Bless'd be the God of pardoning love,  
 Who showers His blessings from above,  
     And fills us with His richest store ;  
 The God of our salvation,—He  
 Redeems from all iniquity,  
     And bids us live, and sin no more.

## PART III.

- 21 Our God alone hath power to save ;  
 Salvation in His name we have,  
     Salvation from sin, death, and hell :  
 But them that dare in sin proceed,—  
 He pours His judgments on their head,  
     And lets them all His anger feel.
- 22 “ Yet will I bring,” the Lord hath said,  
 “ Mine own again, from *Egypt* freed,  
     And drown their foes in the *Red Sea* ;  
 I will Mine ancient works repeat,  
 And bruise beneath My people's feet  
     And slay their threefold enemy.”
- 23 Thee, Saviour, let Thy church adore ;  
 Thy church hath served Thee heretofore  
     With typic pomp and solemn joy ;  
 Thou art the strength of *Israel's* race ;  
 'Stablish in us Thy work of grace,  
     And all our powers for Thee employ.

- 
- 24 Thou shalt, for Thy own glory's sake,  
The kings of earth Thy subjects make ;  
While humbly each his present brings ;  
Casts at Thy feet his menial crown,  
And lays his borrow'd greatness down,  
And gladly serves the King of kings.
- 25 Now, Lord, the grace almighty show,  
The warriors and their hosts subdue ;  
Let human power to Thine submit ;  
Let every soul its tribute pay,  
With joy the Prince of Peace obey,  
And fall adoring at His feet !
- 26 His mercy shall to all appear ;  
Barbaric kings shall soon draw near,  
And spread their hands and hearts abroad ;  
Even *Cham's* devoted progeny  
That glorious gospel-day shall see,  
And grasp with joy the pardoning God.
- 27 Ye kingdoms of the earth, arise !  
Sing unto God who bows the skies,  
Salute the' almighty King of kings ;  
He from the heaven of heavens comes down,  
Forsakes His everlasting throne,  
And grace and peace to sinners brings.
- 28 Hear Him, ye nations, and rejoice ;  
His voice He sends, His mighty voice,  
And bids you come to Him and live ;  
Sinners, receive the gospel word ;  
Your loving, all-redeeming Lord  
With joy let all mankind receive.



- 29 Jesus let all mankind adore ;  
 Give Him the glory of His power,  
 His power display'd in pardoning love ;  
 His excellence of saving grace  
 Is only known to *Israel's* race ;  
 A mystery to the hosts above.
- 30 Thee, by the highest heavens adored,  
 Tremendous, everlasting Lord,  
 The God of *Israel* we proclaim ;  
 The glory of Thy grace receive :  
 All blessing, might, and thanks we give,  
 All praise and love, to Jesu's name.

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 PSALM LXIX.

## PART I.

- 1 SAVE me, O God ! my griefs abound,  
 Temptation's waves enclose me round,  
 And seas of trouble roll ;  
 Sunk in the deepest mire of sin,  
 Floods of iniquity pour in  
 And deluge all my soul.
- 2 Spent with my own complaints and cries,  
 With pain I lift my weary eyes,  
 Which fail with looking up ;  
 Cleaves to the roof my speechless tongue,  
 Or hardly asks my God, " How long  
 Dost Thou defer my hope ?"
- 3 My foes are strong and numberless,  
 Who wrongfully my soul oppress ;  
 Thou, Lord, their malice see ;

- Thee have I wrong'd, and Thee alone,  
 My follies, which with shame I own,  
 My sins, are known to Thee.
- 4 But let not them that seek Thy face  
 Be sharers in my foul disgrace,—  
 For *Israel's* sake I pray!  
 Thou Lord of Hosts, Thou God of love,  
 My fears and dire reproach remove,  
 Nor let me fall away!
- 5 For *Israel's* sake the sinner spare;  
 (I ask in agony of prayer!)  
 O never let it be  
 That those who wait to know Thy name  
 Should stumble at my guilty shame,  
 Or stand abash'd for me.
- 6 Me, Lord, Thou didst begin to turn,  
 I surely Thy reproach have borne,  
 Thy people's portion chose;  
 Stranger to my own flesh I was;  
 Despised and hated for Thy cause,  
 By my own household-foes.

## PART II.

- 7 Thy love did once my heart inspire,  
 I rose, inflamed with sacred fire,  
 To build the house of God;  
 I triumph'd in my Master's shame,  
 And, jealous for Thy glorious name,  
 Thy faithful witness stood.
- 8 Humbled in all Thy paths I stay'd,  
 Fasted, and mourn'd, and wept, and pray'd,  
 And long'd my Lord to find;

The theme of each opprobrious tongue,  
The ruler's scorn, the drunkard's song,  
The outcast of mankind !

- 9 But, O ! my suit to Thee is known,  
Thou wilt Thine humble suppliant own,  
And graciously receive ;  
Save, in the riches of Thy grace,  
Accept me through Thy righteousness,  
And freely now forgive.
- 10 The truth of Thy salvation show ;  
Nor let the flood my soul o'erflow,  
Nor let the pit devour :  
O snatch me from the hell within,  
From all the mire of inbred sin,  
From all the tempter's power !
- 11 Lord, for Thy mercy's sake draw near,  
In all Thy tender love appear,  
Make haste to my relief ;  
No longer hide from me Thy face,  
But hear, and save me by Thy grace  
From all my sin and grief.
- 12 Now to my helpless soul draw nigh,  
Redeem me at the point to die,  
From sin and hell redeem ;  
My guilt and shame to Thee are known,  
But, O ! my foes are all Thy own !  
Discharge Thy wrath on them.

## PART III.

- 13 Long have I groan'd my sin to feel,  
And, sinking into my own hell,  
For succour look'd in vain ;

No pitying comforter was near,  
No tender friend my grief to cheer,  
Or mitigate my pain.

- 14 Conform'd to an expiring God,  
I bear my portion of His load,  
And taste His bitter cup :  
Saviour, at last display Thy face,  
Enrich the needy by Thy grace,  
And lift the mourner up.
- 15 So shall I magnify Thy name,  
My Saviour-God in songs proclaim,  
Which Thou wilt deign to' approve ;  
Better than bulls and goats to Thee  
The thankful heart's sincerity,  
The sacrifice of love.
- 16 The humble shall behold His grace ;  
Your heart shall live who seek His face,  
Rejoice in steadfast hope ;  
He never hath the poor abhorr'd ;  
The mournful prisoners of the Lord  
He hears, and lifts them up.
- 17 Let heaven and earth His goodness sing,  
The sea, and every moving thing  
That breathes below, above ;  
For God His *Sion* shall repair,  
And save, and fix His people there,  
Possessors of His love.
- 18 Their faithful seed shall still increase,  
Heirs of His precious promises ;  
Who lovingly adore,

And bow their hearts to Jesu's name,  
Their station in His house shall claim,  
And never leave it more.

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## PSALM LXX.

- 1 JESU, mighty to deliver,  
Help afford, Hasten, Lord,  
Or I die for ever.
  - 2 Those that have my soul surrounded,  
Let them flee, Chased by Thee,  
Baffled, and confounded.
  - 3 But let all who seek Thy favour  
Hear Thy voice, And rejoice  
In their present Saviour.
  - 4 Those whose earnest expectation  
Waits for Thee, Let them see  
All Thy great salvation.
  - 5 Let their lips show forth Thy glory,  
Full of praise, For Thy grace  
Let their hearts adore Thee.
  - 6 O might I with these confess Thee !  
Needy I, Fain would try  
With Thy saints to bless Thee !
  - 7 Hasten, Lord, my soul deliver ;  
Thou art mine, Seal me Thine,  
Seal me Thine for ever.
-

## PSALM LXXI.

## PART I.

- 1 IN Thee, O Lord, I put my trust ;  
    Ah ! never leave me to my shame !  
    Thou, ever merciful and just,  
    Redeem me by Thy saving name ;  
    Thy gracious ear in pity bow,  
    Accept my prayer, and save me now.
- 2 Be Thou my strong defence and tower,  
    To which my soul may always fly ;  
    Thou hast sent forth Thy word of power,  
    Thy grace hath brought salvation nigh ;  
    Thou art the Rock which cannot move,  
    The Rock of everlasting love.
- 3 Rescue me, O my God, from those  
    Who cruelly my life pursue ;  
    Lord, I believe against my foes,  
    I trust to find Thee good and true ;  
    Guide of my helpless infancy,  
    Thou know'st my hope is still in Thee.
- 4 The life Thy tender love bestow'd  
    Thy tender love hath still sustain'd ;  
    Thou from the womb hast been my God ;  
    The breath which by Thy grace I gain'd  
    I render back in songs of praise,  
    I live to glorify Thy grace.
- 5 A monster to the world I am ;  
    But Thou my mighty refuge art :  
    Thy glory be my constant theme,  
    Thy praises fill my mouth and heart :  
    O that I thus my life might spend,  
    And praise and love Thee to the end !

- 6 Cast me not off in feeble age,  
 When strength and human succour fail ;  
 My foes their utmost powers engage ;  
 The banded powers of death and hell  
 Conspire to seize their helpless prey,  
 And tear my trembling soul away.
- 7 Ah ! do not at a distance stand !  
 Hasten to my help in power Divine ;  
 Destroy, by Thine avenging hand,  
 My cruel enemies and Thine ;  
 Pronounce our adversary's doom,  
 Now, Lord, " the man of sin " consume.

## PART II.

- 8 I wait to prove Thine utmost grace,  
 To love and praise Thee evermore ;  
 My mouth shall show Thy righteousness,  
 The riches of Thy saving power :  
 But who Thy saving power can tell ?  
 Its riches are unsearchable.
- 9 Yet will I in Thy strength go forth,  
 And spread Thy righteousness Divine ;  
 Trample on all the creatures' worth ;  
 Merit and good are only Thine :  
 Impute it, and our sin's forgiven ;  
 Implant, and man is meet for heaven.
- 10 Me from my youth Thou, Lord, hast taught,  
 And still I have Thy wonders shown ;  
 Feeble and old, forsake me not  
 Till I Thy saving power make known,  
 To this, and distant times record  
 My glorious, all-redeeming Lord.

- 11 Thy righteousness is far above  
 The human or angelic ken :  
 Who can express Thy mighty love,  
 Thy wonders tow'rds the sons of men ?  
 What earthly power, or heavenly, dare  
 With Thee, the God of gods, compare ?
- 12 Thee, Saviour of mankind, I bless,  
 And thank Thee for my troubles past ;  
 Out of the depth of sore distress  
 Thy love shall bring me up at last ;  
 Quicken, increase my faith, and guide,  
 And comfort me on every side.
- 13 Wherefore I will Thy goodness sing,  
 Thy faithfulness with joy record ;  
 My harp, and every tuneful string,  
 Shall sound the mercies of my Lord,  
 The Holy One of *Israel* praise,  
 The pardoning God of truth and grace.
- 14 My lips shall glory in the song,  
 My soul in Thy redeeming love ;  
 Thy righteousness shall all day long  
 The matter of my triumph prove ;  
 For all the tempter's rage is o'er,  
 And sin and sorrow are no more.

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 PSALM LXXX.

ADAPTED TO THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND.

## PART I.

- I SHEPHERD of souls, the great, the good,  
 Who ledest *Israel* like a sheep,  
 Present to guard, and give them food,  
 And kindly in Thy bosom keep ;



- 2 Hear Thy afflicted people's prayer,  
Arise out of Thy holy place,  
Stir up Thy strength, Thine arm make bare,  
And vindicate Thy chosen race.
- 3 Haste to our help, Thou God of love !  
Supreme, almighty King of kings,  
Descend all-glorious from above,  
Come flying on the cherubs' wings !
- 4 Turn us again, O Lord ! and show  
The brightness of Thy lovely face ;  
So shall we all be saints below,  
And saved, and perfected in grace.
- 5 O Lord of Hosts, O God of grace,  
How long shall Thy fierce anger burn  
Against Thine own peculiar race  
Who ever pray Thee to return ?
- 6 Thou givest us plenteous draughts of tears,  
With tears Thou dost Thy people feed ;  
We sorrow till Thy face appears,  
Affliction is our daily bread.
- 7 A strife we are to all around,  
By vile intestine vipers torn ;  
Our bitter household-foes abound,  
And laugh our fallen Church to scorn.
- 8 Turn us again, O God ! and show  
The brightness of Thy lovely face ;  
So shall we all be saints below,  
And saved, and perfected in grace.

## PART II.

- 9 Surely, O Lord, we once were Thine,  
(Thou hast for us Thy wonders wrought,)  
A generous and right noble vine,  
When newly out of *Egypt* brought.
- 10 Thou didst the heathen stock expel,  
And chase them from their quiet home,  
*Druids* and all the brood of hell,  
And monks of anti-Christian *Rome*.
- 11 Planted by Thine almighty hand,  
Water'd with blood, the vine took root,  
And spread throughout the happy land,  
And fill'd the earth with golden fruit.
- 12 The hills were cover'd with her shade,  
Her branchy arms extended wide ;  
Their fair luxuriant honours spread,  
And flourish'd as the cedar's pride.
- 13 Her boughs she stretch'd from sea to sea,  
And reach'd to frozen *Scotia's* shore.  
(They once revered the hierarchy,  
And bless'd the mitre's sacred power.)
- 14 Why then hast Thou abhorr'd Thine own,  
And cast Thy pleasant plant away ?  
Broke down her hedge, her fence o'erthrown,  
And left her to the beasts of prey ?
- 15 All that go by pluck off her grapes,  
Our *Sion* of her children spoil ;  
And error in ten thousand shapes  
Would every gracious soul beguile.

- 16 The boar out of the *German* wood  
 Tears up her roots with baleful power ;  
 The lion roaring for his food,  
 And all the forest beasts, devour.
- 17 Turn Thee again, O Lord our God !  
 Look down with pity from above !  
 O lay aside Thy vengeful rod,  
 And visit us in pardoning love !

## PART III.

- 18 The vineyard which Thine own right hand  
 Hath planted in these nations, see ;  
 The branch that rose at Thy command,  
 And yielded gracious fruit to Thee :
- 19 'Tis now cut down, and burn'd with fire :  
 Arm of the Lord, awake, awake !  
 Visit Thy foes in righteous ire,  
 Vengeance on all Thy haters take.
- 20 Look on them with Thy flaming eyes,  
 The sin-consuming virtue dart ;  
 And bid our fallen Church arise,  
 And make us after Thine own heart.
- 21 To us our nursing-fathers raise ;  
 Thy grace be on the great bestow'd ;  
 And let the king show forth Thy praise,  
 And rise to build the house of God.
- 22 Thou hast ordain'd the powers that be :  
 Strengthen Thy delegate below ;  
 He bears the rule derived from Thee ;  
 O let him all Thy image show !

- 23 Support him with Thy guardian hand,  
Thy royal grace be seen in him ;  
King of a re-converted land,  
In goodness as in power supreme !
- 24 So will we not from Thee go back,  
If Thou our ruin'd Church restore ;  
No, never more will we forsake,  
No, never will we grieve Thee more.
- 25 Revive, O God of power, revive  
Thy work in our degenerate days !  
O let us by Thy mercy live,  
And all our lives shall speak Thy praise.
- 26 Turn us again, O Lord ! and show  
The brightness of Thy lovely face ;  
So shall we all be saints below,  
And saved, and perfected in grace.
- 

## PSALM LXXXIV.

- 1 How lovely are Thy tents, O Lord,  
Where'er Thou choosest to record  
Thy name, or place Thy house of prayer !  
My soul outflies the angel-choir,  
And faints, o'erpower'd with strong desire,  
To meet Thy special presence there.
- 2 My heart and flesh cry out for God :  
There would I fix my soul's abode,  
As birds that in the altars nest ;  
There would I all my young ones bring,  
An offering to my God and King,  
And in Thy courts for ever rest.

- 3 Happy the men, to whom 'tis given  
To dwell within that gate of heaven,  
And in Thy house record Thy praise ;  
Whose strength and confidence Thou art,  
Who feel Thee Saviour, in their heart,  
The way, the truth, the life of grace :
- 4 Who, passing through the mournful vale,  
Drink comfort from the living well  
That flows replenish'd from above :  
From strength to strength advancing here,  
Till all before their God appear,  
And each receives his crown of love !
- 5 O Lord of Hosts, incline Thine ear !  
Thou mighty God of *Jacob*, hear !  
Accept me in Thy favourite Son :  
O look on Thy Messiah's face,  
And grant me, for His sake, the grace  
To live and die to Thee alone.
- 6 Better a day Thy courts within,  
Than thousands in the tents of sin :  
How base the noblest pleasures there !  
How great the weakest child of Thine !  
His meanest task is all Divine ;  
And kings and priests Thy servants are.
- 7 The Lord protects and cheers His own ;  
Their light and strength, their shield and sun,  
He shall both grace and glory give :  
Unlimited His bounteous grant ;  
No real good they e'er shall want ;  
All, all is theirs, who upright live.

8 O Lord of Hosts, how bless'd is he  
 Who steadfastly believes in Thee !  
 He all Thy promises shall gain :  
 The soul that on Thy love is cast,  
 Thy perfect love on earth shall taste,  
 And soon with Thee in glory reign.

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 PSALM LXXXV.

- 1 REMEMBER, Lord, the ancient days,  
 When *Israel* did Thy favour prove ;  
 And, pitying our unfaithful race,  
 Repeat the wonders of Thy love :  
 Thou hast to them propitious been,  
 And brought them back, to exile driven ;  
 In mercy blotted out their sin,  
 Hast freely all their sin forgiven.
- 2 Thou hast Thy people's doom repeal'd,  
 Thine anger with their guilt removed ;  
 And kindly their backslidings heal'd,  
 And still the humbled rebels loved.  
 Wherefore to us in grace and peace,  
 O God of our salvation, turn !  
 Us, Lord, from all our sins release,  
 And let Thy wrath no longer burn !
- 3 Wilt Thou Thine own for ever chide,  
 No more Thy desolate church forgive ?  
 Wilt Thou no more be pacified,  
 Or turn, and bid Thy people live ?  
 O might we hear again Thy voice,  
 Again Thy loving-kindness see,  
 And, freely justified, rejoice  
 In Thee, the God of mercies, Thee !

- 4 The tokens of Thy favour show ;  
Now, Saviour, now the grace impart,  
And let us Thy salvation know,  
Forgiveness written on our heart.  
My soul pursues the Spirit's prayer ;  
I listen for the sacred sign ;  
The Lord shall soon His will declare,  
And answer me in peace Divine.
- 5 His peace He to His saints shall give,  
And speak into their hearts His power ;  
But let them to their Saviour cleave,  
And sin against His love no more.  
Surely His saving health is near,  
And humble souls the grace shall feel ;  
That glory may on earth appear,  
That Jesus in our hearts may dwell.
- 6 Mercy and truth in concert sweet  
To' accomplish our redemption join ;  
Justice and peace together meet  
Harmonious in the plan Divine.  
Sinners the faithful God can clear,  
His truth and grace their souls release ;  
Justice, inflexibly severe,  
Absolves them with a kiss of peace.
- 7 Truth shall spring up, the truth of grace,  
From earthly souls through Christ forgiven,  
While God reveals His smiling face,  
And righteousness looks down from heaven.  
The Lord from all our sins shall save ;  
The souls His love delights to bless  
Shall thrive, and flourish fair, and have  
Their fruit to perfect holiness.

- 8 Foremost of the celestial train  
His righteousness shall still proceed,  
Release us from our guilty chain,  
And on to glorious freedom lead.  
In all His steps the heavenly Guide  
Shall lead us up to things above ;  
And, planted in our heart, abide,  
And perfect us in sinless love.
- 

## PSALM LXXXVI.

- 1 Bow down, O Lord, Thy gracious ear,  
Thy poor and needy servant hear ;  
My soul is all Thine own :  
Preserve me, O my God, and save,  
Faith in Thy pard'ning power I have,  
I trust in Thee alone.
- 2 The reconciling word apply ;  
For mercy, Lord, I daily cry,  
And raise my soul to heaven ;  
Show me the brightness of Thy face,  
Gladden my heart by pardoning grace,  
And speak my sins forgiven.
- 3 Thou still art ready to forgive ;  
Who sue to Thee for life shall live ;  
Who seek Thy face shall find ;  
Thy grace doth, more than sin, abound ;  
With Thee is plenteous pardon found  
For me and all mankind.



- 4 Now, Saviour, now accept my prayer,  
While sore oppress'd with guilty care !  
In this my evil day  
I call for help on Thee alone ;  
Thou wilt regard my humble moan,  
And hear me when I pray.
- 5 Among the gods there's none like Thee :  
The glories of the Deity  
Through all creation shine ;  
Who then to vie with Thee shall dare ?  
Thy works are all beyond compare,  
And speak Thy hand Divine.
- 6 The nations Thou hast made shall all  
Approach with humble fear, and fall  
Prostrate before Thy face ;  
Thee every tongue shall soon proclaim,  
And glorify the Saviour's name,  
Saviour of all their race !
- 7 For Thou in power and love art great,  
Enthroned in everlasting state ;  
The works which Thou hast done  
What angel tongue can fully tell ?  
Thy every act is miracle,  
And Thou art God alone.
- 8 Teach me, O Lord, Thy perfect way ;  
My simple heart shall then obey,  
With filial fear adore ;  
Then all my heart Thy name shall bless,  
And praise, and sing, and never cease,  
And love Thee evermore.

- 
- 9 For, O! Thy love to me is great ;  
Thou hast redeem'd me from the pit  
Of hellish misery ;  
From all who sought my soul to' oppress,  
Human and devilish enemies,  
Thy love hath set me free.
- 10 Thou, Lord, a God of mercy art,  
Mere mercy fills Thy tender heart,  
And meek long-suffering grace :  
Plenteous in truth, and pardoning love,  
Thy bowels of compassion move  
To all the fallen race.
- 11 Turn then to me, Thy mercy show ;  
My soul with strength Divine indue,  
Thy image, Lord, restore ;  
In me, Thy servant and Thy son,  
Make all Thy great salvation known,  
And bid me sin no more.
- 12 Some pledge of good bestow on me,  
That all my foes with shame may see  
The Lord is on my part :  
My help and comfort in distress ;  
Who gave me this sure pledge of peace,  
Shall make me pure in heart.

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PSALM XC.

- 1 THOU, Lord, our dwelling-place hast been,  
Thy faithful people rest within  
Thine everlasting arms secure ;

- Them Thou hast kept in ages past,  
And still their guardian-Rock stands fast,  
Thy mercies like Thyself endure.
- 2 Ere at Thy word the mountains rose,  
Or nature felt her earliest throes,  
Or all things out of nothing came ;  
Thou wast from all eternity,  
Thou art the God, and still shalt be  
To all eternity the same.
- 3 Thy word dispenses life and death :  
The creature rendering up his breath  
Obeys Thy summons to return :  
Again, Thou say'st, " Ye sons of men,  
Rise !" and behold they rise again  
Into the world of spirits born.
- 4 For Thou hast immortality,  
Thou ever-living God, to Thee  
A thousand years are as a day,  
Less than a watch of our short night,  
And time as nothing in Thy sight  
With all its ages fleets away.
- 5 Borne down the' irremeable tide,  
Mortals by Thy appointment glide  
From earth to the' eternal shore,  
Their life a bubble on the stream,  
A short uneasy waking dream ;  
The bubble breaks, the dream is o'er.
- 6 Man is a creature of a day :  
The grass is green, the flower is gay,  
When in our morn of life we rise,

- 
- But soon arrives the evening hour,  
Withers away the human flower,  
Mown down as grass the mortal dies.
- 7 Beneath Thine anger, Lord, we droop,  
We languish by Thy wrath parch'd up,  
A fallen, sin-sick, wretched race,  
For Thou our secret sins hast known,  
Thine eye hath never pass'd by one,  
All, all are set before Thy face.
- 8 Shorten'd our days by wrath Divine,  
Our breath we hasten to resign  
And own the mortal sentence just :  
Our years are spent, the fable ends,  
The tale is told, the spirit ascends  
To God, the dust returns to dust.
- 9 Our age is threescore years and ten,  
Beyond is sorrow all and pain,  
And mere laborious misery ;  
Our longest life so soon is past,  
The vapour vanishes at last,  
So swift from earth the shadows flee.
- 10 But who regards the wrath Divine,  
Or knows that dreadful hand of Thine  
In all its just vindictive weight ?  
Worse than the worst that sinners fear,  
Thy wrath eternally severe,  
Consigns them to their hellish state.
- 11 Instructed by Thy heavenly grace  
To count the fewness of our days,  
O might we all our hearts apply

To' attain the wisdom from above ;  
And learn, before we hence remove,  
Our one great business is to die.

12 How long shall Thy fierce anger burn ?  
Now to retrieve our doom, return,  
Thy mercy to Thy servants show.  
Fill us with love, and peace, and joy,  
And let us all our days employ  
In publishing Thy praise below.

13 Comfort and make Thy sufferers glad,  
For days and years distress'd and sad,  
And bruised by Thy afflictive rod,  
O let us now Thy goodness see,  
For days and years rejoice in Thee,  
The God of love, the pardoning God.

14 Let mercy bring salvation near,  
Let all Thy works of grace appear  
To those that would Thy will obey,  
To all their seed, who yield to' embrace  
The Gift Divine, in Jesu's face  
Thy glorious majesty display.

15 O put us on our beauteous dress,  
Adorn us with Thine holiness,  
Thine image in our souls restore ;  
In us let all Thy nature shine,  
Fill us with righteousness Divine,  
And sin shall never enter more.

---

## PSALM XCI.

- 1 HE that in Christ his soul doth hide,  
That secret place of God most high,  
Shall safe and undisturb'd abide,  
With sin, the world, and Satan nigh ;  
Wrapp'd in a covering from above,  
And shadow'd by almighty Love.
- 2 "The Lord," my faithful heart replies,  
"The Lord is my defence and tower ;  
On Him my steadfast soul relies,  
And still receives His saving power :  
My God shall still His own defend,  
And hide and love me to the end.
- 3 "Thy faith in Him shall not be vain ;  
He shall from Satan's snare release,  
Save thee from sin's infectious stain,  
And cleanse from all unrighteousness ;  
That sorest inbred plague remove :  
The antidote is perfect love.
- 4 "Thee no alarms of war can fright,  
Or take thy confidence away ;  
The pestilence that walks by night,  
And sweeps whole nations in a day,  
With all the pomp of mortal pain,  
Surrounds thy fearless soul in vain.
- 5 "A thousand at thy side shall lie,  
And yield in groans their tainted breath ;  
Ten thousand in thy sight shall die,  
While, calm amidst the darts of death,  
Thy soul the waster's rage defies,  
Safe in its Life that never dies.

- 6 “ Thy sacred hairs are number'd all ;  
Evil thou canst not feel nor fear ;  
Thine eyes shall see the wicked fall,  
And antedate his judgment here ;  
While safe thou in the Lord dost dwell,  
Beyond the reach of earth and hell.
- 7 “ Whose refuge is the Lord most high,  
Whose trust is in His gracious power,  
Evil and plague shall not come nigh,  
And sin shall never touch thee more ;  
While all the heavenly hosts attend  
The man whom God hath call'd His friend.
- 8 “ Charged by the sovereign King of kings  
To guard and keep His royal heir,  
The angels wrap thee in their wings,  
And in their hands securely bear ;  
Preserve thy life, nor let thee meet  
A stone to wound thy sacred feet.
- 9 “ Unhurt thou shalt on adders tread,  
On lions, by thy faith o'erthrown ;  
Thy foot shall crush the serpent's head,  
Thy faith shall cast the dragon down ;  
Victorious through the bleeding Lamb,  
The' omnipotence of Jesu's name.”
- 10 Because he chose the better part,  
Resolved to give Me all his heart,  
Rejoiced My healing name to know,  
I will from all his sins redeem,  
In him reveal My love ; in him  
Mine uttermost salvation show.

- 11 Mine ear shall hearken to his cry,  
Mine arm shall set him up on high,  
In trouble comfort and defend ;  
Honour the vessel of My grace,  
And to a life of glory raise,  
Begun on earth, but ne'er to end.

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PSALM XCIII.

- 1     JEHOVAH reigns on high  
      In peerless majesty ;  
Boundless power His royal robe,  
      Purest light His garment is ;  
Rules His word the spacious globe,  
      'Stablish'd it in floating seas.
- 2     Ancient of days ! Thy name  
      And essence is I AM ;  
Thou, O Lord, and Thou alone,  
      Gavest whatever is to be ;  
Stood Thine everlasting throne,  
      Stands to all eternity.
- 3     The floods, with angry noise,  
      Have lifted up their voice,—  
Lifted up their voice on high ;  
      Fiends and men exclaim aloud ;  
Rage the waves, and dash the sky,  
      Hell assails the throne of God.
- 4     Their fury cannot move  
      The Lord who reigns above ;  
Him the mighty waves obey,  
      Sinking at His awful will ;  
Ocean owns His sovereign sway,  
      Hell at His command is still.



- 5 Thy statutes, Lord, are sure,  
 And as Thyself endure ;  
 Thine eternal house above  
 Holy souls alone can see,  
 Fitted here by perfect love,  
 There to reign enthroned with Thee.

---

PSALM XCIV.

- 1 ALMIGHTY God, to whom alone  
 Avenging power belongs,  
 Hear Thine afflicted people groan,  
 And vindicate their wrongs.  
 To vindicate the' oppress'd is Thine,  
 To do the injured right,  
 The great prerogative Divine  
 Is evil to requite.
- 2 Show Thyself now, arise, O Lord,  
 Judge of the earth appear,  
 Render the proud their due reward,  
 And stop their triumphs here.  
 How long shall evil men proceed,  
 In acts of violence boast ?  
 Their lies and wicked slanders spread,  
 And trample on the just ?
- 3 The ruin of Thy church they seek  
 With unrelenting rage,  
 Thy people they in pieces break,  
 And spoil Thine heritage ;  
 Regardless or of age or sex,  
 The widow they oppress,  
 With cruelty the stranger vex,  
 And slay the fatherless.

- 
- 4 Harden'd by long impunity,  
 All pity they discard ;  
 The Lord, say they, shall never see,  
 Nor *Jacob's* God regard.  
 Yet understand, ye brutish souls,  
 Who dare your God despise,  
 When, O ye mad presumptuous fools,  
 O when will ye be wise ?
- 5 Who planted the attentive ear,  
 And form'd the seeing eye,  
 Shall He forget to see and hear,  
 Shall God your sins pass by ?  
 He breaks the heathen with His rod,  
 Shall He not punish you ?  
 Or knows not the omniscient God  
 What all His creatures do ?
- 6 He only hath the nations taught,  
 He knows what is in man,  
 The Lord discerns their every thought,  
 And sees that all are vain.  
 Happy the man that Thou, O Lord,  
 In mercy dost chastise,  
 And makest him by Thy written word  
 Unto salvation wise.
- 7 Wise to believe in time of need,  
 And quietly attend,  
 Till God on their oppressor's head  
 Doth all His judgments send.  
 For never will the Lord forsake  
 His own inheritance,  
 Or cast them off, who humbly make  
 His mercy their defence.

- 8 The Lord again shall take our part,  
And clear our righteousness,  
Whilst all the men of upright heart  
His just award shall bless.  
But who of all the gods below  
Will rise to do me right,  
Or interpose to break the blow  
Of wicked lawless might ?
- 9 Had not the Lord in danger's hour  
Supplied His ready aid,  
My soul beneath the murderer's power  
Had sunk among the dead.  
But when I said " My foot hath slipp'd,"  
Thy mercy held me up,  
Thy power unto salvation kept,  
And gave me back my hope.
- 10 Thou didst my drooping spirit cheer,  
By desperate grief oppress'd,  
Kindly in my behalf appear,  
And take me into rest :  
A rest to cruel men unknown,  
Who would Thy flock devour,  
And proudly sit upon the throne  
Of persecuting power.
- 11 No fellowship have they with Thee,  
The sons of lawless might,  
Who 'stablish wrong by a decree,  
And pass it into right.  
Against the souls of righteous men  
They rise with fierce intent,  
With mockery of law arraign  
And doom the innocent.

- 12 But Jesus is my God, the Lord  
My rock and refuge is,  
He shall their wickedness reward,  
And all our foes oppress.  
Their sins on their own head shall fall  
Who will not be forgiven,  
The Lord our God shall slay them all,  
And save us up to heaven.
- 

## PSALM XCVII.

- 1 THE Lord unrivall'd reigns,  
His royal power maintains :  
Earth, thine awful Monarch bless,  
Own with joy His happy sway ;  
Him let all thine isles confess,  
All exult their God to' obey.
- 2 Darkness and clouds surround  
The King with glory crown'd :  
Righteousness and sovereign grace  
To support His empire join ;  
Burns a fire before His face,  
Minister of wrath Divine.
- 3 The sin-consuming power  
Doth terribly devour !  
By the weapons of His war,  
Thunderstruck, His foes expire,  
Through the earth His lightnings glare,  
Set the trembling world on fire.
- 4 The hills were melted down,  
Like wax before the sun.

- Lord of the whole earth He is ;  
Hail the present Deity !  
Heaven, declare His righteousness,  
All the world, His glory see !
- 5 Confounded are all they  
That other lords obey,  
Boasters of their idols vain !  
Own, ye kings, His sovereign power ;  
Serve the Lord by whom ye reign,  
Him, ye gods of earth, adore.
- 6 *Sion* hath heard His word,  
And gloried in her Lord.  
Jesus, God of truth and love,  
Power supreme to Thee is given,  
Far above all gods, above  
Every name in earth or heaven !
- 7 Fly every touch of blame,  
All ye that love His name !  
He preserves your souls below,  
Keeps from sin and Satan's power,  
Till His utmost truth ye know,  
Till His saints can sin no more.
- 8 The light of truth is sown  
For every simple one.  
Reap the fruits of joy and peace,  
Righteous souls, the promise prove,  
Thank Him for His holiness,  
Glory in His perfect love.
-

PSALM XCVIII.

- 1 SING we to our conquering Lord  
 A new triumphant song ;  
 Joyfully His deeds record,  
 And with a thankful tongue :  
 Wonders His right hand hath wrought ;  
 Still His outstretch'd arm we see ;  
 He alone the fight hath fought,  
 And got the victory.
- 2 God, the' almighty God, hath made  
 His great salvation known ;  
 Openly to all display'd  
 His glory in His Son :  
 Christ hath brought the life to light,  
 Bade the glorious gospel shine,  
 Show'd, in all the heathen's sight,  
 His righteousness Divine.
- 3 He to *Israel's* chosen race  
 His promise hath fulfill'd :  
 Mindful of His word of grace,  
 His saving health reveal'd :  
 He to all the sons of men  
 Hath His truth and mercy show'd ;  
 Earth's remotest bounds have seen  
 The pardoning love of God.
- 4 Make a loud and cheerful noise  
 To Him that reigns above ;  
 Earth, with all Thy sons, rejoice  
 In the Redeemer's love :

Raise your songs of triumph high,  
Bring Him every tuneful strain,  
Praise the Lord who stoop'd to die,  
To ransom wretched man.

5 Him with lute and harp record,  
With shawms and trumpets praise ;  
Sing, rejoice, before the Lord,  
And glory in His grace :  
Hymn His grace, and truth, and power ;  
Give Him thanks, rejoice, and sing ;  
Praise Him, praise Him evermore,  
And triumph with your King.

6 Ocean, roar, with all thy waves,  
In honour of His name ;  
He who all creation saves  
Doth all their homage claim :  
Clap your hands, ye floods ! Ye hills,  
Joyful all His praise rehearse ;  
Praise Him till His glory fills  
The vocal universe !

7 Lo ! He comes with clouds ! He comes  
In dreadful pomp array'd !  
All His glorious power assumes,  
To judge the world He made :  
Righteous shall His sentence be :  
Think of that tremendous bar !  
Every eye the Judge shall see !  
And *thou* shalt meet Him there !

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PSALM C.

- 1 YE sons of men, lift up your voice,  
 Ye nations of the earth, rejoice,  
     In God rejoice with one accord !  
 Bow all your hearts before His face,  
 Adore Him for creating grace,  
     And shout and sing to Christ the Lord.
- 2 Know, that the Lord is God alone ;  
 He made and claims us for His own,  
     His creatures for Himself design'd ;  
 We are the sheep of *Israel's* fold,  
 The flock He hath redeem'd of old ;  
     His people now is all mankind.
- 3 O enter then His courts with praise,  
 Press to the channels of His grace,  
     With joyful thanks your God proclaim :  
 Give Him the glory of His love,  
 And praise Him, like the hosts above,  
     And bless His all-redeeming name.
- 4 Praise Him, the faithful Lord and good !  
 His mercy hath for ages stood ;  
     His mercy stands for ever sure :  
 His steadfast truth shall never fail,  
 His word and oath unchangeable  
     Through all eternity endure.

PSALM CII.

- 1 HEAR, O Lord, my bitter cry,  
     Regard my sad complaint !  
 Do not Thou Thy help deny  
     When most Thy help I want !



- Hide not Thou Thy face from me,  
Thine ear in tender mercy bow,  
Hearken while I call on Thee,  
Relieve, relieve me now.
- 2 All my days like smoke expire  
In vanity and sin ;  
Sin as a consuming fire  
I find shut up within :  
Droops my heart, as grass cut down,  
No more my nature's wants I heed ;  
Groaning underneath Thy frown,  
My tears are all my bread.
- 3 Worn away with endless pain,  
My strength is lost and gone ;  
In the desert I complain,  
Forgotten and alone ;  
As the boding bird of night  
I sit, disdainful all relief,  
Far removed from human sight,  
And brooding o'er my grief.
- 4 Still my foes with rage and scorn  
Pursue my misery ;  
Madly hath their malice sworn  
To vent itself on me ;  
Me, alas ! distress'd, dismay'd,  
O'erwhelm'd with sins, and griefs, and fears!  
Ashes are my only bread,  
And all my drink is tears.
- 5 Crush'd beneath Thine anger, I  
My alter'd state bemoan,  
Whom Thy mercy raised so high  
Thy justice hath cast down.

- Fleets my life's declining hour,  
 And swifter than a shadow flies,  
 Scarce so soon the short-lived flower  
 Withers away and dies.
- 6 But my God is still the same,  
 And shall for ever be,  
 One unchangeable I AM  
 Through all eternity.  
 Stands Thy love upon record,  
 Thy truth immovably secure !  
 All Thy faithful mercies, Lord,  
 From age to age endure.
- 7 Thou shalt, to Thy promise just,  
 Arise Thy church to build,  
 Lift her up out of the dust ;  
 The time is now fulfill'd :  
 Weeping o'er her scatter'd stones,  
 Thy servants by her ruins stay,  
 Thy own Spirit groans their groans,  
 And bids Thee come away.
- 8 Then the *Gentile* world shall praise,  
 And bow to Jesu's name ;  
 All the kings of earth His grace  
 And glory shall proclaim :  
 When the Lord His church shall rear,  
 He all His mercy shall display,  
 Glorious in His saints appear,  
 And bring the perfect day.
- 9 Then He shall regard the cries  
 Of His poor desolate one ;  
 Seem no more to slight his sighs,  
 But answer every groan :

- Him who comforts all that mourn  
The sacred annals shall record,  
That the people yet unborn  
Might praise and love the Lord.
- 10 From His high and holy place  
The Saviour hath look'd down ;  
Seen from heaven the earthborn race  
Who groan'd beneath His frown ;  
He hath heard their mournful cry,  
And loosed the hopeless prisoner's chain ;  
Whom His justice doom'd to die  
His love revives again.
- 11 Them His love delights to spare,  
That they His praise may show,  
Joyfully His name declare,  
Throughout His church below ;  
When the *Gentiles* are brought in,  
And all obey the gospel-word,  
Slaves no more to hell and sin,  
But servants of the Lord !
- 12 I, alas ! was hastening on  
To see the glorious day ;  
But the Lord hath brought me down,  
And weaken'd in the way ;  
Failing in the doubtful strife,  
I part with my extorted hope,  
Ready to despair of life,  
And give the promise up.
- 13 " Spare me, O my God ! " I said ;  
" Nor yet from earth remove,  
Young in life, unsaved, unfreed,  
A stranger to Thy love :

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Take me not in wrath away,  
But let me know Thy saving name,  
Jesus now, and yesterday,  
And evermore, the same.

14 “Thou, the unbeginning Word,  
Hast earth’s foundations laid ;  
Thee the heavens declare their Lord,  
Whose hands have all things made ;  
They again shall own Thee God,  
And nature’s works shall all expire,  
Worlds created by Thy nod\*  
Shall perish by Thy fire.

15 “Folded as a garment, they  
Shall soon be cast aside ;  
Heaven and earth shall pass away,  
But Thou shalt still abide,  
Changing all things at Thy will ;  
The’ omnipotent Jehovah Thou,  
God supreme, unchangeable,  
Through one eternal Now !

16 “Thou, with all that keep Thy word,  
Shalt evermore endure ;  
’Stablish’d in their faithful Lord,  
Their seed shall stand secure ;  
Stand, and walk with Thee in light,  
The pillars that no more remove,  
Pure, and spotless in Thy sight,  
And perfected in love.”

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\* Compare “Poems by S. Wesley, jun.,” (Ed. 1862,) p. 366.

## PSALM CIII. (IN PART.)\*

- 1 PRAISE the Lord, my thankful soul,  
Him let all within me praise !  
He again hath made me whole,  
He hath lengthen'd out my days.
- 2 Gracious, merciful, and kind,  
Him my thankful soul proclaim,  
Bear His benefits in mind,  
Love, and bless His hallow'd name.
- 3 Thee how often doth He save  
From the first and second death,  
Snatch thee from the gaping grave,  
Pluck thee from the lion's teeth ?
- 4 He forgives thy every sin,  
Only He thy pardon seals,  
Justifies and makes thee clean,  
All thy imperfections heals.
- 5 God on me His blessings showers,  
All His blessings from above,  
Bids me taste the heavenly powers,  
Crowns me with His grace and love.
- 6 As an eagle swift and strong,  
Lo ! renew'd I live, I rise,  
Active, vigorous, and young,  
Earth I spurn, and cleave the skies.

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\* First published in 1742, and entitled "After a Recovery from Sickness." Compare Vol. II., p. 216.

## PART OF PSALM CIV.\*

UPBORNE aloft on venturous wing,  
While spurning earthly themes I soar  
Through paths untrod before,  
What God, what seraph shall I sing?  
Whom but Thee should I proclaim,  
Author of this wondrous frame?  
Eternal, uncreated Lord,  
Enshrined in glory's radiant blaze!  
At whose prolific voice, whose potent word,  
Commanded Nothing swift retired, and worlds began  
their race.

Thou, brooding o'er the realms of night,  
The' unbottom'd, infinite abyss,  
Badest the deep her rage surcease,  
And saidst, "Let there be light!"  
Ethereal light Thy call obey'd,  
Through the wide void his living waters past,  
Glad she left her native shade;  
Darkness turn'd his murmuring head,  
Resign'd the reins, and trembling fled;  
The crystal waves roll'd on, and fill'd their ambient  
waste.

In light, effulgent robe, array'd,  
Thou left'st the beauteous realms of day;  
The golden towers inclined their head,  
As their Sovereign took His way.

\* Published in the "Arminian Magazine," vol. i., p. 285,  
and signed "J. W."

The all-encircling bounds (a shining train,  
 Ministering flames around Him flew)  
 Through the vast profound He drew,  
 When, lo ! sequacious to His fruitful hand,  
 Heaven o'er the' uncolour'd void her azure curtain  
 threw.

Lo ! marching o'er the empty space,  
 The fluid stores in order rise,  
 With adamantine chains of liquid glass,  
 To bind the new-born fabric of the skies.  
 Downward the' almighty Builder rode,  
 Old Chaos groan'd beneath the God,  
 Sable clouds His pompous car,  
 Harness'd winds before Him ran,  
 Proud to wear their Maker's chain,  
 And told with hoarse-resounding voice come from  
 afar.

Embryon earth the signal knew,  
 And rear'd from night's dark womb his infant head ;  
 Though yet prevailing waves his hills o'erspread,  
 And stain'd their sickly face with pallid hue.  
 But when loud thunders the pursuit began,  
 Backward the' affrighted spoilers ran ;  
 In vain aspiring hills opposed their chase,  
 O'er hills and vales with equal haste,  
 The flying squadrons pass'd,  
 Till safe within the walls of their appointed place ;  
 There firmly fix'd, their sure enclosures stand,  
 Unconquerable bounds of ever-during sand !  
 He spake from the tall mountain's wounded side,  
 Fresh springs roll'd down their silver tide :

O'er the glad vales, the shining wonders stray,  
 Soft murmuring as they flow,  
 While in their cooling wave, inclining low,  
 The untaught natives of the field their parching  
 thirst allay.

High seated on the dancing sprays,  
 Chequering with varied light their parent streams,  
 The feather'd choirs attune their artless lays,  
 Safe from the dreaded heat of solar beams.

Genial showers, at His command,  
 Pour plenty o'er the barren land :  
 Labouring with parent throes,  
 See ! the teeming hills disclose  
 A new birth : see cheerful green—  
 Transitory, pleasing scene—  
 O'er the smiling landscape glow,  
 And gladden all the vale below.  
 Along the mountain's craggy brow,  
 Amiably dreadful now,  
 See clasping vine dispread  
 Her gently rising, verdant head ;  
 See the purple grape appear,  
 Kind relict of human care !

Instinct with circling life, Thy skill  
 Uprear'd the olive's loaded bough ;  
 What time on *Lebanon's* proud hill,  
 Slow rose the stately cedar's brow.  
 Nor less rejoice the lowly plains,  
 Of useful corn the fertile bed,  
 Than when the lordly cedar reigns,  
 A beauteous, but a barren, shade.



While in his arms the painted train,  
 Warbling to the vocal grove,  
 Sweetly tell their pleasing pain,  
 Willing slaves to genial love ;  
 While the wild-goats, an active throng,  
 From rock to rock light-bounding fly,  
 Jehovah's praise, in solemn song,  
 Shall echo through the vaulted sky.

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 PSALM CVII.

## PART I.

- 1 O YE that know the pardoning Lord,  
 His everlasting love record,  
 Give thanks, and glory in His grace !  
 Gather'd by Jesus from all lands,  
 Redeem'd from sin and Satan's hands,  
 Your merciful Redeemer praise :
- 2 Ere yet on Christ their souls were stay'd,  
 O'er the wide wilderness they stray'd,  
 The world of sin they wander'd round ;  
 Parch'd up with thirst, and pined with want,  
 Weary, and comfortless, and faint,  
 They no abiding city found.
- 3 To God they in their trouble cried,  
 And kindly He their want supplied,  
 And saved them from their sore distress ;  
 Himself the living way He show'd,  
 Led them from all their sins to God,  
 And bade them dwell in perfect peace.

- 
- 4 O that the world would therefore praise  
The Lord, the God of boundless grace,  
Whose love in all His works is seen !  
With joyful lips confess His power,  
And ever feel, proclaim, adore  
His wonders towards the sons of men !

## PART II.

- 5 By Him the hungry soul is fed ;  
He fills the poor with living Bread,  
And breaks the mournful prisoners' chain ;  
Those that in death and darkness dwelt,—  
Gross darkness, such as might be felt,  
The confines of eternal pain :
- 6 Because the rebels mock'd His word,  
And spurn'd the goodness of their Lord,—  
Jesus, most merciful, most high !  
He gave them up their guilt to feel ;  
Humbled them to the gates of hell,  
As doom'd the second death to die.
- 7 To God they then in trouble cried,  
And kindly He their wants supplied,  
And saved them from their sore distress ;  
He brought them from the depth again,  
Pardon'd their sin, and burst their chain,  
And loosed, and bade them go in peace.
- 8 O that the world would therefore praise  
The Lord, the God of boundless grace,  
Whose love in all His works is seen !  
With joyful lips confess His power,  
And ever feel, proclaim, adore  
His wonders towards the sons of men !

## PART III.

- 9 He smote the gates that kept them in,  
The brazen gates of actual sin,  
The iron bars in sunder broke ;  
From Satan's dungeon brought them up,  
Deliver'd by the gospel-hope,  
And into glorious freedom spoke.
- 10 But when to folly they return'd,  
His wrath against the sinners burn'd,  
And plagued them with judicial pain ;  
Diseased they loathed their pleasant meat,  
Their soul just sunk into the pit,  
Their dust return'd to dust again.
- 11 To God they then in trouble cried,  
And kindly He their wants supplied,  
And saved them from their sore distress ;  
He sent His all-reviving word,  
Their body to full health restored,  
Their soul to perfect holiness.
- 12 O that the world would therefore praise  
The Lord, the God of boundless grace,  
Whose love in all His works is seen !  
With joyful lips confess His power,  
And ever feel, proclaim, adore  
His wonders towards the sons of men !

## PART IV.

- 13 His praise their happy lives employ ;  
His praise, in songs of thankful joy,  
Let all the sons of men proclaim :

- His kindly, providential care  
The forces of the sea declare,  
And shout amidst the waves His praise.
- 14 Who plough with ships the watery road,  
These see the mighty works of God,  
His wonders in the' unbounded main :  
He bids the stormy wind arise :  
The tempest whirls them to the skies,  
And sweeps them down to hell again.
- 15 Their joints and soul dissolved they feel ;  
Drunken, but not with wine, they reel,  
Their hopes expire, their labours cease :  
To God they then despairing cry,  
Who sends them succour from on high,  
And saves them in their last distress.
- 16 Obedient to His sovereign will,  
The winds are hush'd, the sea is still,  
Their fears are with the storm suppress'd ;  
Conducted by the' almighty Hand,  
With clamorous joy they grasp the land,  
And in their long-sought haven rest.
- 17 O that the world would therefore praise  
The Lord, the God of boundless grace,  
Whose love in all His works is seen !  
With joyful lips confess His power,  
And ever feel, proclaim, adore  
His wonders towards the sons of men !

## PART V.

- 18 O that His saints, with one accord,  
Would magnify their gracious Lord,  
His goodness and His power proclaim :

- Let all the' assembled people join,  
 'The elders chant, in hymns Divine,  
 Their great Redeemer's glorious name.
- 19 Dreadful in power, as rich in grace,  
 He frowns, and changes nature's face,  
 Where sinners load the guilty land ;  
 He looks their springs and rivers dry,  
 Their fertile fields as deserts lie  
 Accursed, and turn'd to barren sand.
- 20 He smiles, and makes the desert smile,  
 Blesses the dry, unfruitful soil,  
 With living streams the waste supplies ;  
 The waste is clothed with sudden green,  
 And herbs, and flowers, and fruits are seen  
 Throughout the rising paradise.
- 21 Thither He bids the poor repair,  
 The hungry find their portion there,  
 And build a city in His name :  
 They sow their fields, and vineyards plant,  
 And, bless'd of God with all they want,  
 His providential love proclaim.
- 22 He bids the little flock increase,  
 He fills them with His righteousness,  
 His mercy's unexhausted store ;  
 He never takes His mercy back,  
 He would not they should Him forsake,  
 Or ever want or wander more.

## PART VI.

- 23 But if again, by sin brought low,  
 They feel the weight of penal woe,  
 'Minish'd, afflicted, and oppress'd,

He chastens princes for their pride,  
 And leaves His own in deserts wide  
 To wander on, and want His rest.

24 Yet when beneath His wrath they stoop,  
 He lifts the humbled sinners up ;  
 Revives and cheers His abject poor ;  
 He dries the tears of all that weep,  
 And gathers home His scatter'd sheep,  
 And bids them to the end endure.

25 The righteous shall observe and praise  
 His judgments, and His works of grace,  
 His humbling and restoring power ;  
 While all that dared their God gainsay,  
 Shall wonder, fear, and melt away,  
 And charge His providence no more.

26 But he that, to salvation wise,  
 To things Divine his heart applies,  
 The hidden mystery shall prove ;  
 That love of Christ which knows no end  
 He with all saints shall comprehend,  
 That utmost height of Jesu's love !

[A paraphrase of part of Psalm CX. will be found in Vol. II.,  
 p. 142.]

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PSALM CXIV.

I WHEN *Israel* out of *Egypt* came,  
 And left the proud oppressor's land,  
 Conducted by the great I AM,  
 Safe in the hollow of His hand ;  
 The Lord in *Israel* reign'd alone,  
 And *Judah* was His favourite throne.

- 2 The sea beheld His power, and fled ;  
 Disparted by the wondrous rod,  
*Jordan* ran backward to his head,  
 And *Sinai* felt the' incumbent God :  
 The mountains skipp'd like frighted rams,  
 The hills leap'd after them as lambs.
- 3 What ail'd thee, O thou trembling sea ?  
 What horror turn'd the river back ?  
 Was nature's God displeas'd at thee ?  
 And why should hills and mountains shake ?  
 Ye mountains huge, who skipp'd like rams,  
 Ye hills, who leap'd as frighted lambs !
- 4 Earth, tremble on, with all thy sons,  
 In presence of thy awful Lord,  
 Whose power inverted nature owns,—  
 Her only law His sovereign word :  
 He shakes the centre with His nod,  
 And heaven bows down to *Jacob's* God.
- 5 Creation, varied by His hand,  
 The' omnipotent Jehovah knows :  
 The sea is turn'd to solid land,  
 The rock into a fountain flows,  
 And all things, as they change, proclaim  
 Their Lord eternally the same.

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 PSALM CXVI.\*

- 1 THE LORD who saved me by His grace,  
 Who ransom'd the oppress'd,  
 My great redeeming Lord I praise,  
 And in His love I rest.

\* Compare a version of a part of this Psalm, Vol. I., p. 123.

- Since He a pitying ear did give,  
And heard me when I pray'd,  
I'll call upon Him while I live,  
And never doubt His aid.
- 2 Pale death, with all his ghastly train,  
My soul encompass'd round,  
Sorrow, and sin, and doubt, and pain  
On every side I found.  
The torments of the damn'd I felt,  
The pangs and agonies,  
The gnawings of despairing guilt,  
The worm that never dies.
- 3 To Thee, the sinner's Friend, I pray'd,  
And did for succour flee ;  
O save, in my distress I said,  
The soul that trusts in Thee.  
Righteous the Lord, and rich in grace,  
And ready to forgive,  
The simple He delights to raise,  
And by His love I live.
- 4 Then, O my soul, be never more  
With anxious thoughts distress'd ;  
Return, for all the storm is o'er,  
To thine eternal Rest.  
On me the riches of His grace  
My Saviour hath bestow'd,  
And lo ! I see His smiling face,  
And bless my God, *my* God.
- 5 Mine eyes no longer drown'd in tears,  
My feet from falling free,  
Redeem'd from death and guilty fears,  
Jesus, I live to Thee ;



I walk exulting in Thy sight,  
A hidden life above  
I live, with all the sons of light,  
A life of faith and love.

6 Thee, Lord, I with my heart believed,  
And did my faith confess,  
Tempted, and buffeted, and grieved,  
And forced from man to cease.  
Renouncing all their flattering aid  
As lies and vanity,  
Swift from the arm of flesh I fled,  
And found my help in Thee.

7 What shall I render to my God  
For all His mercies' store?  
I'll take the gifts He hath bestow'd,  
And humbly ask for more.  
The sacred cup of saving grace  
I will with thanks receive,  
And all His promises embrace,  
And to His glory live.

8 My vows I will to His great name  
Before His people pay,  
And all I have, and all I am,  
Upon His altar lay.  
Him will I, with His saints, confess,  
The souls He holds so dear,  
Who died Himself to buy their peace,  
And lives to save them here.

9 Thy lawful servant, Lord, I owe  
To Thee whate'er is mine,  
Born in Thy family below,  
And by redemption Thine.

- 
- Thy hands created me, Thy hands  
 From sin have set me free,  
 The mercy that hath loosed my bands  
 Hath bound me fast to Thee.
- 10 The God of all-redeeming grace  
 My God I will proclaim,  
 Offer the sacrifice of praise,  
 And call upon His name ;  
 Render my vows unto the Lord,  
 My gratitude approve,  
 And in His people's ears record  
 The wonders of His love.
- 11 Him will I praise, the Lord of all,  
 'Midst *Zion's* festal throng,  
 And in His courts the' assembly call  
 To join the sacred song.  
 Praise Him, ye saints, the God of love,  
 Who hath my sins forgiven,  
 Till gather'd to the church above  
 We sing the songs of heaven.

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PSALM CXVII.

- 1 PRAISE the Lord, ye ransom'd nations,  
 God of universal grace ;  
 Him, with joyful acclamations,  
 All ye sons of *Adam*, praise !
- 2 Jesus, mighty to deliver,  
 Bids you all His mercy prove ;  
 Jesu's truth endures for ever,  
 Praise Him for His faithful love.
-

## PSALM CXVIII.

- 1 ALL glory to our gracious Lord !  
His love be by His church adored,  
His love eternally the same !  
His love let *Aaron's* sons confess ;  
His free and everlasting grace  
Let all that fear the Lord proclaim.
- 2 In trouble on the Lord I cried,  
And felt the pardoning word applied :  
He answer'd me in peace and power ;  
He pluck'd my soul out of the net,  
In a large place of safety set,  
And bade me go, and sin no more.
- 3 The Lord, I now can say, is mine ;  
And, confident in strength Divine,  
Nor man, nor fiends, nor flesh I fear :  
Jesus the Saviour takes my part,  
And keeps the issues of my heart :  
My Helper is for ever near.
- 4 Wherefore I soon my wish shall see  
On all who hate and strive with me ;  
My full redemption now draws nigh :  
Mine enemies shall all be slain ;  
And not one spot of sin remain,  
Its relics shall for ever die.
- 5 Better it is in God to trust,  
In God the good, the strong, the just,  
Than a false, sinful child of man ;  
Better in Jesus to confide,  
Than every other prince beside,  
Who offer all their helps in vain.

- 
- 6 His all-sufficient help I found,  
By hostile nations compass'd round,  
And Him my Saviour I proclaim :  
Hell, earth, and sin subdued I see ;  
I soon shall more than conqueror be,  
And all destroy through Jesu's name.
- 7 They kept me in on every side,—  
Satan, the world, and lust, and pride,—  
On every side they kept me in :  
Yet, through the Name on which I call,  
I surely shall destroy them all ;  
The Lord shall make an end of sin.
- 8 Begirt with hosts of enemies,  
Vexatious as thick-swarming bees ;  
Quench'd as a blaze of thorns I see  
Their fury's momentary flame ;  
I all destroy through Jesu's name,  
And live from sin for ever free.
- 9 O sin, my cruel bosom-foe !  
Oft hast thou sought my soul to' o'erthrow,  
And sorely thrust at me, in vain :  
In my defence the Saviour stood,  
Cover'd with His victorious blood,  
And arm'd my sprinkled heart again.
- 10 Righteous I am in Him, and strong ;  
He is become my joyful song,  
My Saviour and salvation too ;  
I triumph through His mighty grace ;  
And, pure in heart, shall see His face,  
And rise in Christ a creature new.

- 11 The voice of joy, and love, and praise,  
And thanks for His redeeming grace,  
Among the justified is found :  
With songs that rival those above,  
With shouts proclaiming Jesu's love,  
Both day and night their tents resound.
- 12 The Lord's right hand hath wonders wrought ;  
Above the reach of human thought,  
The Lord's right hand exalted is ;  
We see it still stretch'd out to save,  
The power of God in Christ we have,  
And Jesus is the Prince of Peace.
- 13 I shall not die in sin, but live ;  
To Christ, my Lord, the glory give,  
His miracles of grace declare ;  
When He the work of faith hath done,  
When I have put His image on  
And fruit unto perfection bear.
- 14 The Lord hath sorely chasten'd me,  
And bruised for mine iniquity ;  
Yet mercy would not give me up :  
Caught from the jaws of second death,  
Pluck'd out of the devourer's teeth,  
He bids me now rejoice in hope.
- 15 Open the gates of righteousness ;  
Receive me into Christ my Peace,  
That I His praises may record ;  
He is the Truth, the Life, the Way ;  
The portal of eternal day,  
The gate of heaven, is Christ my Lord.

- 
- 16 Through Him the just shall enter in,  
Saved to the uttermost from sin :  
    Already saved from all its power :  
The Lord my Righteousness I praise,  
And calmly wait the perfect grace,  
    When, born of God, I sin no more.
- 17 Jesus is lifted up on high ;  
Whom man refused and doom'd to die,  
    He is become the corner-stone ;  
Head of His church He lives and reigns,  
His kingdom over all maintains,  
    High on His everlasting throne.
- 18 The Lord the' amazing work hath wrought,  
Hath from the dead our Shepherd brought,  
    Revived on the third glorious day ;  
This is the day our God hath made,  
The day for sinners to be glad  
    In Him, who bears their sins away.
- 19 Thee, Lord, with joyful lips we praise :  
O send us now Thy saving grace ;  
    Make this the acceptable hour ;  
Our hearts would now receive Thee in ;  
Enter, and make an end of sin,  
    And bless us with the perfect power.
- 20 Bless us, that we may call Thee bless'd ;  
Sent down from heaven to give us rest,  
    Thy gracious Father to proclaim ;  
His sinless nature to impart,  
In every new, believing heart  
    To manifest His glorious name.

- 21 God is the Lord that shows us light ;  
 Then let us render Him His right,  
 The offering of a thankful mind :  
 Present our living sacrifice ;  
 And to His cross, in closest ties,  
 With cords of love our spirit bind.
- 22 Thou art my God, and Thee I praise ;  
 Thou art my God, I sing Thy grace,  
 And call mankind to' extol Thy name :  
 All glory to our gracious Lord !  
 His name be praised, His love adored,  
 Through all eternity the same !

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PSALM CXIX.

⌘ ALEPH. PART I.

- 1 BLESSED are the pure in heart,  
 Those who never disobey,  
 Never from their Lord depart,  
 Never leave His perfect way.  
 From all sin entirely freed,  
 Here they walk with God above ;  
 Born again, and saints indeed,  
 Fully perfected in love.
- 2 Blessed are the creatures new,  
 Who the law Divine fulfil,  
 God with all their powers pursue,  
 Answer all His holy will.  
 They in thought shall sin no more,  
 They in all His righteous ways  
 Walk, beyond the tempter's power ;  
 To the utmost saved by grace.

- 3 Thou hast charged us, Lord, to' obey  
All Thy words with all our heart ;  
From the rule we may not stray,  
May not in our thoughts depart.  
O might I through life be led  
By the unction from above,  
In Thy every statute tread,  
Keep the law by perfect love.
- 4 Then, and not before, shall I  
Stand above the reach of shame ;  
Sin and Satan's charge defy,  
Free from every touch of blame.  
When I Thy commandments keep,  
When I have respect to all,  
Then my foot shall never slip,  
Then from Thee I shall not fall.
- 5 Soon as I have learn'd Thy ways,  
With a perfect heart and pure  
Thee I shall for ever praise,  
Faithful to the end endure.  
Only keep me, Lord, till then ;  
Do not from my weakness move  
Till my soul is born again,  
Strong in all the life of love !

## □ BETH. PART II.

- 1 How shall a weak, sinful youth  
Find his conscience purified?  
Let him heed the voice of truth,  
Let him in Thy word abide.



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There the inward Guide shall meet,  
Teach his sprinkled heart to' obey,  
Back recall his starting feet,  
Lead him in the perfect way.

- 2 All my heart hath sought Thy face ;  
Do not suffer me to rove  
From Thy own appointed ways,  
From the precepts of Thy love.  
I have stood in constant awe,  
Treasured up Thy word within,  
Lest I should transgress Thy law,  
Grieve Thee by the smallest sin.
- 3 Source of happiness Thou art ;  
Me, even me, vouchsafe to bless ;  
Wisdom in Thy law impart ;  
Teach me, Lord, Thy righteous ways.  
With my lips have I declared  
All the words that came from Thine :  
Toil is *here* its own reward,  
Happiness and duty join.
- 4 In the records of Thy love  
I have found a mine of joy ;  
All my treasure is above,  
While Thy words my thoughts employ.  
Still to search Thy word of grace,  
This my sweet employ shall be ;  
Still to know Thy pleasant ways ;  
Still to love and walk in Thee.

## 3 GIMEL. PART III.

- 1 THY unworthy servant, Lord,  
With abundant grace receive ;  
That I may fulfil Thy word,  
Bid me by Thy mercy live.  
Open Thou mine inward eyes,  
From the book the veil remove,  
That I may discern the prize,  
The high prize of perfect love.
- 2 Known on earth to none but Thee,  
Here a banish'd man I roam ;  
Let me Thy commandments see,  
Show the light that guides me home.  
All their deep design reveal,  
All their inward power impart,  
'Grave them with Thy Spirit's seal  
On the tables of my heart.
- 3 Faints my soul with strong desire  
All Thy counsels to fulfil ;  
Only this I still require,—  
Let me do Thy perfect will.  
Wretched and accursed are they,  
Bruised by Thy afflictive rod,  
Who from Thy commandments stray,  
Proudly sin against their God.
- 4 Far from me, O Lord, remove  
Foul reproach and guilty shame ;  
I to keep Thy law have strove,  
I have suffer'd for Thy name.

- Mighty men and princes sat,  
Threatening, in the scorner's chair ;  
All their haughty anger's weight  
Meekly I rejoiced to bear.
- 5 Still I own'd Thee for my Lord ;  
Thee I fear'd, and Thee alone ;  
Musing in the written word,  
In the power of God went on.  
Strength, and counsel, and delight,  
By the word I still receive ;  
By the word I walk aright,  
By the word for ever live.

7 DALETH. PART IV.

- 1 To the dust my spirit cleaves,  
Quicken me, my Life, my Lord !  
Thee my humbled soul receives,  
Trembling hangs upon Thy word.  
I have all my sin declared ;  
Once Thou didst my pardon seal :  
Show me now my prayer is heard,  
Teach me now Thy perfect will.
- 2 Teach me Thy commands to do,  
So shall I proclaim Thy praise,  
Joyfully to sinners show  
All the wonders of Thy grace.  
Melts my soul, with guilt dismay'd,  
Heavy laden and oppress'd ;  
Send me, Lord, the promised aid,  
Give the weary sinner rest.

- 3 Every evil word and way  
 Far from me, O God, remove !  
 Teach my willing heart to' obey  
 All the gracious law of love.  
 I have chose the better part,  
 The true way of life Divine ;  
 Thou my only portion art ;  
 All Thy pleasure shall be mine.
- 4 Lord, I unto Thee have cleaved :  
 Put me not to endless shame,—  
 Me, who have Thy truth received,  
 Me, who all Thy promise claim !  
 Set my heart at liberty,  
 Swiftly then my soul shall move,  
 Run the way prescribed by Thee,  
 All the way of perfect love.

THE PART V.

- 1 TEACH me, Lord, the perfect way,  
 Me, who on Thy love depend ;  
 Then I in Thy laws shall stay,  
 I shall keep them to the end.  
 Wisdom from above impart ;  
 Taught according to Thy will,  
 I shall then, with all my heart,  
 All Thy kind commands fulfil.
- 2 Cause me in Thy paths to go,—  
 All my comfort and delight ;  
 All my happiness below  
 Is—with Thee to walk aright.

Set my heart on things above ;  
 Heavenward let it still aspire,  
 Far from every creature-love,  
 Far from every low desire.

3 Turn away my roving eyes  
 From beholding vanity ;  
 Let me in Thine image rise,  
 Find my hidden life in Thee.  
 O fulfil the hallowing word,  
 Perfected in filial fear ;  
 Make the servant as his Lord,  
 Holy, pure, and spotless here.

4 Turn away my dire disgrace,  
 Turn away the dreaded ill ;  
 True and righteous are Thy ways,  
 Full of love unsearchable.  
 I have long'd Thy ways to know ;  
 Quicken this dead soul of mine,  
 Wholly sanctified below,  
 Fill'd with all the life Divine.

1 VAU. PART VI.

1 SHOW me Thy salvation, Lord,  
 Visit me with pardoning grace ;  
 O be mindful of Thy word,  
 Let the promise now take place ;  
 That to him who dares upbraid  
 Boldly I may make reply,  
 "I have God my refuge made,  
 Still I on Thy word rely."

- 
- 2 The good word of truth from me  
Do not utterly remove :  
I have long'd, Thou know'st, to see,  
See, and taste Thy faithful love ;  
I have long'd to do Thy will ;  
I (if Thou vouchsafe the power)  
All Thy pleasure shall fulfil,  
Keep Thy law, and sin no more.
- 3 Following after righteousness,  
I the blessing shall attain ;  
Slavish fear and sin shall cease ;  
I shall soon be born again ;  
Walk in glorious liberty ;  
Bold to kings Thy truth proclaim,  
Tell them, they may reign like me,  
More than kings through Jesu's name.
- 4 Thee, O Lord, I will obey ;  
Thee with vast delight pursue ;  
Walking in Thy pleasant way,  
Glad Thy dear commands to do ;  
Lo ! for this I lift my hands,  
With a solemn oath approve  
All Thy merciful commands,  
All Thy gracious law of love.
- 5 Still to search the sacred word  
My delightful task shall be ;  
Waiting here to meet my Lord  
Fully manifest in me ;  
Sweetly musing day and night  
On the dear Redeemer's grace,  
Till I gain that heavenly height,  
Till I see Thee face to face.

## ‡ ZAIN. PART VII.

- 1 THEE, O Lord, the good, the just,  
True and faithful, I receive ;  
Keep Thy word, in which I trust,  
Thou who gavest me to believe ;  
Hoping for Thy promised aid,  
Comfort in my grief I find ;  
This my fainting mind hath stay'd,  
Still it stays my fainting mind.
- 2 Me the proud have greatly scorn'd ;  
Yet I still unshaken stood,  
Never from Thy statutes turn'd,  
Never left the narrow road.  
On Thine ancient works I thought,  
Look'd again the same to see ;  
Thou of old hast wonders wrought,  
Wonders Thou shalt work for me.
- 3 Fearless of the scorners' power,  
Fearful for their souls I was,  
Saw hell open to devour  
All who break Thy righteous laws :  
Lord, Thy laws my songs have been  
In my pilgrimage below,  
Kept by them from woe and sin,  
In a world of sin and woe.
- 4 Thee I have remember'd, Lord,  
Musing in the silent night,  
Loved Thy name, and kept Thy word :  
Pure and permanent delight

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I did in Thy precepts prove :  
Heaven on earth obedience is,  
Perfect liberty and love,  
Perfect power, and perfect peace.

## ¶ CHETH. PART VIII.

- 1 THOU my portion art, O Lord !  
Long-resolved through Thee I am  
To fulfil Thine every word,  
Give me but the help I claim :  
All my heart hath sought Thy face,  
Still Thy favour I implore ;  
Grant me now the promised grace,  
Bid me go and sin no more.
- 2 All my sins I call'd to mind,  
Own'd, and left them all for God ;  
Labour'd the right way to find,  
Thee with earnest zeal pursued ;  
Turn'd my feet without delay ;  
Long'd Thine utmost will to prove,  
Eager all Thy law to' obey,  
Restless to retrieve Thy love.
- 3 Spoil'd and hated for Thy sake,  
Thee I never would forego,  
Would not from Thy law turn back ;  
O my Life, my Heaven below,  
Thee I all day long will praise,  
Thee I will at midnight sing !  
True and righteous are Thy ways,  
Glory to my God and King !



- 4 Join'd to all who fear the Lord,  
 Them my dearest friends I own ;  
 Them that keep Thy holy word,  
 Saved by grace through faith alone.  
 Earth is full of love Divine ;  
 Love Divine for all is free ;  
 Teach me then the law benign ;  
 Guide, and save, and perfect me.

♫ TETH. PART IX.

- 1 LORD, Thou hast Thy word fulfill'd,  
 Good and gracious as Thou art,  
 On my heart the promise seal'd,  
 Wrote forgiveness on my heart !  
 Teach me then Thy perfect will,  
 I Thine every word receive ;  
 All Thy law in me fulfil ;  
 Lord, I dare, I dare believe.
- 2 Long I wander'd from my God  
 Till affliction call'd me back ;  
 Now I in Thy paths have trod,  
 Them I will no more forsake.  
 Good Thou art, and good Thou dost,  
 Full of truth and full of grace ;  
 Save me, Lord, to the' uttermost,  
 Teach me all Thy righteous ways.
- 3 Me the proud with lies pursued ;  
 I observed Thy precepts still,  
 Waiting in the ways of God  
 To perform Thine utmost will.

Gross and callous is their heart,  
Nothing can their hardness move ;  
But my whole delight Thou art,  
Thee and all Thy laws I love.

4 Good it is for me to' have known  
The sad lesson of distress,  
That I might my Teacher own,  
That I might my Saviour bless.  
Taught by Thine afflictive hand,  
Now I know Thy law to' obey ;  
Now I clearly understand  
Suffering is the perfect way.

5 Truth and grace unsearchable  
In the sacred volume shine :  
Who the worth immense can tell  
Of that oracle Divine ?  
Precious are Thy sayings, Lord !  
What a depth in each I see !  
What a treasure is Thy word !  
More than all the world to me !

• JOD. PART X.

1 THOU, O Lord, my Maker art ;  
Mould and fashion Thy own clay ;  
Give me a wise and docile heart ;  
Teach Thy creature to obey.  
Then the servants of my Lord  
Me, with holy joy, shall see ;  
Me, who hang upon Thy word ;  
Me, who only trust in Thee.

- 2 Just and right are all Thy ways,  
By affliction taught, I know ;  
Faithful to Thy word of grace,  
Thou hast laid my spirit low.  
Lord, I in Thy promise hope :  
All Thy mercy I implore ;  
Let Thy mercy lift me up,  
Lift me up to fall no more.
- 3 Visit me in tender love,  
For Thy law is my delight ;  
Fain I all Thy life would prove,  
Walk accepted in Thy sight.  
Put my haughty foes to shame ;  
Men of hearts perverse are they ;  
But I ever fear Thy name,  
Ever in Thy statutes stay.
- 4 Those that have Thy precepts known,  
Those that fear and worship Thee,  
Turn and gather into one,  
Join them to Thyself and me.  
Make my heart, like theirs, sincere,  
That I may triumphant rise,  
Bold before my Judge appear,  
Claim my mansion in the skies.

## ▷ CAPH. PART XI.

- 1 WEARY, faint, through long delay,  
Waiting for Thy saving love,  
On Thy word my soul I stay,  
Trust Thine utmost grace to prove :

- Fail mine eyes with looking up,  
Long Thy promises to see ;  
When, Thou Object of my love,  
Wilt Thou come and comfort me ?
- 2 Shrivell'd and dried up am I ;  
Yet Thy law I do not leave ;  
"Lord, how long," I ever cry,  
"Shall Thy helpless servant grieve ?  
When shall all my griefs be past ?  
When shall all my sins be o'er ?  
Judge and slay my foes at last,  
Make me more than conqueror."
- 3 Sinners have Thy law broke through,  
My unwary soul to' ensnare ;  
Yet Thy laws are good and true,  
True their awful sanctions are :  
Me the persecuting foe  
Is still ready to devour ;  
Help me, Lord, my sins o'erthrow,  
Save me from the tempter's power.
- 4 Here my soul had almost fail'd,  
Sunk into the burning pit ;  
But I still Thy precepts held,  
Would not Thy commands forget.  
Give me now Thy life to feel,  
Quicken this dead soul of mine,  
So I shall perform Thy will,  
All Thy will in love Divine.

## LAMED. PART XII.

- 1 FAITHFUL, everlasting Lord,  
Standard of all truth and good !  
Thy invariable word  
From eternity hath stood ;  
To eternity it stands :  
This fair universal frame,  
'Stablish'd by almighty hands,  
Speaks its great Creator's fame.
- 2 Such as Thou didst first ordain,  
Heaven and earth continue still ;  
Still Thy word doth all sustain,  
All obey Thy sovereign will.  
Had I not with joy abode  
In the word of truth and grace,  
I had sunk beneath my load,  
I had never seen Thy face.
- 3 From the precepts of Thy law  
Never will I, Lord, depart ;  
They have kept my soul in awe,  
They have comforted my heart.  
Save me, Lord, for I am Thine ;  
I have all Thy precepts sought,  
Long'd to keep the law Divine,  
Spotless both in word and thought.
- 4 Sinners have beset my way,  
Sought my ruin to ensure ;  
But I in Thy precepts stay,  
Here I stand and walk secure.

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All of excellence beside  
Here I see its doom receives ;  
But Thy word shall still abide,  
But Thy word for ever lives.

## D MEM. PART XIII.

- 1 How do I Thy precepts love !  
Musing on Thy word all day,  
Through the sacred leaves I rove ;  
Here I could for ever stay.  
Wiser than mine enemies  
I through Thy commandments am ;  
Kept thereby in perfect peace,  
All Thy promises I claim.
- 2 More than all my teachers I,  
Through Thy testimonies, know ;  
I to these my heart apply,  
Let all other knowledge go.  
Wiser than ungracious age  
I, who in Thy statutes tread,  
Guided by the sacred page,  
Virtue is the hoary head.
- 3 I from every evil way  
Have refrain'd my wary feet,  
That I might Thy word obey,  
Might to all Thy will submit.  
I have not Thy paths forsook ;  
Thou Thyself hast been my Guide,  
Kept me by the sacred book,  
Made me in Thy word abide.

- 4 O what manna in Thy word !  
 O what vast delight I meet !  
 When I taste my gracious Lord,  
 Honey is not half so sweet.  
 Heavenly wisdom here I gain,  
 Walking in Thy word with Thee,  
 Every evil way disdain ;  
 Thou art all in all to me.

3 NUN. PART XIV.

- 1 LORD, Thy word's unerring light  
 As a lamp my path doth show,  
 Guides my steady feet aright ;  
 Every one that doth shall know.  
 I have sworn to do Thy will ;  
 Through Thine all-sufficient grace,  
 I shall all my vows fulfil,  
 Shall fulfil all righteousness.
- 2 Troubled and distress'd I am ;  
 O be mindful of Thy word !  
 Grant the promised help I claim,  
 Speak me now to life restored.  
 Thanks for all Thy former grace  
 From a willing heart receive ;  
 Still instruct me in Thy ways,  
 Bid me to Thy glory live.
- 3 Lord, my life is in my hand,  
 Ever sinking into hell ;  
 Yet I in Thy precepts stand,  
 In the paths of duty dwell.

Me the world hath sought to' ensnare,  
Joining with my treacherous heart ;  
Yet from Thee I did not err,  
Would not from Thy statutes start.

- 4 I have Thy commandments took  
For my heritage below ;  
From the volume of Thy book  
All my joys and comforts flow.  
In obedience to Thy will  
I have long'd my life to spend,  
All Thy statutes to fulfil,  
Serve and love Thee to the end.

□ SAMECH. PART XV.

- 1 EVERY evil thought and vain,  
Lord, Thou know'st, I disapprove ;  
Sin with all my heart disdain ;  
Only Thy pure law I love.  
Thou my shield on every side,  
Thou my sure asylum art ;  
In Thy promise I confide,  
Will not from Thy word depart.
- 2 Sinners, hence ! be far away,  
Ye that evil paths pursue !  
I will only God obey,  
I will His commandments do.  
Hold my feeble goings up ;  
Lord, Thy promise I receive,  
I shall then obtain my hope,  
Free from sin for ever live.



- 3 O support me with Thy hand,  
 And I then shall walk secure,  
 Keep Thy every kind command,  
 Faithful to the end endure !  
 All who from Thy statutes stray  
 Thou, in wrath, hast trodden down ;  
 False, deceitful souls are they ;  
 They and wickedness are one.
- 4 Them Thou dost as dross at last  
 From the face of earth remove :  
 Therefore will I hold Thee fast,  
 Thee and Thy commandments love.  
 Thee, with reverential fear,  
 Just and merciful I see,  
 Tremble at Thy judgments near,  
 Triumph in Thy grace to me.

Y AIN. PART XVI.

- 1 LORD, Thou know'st my uprightness ;  
 I to all have justly done ;  
 Suffer not my foes to' oppress  
 One that hurts and injures none.  
 Answer for Thy servant, Thou ;  
 Let not haughty men devour ;  
 Save mine innocency now ;  
 Snatch me from the' oppressor's power.
- 2 Fail mine eyes with looking up  
 Thy salvation here to see ;  
 Still I for the promise hope ;  
 All the promise is for me.

With Thy meanest servant, Lord,  
Deal according to Thy grace ;  
O fulfil Thy faithful word,  
Teach me all Thy righteous ways !

- 3 Only Thee I serve below ;  
Grant me wisdom from above,  
That I may Thy statutes know,  
Know Thee by obedient love.  
Lord, 'tis time to' apply Thy hand :  
Sinners cry, " It cannot be ;  
God who gave the vain command,  
Cannot keep it all in me."
- 4 Therefore will I love Thee more ;  
All Thy dear commandments prize,  
An inestimable store,  
Good they are, and right, and wise ;  
Practicable all through Thee,  
I shall find the perfect power ;  
See them all fulfill'd in me,  
Live renew'd, and sin no more.

## D PE. PART XVII.

- 1 WONDERFUL Thy statutes are ;  
Therefore doth my soul regard,  
Keep them with an awful care,  
Find them here my great reward.  
Soon as e'er Thy word takes place,  
Light it doth and wisdom give ;  
Then the children learn Thy ways,  
Then the simple hearts believe.

- 2 Lord, I have with strong desire  
 Panted to obey Thy will,  
 Give Thee all Thy laws require,  
 All Thy gracious words fulfil.  
 I Thy promised mercy claim ;  
 See me, with compassion see !  
 Join to those who love Thy name,  
 Perfect all Thy love in me !
- 3 Help me in Thy steps to tread,  
 Let not sin dominion have,  
 Till Thou make me free indeed,  
 Till Thou to the utmost save.  
 Save me from the world and sin,  
 So will I Thy precepts do,  
 When Thy law is wrote within,  
 When I am a creature new.
- 4 Lord, I am and will be Thine ;  
 Show me Thy enlightening grace,  
 Cause on me Thy face to shine,  
 Teach me all Thy righteousness :  
 Teach the souls o'er whom I weep,  
 For whose sins mine eyes o'erflow ;  
 O that all Thy law would keep !  
 O that all Thy love would know !

‡ TZADDI. PART XVIII.

- 1 SOVEREIGN, everlasting Lord,  
 Thou art perfect righteousness ;  
 Pure is Thine unerring word,  
 Upright are Thy high decrees :

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Righteous all Thy statutes are ;  
Thee “ the Merciful ” they prove,  
Thee “ the Faithful ” they declare,  
Full of truth, and full of love.

- 2 Swallow'd up with fervent zeal  
My presumptuous foes I see,  
Who against my God rebel,  
Slight the law prescribed by Thee.  
Holy is Thy word and right ;  
Therefore doth my heart embrace,  
Loves it with a pure delight,  
Freely, joyfully obeys.
- 3 Small I am in mine own eyes,  
Poor and despicably low ;  
Yet I still Thy precepts prize,  
Will not from Thy statutes go :  
Truth and righteousness Divine  
Essence of Thy precepts is ;—  
Truth which shall through ages shine,  
Everlasting righteousness.
- 4 Pain, and anguish, and affright  
Oft my troubled soul assail ;  
Yet Thy law is my delight,  
Stays when all my comforts fail :  
Never can Thy word remove ;  
Thou the heavenly wisdom give ;  
I shall then be saved by love,  
Free from sin for ever live.

## P KOPH. PART XIX.

- 1 HEAR me, O my gracious Lord!  
 "Help," with all my heart I cried;  
 "Fix'd I am to keep Thy word,  
 Save me, or my goings slide!  
 Save me," still I cried to Thee,  
 "Save me from the tempter's will;  
 I shall then the promise see,  
 I shall all Thy law fulfil."
- 2 Thee, before the dawn of day,  
 Hath my eager soul pursued,  
 Cried, and waited in the way,  
 Hoped for my redeeming God.  
 To behold Thy lovely face  
 Many a sleepless night I mourn,  
 Musing on the word of grace,  
 Watching for my Lord's return.
- 3 Hear me, Lord, in tender love,  
 Good and gracious as Thou art;  
 All the death of sin remove,  
 Quicken this poor drooping heart.  
 They that hunt my soul draw nigh,  
 Full of mischievous design,  
 Bold Thy threatenings to defy,  
 Trampers on Thy law Divine.
- 4 But Thou nearer art, O Lord!  
 True Thy every precept is;  
 Sure is the annex'd reward,  
 Sure the dreadful penalties.

Damn'd are they that disbelieve,  
Thou hast fix'd the firm decree ;  
Saved, whoe'er the truth receive,  
Saved to all eternity !

## 7 RESH. PART XX.

- 1 SEE and save me in distress !  
Lo ! on Thee my soul I stay,  
Looking for Thy kind release,  
Longing all Thy law to' obey !  
O my dear redeeming Lord,  
Plead my cause with God above ;  
Mindful of Thy gracious word,  
Quicken me by faith and love !
- 2 Strangers to Thy saving grace,  
They who cast Thy laws behind,  
Sinners will not seek Thy face,—  
Thee, while all who seek, may find.  
But Thy grace for all is free :  
Lord, Thy proffer I receive,  
Show Thy faithfulness on me,  
Bid me by Thy mercy live.
- 3 Sin, the world, and hell oppose  
This weak, helpless soul of mine ;  
Safe I walk through all my foes,  
Do not from Thy paths decline.  
Sinners I with pity saw,  
Grieved for their iniquity,  
Wretches that transgress'd Thy law,  
Fled from happiness and Thee.

- 4 How do I Thy precepts love !  
 My desires to Thee are known :  
 All Thy life I long to prove ;  
 Save me by Thy grace alone.  
 Lives the promise of Thy grace,  
 Stood from the beginning sure,  
 Every word of righteousness  
 Shall from age to age endure.

⚔ SCHIN. PART XXI.

- 1 PRINCES have, with cruel rage,  
 Causelessly my soul pursued ;  
 Resting on the sacred page,  
 I could only look to God.  
 Fill'd with reverential awe,  
 Still I in Thy word confide ;  
 Fearing to transgress Thy law,  
 Nothing can I fear beside.
- 2 Joyful at Thy word, as one  
 That hath found a precious store,  
 There I search for bliss unknown,  
 Every other quest give o'er.  
 Hating all deceitful ways,  
 I Thy law with joy approve,  
 Offer Thee continual praise,  
 Bless Thee for Thy faithful love.
- 3 They that in Thy law delight,  
 Kept in perfect peace below,  
 Stand unshaken, by Thy might ;  
 Nothing shall their steps o'erthrow.

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I have languish'd for Thy grace,  
Grace that makes salvation known ;  
Kept me in Thy righteous ways,  
Gladly Thy commandments done.

- 4 Every word enjoin'd by Thee  
Joyfully my soul approved,  
With unfeign'd sincerity  
All Thy testimonies loved.  
All my ways are in Thy sight,  
I on Thee alone depend ;  
Lord, direct my goings right,  
Lead and save me to the end !

## ♩ TAU. PART XXII.

- 1 LORD, regard my earnest cry,  
Hear me from Thy holy place ;  
Give me the enlighten'd eye,  
Guide me by Thy promised grace !  
O accept my humble prayer,  
Bring the promised succours in ;  
Save me from the fowler's snare,  
Save me from the world and sin !
- 2 Me when Thou hast taught Thy way,  
By the unction from above,  
I Thy glory shall display,  
Show the wonders of Thy love ;  
Joyfully Thy name declare,  
Never from Thy praises cease ;  
Righteous all Thy judgments are,  
True are all Thy promises.



- 3 Reach me out Thy helping hand ;  
 I have chose the better part,  
 Loved Thine every kind command,  
 Long'd to keep them, from my heart.  
 I have Thy salvation sought,  
 Happy could I do Thy will,  
 Pure in deed, and word, and thought,  
 Could I all Thy law fulfil.
- 4 Let me in Thine image live,  
 Fully by Thy word restore ;  
 Thee I then Thine own shall give,  
 Love and praise Thee evermore.  
 Fain I would Thy statutes keep,  
 Spotless as my Master be ;  
 Jesus, seek Thy wandering sheep,  
 Make me all-complete in Thee.

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 PSALM CXX.

- 1 To God in trouble I applied,  
 And He redress'd my wrong :  
 "Save me from lying lips," I cried,  
 "And a deceitful tongue."
- 2 Thou man of double tongue and heart !  
 Expect thy fearful hire !  
 The mighty God His wrath shall dart,  
 And set thy soul on fire.
- 3 But woe is me ! constrain'd to dwell  
 With human savages !  
 Their tongues are set on fire of hell,  
 They hate the thoughts of peace.

- 4 They dare the anger of the skies,  
 Evil return for good ;  
 And, when I speak of peace, they rise  
 And vow to drink my blood.

PSALM CXXI.

- 1 To the hills I lift mine eyes,  
 The everlasting hills ;  
 Streaming thence in fresh supplies  
 My soul the Spirit feels.  
 Will He not His help afford ?  
 Help, while yet I ask is given :  
 God comes down ; the God and Lord  
 That made both earth and heaven.
- 2 Faithful soul, pray always ; pray,  
 And still in God confide :  
 He thy feeble steps shall stay,  
 Nor suffer thee to slide :  
 Lean on thy Redeemer's breast ;  
 He thy quiet spirit keeps,  
 Rest in Him, securely rest ;  
 Thy Watchman never sleeps.
- 3 Neither sin, nor earth, nor hell  
 Thy Keeper can surprise ;  
 Careless slumber cannot steal  
 On His all-seeing eyes :  
 He is *Israel's* sure defence ;  
*Israel* all His care shall prove,  
 Kept by watchful providence,  
 And ever-waking love.

- 
- 4 See the Lord thy Keeper stand,  
 Omnipotently near :  
 Lo ! He holds thee by thy hand,  
 And banishes thy fear ;  
 Shadows with His wings thy head,  
 Guards from all impending harms ;  
 Round thee and beneath are spread  
 The everlasting arms.
- 5 Thee in evil's scorching day  
 The sun shall never smite ;  
 Thee the moon's malignest ray  
 Shall never blast by night.  
 Safe from known or secret foes,  
 Free from sin and Satan's thrall,  
 God, when flesh, earth, hell oppose,  
 Shall keep thee safe from all.
- 6 Christ shall bless thy going out,  
 Shall bless thy coming in ;  
 Kindly compass thee about,  
 Till thou art saved from sin ;  
 Like thy spotless Master thou,  
 Fill'd with wisdom, love, and power,  
 Holy, pure, and perfect now,  
 Henceforth and evermore.
- 

## PSALM CXXII.

- 1 O HOW overjoy'd was I,  
 When the solemn hour drew nigh !  
 Summon'd to the house of prayer,  
 Flew my soul to worship there.

- 2 "Come," my cheerful brethren said,  
 "Let us go with holy speed ;  
 Let us haste with one accord  
 To the temple of our Lord :
- 3 "Running at His kind command,  
 There our ready feet shall stand,  
 Still within the sacred gate  
 Will we for His mercy wait ;
- 4 "Love the channels of His grace,  
 Reverence the hallow'd place,  
 Where our Lord records His name ;  
 Stay we in *Jerusalem*."
- 5 God hath built His church below,  
 Labour'd all His art to show ;  
 Each with each the parts agree,  
 Framed in perfect symmetry.
- 6 There the chosen tribes go up,  
 Testify their gospel-hope,  
 Praise and bless the' Incarnate Word,  
 Shout the name of Christ their Lord !
- 7 There are *Aaron's* mitred sons,  
 There the apostolic thrones ;  
*Moses'* legislative chair,  
 God's great hierarchy is there.
- 8 Pray, my friends, and never cease,  
 Wrestle on for *Sion's* peace :  
 Make her still your pious care,  
 On your hearts for ever bear.
- 9 Hail the venerable name,  
 Lovely, dear *Jerusalem* !  
 Thee who bless shall blessed be,  
 Prosper for their love to thee.

- 10 Dwell within thy ramparts peace,  
 Plenty deck thy palaces ;  
 Jesus send thee from above  
 All the treasures of His love !
- 11 For my friends' and brethren's sake,  
 Thee my dearest charge I make ;  
*England's* desolate Church be mine !  
*Sion*, all my soul be thine !
- 12 O thou temple of my God,  
 For thy sake I spend my blood,  
 Longing here thy rise to see,  
 Glad to live and die for thee.

---

 PSALM CXXIII.

- 1 O THOU that on Thine heavenly throne  
 Dost undisturb'd for ever reign !  
 To Thee a worm of earth I groan,  
 To Thee I lift my eyes in pain ;  
 And weary of my burden pray  
 Thy love to take this curse away.
- 2 As servants whom their lords chastise  
 Beneath the scourge impatient stand,  
 So on the Lord we turn our eyes,  
 And wait till mercy stops His hand ;  
 Till all His grievous plagues remove,  
 And angry justice yields to love.
- 3 Have mercy, Lord ! the world restrain ;  
 The wicked is a scourge of Thine.  
 Crush'd by the pride of carnal man,  
 Dire instrument of wrath Divine,

Our soul in helpless misery lies,  
And only Thou canst bid us rise.

- 4 Contemn'd and hated for Thy cause,  
Thy only favour we implore ;  
Strengthen us to endure the cross  
Till all their tyranny is o'er,  
Till Christ with our reward come down,  
And every sufferer takes his crown.

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PSALM CXXIV.

- 1 HAD not the Lord for *Israel* stood  
When men and fiends against us rose,  
Stretch'd out His hand, and stemm'd the flood,  
And stopp'd the fury of our foes,  
Our foes had swallow'd up their prey,  
And torn our shield and souls away.
- 2 Had not the Lord, we now may cry,  
Appear'd His people to sustain ;  
The threatening floods, that dash'd the sky,  
Had whirl'd us down to hell again ;  
O'erwhelm'd us in the gulf beneath,  
And plunged our souls in endless death.
- 3 But God hath quell'd their angry pride,  
And kept us in our evil hour :  
His name be bless'd and glorified !  
He hath not left us to their power ;  
His word restrain'd their lawless will,  
And bade the raging sea be still.

- 4 He pluck'd the prey out of their teeth ;  
 Our souls have 'scaped the fowler's snare,  
 Broke through the toils of sin and death ;  
 And lo ! our Helper we declare,  
 The Lord of heaven and earth proclaim,  
 And bless the' almighty Jesu's name.

---

 PSALM CXXV.

- 1 WHO in the Lord confide,  
 And feel His sprinkled blood,  
 In storms and hurricanes abide  
 Firm as the mount of God :  
 Steadfast, and fix'd, and sure,  
 His *Sion* cannot move ;  
 His faithful people stand secure  
 In Jesu's guardian love.
- 2 As round *Jerusalem*  
 The hilly bulwarks rise,  
 So God protects and covers them  
 From all their enemies :  
 On every side He stands,  
 And for His *Israel* cares ;  
 And safe in His almighty hands  
 Their souls for ever bears.
- 3 For, lo ! the reign of hell  
 And hellish men is o'er ;  
 They can persuade, they can compel,  
 The just to sin no more :  
 To devils, men, or sin,  
 They need no more give place,  
 Nor ever touch the thing unclean  
 When cleansed by pardoning grace.

- 4 But let them still abide  
 In Thee, all-gracious Lord,  
 Till every soul is sanctified  
 And perfectly restored.  
 The men of heart sincere  
 Continue to defend,  
 And do them good, and save them here,  
 And love them to the end.
- 5 Who to their sins draw back,  
 And love again to stray,  
 The narrow path of life forsake.  
 And thron'g the spacious way,  
 Back to their vomit turn,  
 And fall from pardoning grace ;  
 The Lord to punish them hath sworn,  
 And drive them from His face.
- 6 But peace, and power, and love  
 Shall *Israel's* portion be ;  
 They all His promises shall prove,  
 And all His goodness see ;  
 Holy and pure in heart  
 Obtain the perfect power :  
 They can no more from God depart  
 When they can sin no more.

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PSALM CXXVI.

- 1 WHEN our redeeming Lord  
 Pronounced the pardoning word,  
 Turn'd our soul's captivity,  
 O what sweet surprise we found !  
 Wonder ask'd, " And can it be ?"  
 Scarce believed the welcome sound.



- 2       “ And is it not a dream ?  
          And are we saved through Him ? ”  
      “ Yes, ” our bounding heart replied ;  
          “ Yes, ” broke out our tuneful tongue,  
      “ Freely we are justified ;  
          This the new, the gospel-song ! ”
- 3       The heathen, too, could see  
          Our glorious liberty :  
All our foes were forced to own,  
      “ God for them hath wonders wrought : ”  
Wonders He for us hath done,  
      From the house of bondage brought.
- 4       To us our gracious God  
          His pardoning love hath show'd ;  
Now our joyful souls are free  
      From the guilt and power of sin ;  
Greater things we soon shall see,  
      We shall soon be pure within.
- 5       Turn us again, O Lord,  
          Pronounce the second word !  
Loose our hearts, and let us go  
      Down the Spirit's fullest flood,  
Freely to the Fountain flow,  
      All be swallow'd up in God.
- 6       Who for Thy coming wait,  
          And wail their lost estate,  
Poor, and sad, and empty still,  
      Who for full redemption weep,  
They shall Thy appearing feel,  
      Sow in tears, in joy to reap.
- 7       Who seed immortal bears,  
          And wets his path with tears,

Doubtless he shall soon return,  
Bring his sheaves with vast increase,  
Fully of the Spirit born,  
Perfected in holiness!

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## PSALM CXXVII.

- 1 EXCEPT the house Jehovah raise,  
Fruitless is all the builder's care ;  
Except Jehovah guard the place,  
In vain the watch is station'd there :  
Nothing without His hand is done ;  
To make and keep are God's alone.
- 2 In vain your labour ye repeat  
From earliest dawn to latest night,  
The bread of care and sorrow eat ;  
'Tis God who grants the true delight,  
And gives His people food and rest,  
And makes them in His blessing bless'd.
- 3 His blessing makes the mother bear ;  
The issue of the womb is His ;  
The gift of God your children are ;  
He bids your little ones increase :  
Receive them as your faith's reward,  
Their heavenly Father is the Lord.
- 4 As arrows in the giant's hand,  
Fly the bold youths to your defence ;  
Or in the gate your champions stand,  
And drive the furious battle thence :  
Happy the man who gladly owns  
His guardians were his pious sons!

- 5 Happy the man who always sees  
 The Source from whence his blessings flow,  
 His life, his safety, and his peace,  
 His every comfort here below ;  
 Who takes them as by heaven bestow'd,  
 And looks through all his gifts to God.

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PSALM CXXVIII.

- 1 BLESS'D is the man that fears the Lord,  
 And walks in all His ways ;  
 An earnest of his great reward  
 On earth his Master pays.
- 2 Thou shalt not spend thy strength in vain  
 For perishable food ;  
 Thy Father shall His own sustain,  
 And fill thy soul with good.
- 3 Happy in Him thy soul shall be,  
 And on His fulness feed ;  
 Jesus, who came from heaven for thee,  
 Shall be thy living Bread.
- 4 Thy wife shall as the fruitful vine  
 Her blooming offspring show ;  
 Thy children shall be God's, not thine,  
 His pleasant plants below :
- 5 Around thy plenteous table spread  
 Like olive-branches fair,  
 Heavenward they in thy steps shall tread,  
 And meet their parents there.
- 6 Thus shall the man be bless'd who owns  
 His Maker for his Lord :  
 Or doubly bless'd with better sons  
 Begotten by the word.

- 7 The children of thy faith and prayer  
 Thy joyful eyes shall see ;  
 Shall see the prosperous church, and share  
 In her prosperity.
- 8 *Sion* again shall lift her head,  
 And flourish all thy days ;  
 Thy soul shall see the faithful seed,  
 And bless the rising race.
- 9 Fill'd with abiding peace Divine,  
 With *Israel's* blessing bless'd,  
 Thou then the church above shalt join,  
 And gain the heavenly rest.

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PSALM CXXIX.

- 1 MANY a time, may *Israel* say,  
 My foes have furiously assail'd,  
 And vex'd me from my natal day,  
 But never, never yet prevail'd ;  
 Nor could the gates of hell o'erthrow  
 The church on Jesus built below.
- 2 The ploughers plough'd upon my back  
 Till all my body was one wound,  
 Nor could they the foundation shake ;  
 A seed, a remnant, still was found,  
 Preserved by their almighty Lord,  
 Kept by His everlasting word.
- 3 The Lord, the righteous Lord and true,  
 Turn'd our captivity again,  
 The cords of wickedness broke through.  
 And burst the dire oppressors' chain :  
 And still who *Sion* hate shall fly,  
 And stumble, and for ever die.

- 4 As grass on the house-top decays,  
 Nor ever fills the mower's breast,  
 But withers in a moment's space,  
 And perishes unrep'd, unbles'd ;  
 So shall the foes of *Sion* fade,  
 And vanish as a fleeting shade.

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 PSALM CXXX.\*

- 1 OUT of the deeps to Thee, O Lord,  
 I make my mournful cry ;  
 Incline Thine ear unto my voice,  
 Thy ready help apply.
- 2 Who may the trial, Lord, abide,  
 If Thou shouldst be severe ?  
 But pardoning love with Thee is found,  
 And, for we hope, we fear.
- 3 I wait for God, my soul doth wait,  
 And in His word I trust :  
 His word He surely shall fulfil,  
 And raise me from the dust.
- 4 In death's uncomfortable shade  
 I to the Lord will cry ;  
 Till the day dawn upon my soul,  
 And Day-Star from on high.
- 5 How doth the whole creation groan,  
 To see that happy day ;  
 To be renew'd, when sin, and pain,  
 And death no more shall stay !

\* The second version of this Psalm, referred to in Vol. II., p. 8, as published in 1741, is adapted from that of Phineas Fletcher, and is therefore omitted here. Another and very superior version will be found in Vol. I., p. 255.

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- 6 O *Israel*, on the' almighty Lord  
Thy whole affiance place ;  
How good, how plentiful is He  
In kind redeeming grace.

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PSALM CXXXI.

- 1 LORD, if Thou the grace impart,  
Poor in spirit, meek in heart,  
I shall as my Master be,  
Rooted in humility.
- 2 From the time that Thee I know,  
Nothing shall I seek below,  
Aim at nothing great or high,  
Lowly both my heart and eye.
- 3 Simple, teachable, and mild,  
Awed into a little child,  
Quiet now without my food,  
Wean'd from every creature-good.
- 4 Hangs my new-born soul on Thee,  
Kept from all idolatry,  
Nothing wants beneath, above,  
Happy, happy in Thy love !
- 5 O that all might seek and find  
Every good in Jesus join'd !  
Him let *Israel* still adore,  
Trust Him, praise Him evermore !
-

## PSALM CXXXII.

- 1 REMEMBER, Lord, the pious zeal  
Of every soul that cleaves to Thee,  
The troubles for Thy sake they feel,  
Their eager hopes Thy house to see ;  
Their vows to cry, and never rest,  
Till Thou art in Thy church adored,  
And dwell'st in every faithful breast,  
And count'st them worthy of their Lord.
- 2 We too the joyful sound have heard,—  
That God is coming to His place,  
Here in the wilderness prepared ;  
Our Lord His ruin'd church shall raise :  
For this our willing soul shall go,  
And lowly at His footstool lie,  
Where'er His tent is pitch'd below,  
And for a glorious temple cry.
- 3 Arise, O Lord, into Thy rest,  
Thou, and Thy ark of perfect power !  
God over all, for ever bless'd,  
Thee, Jesus, let our hearts adore !  
Thy priests be clothed with righteousness,  
Thy praise their happy lives employ,  
The saints in Thee their all possess,  
And shout the sons of God for joy !
- 4 O for Thy love, Thy Jesu's sake,  
Us, Thine anointed ones, receive,  
In the Beloved accepted make,  
And bid us to Thy glory live.

- The Lord hath sworn in righteousness,  
And seal'd the covenant with His Son,  
"I will Thy faithful seed increase,  
And 'stablish them on *David's* throne.
- 5 "If in My word Thy children stay,  
And in their Saviour's footsteps tread,  
The glorious gospel-truth obey,  
The truth shall make them free indeed ;  
Renew'd and sanctified by grace,  
The pillars shall no more remove,  
A holy, chosen, perfect race,  
Enthroned in everlasting love."
- 6 For lo ! the Lord a seed hath chose  
His grace and glory to display,  
His own peculiar people those  
Whoe'er the gospel-call obey.  
" *Sion*," He saith, " My rest shall be,  
The faithful shall My presence feel ;  
I long for all who long for Me,  
And will in them for ever dwell.
- 7 "I will increase their gracious store,  
My *Sion* every moment feed,  
And satisfy the hungry poor,  
And fill their souls with living bread ;  
With garments of salvation deck  
Her priests, and clothe with robes of praise ;  
Her saints their joy aloud shall speak,  
And shout My all-sufficient grace.
- 8 "There shall the horn of *David* bud,  
There I have set the lamp Divine ;  
The wisdom and the power of God  
In Mine anointed Son shall shine :



*Messias* on My throne shall sit  
 Supreme till all His foes are slain ;  
 Till death expires beneath His feet  
 The sinner's Advocate shall reign."

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PSALM CXXXIII.\*

- 1 BEHOLD how good a thing  
 It is to dwell in peace !  
 How pleasing to our King  
 This fruit of righteousness,  
 When brethren all in one agree !  
 Who knows the joys of unity ?
- 2 When all are sweetly join'd,  
 (True followers of the Lamb,)  
 The same in heart and mind,  
 And think and speak the same,  
 And all in love together dwell,  
 The comfort is unspeakable.
- 3 Where unity takes place,  
 The joys of heaven we prove ;  
 This is the gospel-grace,  
 The unction from above,  
 The Spirit on all believers shed,  
 Descending swift from Christ our Head.
- 4 Where unity is found,  
 The sweet anointing grace  
 Extends to all around,  
 And consecrates the place ;  
 To every waiting soul it comes,  
 And fills it with Divine perfumes.

\* First published in "Hymns and Sacred Poems," 1742.  
 Compare Vol. II., p. 236.

- 
- 5 Jesus, our great High Priest,  
 For us the gift received ;  
 For us and all the rest,  
 Who have in Him believed ;  
 Forth from our Head the blessing goes,  
 And all His seamless coat o'erflows.
- 6 On all His chosen ones  
 The precious oil comes down :  
 It runs, and as it runs,  
 It ever will run on,  
 Even to His skirts—the meanest name  
 That longs to love the bleeding Lamb.
- 7 From *Aaron's* beard it rolls,  
 (Those nearest to His face,)  
 The humble, trembling souls  
 Who feebly sue for grace :  
 I know the grace for all is free,  
 For, lo ! it reaches now to me.
- 8 Grace every morning new,  
 And every night, we feel,  
 The soft refreshing dew  
 That falls from *Hermon's* hill :  
 On *Sion* it doth sweetly fall ;  
 The grace of One descends on all.
- 9 Even now our Lord doth pour  
 The blessing from above,  
 A kindly, gracious shower  
 Of heart-reviving love,  
 The former and the latter rain,  
 The love of God and love of man.

- 10 In Him when brethren join,  
 And follow after peace,  
 The fellowship Divine  
 He promises to bless,  
 His chiefest graces to bestow,  
 Where two or three are met below.
- 11 The riches of His grace  
 In fellowship are given,  
 To *Sion's* chosen race,  
 The citizens of heaven ;  
 He fills them with His choicest store,  
 He gives them life for evermore.

---

 PSALM CXXXIV.

- 1 YE servants of God, Whose diligent care  
 Is ever employ'd In watching and prayer,  
 With praises unceasing Your Jesus proclaim,  
 Rejoicing and blessing His excellent name.
- 2 'Tis Jesus commands, Come all to His house,  
 And lift up your hands, And pay Him your vows ;  
 And while you are giving Your Maker His due,  
 The Lord out of heaven Shall sanctify you.

---

 PSALM CXXXVII.

- 1 FAST by the *Babylonish* tide,  
 (The tide our sorrows made o'erflow,)  
 We dropp'd our weary limbs, and cried,  
 In deep distress at *Sion's* woe ;  
 Her we bewail'd in speechless groans,  
 In bondage with her captive sons.

- 2 Our harps, no longer vocal now,  
    We cast aside untuned, unstrung,  
    Forgot them pendant on the bough :  
    Let meaner sorrows find a tongue !  
    Silent we sat, and scorn'd relief,  
    In all the majesty of grief.
- 3 In vain our haughty lords required  
    A song of *Sion's* sacred strain :—  
    “ Sing us a song your God inspired.”  
    How shall our souls exult in pain ?  
    How shall the mournful exiles sing,  
    While bond-slaves to a foreign king ?
- 4 *Jerusalem*, dear hallow'd name,  
    Thee if I ever less desire,  
    If less distress'd for thee I am,  
    Let my right hand forget its lyre.  
    All its harmonious strains forego,  
    When heedless of a mother's woe !
- 5 O *England's* desolate Church ! if thee,  
    Though desolate, I remember not,  
    Let me, so lost to piety,  
    Be lost myself, and clean forgot !  
    Cleave to the roof my speechless tongue,  
    When *Sion* is not all my song !
- 6 Let life itself with language fail,  
    For thee when I forbear to mourn :  
    Nay, but I will for ever wail,  
    Till God thy captive state shall turn ;  
    Let this my every breath employ,  
    To grieve for thee be all my joy !

- 7 O for the weeping prophet's strains,  
The depth of sympathetic woe !  
I live to gather thy remains,  
For thee my tears and blood shall flow ;  
My heart amidst the ruin lies,  
And only in thy rise I rise !
8. Remember, Lord, the cruel pride  
Of *Edom* in our evil day :  
“ Down with it to the ground ! ” they cried,  
“ Let none the tottering ruin stay !  
Let none the sinking church restore,  
But let it fall to rise no more ! ”
- 9 Surely our God shall vengeance take  
On those that gloried in our fall ;  
He a full end of sin shall make,  
Of all that held our souls in thrall.  
O *Babylon*, thy day shall come ;  
Prepare to meet thy final doom !
- 10 Happy the man that sees in thee  
The mystic *Babylon* within ;  
And, fill'd with holy cruelty,  
Disdains to spare the smallest sin,  
But sternly takes thy little ones,  
And dashes all against the stones.
- 11 Thou in thy turn shalt be brought low,  
Thy kingdom shall not always last ;  
The Lord shall all thy power o'erthrow,  
And lay the mighty waster waste ;  
Destroy thy being with thy power,  
And pride and self shall be no more.
-

## PSALM CXXXVIII.

- 1 ALL thanks and all praise To Thee will I give,  
O Lord, by whose grace Accepted I live ;  
My heart shall adore Thee, My mouth shall show  
forth  
Thine honour and glory To gods of the earth.
- 2 Thy mercy, and love, And truth I proclaim ;  
With angels above, I hallow Thy name ;  
And turning me tow'rd The holiest place,  
Thee, Father, adored, In Jesus I praise.
- 3 For Thou hast reveal'd Thy nature unknown,  
Thy promise fulfill'd In Jesus Thy Son ;  
Exalted the Saviour And Friend of mankind,  
That all in His favour Thy mercy may find.
- 4 When burden'd I cried For pardon to Thee,  
Thy mercy replied, And bade me be free :  
Thy Spirit that hour Came down from above,  
And clothed me with power, And fill'd me with love.
- 5 The kings of the earth Thee, Jesus, shall praise,  
And trust in Thy worth, And honour Thy grace !  
Shall gladly adore Thee, Whose sayings they hear,  
And sing to Thy glory, And walk in Thy fear.
- 6 For Jesus the Lord, Though lofty and high,  
By angels adored, Looks down from the sky :  
Who hates the unholy, And scatters the proud,  
He lifts up the lowly, And brings them to God.
- 7 Although in distress, I labour and strive ;  
Thy comfort and peace My soul shall revive ;  
Thine arm shall relieve me From all that oppose,  
Thy power—it shall save me, And baffle my foes.

- 8 Thy mighty right hand Their fury shall tame,  
 And cause me to stand Through faith in Thy name;  
 It still shall deliver Whom now it secures;  
 Thy mercy for ever And ever endures.
- 9 The Lord will make good His kindness to me,  
 Till, wholly renew'd, His glory I see,  
 My End and Beginning Shall fully restore,  
 And save me from sinning Till sin is no more.

---

 PSALM CXL.

- 1 SAVE me, Lord, from all my foes;  
 Men of lawless might are they,  
 Sworn my helpless soul to' oppose,  
 Turn out of the narrow way;  
 Serpent-like their tongues they dart,  
 Speak the poison of their heart.
- 2 Keep me from the hands of men;  
 Make me Thy continual care;  
 Render all their counsels vain,  
 Show me every secret snare  
 Spread to catch my soul; and set  
 Firm upon the Rock my feet.
- 3 Oft I to the Lord have said,  
 "Thee my Saviour-God I own;  
 Hear and hasten to my aid,  
 Make Thy mighty mercies known;  
 Strength of my salvation, come,  
 Seal the adversary's doom!
- 4 "In the dreadful day of fight,  
 Thou hast screen'd me heretofore;  
 Still protect me with Thy might,  
 Save me from the tempter's power,

All Thy strength for me employ,  
Satan and his works destroy !”

- 5 Sure I am, divinely sure,  
Help I have not ask'd in vain ;  
God shall vindicate the poor,  
God shall still my cause maintain ;  
On the Lord I dare rely,  
Poor, and weak, and helpless I !
- 6 Yes : the justified shall give  
Thanks and praises to Thy name ;  
Still before Thee walk and live,  
All Thy faithfulness proclaim,  
Till they gain the mountain's height,  
Number'd with the saints in light.

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PSALM CXLII.

- 1 I SOUGHT the Lord in grief, in pain,  
And cried for help, and cried again,  
To Him my trouble show'd ;  
I pour'd out all my sad complaint ;  
Weary of sin, and sick, and faint,  
My spirit gasp'd for God.
- 2 Even then my path to Thee was known,  
When dark I walk'd, oppress'd, alone,  
With snares and deaths beset ;  
I threw my mournful eyes around,  
But no kind friend or helper found,  
To stay my sinking feet.
- 3 In late despair of human aid,  
I cried unto the Lord, and said,  
“ O Saviour, pity me !



- Thou, only Thou, hast power to save ;  
 My portion and defence I have,  
 My life, my all, in Thee !
- 4 " O lift me up by sin brought low ;  
 Redeem me from my stronger foe,  
 From all the' oppressor's power ;  
 Stronger Thou seest my sins than me ;  
 But speak the word that sets me free,  
 And I shall sin no more.
- 5 " My soul out of the dungeon bring,  
 That I Thy conquering name may sing,  
 Thy saving grace proclaim ;  
 That all Thy saints may praise Thy power,  
 Thine all-sufficient grace adore,  
 Thine all-redeeming name !"

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 PSALM CXLIII.

1. O LORD, in pitying love give ear !  
 My mournful supplications hear,  
 For Thy own promise' sake ;  
 O'erwhelm'd with sin and misery,  
 Weary and faint I come to Thee,  
 And proffer'd mercy take.
- 2 If Thou shouldst as my Judge appear,  
 I could not bear the test severe :  
 Not one of all our race  
 Can stand acquitted in Thy sight,  
 Or claim acceptance as his right,  
 Or dare demand Thy grace.
- 3 A sinner self-condemn'd I am,  
 And groan beneath my load of shame ;  
 My soul-destroying foe

- Hath smote and cast me to the ground,  
In chains of massy darkness bound  
As those who howl below.
- 4 My spirit faints by grief oppress'd,  
And droops my heart, and breaks for rest :  
Yet do I call to mind  
Thy wonders wrought in ancient days ;  
I muse on all Thy works of grace,  
And pity for mankind.
- 5 See, Lord, a dying sinner see !  
I still stretch out my hands to Thee,  
Unwash'd and unrenew'd ;  
As thirsts a barren land for showers,  
My weary soul with all its powers  
Gasps for the living God !
- 6 Haste to my help, Thy blood apply !  
My spirit fails, I faint, I die,  
If still Thou hid'st Thy face ;  
I fall and perish at Thy feet,  
I sink into the burning pit,  
If Thou withhold Thy grace.
- 7 O God, in whom I trust, appear !  
Give me Thy pardoning voice to hear,  
Thy saving health to see ;  
The glorious gospel-light display,  
And lead into the perfect way  
A soul that looks to Thee.
- 8 For refuge, Lord, to Thee I fly !  
On Thee alone for help rely,  
For pardon, peace, and power.  
From all my foes and sins release,  
And teach me thus my Lord to please,  
And bid me sin no more.

- 9 O reach me out Thy Spirit's hand !  
 Into that good and pleasant land  
 Of holy quiet lead ;  
 Quicken me, for Thy mercy's sake :  
 From sin and Satan's dungeon take,  
 And make me free indeed.
- 10 In mercy take these sins away,  
 And all my foes for ever slay,  
 That now my soul oppress !  
 Receive me, Saviour, for Thine own,  
 And let me serve the Lord alone,  
 The Lord my Righteousness.

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 PSALM CXLVI.

- 1 My soul, inspired with sacred love,  
 The Lord thy God delight to praise :  
 His gifts I will for Him improve,  
 To Him devote my happy days :  
 To Him my thanks and praises give,  
 And only for His glory live.
- 2 Long as my God shall lend me breath,  
 My every pulse shall beat for Him ;  
 And when my voice is lost in death,  
 My spirit shall resume the theme ;  
 The gracious theme, for ever new,  
 Through all eternity pursue.
- 3 Trust in the Lord, ye saints of His !  
 All human confidence is vain ;  
 Cease ye from man, for ever cease !  
 No help is found in faithless man ;  
 The great ones of the earth look through,  
 They cannot help themselves or you.

- 
- 4 Soon as the breath of man expires,  
 Again he to his earth shall turn :  
 Where then are all his vain desires,  
 His love and hate, esteem and scorn ?  
 All, all at that last gasp are o'er ;  
 He falls to rise on earth no more !
- 5 He then is bless'd, and only he,  
 Whose hope is in the Lord his God ;  
 Who can to Him for succour flee  
 That spreads the heaven and earth abroad :  
 That still the universe sustains,  
 And Lord of His creation reigns.
- 6 True to His everlasting word,  
 He loves the injured to redress ;  
 Poor, helpless souls the bounteous Lord  
 Relieves, and fills with plenteousness :  
 He sets the mournful prisoners free,  
 He bids the blind their Saviour see !
- 7 Jehovah lifts the fallen up ;  
 Jehovah loves the righteous race ;  
 The stranger's and the widow's hope,  
 The Father of the fatherless :  
 Sinners He views with angry frown,  
 And turns their counsels upside down.
- 8 The Lord thy God, O *Sion*, reigns  
 Supreme in mercy as in power,  
 The endless theme of heavenly strains,  
 When time and death shall be no more ;  
 And all eternity shall prove  
 Too short to utter all His love.
-

## PSALM CL.

- 1 PRAISE the Lord, who reigns above,  
And keeps His court below ;  
Praise the holy God of love ;  
And all His greatness show !  
Praise Him for His noble deeds,  
Praise Him for His matchless power ;  
Him, from whom all good proceeds,  
Let earth and heaven adore.
- 2 Publish, spread to all around  
The great Jehovah's name ;  
Let the trumpet's martial sound  
The Lord of hosts proclaim !  
Praise Him in the sacred dance,  
Harmony's full concert raise ;  
Let the virgin-choir advance,  
And move but to His praise.
- 3 Celebrate the' eternal God  
With harp and psaltery ;  
Timbrels soft, and cymbals loud,  
In His high praise agree ;  
Praise Him every tuneful string,  
All the reach of heavenly art ;  
All the power of music bring,  
The music of the heart.
- 4 Him in whom they move and live,  
Let every creature sing ;  
Glory to their Maker give,  
And homage to their King !  
Hallow'd be His name beneath,  
As in heaven on earth adored ;  
Praise the Lord in every breath ;  
Let all things praise the Lord !

H Y M N S

WRITTEN in the TIME

OF THE

T U M U L T S,

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# H Y M N S.

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## HYMN I.

- 1 THE floods, O Lord, lift up their voice,  
And ocean's waves with angry noise,  
    With din tremendous roar ;  
Convulsive pangs our nation seize,  
And discord's horrible abyss  
    Wide opens to devour.
  - 2 Blaspheming multitudes we hear,  
By wild astonishment and fear  
    Beset on every side :  
How shall we the destruction shun,  
Or to what place of safety run,  
    Our trembling souls to hide ?
  - 3 Jesus, our sanctuary Thou art :  
And if Thou take Thy people's part,  
    *Elisha's* flaming bands,  
Their high commission to fulfil,  
Secure from every threaten'd ill,  
    Shall bear us in their hands.
  - 4 We now with Thy protection bless'd,  
Beneath Thy wings of mercy rest,  
    Till all this tyranny  
Is, like a sudden flood, o'erpass'd,  
And peace, which evermore shall last,  
    And love returns with Thee.
-



## HYMN II.\*

- 1 THOU most compassionate High-priest,  
 In answer to our joint request  
 United to Thy own,  
 With pity's softest eye behold  
 The sheep which are not of this fold,  
 The church in *Babylon*.
- 2 The ignorant who miss their way,  
 Not wilfully, but weakly stray ;  
 O let Thy bowels move  
 To these by furious hate pursued,  
 And from the frantic multitude  
 Conceal their lives above.
- 3 As sheep appointed to be slain,  
 By cruel, persecuting men,  
 By fierce, fanatic zeal ;  
 By Christian wolves, *reform'd* in name,  
 Whose dire atrocious deeds proclaim  
 The synagogue of hell.
- 4 Thy help to the distress'd afford,  
 The men that tremble at Thy word,  
 The quiet of the land ;  
 Thy worshippers, if blind, sincere,  
 Who honour Thy vicegerent † here,  
 And bless his mild command.
- 5 And O ! beneath Thy mercy's wings,  
 Hide and preserve the best of kings,  
 Our king by right Divine :

\* Inserted in the "Arminian Magazine" for 1781, p. 674.

† King George.

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His consort in Thy bosom bear,  
His children make Thy darling care,  
And seal them ever Thine.

- 6 The father of his people bless  
With outward and internal peace ;  
And when his work is done,  
Our hoary patriot king receive,  
Redeem'd from earth, with Thee to live,  
And wear an heavenly crown.

---

HYMN III.

- 1 SAVIOUR, Thou dost their threatenings see  
Who rage against our king and Thee,  
Nor know, Thy bridle in their jaws  
Restrains the friends of Satan's cause.
- 2 As in religion's cause they join,  
And blasphemously call it Thine,  
The cause of persecuting zeal,  
Of treason, anarchy, and hell.
- 3 See, where the' impetuous waster comes,  
Like legion rushing from the tombs ;  
Like stormy seas, that toss and roar,  
And foam, and lash the trembling shore !
- 4 Havoc, the' infernal leader cries !  
Havoc, the' associate host replies !  
The rabble shouts, the torrent pours,  
The city sinks, the flame devours !
- 5 A general consternation spreads,  
While furious crowds ride o'er our heads ;  
Tremble the powers Thou didst ordain,  
And rulers bear the sword in vain !

- 
- 6 Our arm of flesh entirely fails,  
 The many-headed beast prevails ;  
 Conspiracy the state o'erturns,  
*Gallia* exults, and *London* burns !
- 7 Arm of the Lord, awake, put on  
 Thy strength, and cast *Apollyon* down ;  
 Jesus, against the murderers rise,  
 And blast them with Thy flaming eyes :
- 8 Forbid the flood our land to' o'erflow,  
 Tell it—thou shalt no farther go !  
 My will be done, My word obey'd,  
 And here let thy proud waves be stay'd !
- 

## HYMN IV.\*

- 1 GOD omnipotent, arise,  
 To scatter all Thy foes,  
 Blast the rebels with Thine eyes,  
 Who Thee and Thine oppose ;  
 Let the tools of anarchy,  
 The daring sons of wickedness,  
 Driven as by a whirlwind flee,  
 Before Thine angry face.
- 2 Lord of hosts, and King of kings,  
 Thine outstretch'd arm make bare,  
 Thine alone salvation brings,  
 And stops the waste of war :  
 Earth and hell, to Thee submit ;  
 Avenge us quickly of the fiend,  
 Chase him back to his own pit,  
 The hour of darkness end.

\* Inserted in the "Arminian Magazine" for 1781, p. 455.

- 
- 3 Arm the man of Thy right hand,  
And make him strong for Thee,  
Confident the' angelic band  
His constant guard shall be ;  
Him with wisdom from above,  
With calm intrepid zeal inspire,  
All our evils to remove,  
And snatch us from the fire.
- 4 *Britain* then Thy hand shall own,  
And bless Thine instrument ;  
Thou through him the work hast done,  
The great deliverance sent :  
All the praise to Thee we give  
The God supreme, the Lord most high,  
Thankful to Thy glory live,  
And to Thy glory die.

---

HYMN V.

- 1 OMNISCIENT God, to whom alone  
The thoughts of every heart are known,  
Whose piercing eye the counsels sees  
Of *Britain's* subtlest enemies ;  
The dark conspirators display,  
And force them into open day.
- 2 Their hell without a covering lies,  
Thou know'st them through their close disguise,  
Who laid the well-concerted plan,  
Who sprung the mine, and fired the train,  
As sure to lay our cities low,  
And end a nation at a blow.
- 3 But vain, without a nod of Thine,  
The most infallible design :

They bring us down to ruin's brink,  
They reach their chain's extremest link ;  
And when their fiery darts they shoot,  
Thy wrath destroys them branch and root.

4 Thou hast, O God, Thy work begun ;  
But make their utmost evil known,  
Drag out the whole assassin band,  
Distinguish'd by the villain's brand,  
And let impartial justice find  
Those pests and outcasts of mankind.

5 But chiefly them, who dared employ,  
And taught the wasters to destroy ;  
Make all the principals appear,  
With all their black associates here,  
Nor longer let the fiend conceal,  
Those choicest instruments of hell.

6 Strengthen the powers Thou didst ordain,  
Nor let them bear the sword in vain,  
But turn its sharpest edge on them,  
Who patient majesty blaspheme,  
And for their country's fall conspire,  
And doom *Britannia* to the fire.

7 Then as the rivers of the sea,  
Turn back the people, Lord, to Thee,  
To Thee, and to their king convert,  
And plant Thy fear in every heart,  
That every heart may faithful prove,  
His God, his king, and country love.

8 Thy heavenly kingdom then restore,  
Command that war be learn'd no more,  
Pronounce the sacred number seal'd,  
The mystery of God fulfill'd ;

And Jesus shall His sway maintain,  
And GLORY shall for ever reign.

---

HYMN VI.

- 1 'TIS of Thy mercy, Lord,  
That we are not consumed,  
By hostile fire and sword,  
To sure destruction doom'd ;  
But snatch'd as brands out of the flame,  
To magnify our Saviour's name.
- 2 Jesus, Thy name alone  
To us salvation brought,  
Thy outstretch'd arm, we own,  
The great deliverance wrought,  
Whoe'er accomplish'd Thy decree,  
The praise entire belongs to Thee.
- 3 Thy power was on our side,  
When fiends against us rose,  
And stemm'd the furious tide,  
And baffled all our foes ;  
Crush'd the design which could not fail,  
And quench'd the fiery darts of hell.
- 4 Our cities in a blaze,  
Extinguish'd by Thy word,  
The providence confess  
Of an almighty Lord ;  
'Scaped as a bird from Satan's snare,  
We live Thy glory to declare.
- 5 O that our lives *may* tell  
The virtues of Thy name,  
And every *Briton* feel  
From whence his safety came,

And find redemption in that blood  
Which quench'd the fiery wrath of God !

- 6 Saved from the burning pit,  
The death that never dies,  
We then our God shall meet  
Above the flaming skies,  
In everlasting songs to praise  
The wonders of redeeming grace.

---

HYMN VII.

UPON NOTICE SENT ONE THAT HIS  
HOUSE WAS *MARKED*.

- 1 IN vain doth the assassin dark  
This house for desolation mark,  
Protected by the scarlet sign,  
Already mark'd with blood Divine ;  
His idle threatenings we defy,  
For the destroyer *must* pass by.
- 2 The Lord most high is our defence,  
Our trust is in Omnipotence ;  
His name our adamant tower ;  
Jehovah's wisdom, truth and power,  
Jesus, beneath Thy shade, we dwell,  
And laugh at all the leagues of hell.

---

HYMN VIII.

- 1 THOU God who hear'st the prayer  
Presented through Thy Son,  
The man that bears Thy character,  
And fills the *British* throne,

- Into Thine arms receive,  
And fashion'd to Thy mind  
Our nation's joy, long may he live  
A blessing to mankind.
- 2     Thou dost the malice know,  
And causeless enmity,  
Which all the sons of *Belial* show  
To one set up by Thee :  
Thou seest what they intend,  
Who traitorously presume  
To style our blacken'd king the friend  
Of anti-Christian *Rome*.
- 3     Confound their devilish art,  
Who leagued together rise,  
The poor unwary crowd pervert,  
And poison with their lies :  
Redeem them from the foe,  
The dire *Ahithophel*,  
And all the' associate host o'erthrow,  
And chase them back to hell.
- 4     But turn their hearts again,  
Back to their king and Thee,  
Who, ignorant of Satan's plan,  
Swerved from their loyalty :  
Let them Thy subjects live,  
Submit to *Cæsar's* power,  
And never place to Satan give,  
And trust his slaves no more.

---

HYMN IX.

- 1 ARM of the Lord, awake, awake,  
Thy own resistless strength put on,



- Us into Thy protection take,  
 And cast our foes, in vengeance, down :  
 Our fathers unto us have told,  
 What Thou in their defence hast wrought,  
 Thy wondrous works in times of old,  
 When *Israel's* God for *Britain* fought.
- 2 Our God the hostile powers destroy'd,  
 Armies and fleets invincible,  
 Render'd their cruel counsels void,  
 And baffled all the plots of hell.  
 Again, great God, Thou dost defeat  
 Their sure exterminating aim :  
 Again Thy praises we repeat,  
 And *London* saved defies the flame.
- 3 By an almighty arm we own  
 The dire conspiracy suppress'd ;  
 Thou only, Lord, the work hast done,  
 And safe beneath Thy wings we rest :  
 Thou hast *appear'd* the Lord most high,  
 A token to Thy servants given,  
 And lo ! we see the aliens fly,  
 As chaff before the whirlwind driven !
- 4 Dispersed the' assassinating band,  
 (Soon as they miss'd their fatal blow,)  
 Incendiaries throughout the land,  
 They carry death where'er they go ;  
 They carry their own hell within,  
 Rebels and traitors in disguise ;  
 But all their hearts by Thee are seen,  
 And hell is naked to Thine eyes.

- 5 Thou know'st the depth of their design,  
To slander Thine anointed here,  
And in the holy league to join  
Full many a simple soul sincere ;  
The arts, and daring lies accursed,  
The parricides' successful pains  
To blast, and make him odious first,  
And then—but God for ever reigns !
- 6 Thy wrath on these shall soon be show'd :  
But let Thy grace extended be  
To the misguided multitude,  
Who speak against their king and Thee :  
Let pity the distinction make,  
The merciful deliverance bring,  
And touch their hearts, and turn them back  
To God, their country, and their king.
- 7 So will we sing and praise Thy name,  
And sweetly in Thy service join'd,  
The grace miraculous proclaim,  
Which makes us of one heart and mind ;  
Which hath to us salvation brought,  
A desperate, death-devoted crowd,  
The brands out of the burning caught,  
And quench'd a nation in Thy blood !

---

HYMN X.

- 1 Most righteous God of boundless power,  
Thy works of judgment and of grace  
With awe and wonder we adore,  
Redeem'd, but trembling while we praise :

- Thy patience and long-suffering love  
 Hath granted us a fresh reprieve :  
 Thy goodness, not Thy wrath, we prove,  
 And unconsumed in *Sodom* live.
- 2 Hadst Thou not left Thyself a seed,  
 We all had now as *Sodom* been,  
 And felt the punishment decreed,  
 And justly perish'd in our sin ;  
 Our cities had in heaps become  
 Sad monuments of Thy righteous ire,  
 And every soul received its doom,  
 The vengeance of eternal fire.
- 3 But rich in grace, Thou hast not yet  
 Abandon'd us to Satan's power,  
 Or suffer'd the wide gaping pit  
 Our sinful nation to devour :  
 Our lives are given us for a prey ;  
 Yet O, with conscious hearts we feel  
 Thine anger is not turn'd away,  
 Thy dreadful arm is stretch'd out still !
- 4 The people still to evil sold  
 Fear not Thy utmost wrath to meet ;  
 While treason, and rebellion bold  
 Lift up their voice in every street :  
 Quell'd for a season and repress'd,  
 But not extirpated, they strive  
 To rouse the many-headed beast,  
 And all the work of hell revive.
- 5 *America* her felons pours,  
 Her savages, a chosen band,  
 Assassins skill'd at midnight hours,  
 To spread destruction through the land,

Deeds which humanity disowns,  
To perpetrate, the villains come,  
And *Britain's* most apostate sons  
Conspire to seal their country's doom.

- 6 Wherefore should we be stricken more,  
When all Thy strokes our guilt increase?  
O that the evil day were o'er!  
O that our sins and plagues might cease!  
Vanquish'd by Thy own people's prayer.  
Who day and night for mercy sue,  
Spare the devoted nation, spare,  
And give the many to the few.

- 7 The people of Thy wrath abase,  
The proud metropolis confound,  
A murmuring, vile, rebellious race,  
Where Satan's darkest works abound;  
Where emulous of blackest times,  
They glory in the martyr's blood,  
Accumulate their foulest crimes,  
And crown them with ingratitude.

- 8 Jesus, our injured king incline  
His foes to pity and forgive,  
And turn their hearts by grace Divine,  
And bid them for Thy glory live:  
Obedient to their king and Thee,  
Let all the loyal nation bow:  
And tell our hearts the thing shall be,  
And seal it on our conscience now!
-

## HYMN XI.

- 1 GOD of love, Thy gracious token  
 We with thankful hearts receive,  
 Thou' the fowler's snare hast broken,  
 Saved from death by Thee we live.  
 Hitherto Thou hast defended  
 Us who on Thy love are cast,  
 Keep, till all the storm is ended,  
 All the hour of darkness pass'd.
- 2 Still beset with various evils,  
 Secret foes implacable,  
 Brethren false, and human devils,  
 We beneath Thy shadow dwell ;  
 Place on Thee our whole reliance,  
 Every other help disclaim,  
 Bid our enemies defiance,  
 From the tower of Jesus' name.
- 3 In each hellish insurrection  
 Thou shalt still Thy people hide,  
 Safe in the Divine protection  
 All Thy faithful ones abide :  
 Here we find Thy presence cheering,  
 Happy in beholding Thee ;  
 Happier at Thy last appearing,  
 Glorious as the God we SEE !

## HYMN XII.

## FOR THE MAGISTRATES.

- 1 THOU, Lord of lords, and King of kings,  
 The' eternal Potentate we own ;  
 From Thee its Source dominion springs,  
 A stream that issues from Thy throne :

- Thou hast ordain'd the powers that be,  
Who govern by a grant from Thee.
- 2 The man who o'er *Britannia* reigns  
As Thy vicegerent we receive ;  
Thy providence his right maintains,  
And bids him for his people live,  
And bless us by his gentle sway,  
And teach our hearts with joy to' obey.
- 3 To *George* in majesty supreme  
We bow, as sitting on Thy seat,  
To every ruler sent by him,  
To every magistrate submit,  
Whose delegated power is Thine,  
Whose whole authority, Divine.
- 4 Strengthen their hands, almighty Lord,  
Their sacred office to fulfil,  
And let them use Thy vengeful sword  
On those who daringly do ill,  
Haters of government and peace,  
Workers of all unrighteousness.
- 5 With terror arm, and virtuous zeal,  
Against our king's and country's foes,  
Impartial punishments to deal,  
Our desperate, sworn, intestine foes,  
Assassins from the land to chase,  
And root out all the' accursed race.
- 6 Thy ministers to us for good,  
Long may they in Thy service live,  
By special grace on all bestow'd,  
Our nation's dignity retrieve,  
Our past prosperity restore,  
And peace, till time shall be no more.
-

HYMN XIII.  
THANKSGIVING.

- 1 ALL glory to God ! Pluck'd out of the flame,  
We publish abroad His wonderful name,  
With glad exultation And heartiest praise,  
Ascribing salvation To Jesus's grace.
- 2 When devils and men Against us arose,  
And traitors unseen, And legions of foes  
Together conspired The state to' o'erturn,  
And profligates hired Our cities to burn ;
- 3 Thou wouldst not restrain The wicked from sin,  
But slackening their chain, Didst let them begin :  
Beyond Thy permission Our land to o'erthrow,  
The sons of perdition No farther could go.
- 4 The remnant that pray'd Thou couldst not disown :  
They brought to our aid Omnipotence down :  
Omnipotence hastened Our foes to expel,  
And suddenly blasted The project of hell.
- 5 The tumult so loud No farther proceeds,  
No longer the crowd Ride over our heads,  
The ravaging fires Are quench'd by Thy word,  
Rebellion expires, And peace is restored.
- 6 Through mercy set free, The grace we receive,  
And ransom'd by Thee Thy servants we live,  
Thy power to deliver, Thy love we proclaim,  
And triumph for ever In Jesus's name.

F I N I S.

# H Y M N S

FOR THE

# N A T I O N,

In 1782.



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L O N D O N:

Printed by J. PARAMORE, at the Foundery, Moorfields :  
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# HYMNS FOR THE NATION,

In 1782.

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## PART I.

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### HYMN I.

#### AFTER THE DEFEAT AT THE CHESAPEAK.

- 1 THE Lord, the' almighty Lord of hosts,  
His own dread purpose hath fulfill'd ;  
Rebuked a sinful nation's boasts,  
That all may see His arm reveal'd ;  
And *Britain*, humbled in the dust,  
Confess His sharpest judgments just.
- 2 Righteous, O Lord, Thy judgments are !  
We bow to Thy severe decree,  
Who, casting out our formal prayer,  
Hast given our foes the victory :  
As pleased rebellion's cause to bless,  
And crown the wicked with success.
- 3 The wicked are Thy sword and rod,  
Our crimes commission'd to chastise ;  
Who long have fought against our God,  
Provoked the vengeance of the skies ;  
Thy threatenings mock'd, Thy favours spurn'd,  
Thy blessings into curses turn'd.

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

---

 HYMN II.

## FOR THE LOYAL AMERICANS.

- 1 FATHER of everlasting love,  
 The only Refuge of despair,  
 Thy bowels toward the' afflicted move,  
 And now Thou hear'st the mournful prayer  
 We for our helpless brethren breathe,  
 Who pant within the jaws of death.
- 2 The men who dared their king revere,  
 And faithful to their oaths abide,  
 Midst perjured hypocrites sincere,  
 Harass'd, oppress'd on every side ;  
 Gaul'd by the tyrant's iron yoke,  
 By *Britain's* faithless sons forsook.

- 3 Our patriot chiefs betray'd their trust,  
To serve their own infernal ends,  
The slaves of avarice and lust,  
Sparing their foes, they spoil'd their friends ;  
Basely repaid their loyal zeal,  
And left them to the murderer's will.
- 4 As sheep appointed to be slain,  
The victims of fidelity,  
To man they look for help in vain ;  
But shall they look in vain to Thee,  
God over all, who canst subdue  
The hearts which mercy never knew ?
- 5 Even now Thou canst disarm their rage,  
(If so Thy gracious will intends,)  
The wrath implacable assuage,  
The malice of remorseless fiends ;  
Mercy at last compell'd to show,  
And let the hopeless captives go.
- 6 Yet if our brethren's doom be seal'd,  
And for superior joys design'd,  
They have their glorious course fulfill'd ;  
To souls beneath the altar join'd,  
Their guiltless blood hath found a tongue,  
And every drop exclaims " How long ?"
- 7 O earth, conceal not thou their blood  
Which loud as *Zechariah's* cries !  
O God, Thou just, avenging God,  
Behold them with Thy flaming eyes,  
And blast, and utterly consume  
Those murderers of *fanatic Rome*.

- 8 Till then, Thou bidd'st Thy servants rest,  
 Who suffer'd death for conscience sake,  
 And wait to rise completely bless'd,  
 The general triumph to partake,  
 To see the righteous Judge come down,  
 And boldly claim the martyr's crown.

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HYMN III.

“*By whom shall Jacob arise! For he is small.*”—  
 Amos viii. 2.

- 1 BY whom, O God, shall *Britain* rise,  
 So small in all the nation's eyes,  
 So lessen'd in her own?  
 Out of the deep, we cry to Thee,  
 And with profound humility  
 Besiege Thy gracious throne.
- 2 By whom, O God, shall *Britain* rise?  
 Not by the' ignoble slaves of vice  
 Who have their country sold,  
 Betray'd us in their prosperous hour  
 To raise a restless faction's power,  
 And glut their lust of gold.
- 3 Not by the basest tools of war,  
 Who all Thy plagues and judgments dare,  
 In oaths and blasphemies,  
 Ravage their friends with sword and fire,  
 Through covetous or foul desire,  
 And hate the thoughts of peace.
- 4 By whom—but we inquire in vain,  
 Till Thou Thy own design explain,  
 For only, Lord, to Thee

- Thy works, before the world began,  
Thy chosen instrument, were known  
From all eternity.
- 5 Thy searching eye beholds him now :  
While suppliant at Thy feet we bow,  
To us the man be show'd,  
The' intrepid man of virtuous zeal,  
Resolved and incorruptible,  
Who seeks our nation's good :
- 6 Our nation's good, and not his own ;  
While listening to the plaintive moan,  
Of loyalty oppress'd,  
He serves his king's and God's designs,  
*America* and *Britain* joins,  
And blends them in his breast.
- 7 O that he in the gap may stand,  
Raised up to save a sinking land,  
Our blessings to restore,  
Concord, and peace, and loyal fear,  
And truth and piety sincere,  
Till time shall be no more.
- 8 Then shall we, Lord, surround Thy throne,  
Through Christ inseparably one,  
United in Thy praise,  
And sing, with all those hosts above,  
The triumphs of all-conquering love  
In everlasting lays.

---

HYMN IV.

- 1 GREAT God, we know not what to do,  
But fix our wishful eyes on Thee,  
Who or by many, or by few,  
Sav'st in the last extremity !

- Whose arm, when all resources fail,  
 Its own immortal strength puts on,  
 When the infernal hosts prevail,  
 And Satan shouts, "The work is done."
- 2 Whom hostile multitudes surround,  
 And nations ready to devour,  
 No help for us in man is found,  
 No refuge in our darkest hour,  
 Unless Thy greatness interpose,  
 To blast the' infallible design,  
 Confound our proud, triumphant foes,  
 And claim this ransom'd land for Thine.
- 3 Oft hath Thine arm, in ancient days,  
 Stretch'd out in our defence appear'd,  
 And ransom'd a devoted race,  
 And snatch'd us from the death we fear'd :  
 Armies and fleets invincible  
 Were baffled in their surest aim,  
 Treasons and plots Thou didst dispel,  
 Deep as the pit from which they came.
- 4 Thy providence reversed our doom,  
 When parricides the land o'erflow'd,  
 (Rebellious sects in league with *Rome*,)  
 And turn'd it to a field of blood.  
 For years we groan'd beneath their sway,  
 But mercy, by a powerful word,  
 Crush'd all our tyrants in a day,  
 Our blessings all at once *restored*.
- 5 Have we not lately heard and seen  
 More wonderful escapes than these,  
 From furious persecuting men,  
 From hosts of human savages ?

- Appall'd we heard *Apollyon* roar,  
Aghast we saw the flames aspire,  
Till rescued by almighty power,  
And pluck'd as brands out of the fire.
- 6 Why then, great God, should we despair,  
As Thou wert not almighty still,  
But deaf to Thy own people's prayer  
Who tremble at the' impending ill ;  
Who will not let the scourge o'erflow,  
The desolating judgment come,  
But still suspend the final blow,  
And screen the land from *Sodom's* doom.
- 7 Wrestling with *Abraham's* faithful seed,  
Lo ! in the gap we humbly stand,  
The righteous for the wicked plead,  
Protectors of a guilty land.  
Thou infinite in gracious power,  
With theirs our suppliant suit receive,  
Stay the rough wind, the fiery shower,  
And for the remnant's sake forgive.
- 8 If now in us Thy Spirit cry,  
In ours Thy own request attend ;  
The Lord of hosts, the Lord most high,  
Deliverance to Thine *Israel* send :  
Because Thou art the faithful God,  
Our God in every age the same,  
Because we trust in Jesu's blood,  
And ask the grace in Jesu's name.
-



## HYMN V.

## FOR HIS MAJESTY KING GEORGE.

- 1 JESUS, from whom dominion springs,  
The faithful Counsellor of kings,  
The sovereign Lord Thou art ;  
Thy Spirit on our king bestow,  
Who only dost the mazes know  
Of man's deceitful heart.
- 2 By factious demagogues gainsaid,  
By fawning sycophants betray'd,  
Who boast their loyalty,  
How can he judge, or choose aright,  
Unless assisted by Thy light,  
And taught himself by Thee ?
- 3 Do Thou the true discernment give,  
Whom to reject, and whom receive  
His royal toils to share ;  
O point him out, where'er conceal'd,  
The upright man, with wisdom fill'd,  
An empire's weight to bear.
- 4 The man with heavenly courage bold,  
Above the lust of fame or gold,  
Detach'd and unconfined,  
A foe to every selfish end,  
Religion's and his country's friend,  
A friend to all mankind.
- 5 Not for himself but others made,  
His country and his king to aid  
With talents large endow'd ;  
Out of the throng Thy servant choose,  
A vessel fitted for Thy use,  
And for *Britannia's* good.

- 6 Him as a guardian angel send,  
Our feuds, and woes, and wars to end,  
Our sinking state to raise ;  
Brethren in lasting bonds to join,  
And then confess—the work is Thine,  
And give Thee all the praise.
- 7 So shall our happy monarch see  
His kingdoms in prosperity,  
Through Thy uniting power ;  
The Source of all our blessings own,  
And prostrate at Thy gracious throne  
The King of kings adore.

---

HYMN VI.

- 1 AT this most alarming crisis,  
Shall we not from sin awake,  
While the great Jehovah rises,  
Terribly the earth to shake ?  
While He doth a moment spare,  
Shall we not attend the rod,  
Hear His thunder's voice, " Prepare,  
O prepare, to meet your God !"
- 2 Compass'd round with hostile nations,  
All to our destruction sworn,  
God of unexhausted patience,  
Still we may to Thee return ;  
Though Thy peremptory sentence  
Absolute perdition sound,  
Place there is for true repentance,  
Mercy sought may yet be found.

- 3 Still Thou hear'st the mourners sighing  
 For our wickedness abhorr'd,  
 Thousands in our *Israel* crying  
 Stop, O stop the slaughtering sword !  
 Drop Thy dreadful controversy,  
 While we at Thy footstool groan ;  
 Lord, in wrath remember mercy,  
 Give us to Thy pleading Son !
- 4 By His bloody cross and passion,  
 By His precious death, we pray,  
 Turn aside Thine indignation,  
 Take Thy heaviest plague away ;  
 Sin, the cause of our distresses,  
 Sin, the bitter root remove,  
 Then appeased, Thine anger ceases,  
 Then redeem'd, we praise and love.

---

HYMN VII.  
 FOR CONCORD.

- 1 DIVIDED 'gainst itself so long  
 How could a kingdom stand,  
 Had we not a Redeemer, strong  
 To prop our tottering land ?  
 Had He not left Himself a seed  
 Who deprecate the woe,  
 Who day and night for mercy plead,  
 And still suspend the blow.
- 2 Still let Thy praying seed prevail  
 Our evils to remove,  
 Till mercy turns the hovering scale,  
 And justice yields to love ;

His king till every *Briton* owns  
With warmest loyalty,  
And faction's and rebellion's sons  
Stretch out their hands to Thee.

3 Now, Lord, a gracious token show,  
The stoutest hearts incline  
Their own true happiness to know,  
Their common foes' design ;  
Against ourselves who turn our swords,  
That they the spoils may gain,  
And rise at last despotic lords,  
And by our ruin reign.

4 Why should the specious fiend deceive  
The many by the few ?  
Saviour, the multitude forgive,  
They know not what they do ;  
They fancy those their country's friends,  
Who hasten on its doom,  
And blindly serve the treacherous ends  
Of tyranny and *Rome*.

5 Open their eyes, almighty grace,  
The latent snare to see,  
That brethren may again embrace  
In closest amity :  
*Britons !* no more with *Britons* fight,  
No more our God oppose !  
Let *Europe* then their powers unite,  
And all the world be foes.

---

## HYMN VIII.

## A PRAYER FOR THE CONGRESS.

- 1 TRUE is the oracle Divine,  
The sentence which Thy lips hath pass'd,  
Though hand in hand the wicked join,  
They shall not, Lord, escape at last ;  
Who for a while triumphant seem,  
Cursed with their own false hearts' desire,  
Their empire is a fleeting dream,  
Their hopes shall all in smoke expire.
- 2 Surely Thou wilt full vengeance take  
On rebels 'gainst their king and God,  
And strictest inquisition make  
For rivers spill'd of guiltless blood,  
By men who take Thy name in vain,  
By fiends in sanctity's disguise,  
As Thou wert served with nations slain,  
Or pleased with human sacrifice.
- 3 Thou know'st Thine own appointed time  
The' ungodly homicides to quell,  
Chastise their complicated crime,  
And break their covenant with hell ;  
Thy plagues shall then o'erwhelm them all,  
From proud ambition's summit driven ;  
And faith foresees the' usurpers fall  
As *Lucifer* cast down from heaven.
- 4 Yet if they have not sinn'd the sin  
Which never can obtain Thy grace,  
When *Tophet* yawns to take them in,  
And claims them as their proper place,

The authors of our woes forgive,  
And snatch their souls from endless woes,  
Who wouldst that all mankind should live,  
Who diedst Thyself to save Thy foes.

---

HYMN IX.

THY KINGDOM COME !

- 1 JESUS, supreme in majesty,  
Thy kingdom and Thy glory claim,  
For every soul, and every knee  
Must bow to Thy tremendous name.  
JEHOVAH, on Jehovah's throne,  
Fulness of power to Thee is given ;  
Thou settest up, and castest down,  
And orderest all in earth and heaven.
- 2 We trace Thy footsteps in the deep,  
Who dost in previous judgments come,  
And with destruction's besom sweep  
The earth, to make Thy kingdom room.  
The havoc which on earth we see,  
The dire effects of human will,  
Accomplish Thy unknown decree,  
Thy own mysterious mind fulfil.
- 3 Thou sufferest now the evil done,  
Where the rebellious multitude  
In the New World rush madly on,  
O'er hills of slain, through seas of blood :  
Their rage for power, their fury blind  
Hastens the coming of our Lord ;  
The good supreme for man design'd,  
With paradise on earth restored.

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

# HYMNS FOR THE NATION,

In 1782.

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## PART II.

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### HYMN X.

- 1 TURN us again, our Saviour God,  
And let Thy righteous anger cease ;  
Be satisfied with seas of blood,  
Spill'd for our nation's wickedness ;  
But seas of blood cannot atone  
For sins which cost Thee all Thine own.
- 2 Thine own, Thine own, for respite cries  
When smote a sinner turns to Thee,  
And dares not lift his guilty eyes,  
But sighs, " Be merciful to me !"  
O that with hearts, not garments, rent,  
We all might, as one man, repent !
- 3 In vain alas, Thy patience spares  
Unless Thy grace our hearts convince,  
In vain are all our fasts and prayers  
Unless we cast away our sins,  
(Of all our woes the bitter root,)  
And bear the penitential fruit.



- 4 O that at last the faithful seed,  
Who day and night besiege Thy throne,  
The just who for our *Sodom* plead,  
Might pray the contrite Spirit down,  
On those, who harden'd from Thy fear,  
Defy eternal judgments near !
- 5 Behold them with that pitying eye,  
Which wept the bloody city's doom ;  
Who wouldst not let Thy murderers die ;  
Who wouldst not let the flames consume,  
When urged by fiends implacable,  
We hung as o'er the mouth of hell.
- 6 Hence, by a glimmering ray of hope,  
Cheer'd, we presume to sue for grace ;  
That sin which fills the measure up,  
That sin which saints and prophets slays,  
That only sin, through grace alone  
Restrain'd, Thou know'st, we have not done.
- 7 Then let Thy people's suit succeed,  
For those that have Thy people spared,  
And save them at their greatest need,  
By general penitence prepared,  
The humbled prodigals receive,  
And for Thy own dear sake forgive.
- 8 Cut short Thy work in righteousness,  
That all Thy gracious work may see ;  
Born in a day our nation bless,  
With pure, primeval piety ;  
Born in a day, from heaven above,  
The day of Thine almighty love.
-

HYMN XI.

- 1 SAVIOUR, whom our hearts adore,  
To bless our earth again,  
Now assume Thy royal power  
And o'er the nations reign :  
Christ, the world's Desire and Hope,  
Power complete to Thee is given,  
Set the last great empire up,  
Eternal God of heaven.
- 2 When Thy foes are swept away,  
And meet their righteous doom,  
Then Thy Deity display,  
And let Thy kingdom come :  
Then in the New World appear,  
In lands where Thou wast never known,  
There the' Imperial standard rear,  
And fix Thy favourite throne.
- 3 Where they all Thy laws have spurn'd,  
Thy holiest name profaned,  
Where the ruin'd earth hath mourn'd,  
With blood of millions slain :  
Open there the' ethereal scene,  
Claim the savage race for Thine,  
There Thy endless reign begin  
With majesty Divine.
- 4 Universal Saviour, Thou  
Wilt all Thy creatures bless,  
Every knee to Thee shall bow,  
And every tongue confess ;

None shall in Thy mount destroy ;  
 War shall then be learn'd no more,  
 Saints shall their great King enjoy,  
 And all mankind adore.

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

---

HYMN XII.

FOR THE CONVERSION OF THE FRENCH.

- 1 SUPREME, immortal Potentate,  
 Whose will omnipotent is fate,  
 Who on Thy lofty throne  
 Dost with unrivall'd glory sit,  
 Till earth, and heaven, and hell submit,  
 And bow to Thee alone :
- 2 Hear us, in this our evil day,  
 Against the treacherous nation pray,  
 Which by pernicious wiles  
 Conspires our country to o'erthrow,  
 And with the wisdom from below  
 The Christian world embroils.
- 3 A nation whom no oaths can bind,  
 The false corrupters of mankind,  
 The slaves of every lust,

Despiteful, insolent, and proud,  
Haters of the Redeeming God,  
And murderers of the just.

- 4 Fraught with the policy of *Rome*,  
By the old felon led, they come  
To scatter, steal, and slay ;  
Brethren and countrymen divide,  
While with gigantic steps they stride  
To universal sway.
- 5 Arise, O Lord of hosts, arise,  
Open the drowsy nation's eyes,  
To see the threaten'd blow ;  
*Europe's* unconscious states alarm,  
In strict confederacy to arm  
Against the common foe.
- 6 O let Thy jealousy awake,  
Into Thy hand the matter take,  
That all Thy hand may see ;  
Which casts the proud and mighty down,  
Which doth the weak and humble crown  
With more than victory.
- 7 Compel triumphant *Gallia's* pride  
To own that God is on our side,  
Who nothing fear but God :  
Nor can their plots or arms succeed,  
While in our Saviour's steps we tread,  
And glory in His blood.
- 8 The wretches, Lord, who Thee blaspheme,  
O let Thy blood be heard for them,  
Into the furnace cast ; -

So shall the infidels return,  
 Look upon Thee they pierced, and mourn,  
 And 'scape the fire at last.

---

HYMN XIII.

FOR HER MAJESTY.

- 1 JESUS, with complacence see  
 Her our faith presents to Thee :  
 Her the choicest gift of heaven,  
 To our favour'd monarch given.
- 2 Given, his joys and griefs to share,  
 Every toil and every care ;  
 Born to soften his distress,  
 Born to' ensure his happiness.
- 3 Her Thou hast on all bestow'd,  
 Lovely minister of good ;  
 Her in our flagitious days,  
 Beautified with every grace.
- 4 Virtuous, wise, without pretence,  
 Meek as lamb-like innocence ;  
 Rival of the saints above,  
 Object of a nation's love.
- 5 Malice ventures not to blame,  
 Envy sickens at her name ;  
 General praise is *Charlotte's* right,  
 Parties all in this unite.
- 6 Neither man, nor God they spare,  
 Yet they all are friends to her ;  
 Strangest sight that earth can show,  
 Goodness *lives*—without a foe !

- 7 Happy that she long may live,  
Jesus, all Thy blessings give ;  
Partner of the *British* throne,  
Count her worthy of Thine own.
- 8 Let her then triumphant stand,  
With the bless'd at Thy right hand ;  
She, and all her children given,  
All ordain'd to reign in heaven.

---

HYMN XIV.

FOR THE ROYAL FAMILY.

- 1 FATHER, to Thee we bring  
In faithful, fervent prayer,  
The offspring of our gracious king,  
Thy own peculiar care.  
Acknowledging for Thine,  
Into Thy arms receive,  
And let them in Thy service join,  
And to Thy glory live.
- 2 From every secret foe,  
From every flattering friend,  
Who all Thy creatures' hearts dost know,  
Their innocence defend :  
To make them truly great,  
Thy grace to them be given,  
And with Thy people's princes seat  
The' anointed heirs of heaven.
- 3 O may they still approve  
Their gratitude to Thee,  
And recompense their parents' love  
With duteous piety.

Still bow to Thy command,  
Till the great King comes down,  
And each receives from Jesu's hand  
An everlasting crown.

---

HYMN XV.

THANKSGIVING FOR THE SUCCESS OF  
THE GOSPEL IN AMERICA.

- 1 GLORY to our redeeming Lord,  
Whose kingdom over all presides,  
While in the chariot of the word,  
And on the whirlwind's wings He rides.
- 2 Nothing His rapid course can stay,  
Or stop His government's increase ;  
Earthquakes and plagues prepare His way,  
Wars usher in the Prince of peace.
- 3 Rebellions, massacres, and blood  
On every side as water shed,  
Are suffer'd by a righteous God,  
That happier days may then succeed.
- 4 Even now His word doth swiftly run,  
And saving knowledge multiplies,  
And still His gracious work goes on,  
And still His temple's walls arise.
- 5 The church is built in troublous times,  
(Jehovah the commission gave,)  
And God from all their sins and crimes  
Would all the sons of *Adam* save.

- 6 Loving to the whole ransom'd race  
He fits His creatures for His use,  
In every age and every place  
One uniform design pursues.
- 7 In love He doth His sons chastise,  
His desolating judgments send !  
Judgments are mercies in disguise,  
And all in man's salvation end.
- 8 Wherefore beneath Thy hand we bow,  
And bless each salutary blow ;  
If what Thou dost we know not now,  
We shall, O Lord, hereafter know.
- 9 Shall see Thy footsteps in the' abyss,  
Unwind the providential maze,  
And own, amidst the general bliss,  
Mercy, and truth are all Thy ways.
- 10 With grateful joy we comprehend  
The meaning of the' eternal Mind ;  
Accept, Thou universal Friend,  
The ceaseless praise of all mankind.

---

HYMN XVI.

- 1 GOD, who wouldst a world forgive,  
Offerest all sufficient grace ;  
All *may* in Thy Son believe,  
Numbers *do* Thy Son embrace ;  
Numbers saved, from every sect,  
Form the church of Thy elect.



- 2 Scatter'd o'er the earth they lie,  
Sheep with wolves encompass'd round,  
Guided by their Shepherd's eye,  
Safe they in the fold are found :  
Angels all their steps attend,  
Serve, and keep them to the end.
- 3 When Thy judgments are abroad,  
Them Thou kindly dost conceal,  
Hidden in the ark of God,  
Shelter'd, they in *Zoar* dwell ;  
Find a sanctuary prepared,  
Find Omnipotence their guard.
- 4 Poor, and mean, whom all reject,  
Persecute or else despise,  
They their enemies protect,  
Stay the vengeance of the skies :  
Till Thou hast secured Thine own,  
Stands the world for them alone.
- 5 States and empires rise, or fall,  
Stands the church till time shall end,  
Waiting for the Bridegroom's call,  
Listening, longing to ascend,  
Fair, and spotless, and complete,  
Jesus in the clouds to meet.
- 6 When the number is fulfill'd,  
When the righteous are brought home,  
When the mystery is seal'd,  
Then the world shall meet its doom,  
Earth burn'd up in smoke expirè,  
Sinners in eternal fire.
-

HYMN XVII.

- 1 LET earth be glad, the Lord is king,  
The multitude of isles may sing,  
*Britain* may still rejoice in Him,  
The Lord almighty to redeem,  
Who o'er the' impatient heathen reigns,  
And holds our furious foes in chains.
- 2 Frowning on us, He seems awhile  
On perjured parricides to smile,  
Our foes with much long-suffering spares,  
A bundle of devoted tares ;  
But bids us patiently attend  
His time, and calmly mark the end !
- 3 Escaping for their wickedness,  
Triumphant in their sure success,  
Off from their necks the yoke they shake,  
And as *meek saints* the kingdom take,  
And 'stablish, both by land and sea,  
The fifth, the final monarchy.
- 4 Yet instruments of Thy design,  
The kingdom is not theirs, but Thine,  
Who dost with wisdom deep employ  
Thy foes each other to destroy,  
And use, beyond their own intent,  
To shock, and purge the *Continent*.
- 5 Extirpating the' ungodly race,  
With whom wilt Thou supply their place ?  
With *Israel's* tribes so long conceal'd ?  
Just *Jews*, and real Christians fill'd ?  
With savages through Jesu's blood  
Redeem'd, and seal'd the sons of God ?

- 6 *America*, we trust shall show  
Thy glorious kingdom fix'd below,  
A kingdom of perennial peace,  
Pure joy, and perfect righteousness,  
Not of this world, but that above,  
Where all is harmony and love.
- 7 Then shall Thy whole design be seen,  
How far beyond the thoughts of men !  
When all authority put down,  
All powers are swallow'd up in one,  
And challenging Thy right Divine,  
Thou claim'st the universe for Thine.
- 8 Then shall we Hallelujah sing,  
Angels and saints, to Christ our King,  
Loud as the mighty waters' noise,  
Loud as the rattling thunder's voice,  
"The' Omnipotent His sway maintains,  
The Lord, our God, for ever reigns !"

F I N I S.

# H Y M N S

FOR THE

## NATIONAL FAST,

*Feb. 8, 1782.*



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# H Y M N S

FOR THE

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### HYMN I.

- 1 LET every prophet cry aloud,  
Lift up the voice, the trumpet blow,  
Show their transgressions to the crowd,  
The nation's sin to *Britons* show,  
That sin which marks the worst of times,  
Which Heaven with most displeasure sees,  
Which fills the measure of our crimes,  
Profane, extreme UNGODLINESS.
- 2 Through every rank and order spread ;  
The poor and rich, the low and high,  
Alike disdain their God to dread,  
And Him throughout their lives deny ;  
His laws, through ignorance of Him,  
His providence they dare disown,  
Neglect, despise, insult, blaspheme,  
And all defy the God unknown.

- 3 Their oaths have caused the land to mourn,  
The land to its foundations shook,  
And still the profligates forsworn  
Are blind to the impending stroke ;  
His outstretch'd arm they will not see,  
His thunder's voice they will not hear,  
But mock at their calamity,  
And triumph in destruction near.
- 4 God is not in their thoughts, or ways ;  
As *Atheists* in the world they live,  
A cursing, cursed, abandon'd race,  
To Satan's will themselves they give,  
Daily devote themselves to hell ;  
And when they in their sins expire,  
Convinced, alas, too late, they feel  
The real, true, eternal fire.
- 5 The pit of bottomless despair  
Hath oped its mouth to take them in :  
Yet still our nation doth not bear  
The utmost penalty of sin.  
Some unknown Friend before the throne  
To God the just for mercy prays,  
And will not let His wrath alone,  
To swallow up our impious race.
- 6 A few at this tremendous hour,  
Whose faithful prayer doth heaven assail,  
One with their Head exert their power,  
And wrestling on with God prevail ;  
Their prayer a longer space supplies,  
Their prayer hath power with God, we know,  
Who are not lifting up our eyes  
With fiends and infidels below.

- 7 God of all grace and patience, hear  
The prayer presented through Thy Son,  
Who doth our Advocate appear,  
Who made our every sin His own :  
Justice and us He stands between ;  
His blood hath quench'd the wrath of heaven,  
His blood, which cleanses from all sin,  
And speaks a guilty world forgiven.
- 

HYMN II.

- 1 God of tremendous power,  
Our evils we confess,  
And prostrate in the dust, adore  
Thy sovereign righteousness,  
Which cuts our *Israel* short,  
Which lays our nation low,  
And gives us up the scorn and sport  
Of every taunting foe.
- 2 Stricken so oft, we mourn,  
But fear to ask Thy aid,  
By vile, intestine vipers torn,  
By faithless friends betray'd,  
By factions fierce and bold,  
Rebellion's sworn allies,  
Traitors, who have their country sold,  
And on its ruins rise.
- 3 'Gainst our anointed Lord  
The parricides conspire,  
With lies and calumnies abhorr'd  
The' unthinking people fire,



- From all restraint set free,  
Fit instruments of ill,  
And mad with rage of liberty  
To do whate'er they will.
- 4 Of sense Thou dost bereave  
The slaves of every vice,  
And to our own confusions leave,  
And sin by sin chastise,  
While from one wickedness  
We to another fall,  
Till the dark, bottomless abyss  
Yawns, and receives us all.
- 5 Alas, what shall we do  
To' escape our instant doom?  
If Thou art just, if Thou art true,  
The threaten'd curse *must* come :  
On such a land as this  
Thy soul must vengeance take,  
Nor can Thy plagues and judgments cease,  
Till we our sins forsake.
- 6 O were the work begun,  
O were our hearts inclined  
The dire destroyer's paths to shun,  
The way of peace to find !  
Casting our sins away,  
Might all our nation grieve,  
To-day, while it is call'd to-day,  
Return, repent, and live !
- 7 Father, if still we have  
An Advocate with Thee,  
Who can, even to the utmost, save  
From sin and misery,

Let justice strike, or spare,  
We leave it to Thy Son,  
And only offer up *His* prayer,  
Father, Thy will be done !

---

HYMN III.

- 1 THOU awful God' of righteousness,  
Whose heavy chastisements we bear,  
We mournfully our sins confess,  
Which would not suffer Thee to spare,  
But urged the lingering ruin on,  
And forced Thy heaviest judgments down.
- 2 Year after year, Thy patient grace  
Hath waited our return to Thee,  
With mercies bless'd a thankless race,  
With wide-extended victory,  
And forced the nations to submit,  
And bruised our foes beneath our feet.
- 3 But drunk with insolence of power,  
And surfeited with every good,  
We thought not in our prosperous hour  
How soon Thou couldst abase the proud,  
The victors crush, the vanquish'd raise,  
And crown our enemies with success.
- 4 Therefore a sad reverse we find,  
So suddenly of late brought low,  
Scourged by the basest of mankind,  
Who aim'd by one destructive blow  
Our plunder'd cities to consume,  
And seal a sinful nation's doom.

- 5 Therefore the sword abroad bereaves,  
And thousands and ten thousands fall ;  
*America* the yoke receives  
Of rebels, and perfidious *Gaul* :  
We weep our friends in pieces torn,  
And the dismember'd empire mourn.
- 6 Thou hast an evil spirit sent  
Brethren from brethren to divide,  
Our land is into portions rent,  
And discord storms on every side,  
And *Britain's* sons, her curse and shame,  
Throw oil on the outrageous flame.
- 7 *Britain*, Thou hast to traitors sold,  
To faction's and rebellion's friends,  
Who having quenched their thirst of gold,  
And served their own flagitious ends,  
For shelter to a party fly,  
And laws, and king, and God defy.
- 8 Wild, independent anarchy,  
Sad presage of a nation's fall,  
And every order and degree  
Corrupt, profane, for vengeance call,  
The noble and ignoble crowd,  
Whose lives declare—There is no God.
- 9 Yet hast Thou, Lord, a remnant still,  
Who for their guilty brethren plead,  
And wait the counsels of Thy will,  
The' event by sovereign love decreed,  
Whether Thou wilt no longer spare,  
Or give us to Thy people's prayer.

- 10 Father of everlasting love,  
In Jesu's name and Spirit we cry,  
Thy judgments, with their cause, remove,  
Who wouldst not have one sinner die,  
Millions in Christ accepted see,  
And bid us live, restored, to Thee.

---

HYMN IV.

HABAKKUK I.

- 1 How long to Thee, O God, shall I  
Of violence and oppressions cry,  
And Thou refuse to hear?  
Fresh scenes of wickedness I see,  
Of bloody strife and cruelty,  
But no deliverance near.
- 2 Why dost Thou to Thy servants show  
Spoiling, and waste, and grievous woe,  
Which force me to complain?  
Tyrants and demagogues arise,  
Where'er I turn my blasted eyes,  
And fill my heart with pain.
- 3 The silent laws have lost their force,  
Where rebels arm'd obstruct their course,  
And grasp at sovereign power,  
Their law their own despotic will,  
Their whole delight to slay and kill,  
To murder and devour.
- 4 Suffer'd by Thee, their swift allies,  
Whom treacherous *Babylon* supplies,  
To their assistance haste,

March through a land that is not theirs,  
Impatient to demand their shares,  
And seize the whole at last.

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

6 O Lord, my God, my Holy One,  
High on Thine everlasting throne,  
Whom *Britain's* crimes offend,  
Thou wilt not give our nation up  
To the destroyer's will, but hope  
And peace is in our end.

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

8 Thy purer eyes abhor to see,  
Or look upon iniquity,  
Nor wilt Thou always bear  
With treacherous and bloodthirsty men,  
Who have their juster brethren slain,  
And all Thy judgments dare.

9 Fishers of men, by Satan sent,  
They hunt them through the *Continent*,  
And catch them in their toils;

As reptiles vile they tread them down,  
And then proclaim their own renown,  
And glory in 'their wiles.

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

---

HYMN V.

- 1 HAPPY, for ever happy they,  
Taken from the evil day,  
Who will not live to see  
Their country wasted and o'erthrown,  
Or swell the sympathising groan  
At *Britain's* misery.
- 2 The great vindictive day's begun,  
God's destructive work we own,  
Which general horror spreads ;  
His thunders roar, His lightnings shine,  
And vials, big with wrath Divine,  
Are bursting on our heads.
- 3 But while the showers of vengeance come,  
May not prayer prevent our doom,  
And save us from the fire ?  
Have we no part in *Abraham's* God ?  
Or is it not in *Jesu's* blood  
To quench Thy flaming ire ?

- 4 With the flagitious multitude,  
Wilt Thou slay the just and good,  
In whom Thou dost delight,  
The men who tremble at Thy word?  
Or shall not the great Judge and Lord  
Of all the earth do right?
- 5 Wouldst Thou for fifty righteous men,  
Wouldst Thou, for the sake of ten,  
Have spared the wicked place?  
And wilt Thou not ten thousand hear,  
Who ceaseless advocates appear  
For our abandon'd race?
- 6 Ten thousand now unite their cries  
Mingled with that Sacrifice  
Which did for all atone ;  
Thy church, in one request agreed,  
For mercy ask, and only plead  
The death of *Abraham's* Son.
- 7 The Son of *Abraham*, and Thine,  
Just with righteousness Divine,  
Doth in His members pray ;  
Our powerful Advocate and Head,  
He ever lives to intercede,  
And turn Thy wrath away.
- 8 Thou always hear'st Thy favourite Son ;  
Make in Him Thy mercy known,  
That all again may see  
*Britannia* pluck'd out of the flame,  
And glorify our Saviour's name,  
For ever One with Thee.
-

HYMN VI.

MALACHI IV. I.

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



Till call'd the Saviour's throne to share,  
We mount, and reign for ever there !

---

HYMN VII.

- 1 RIGHTEOUS, O Lord, Thy judgments are,  
Yet let us plead with Thee,  
Thy mercies manifold declare,  
To stop Thy stern decree :  
Before the word bring forth the woe.  
And Thy uplifted hand  
By sword and pestilence o'erthrow  
Our execrated land.
- 2 If fully purposed to destroy,  
Thou art in vengeance come,  
Why dost Thou instruments employ  
To bring Thy wanderers home ?  
Why doth Thy grace its work revive,  
Converting us from sin ?  
And still we find Thy Spirit strive,  
Our worthless hearts to win.
- 3 Thy messengers run to and fro,  
Believers are increased,  
And thousands their Redeemer know,  
With life eternal bless'd :  
Lost sheep for half a century  
Have flock'd into Thy fold ;  
And more are daily call'd by Thee,  
And in Thy book enroll'd.
- 4 But didst Thou, Lord, Thy kingdom send,  
Thy kingdom to remove,  
To make of sinners a full end,  
Excluded from Thy love ?

- Corrected, and chastised, we trust  
Thou wilt not give us o'er,  
But spare the wicked for the just,  
And curse our land no more.
- 5 Out of the deep Thy call we wait  
To bid our nation rise,  
Aspiring to our first estate,  
And by affliction wise ;  
That following after righteousness,  
We may Thy grace retrieve,  
Repent, believe, and go in peace,  
And for Thy glory live.
- 6 For this ten thousand faithful souls  
Are weeping round Thy throne,  
And while Thy angry thunder rolls,  
They in Thy Spirit groan :  
We join the heaven-invading cry,  
And mercy, mercy claim :  
O let Thy bowels, Lord, reply,  
We ask in Jesu's name !

---

HYMN VIII.

- 1 How happy, Lord, are we  
Who have a part in Thee !  
Following after righteousness,  
Hidden in Thine anger's day,  
We enjoy an heart-felt peace,  
Peace which none can take away.
- 2 When plagues the land o'erflow,  
We share the common woe ;

But our patriotic love  
Is not selfish, nor confined,  
But our yearning bowels move  
Tow'rd the whole afflicted kind.

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

4 Yet though for all we feel,  
Our souls are happy still ;  
Soft, compassionate distress,  
On a wretched world bestow'd,  
Cannot violate our peace,  
Cannot shake our trust in God.

5 With deepest sympathy,  
Saviour, we cry to Thee ;  
Listening to Thy chosen race,  
Come, Thou universal Friend,  
Shorten these vindictive days,  
Bring the joy which ne'er shall end.

6 E'en now with eagle's eye,  
We see Thee in the sky ;  
Soon with eagle's wings we soar,  
Our descending Lord to meet,  
Then the cup of bliss runs o'er,  
Then the rapture is complete !

---

HYMN IX.

- 1 WHO on the Lord Most High,  
With humble fervent zeal,  
With loving faith rely,  
And in His presence dwell,  
In dangers safe, and undismay'd,  
We rest beneath the' Almighty shade.
- 2 The ill we cannot fear  
Which worldly souls alarms,  
Or shrink appall'd to hear  
Of nations up in arms,  
Assured, if empires are o'erthrown,  
The Lord is King, and reigns alone.
- 3 His wise, permissive will  
In all events we see,  
Who orders good and ill  
To' accomplish His decree ;  
Who kindly for His people cares,  
And counts, and keeps their precious hairs.
- 4 O that the world might feel  
What none can comprehend,  
The joy unspeakable,  
The peace which ne'er shall end,  
The happiness His people prove  
Who trust in their Redeemer's love !
- 5 Then would their vain concern  
For earthly toys be o'er,  
The nations then would learn  
Pernicious war no more,  
But bless the mild *Immanuel's* sway,  
And count it heaven on earth to' obey.

- 6 Come, O Thou common Lord,  
 Thou universal King,  
 In every soul restored,  
 Thy peaceful kingdom bring,  
 The forces of the sea receive,  
 And bid the heathen world believe.
- 7 Hasten the promised hour  
 Of monarchy Divine,  
 And exercise Thy power,  
 Through endless ages Thine ;  
 Again Thine ancient *Israel* call,  
 And change their hearts, and save them all.
- 8 Not one of *Adam's* race  
 Shall then unsaved be found,  
 But peace and righteousness  
 Throughout the earth abound ;  
 The thrones shall to Thy saints be given,  
 And the new earth be turn'd to heaven.

---

 HYMN X.

- 1 CAN the disciples of our Lord  
 With unconcern their country see  
 Destroy'd by parricides abhorr'd,  
 And not complain, O God, to Thee ?  
 The little flock, the pious few,  
 Whose number *we* aspire to' increase,  
 When sinners reign, what can we do  
 But pray against their wickedness ?
- 2 Snatch'd from the flames by grace Divine,  
 We see the dire assassin-band  
 Pursuing still their cursed design,  
 To spread confusion through the land.

In league with our inveterate foe,  
Indignant *Britons* to enthral,  
And gainers by the public woe,  
To triumph in their country's fall.

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

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

5 Strengthen their hands, Almighty Lord,  
Incline their hearts to seek Thy face,  
That truth and righteousness restored  
May flourish as in ancient days,  
That all the pardoning God may know,  
Thy kingdom in their hearts receive,  
And serve Thy blessed will below,  
And saved by grace for ever live.

---

## HYMN XI.

## PART I.

- 1 LORD of Hosts, and God Most High,  
 Canst Thou a nation bless,  
 Who Thy providence deny,  
 And rob Thee of Thy praise?  
 Of their fleets and armies boast  
 For sure success and victory,  
 In themselves entirely trust,  
 And never look to Thee?
- 2 Thee the Christian-infidels  
 From Thy own world exclude,\*  
 "Skill and stratagem prevails,  
 And strength and multitude;"  
 They on these alone depend,  
 And if Thou make Thy mercy known,  
 If Thine arm deliverance send,  
 They cry "'Tis all their own."
- 3 Fifty thousand *Britons* brave  
 To the *New World* pass o'er,  
 Never yet the' *Atlantic* wave  
 So huge a burden bore:  
 Who the prowess can withstand  
 Of fleets and hosts invincible?  
 Lo, they fly, they reach the land,  
 They see, and conquer all.
- 4 But if Thou in anger frown,  
 No longer on their side,  
 O how suddenly cast down,  
 They suffer for their pride!

\* Sir W. H.

- Let but one\* his trust betray,  
A sad reverse their legions know,  
Yield, and waste, and sink away  
Before a conquer'd foe !
- 5 Yet the' infatuated crowd  
Will not Thy hand confess,  
When Thou dost abase the proud,  
And when the abject raise ;  
When they pass beneath the yoke,  
Thy scourge *the chance of war* they call ;  
In the instruments o'erlook  
The sovereign Cause of all.
- 6 But the men who fear Thy name  
Thy power and wisdom own ;  
Now as yesterday the same  
Thou sittest on the throne.  
Good, the creature of Thy will,  
Thou only dost to mortals send ;  
Only Thou permittest ill,  
Which all in good shall end.
- 7 In this last tremendous blow,†  
Thy righteousness we see,  
Thousands taken by the foe,  
Though flush'd with victory :  
Scandal of the *British* name,  
Their brethren they no more oppress ;  
Let their glory end in shame,  
And let their rapines cease.
- 8 Such their country's cause to fight  
Thou wilt not, Lord, employ,  
Without human power or might  
Who canst our foes destroy ;

\* Sir W. H.

† Lord C.



- When the conquerors come, prepared  
 To execute their furious boasts,  
 Then Thy mighty arm is bared,  
 And scatters all their hosts.
- 9 Vapours, fire, and hail, and snow  
 Are servants of our Lord,  
 Winds by Thy direction blow,  
 And storms fulfil Thy word ;  
 Storms go forth at Thy command,  
 And with resistless fury sweep,  
 Dash our foes against the strand,  
 Or plunge them in the deep.
- 10 This the Lord Himself hath done,  
 Which, wondrous in our eyes,  
 Fills us who Thy love have known  
 With rapturous surprise.  
 Jesus, at whose throne we bow,  
 In Thee we full affiance have ;  
 Surely Thou hast saved us now,  
 And shalt for ever save.

---

 HYMN XII.

## PART II.

- 1 FOOLISH world, thy vain reply  
 Is to the faithful known,  
 "If we must on God rely,  
 And God doth all alone,  
 Rust our arms, our useless bands,  
 And navies be dispersed abroad,  
 Let us idly fold our hands,  
 And leave it all to God."

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

- 6 *Britain* Thou again wouldst choose,  
 And call our nation Thine,  
 Teach us means, as means to use,  
 And answer Thy design ;  
 Wouldst our sins, not us, destroy,  
 Us out of the dunghill raise,  
 Turn our sorrow into joy,  
 And nature into grace.
- 7 Rise, the Lord of armies, rise  
 In Thy appointed hour ;  
 Scattering evil with Thine eyes  
 And every adverse power :  
 Then let earth and hell engage  
 Lodged in Thine arms to pluck us thence,  
 Raging against us, they rage  
 Against omnipotence.
- 8 Crush'd by Thine almighty hand,  
 Do Thou our foes suppress,  
 Then throughout the earth command  
 Infernal wars to cease,  
 Bid the ransom'd world be still,  
 And know that Thou art God alone,  
 Seated on Thy holy hill,  
 On Thy millennial throne !

---

 HYMN XIII.

- 1 JESUS, Thy flaming eyes  
 Full on the wicked dart,  
 Who in rebellion's cause arise  
 And take the murderer's part,

- Their bloody path pursue,  
          A congress from beneath,  
A daring, dark, and desperate crew,  
          In league with hell and death.
- 2        Possess'd of lawless power,  
          Of absolute command,  
The beasts with iron teeth devour  
          A sad, distracted land ;  
          Traitors with *Gaul* combined,  
          Their cruel sway maintain,  
The scum and refuse of mankind  
          As sovereign lords they reign.
- 3        Their heart, O Lord, Thou know'st,  
          Elated with success,  
Who triumph now, and make their boast  
          Of prosperous wickedness ;  
          Who blasphemously claim  
          Divine authority,  
As acting treasons in Thy name,  
          And countenanced by Thee.
- 4        How long, O God, how long,  
          Wilt Thou their crimes pass by,  
And suffer their oppressive wrong,  
          Who all Thy plagues defy ?  
          Blast the aspiring fiend,  
          Avenge us of the foe,  
Confound his sworn allies, and end  
          Their empire at a blow.
- 5        So shall Thy people sing  
          The power that sets us free,  
The arm that doth deliverance bring  
          From hellish tyranny :

The same in heart and mind  
 With loyal *Britons* prove,  
 In strictest bonds fraternal join'd,  
 In everlasting love.

- 6 Then when the work is done  
 Which fiends in vain withstand,  
*America* and *Britain*, one  
 In Thy all-healing hand,  
 The Lord's redeem'd shall come,  
 And crown'd with joy arise  
 To *Sion's* heights, their long-sought home,  
 Their country in the skies.

---

HYMN XIV.

FOR PEACE.

- 1 COME, thou choicest gift of heaven,  
 Far from earth by sinners driven,  
 While we for thy absence mourn,  
 Lovely, lasting peace, return.
- 2 Forfeited by *Britain's* sin,  
 Lost to us thou long hast been,  
 Us, for our iniquity,  
 Punish'd with the want of thee.
- 3 Never can we know thy way,  
 While we from our Maker stray ;  
 But we now our sin deplore :  
 Come, and never leave us more.
- 4 Prince of Peace, and *Israel's* King,  
 With Thyself the blessing bring ;  
 Peace Divine Thy Spirit imparts ;  
 Plant Thy kingdom in our hearts.

- 5 Every stubborn spirit bow,  
Turn us, Lord, and turn us now ;  
Thou who hear'st Thy people's prayer,  
End this dire intestine war.
- 6 Sprinkling us with Thy own blood,  
Reconcile us first to God,  
Then let all the *British* race  
Kindly, cordially embrace.
- 7 Concord, on a distant shore,  
To our countrymen restore ;  
Every obstacle remove,  
Melt our hatred into love.
- 8 Gospel-grace to each extend,  
Every foe, and every friend,  
Then in Thee we sweetly find  
Peace with God and all mankind.

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HYMN XV.

ANOTHER.

- 1 WITH tender affection inspired,  
With pity for mountains of slain,  
My soul is of murderers tired,  
And bitterly forced to complain ;  
Heavy-laden, and weary of life,  
Whose sorrows and troubles increase,  
I pine for an end of the strife,  
I sigh for the blessing of peace.
- 2 O peace, thou art banish'd and fled !  
The cause of our evils I see ;  
By sin such a havoc is made,  
By sin we have forfeited thee ;

No peace for the wicked there is,  
Unless we our wickedness mourn ;  
No good for a nation like this,  
Unless to our God we return.

- 3 O God, who art always the same,  
Whose nature is still to forgive,  
Permit us in Jesus's name  
To cry for a further reprieve ;  
Our sins let us fully confess,  
Our sins let us deeply deplore ;  
And when from offending we cease,  
Thou wilt to Thy favour restore.
- 4 When once reconciled to our God,  
We shall with each other agree,  
Possess'd of the blessing bestow'd,  
And one with our Lord on the tree ;  
His blood the alliance hath seal'd,  
The blessing His Spirit imparts,  
And peace with its Author reveal'd  
Eternally reigns in our hearts !
- 

[In a second edition the three foregoing publications (p. 281 to 336) were differently arranged, all being included under the general title of "Hymns for the Nation, in 1782, in Two Parts," the second part consisting of the Hymns for the Fast Day, without a specific title, and the former second part being merged in the first.]

# P R A Y E R S

F O R

C O N D E M N E D

## M A L E F A C T O R S.

---

Ó let the sorrowful sighing of the prisoners come before Thee :  
according to the greatness of Thy power, preserve Thou those  
that are appointed to die. Psalm lxxix. 12. [P. B. V.]

---

*L O N D O N :*

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VOL. VIII.

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# PRAYERS

FOR

CONDEMNED MALEFACTORS.

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## I.

- 1 FRIEND of all the sinful race,  
Jesus, full of truth and grace,  
Sent the wandering sheep to find,  
Save these outcasts of mankind.
- 2 Earnestly remember them,  
That they may themselves condemn ;  
Them for whom we life request,  
On the brink of hell arrest.
- 3 O reverse their sorest doom,  
Snatch them from the wrath to come,  
Touching whom we now agree  
Mercy to implore from Thee.
- 4 Mercy they can ne'er receive,  
Till Thou dost repentance give ;  
Giver of the grief unknown,  
Look—and break their hearts of stone.
- 5 Let them hear Thy dying cries,  
Then the dead in sin arise ;  
Stubborn guilt doth then relent,  
Rocks are by Thy passion rent.

6 With severest anguish torn,  
 Felons look on Thee, and mourn,  
 Poor repenting thieves confess  
 Christ their Lord—and die in peace !

II.

- 1 FAITHFUL and True, Thy word we plead,  
 Met in Thy name to intercede  
 For the sad sons of woe,  
 Cut off by man, to death consign'd,  
 And justly swept from earth to find  
 Severer pains below.
- 2 With *Sinai's* thunderings, Lord, begin  
 To rouse the sleeping slaves of sin,  
 To' o'erwhelm with guilty shame ;  
 Put them in fear, Thy wrath reveal,  
 Shake o'er the opening mouth of hell,  
 And scorch them with the flame.
- 3 Conviction's sharpest arrows dart,  
 And pierce their adamant heart,  
 Who now to falsehoods fly ;  
 That when their lies are swept away,  
 Cut off from all resource they may  
 To Thee for refuge cry.
- 4 Soon as Thou hear'st their contrite moan,  
 "Save, or eternally undone,  
 We die the second death,"  
 O let them call Thy death to mind,  
 And sinking into *Tophet* find  
 Thy mercy's arms beneath !

III.

- 1 SAVIOUR and Friend of all mankind,  
Seize the lost sheep for whom we pray,  
Them on the brink of *Tophet* find,  
And take in death their sins away.
- 2 If mercy hath excepted none,  
Why may not all Thy mercy prove?  
Why may not all their Saviour own,  
Dear objects of Thy dying love?
- 3 Eternal death must be their doom,  
Unless the vilest may find grace;  
But in Thy loving heart is room  
For *Adam's* whole devoted race.
- 4 Willing, and strong to save Thou art;  
Life we for every soul desire;  
O let not one, not one depart  
Cursed, into everlasting fire.
- 5 That fire for devils was prepared,  
But man was made to reign with Thee;  
By all-redeeming mercy spared,  
Let these Thy heavenly kingdom see.
- 6 Mix'd with the sheep on Thy right-hand,  
The purchase of Thy blood and prayer,  
Let these at Thy tribunal stand,  
And hear their joyful sentence there!

IV.

- 1 JUSTLY by man condemn'd to die,  
Jesus, the desperate sinner's Friend,  
Out of the deep regard our cry,  
And O! let hope be in our end.

- 2 Suffering for ills which we have done,  
The martyr's joy shall we require?  
No : but we still for mercy groan,  
And hope in final peace to' expire.
- 3 Before we gasp our latest breath,  
Before we these vile bodies leave,  
Remembering Thy own precious death,  
Saviour, our parting souls receive.
- 4 Pluck us as brands out of the flame,  
And wash'd in Thy atoning blood,  
And saved through Thy almighty name,  
Present our ransom'd souls to God.

V.

- 1 O LET the prisoners' mournful sighs  
Come up before Thy gracious throne,  
Mix'd with the blood and dying cries  
Of Jesus Thy beloved Son.
- 2 Father, regard His powerful prayer,  
Who, hanging on the shameful tree,  
Doth all our sins and sorrows bear,  
And look, through Jesu's wounds, on me !
- 3 On us the outcasts of mankind,  
Who judge ourselves not fit to live,  
But mercy hope from Thee to find,  
Through Him that gasp'd in death, Forgive !
- 4 Hear Him, our Advocate with Thee,  
Him, and the blood of sprinkling hear ;  
He pour'd out all that blood for me !  
He doth before Thy throne appear !

- 5 For us He in Thy presence stands,  
For us He prays the ceaseless prayer,  
Points to His side, and lifts His hands,  
And shows that I am graven there !
- 6 Lo ! on Thy Son our souls we cast,  
And trusting what He asks shall be,  
And dying penitent at last,  
We leave our cause to Him and Thee !

VI.

- 1 RETURN'D into Thy kingdom, Lord,  
For good remember me,  
And tell a penitent restored,  
I soon shall be with Thee.
- 2 The offering of a broken heart  
Thou never wilt despise,  
But while my soul and body part  
Accept the sacrifice.
- 3 My spirit humbly I commend  
To Thy redeeming care,  
My last important moments spend  
In penitence and prayer.
- 4 And if I may not testify  
On earth my sins forgiven,  
Yet, I, the poorest outcast I,  
May praise Thy love in heaven.\*

VII.

- 1 THE soul that sins, if God is true,  
Shall die the death which ne'er shall end,  
The endless death we own our due,  
Should God to hell this moment send.

\* These prayers were answered, Thursday, April 28th, 1785, on nineteen malefactors, who all died penitent. "Not unto me, O Lord ; not unto me !" [Author's MS. Note.]

And plunge us in the burning pool,  
 Long as eternal ages roll.

- 2 Poor guilty worms, what can we plead,  
 What in arrest of judgment say?  
 The Judge hath suffer'd in our stead,  
 The Lamb hath borne our sins away,  
 Justice Divine is satisfied,  
 And man may live, for God hath died!
- 3 The co-eternal Son of God  
 Hath laid the general ransom down,  
 He bought our peace with all His blood,  
 And pleads His death before the throne,  
 The powerful Advocate above  
 Of all who trust His dying love.
- 4 How shall we in His merits trust?  
 We dare not God our Father own;  
 Till Christ the merciful and just  
 Convince, and break our hearts of stone;  
 Our hearts are harden'd from His fear,  
 And countless sins our conscience sear.
- 5 Yet O! we would, we would believe:  
 Thou, Lord, the double bar remove,  
 The grace of true repentance give,  
 And then reveal Thy dying love:  
 Thy love which speaks a world forgiven,  
 And lifts lost souls from hell to heaven.

#### VIII.

#### JUST BEFORE THEIR BEING LED OUT TO EXECUTION.

- 1 JUSTICE, thy summons we obey,  
 And come our forfeit lives to pay,

- While God and man we justify,  
And by a righteous sentence die.
- 2 But the great God in whom we trust  
Is merciful as well as just ;  
And Jesu's blood for sin atones,  
And will not let us die but once !
- 3 Jesus, into Thy hands we fall,  
With our last breath for mercy call,  
To Thee our ransom'd spirits commend,  
And hope that heaven is in our end.
- 4 Because Thou hangedst on a tree,  
And didst Thyself expire for me,  
Me and my dying mates receive,  
And bid our souls for ever live !

IX.

- 1 AND let these wretched bodies die,  
If Thou at last receive  
The souls Thou didst so dearly buy,  
That we with God might live.
- 2 Death as the wages of our sin  
Our just desert we claim,  
But hope eternal life to win,  
Through grace—and Jesu's name.
- 3 Jesus, Thou all-redeeming Lord,  
Remember *Calvary*,  
And think on sinners self-abhorr'd,  
Who gasp in death to Thee.
- 4 And while Thy mercy's utmost power  
On us is magnified,  
O save us at our latest hour,  
Who hast for felons died.



X.

- 1 OUR punishment accepting here  
With penitent remorse ;  
With bitter grief, and torturing fear,  
We end our shameful course.
- 2 Set forth a spectacle to all,  
The refuse of mankind ;  
We on our guilty brethren call,  
And leave a word behind.
- 3 Warning, ye sons of rapine, take,  
By our unhappy doom :  
Now, now your evil ways forsake,  
And 'scape the wrath to come.
- 4 Before the righteous wrath of men  
Your careless souls surprise ;  
And give you up to lasting pain,  
And death that never dies.
- 5 Merciful God, to them extend,  
To us, Thy saving grace,  
And show Thyself the sinner's Friend  
To all our dying race.
- 6 And lo ! before Thy face to' appear,  
We now from earth remove,  
Concluding with an act sincere  
Of sorrow, faith, and love.

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[The original publication concluded with "A Word to a Condemned Malefactor," which may be found in Wesley's Works, vol. xi., p. 179. And the following Additional Hymns for the use of the same class of persons were left by the Author in manuscript.]

XI.

- 1 AND must I sink among the dead,  
With all my sins upon my head?  
Must I to my account be sent,  
To suffer endless punishment?
- 2 Shall I my innocence declare,  
Arraign'd at God's tremendous bar?  
Or plead in His all-searching sight  
My ignorance of wrong and right?
- 3 Have I not known the Master's will,  
Who plainly saith, "Thou shalt not steal,  
Shalt not commit adultery,  
A liar or a murderer be !
- 4 "Thou shalt not take My name in vain ;  
Shalt not My holy day profane ;  
Witness untrue thou shalt not bear ;  
Thou shalt not lust, thou shalt not swear.
- 5 "Obedient to thy parents be,  
And reverence just authority ;  
To idols thou shalt not bow down,  
But serve and love thy God alone."
- 6 All these I from my youth have broke,  
Have desperately cast off the yoke,  
Harden'd my heart, destroy'd my soul,  
And made my sinful measure full.
- 7 What shall I do my doom to shun,  
Or how from swift damnation run?  
Is there a mansion in the skies,  
Or room for thieves, in paradise?
- 8 No thief He saith shall enter in,  
No soul unholy or unclean,

- No infidel to heaven shall go,  
 But find his dreadful place below.
- 9 God without faith I cannot please,  
 Nor see Him without holiness ;  
 But devils cursed by wrath Divine  
 Can boast a better faith than mine !
- 10 Devils believe, and tremble too ;  
 But I who own His saying true,  
 “ The wicked shall be turn’d to hell,”  
 No fear, and no compunction feel.
- 11 Past feeling through habitual sin,  
 My conscience sear’d for years has been ;  
 Obdurate still my heart remains,  
 Nor shrinks at everlasting pains.
- 12 Hopeless, I must for ever die,  
 But He who pass’d the angels by  
 Beheld mankind with pitying look,  
 And on Himself our nature took.
- 13 He bow’d the heavens, He left His throne,  
 He laid for all the ransom down.  
 See there ! He hangs on yonder tree !  
 He bows His head, and dies—for me !
- 14 Return’d to heaven, again He lives,  
 To harden’d thieves repentance gives,  
 In penitents His grace reveals,  
 And pardon on their conscience seals.
- 15 Turn then, my Lord, my God unknown,  
 Whom with my parting breath I own ;  
 In death the kind conviction dart,  
 And cast a look, and break my heart.

- 16 A day's a thousand years to Thee,  
Cut short Thy gracious work in me,  
And let me, swept from earth, remove  
The captive of Thy dying love.

XII.

- 1 By vengeance terribly o'ertook,  
By man ahorr'd, by God forsook,  
Caught in the toils of hellish pain,  
To whom, alas, can we complain ?
- 2 We have the wages of our sin,  
Who murderers of ourselves have been ;  
Compell'd both God and man to clear,  
We have our penal sufferings here.
- 3 Not for a single crime we die,  
Numberless sins for justice cry,  
Unnumber'd sins by man unknown ;  
Nor can our death for one atone.
- 4 Man's justice can no more demand :  
But soon we at His bar shall stand  
Who knows the secrets of our hearts,  
And gives to all their just deserts.
- 5 Guilty we must receive our hire,  
Tormented in that quenchless fire,  
If mercy does not interpose  
To snatch us from eternal woes.
- 6 Being of beings, Source of love,  
If misery may Thy pity move,  
Remember Him who stain'd the tree,  
And for His sake remember me !
- 7 Most wretched of the sinful race,  
I ask *His* utmost power of grace,

Who saves in death repentant thieves,  
And His own murderers forgives.

- 8 Hear then His all-availing prayer,  
Nor leave us in extreme despair,  
But make Thine utmost mercy known,  
And give us to Thy pleading Son.

## XIII.

- 1 IN trouble's abyss, To God the Most High,  
For pardon and peace We mournfully cry :  
If mercy entreated Is deaf to our prayer,  
We perish unpitied, We die in despair.
- 2 In fetters confined Our body complains,  
Oppress'd is our mind, With heavier chains ;  
A burden of evils We horribly feel,  
It turns us to devils, And sinks us to hell.
- 3 O who can abide Unquenchable fire !  
With fiends we reside, And cannot expire,  
If sent to our dwelling With spirits beneath,  
With weeping and wailing And gnashing of teeth.
- 4 The bottomless pit Expects us we know,  
But we are not yet In torments below : [ground,  
Through boundless compassion We cumber the  
And try if salvation And grace may be found.
- 5 Who consciously doom Ourselves to the flame,  
If such may presume To call on Thy name,  
Omnipotent Jesus, Thy nature make known,  
Our Purchaser, seize us, And claim for Thine own.
- 6 Thy wonderful power Of saving exert,  
And at our last hour, With love in Thy heart,  
With mercy receive us Thy dearly bought prize,  
And dying forgive us, And take to the skies.
-

A PRAYER FOR DR. DODD UNDER CON-  
DEMNATION.

- 1 GOD ever near to the distress'd,  
When to Thy gracious throne they fly,  
In ours regard Thy Son's request,  
In ours attend Thy Spirit's cry.
- 2 The hearts of kings are in Thy hand,  
Turn'd as the rivers of the sea,  
They melt at Thy supreme command,  
And take the course prescribed by Thee.
- 3 Whom Thy vicegerent we confess,  
To mercy, Lord, his heart incline,  
And on his soften'd soul impress  
That brightest character Divine.
- 4 Now let him kindly condescend,  
Reverse the merciless decree,  
And to a guilty worm extend  
The grace he needs himself from Thee.
- 5 The mercy ask'd in Jesu's name  
Be in his royal bosom found,  
The bowels of that bleeding Lamb  
In him, in him this moment sound !
- 6 If Thou our instant suit approve,  
If mercy be Thy own design,  
Give him no rest, almighty Love,  
Till his resolve submits to Thine.
- 7 But if Thy sovereign, awful will  
Hath fix'd a dying sinner's doom,  
Thy pardon on his conscience seal,  
The earnest sure of joys to come.

- 8 Whom man accounts not fit to live,  
Thy poor repenting servant own,  
Into Thy mercy's arms receive,  
And make him partner of Thy throne.
- 

ANOTHER. WRITTEN ON THE DAY OF HIS  
EXECUTION, JUNE 27, 1777.

- 1 REFUGE supreme of sad despair,  
The outcast's Hope, the sinner's Friend,  
For him we breathe our latest prayer,  
Whose life hath reach'd its shameful end :  
For him we in Thy Spirit groan,  
And bear our burden to the throne.
- 2 The mercy which he sought from man,  
From cruel man he could not find ;  
But can he ask Thy grace in vain ?  
Lover and Saviour of mankind,  
*Thy* mercy and *Thy* grace impart,  
And fill with peace his happy heart.
- 3 Give him the sting of death to feel,  
With all his cancell'd sins removed ;  
Now in his soul Thyself reveal,  
So dearly bought, so dearly loved ;  
Challenge his parting soul for Thine,  
And swallow' up death in life Divine !
- 

PRAYER FOR A MURDERER, AT HIS  
EXECUTION, APRIL 19, 1779.

- 1 JESUS, was ever love like Thine !  
Jesus, remember *Calvary* !  
Who didst Thy precious life resign,  
Who didst, expiring on the tree,

Pity the men that nail'd Thee there,  
And save them by Thy dying prayer.

- 2 A ruffian drench'd in guiltless blood  
Thine utmost strength of grace requires :  
From all the righteous wrath of God,  
From inextinguishable fires,  
Redeem him at this dreadful hour,  
Thou infinite in saving power !
- 3 The one unpardonable sin,  
Great God, if he hath never done,  
We ask that blood to wash him clean  
Which did for murderers atone ;  
Wash'd in that blood his soul require,  
And save him—save him—as by fire !



# H Y M N S

FOR

## LOVE.

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### I.

- 1 O FOR a spark of heavenly fire  
From the Redeemer's throne,  
The pure and permanent desire  
Of loving Him alone !
- 2 The pure desire unquenchable  
Even now I seem to prove,  
But only Thou, my God, canst tell  
If Thee I wish to love.
- 3 A stranger to the blissful grace  
I hitherto have been ;  
But must I end my wretched days,  
And die at last in sin ?
- 4 A sinner hanging o'er the grave,  
Assuredly I know,  
Thy grave alone my soul can save  
From never-ending woe.

- 
- 5 When Thou hast wrought a will in me  
The blessing to receive,  
Thy hatred of iniquity,  
Thy sinless nature give ;
- 6 Partaker of my flesh, impart  
Thy Spirit from above,  
And certify my happy heart  
That God in Thee is love.
- 7 That I in Thee upraised may know  
The true eternal God,  
Thou didst become a man of woe,  
And pour out all Thy blood.
- 8 Travail'd Thy soul to ransom mine,  
To make me love again ;  
Nor wouldst Thou, Lord, Thy life resign,  
Or bleed and die in vain.
- 9 Vouchsafe me then the wish sincere,  
The wish sincere fulfil,  
And stamp me with Thy character  
According to Thy will.
- 10 Accomplish'd see Thy own desires,  
And O be satisfied,  
When singing with the' immortal choirs  
I triumph at Thy side.

## II.

- 1 SON of the living God most high,  
On Thee, the woman's Seed, I call,  
Hear an apostate spirit's cry,  
Redeem Thy creature from his fall :

- 2 Thy hatred of the hellish seed,  
 Thy holiness on me bestow,  
 Thou Bruiser of the serpent's head,  
 Destroyer of his works below.
- 3 The' abominable thing by Thee  
 The God of purity abhorr'd,  
 O let it be abhorr'd by me,  
 Become one spirit with my Lord !
- 4 Thy strong antipathy to sin,  
 Thy sinless nature now impart,  
 Thy love of righteousness bring in,  
 And change, entirely change my heart.
- 5 If now in me Thy Spirit stirs,  
 And groans the' inexplicable groan,  
 If now my soul the sin abhors,  
 Which nature hugs, and calls her own.
- 6 Deepen and fix the enmity,  
 This contrariety to ill ;  
 This horror of offending Thee  
 O may I every moment feel !
- 7 Thee let me still my refuge know,  
 Till Thee the end of sin I find,  
 Excluder of the inbred foe,  
 Destroyer of the carnal mind ;
- 8 Thyself the Finisher reveal,  
 The fatal stumbling-block remove,  
 And claim my ransom'd soul, and fill  
 Its whole capacity with love.

## III.

- 1 JESUS, my Lord, my God,  
 Who didst Thy life resign

- To buy with all Thy sacred blood  
This worthless heart of mine ;  
If now Thy grace I feel,  
O may I always prove  
By pure antipathy to ill,  
That Thee I truly love !
- 2 With sin and wickedness  
I wage eternal war,  
And all vain thoughts and all false ways  
I utterly abhor :  
My heart to my dear Lord  
I would entirely give,  
I would be govern'd by Thy word,  
And in Thy Spirit live.
- 3 I only live to win  
Thy pure and heavenly mind,  
Like Thee, averse from every sin,  
To every good inclined :  
O that I now with Thee  
Thy nature might possess,  
Thy hatred of iniquity,  
Thy love of righteousness !
- 4 I will not let Thee go,  
But wrestle on in prayer,  
Till Thou Thy gracious token show,  
Till Thou Thy will declare :  
And when Thy will is done  
I live entirely Thine,  
For ever saved, for ever one  
With holiness Divine !

## IV.

- 1 How can I hate what nature loves,  
And love what nature hates,  
Till in my soul Thy Spirit moves,  
And me anew creates ?  
Till Thou out of a thing unclean  
An holy thing produce :  
I then shall loathe and fly from sin,  
And only goodness choose.
- 2 O that the miracle of grace  
Were now display'd on me,  
Renew'd in real holiness,  
Created after Thee !  
Satan, the world, and sin to' exclude,  
Thy matchless power exert,  
And dwell with all Thy plenitude,  
Jehovah, in my heart.

## V.

- 1 WHAT shall I do to love Thee,  
Who perfect goodness art ?  
Let Thy own nature move Thee  
To tell my listening heart :  
To Thee its pining anguish,  
Its every wish is known ;  
In life, in death, I languish  
To love my God alone.
- 2 Weary alas ! of living  
A stranger to my Lord,  
Yet still in darkness cleaving  
To Thy most faithful word,

- The blessing I implore,  
The gift of righteousness,  
And knock at mercy's door  
And seek the promised grace.
- 3 Surrounded with temptations  
I for Thy coming stay,  
Possess my soul in patience,  
And long to see Thy day :  
O when shall Thy appearance  
Bid all my troubles cease,  
And crown my perseverance  
With true, eternal peace ?
- 4 O could I once behold Thee  
The joy of those above,  
In arms of faith enfold Thee  
The object of my love,  
With humblest adoration  
I should my soul resign,  
And glory in salvation  
Through endless ages mine !

## VI.

- 1 WHY should I live another day  
Without my Saviour's love ?  
O take this heart of stone away,  
This mountain-sin remove :  
Whate'er retards Thy faithful word,  
And keeps me still unblest'd,  
A stranger to my pardoning Lord,  
My soul's eternal Rest.
- 2 What can the' Omnipotent withstand,  
Or cross Thy sovereign will ?  
Thy own desire, Thy own command,  
Jesus, in me fulfil ;

- Who didst a Man of grief appear,  
Who hast for sinners died,  
The end of all Thy sufferings here  
See, and be satisfied.
- 3 Appear as crucified for me,  
The purchase of Thy blood ;  
To get Thyself the victory,  
Come, O my Lord, my God ;  
To make Thy depths of mercy known  
Thy Spirit now impart,  
And break by Thy expiring groan,  
And take my broken heart.
- 4 It must, alas ! continue whole  
Till I my Saviour see,  
As pouring out His spotless soul,  
As dying on the tree :  
That piteous spectacle alone  
My flinty heart can move,  
And turn to flesh the soften'd stone,  
And melt me into love.
- 5 Come then, Thou slaughter'd Lamb Divine,  
Thy bleeding wounds display,  
And seize to-day this heart of mine  
While it is call'd to-day :  
A time to Thee I would not set,  
Yet at Thy cross I bow,  
Restless, resign'd, Thy coming wait,  
And long to meet Thee now.
- 6 Thou art not slack to keep Thy word,  
O help my unbelief,  
Make haste to help Thy servant, Lord,  
And end my sin and grief ;

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This moment, if Thy time is come,  
Inspire the heavenly grace,  
And take my loving spirit home  
To see Thy blissful face.

## VII.

- 1 O THAT I could but pray !  
O that I could but love !  
Take, gracious Lord, the stone away,  
The secret bar remove ;  
Help by Thy Spirit's might  
My soul's infirmity,  
To wrestle for the pure delight,  
The love which flows from Thee.
- 2 O might I look and mourn  
O'er my Redeemer slain,  
And never more to sin return,  
Or pierce my Lord again !  
Repentance deep and true,  
Thou slaughter'd Lamb impart,  
As crucified appear in view,  
And break this stubborn heart.
- 3 I cannot pray aright,  
I cannot pray at all,  
Till vanquish'd by that piteous sight  
Before Thy cross I fall :  
Thy hands and side reveal,  
Thy all-victorious blood,  
And let the balmy virtue heal  
My base ingratitude.



- 4      How shall I plead with Thee ?  
         Assist me to declare,  
 Thy bowels sounding on the tree,  
         Thy strong affection there,  
         Thy grace and fervent zeal  
         By agonies Divine,  
 To save from sin, and death, and hell,  
         This dear-bought soul of mine !
- 5      This, this is all my hope,  
         Thy charity's excess  
 Shall lift the dying sinner up,  
         Thy blood shall seal my peace,  
         Shall wash my sins away ;  
         And when the power I prove  
 I only live to praise and pray,  
         To weep, adore, and love.

## VIII.

- 1    **MERCIES, Lord, belong to Thee ;**  
         Though I have rebellious been,  
 O forgive the enmity,  
         O forget the cancell'd sin ;  
 For Thy mercies' sake forgive,  
 Bid Thy pardon'd rebel live.
- 2    Live for deeper grief to cry  
         When Thy smile my sorrow cheers,  
 Live at those dear feet to lie,  
         Live to wash them with my tears,  
 Live to love, lament, and pray,  
 Live to weep my life away.

- 3 Bless'd with constant power to mourn,  
Thus would I my love express,  
Till my glorious Lord's return  
Brings the joys that never cease,  
Saves the penitent forgiven,  
Dries up all these tears in heaven.

## IX.

- 1 WHEN shall my grief and pain  
Thy kind compassion move?  
Thou know'st I languish still to' attain  
The happiness of love :  
If Thou my suit deny,  
Out of Thy presence cast,  
Excluded from Thy love, I die,  
I die unsaved at last.
- 2 How shall I plead with Thee,  
Saviour of sinful men ?  
Let Thy own dying love for me  
Thy pitying heart constrain :  
The universal load,  
The cross Thou didst endure  
With all the vengeful wrath of God,  
To make my pardon sure.
- 3 That grace unspeakable  
Thou only canst impart,  
And by Thy Spirit of faith reveal  
The secret in my heart :  
Ah, give me now to know  
Thy life hath ransom'd mine,  
And bid my sprinkled heart o'erflow  
With charity Divine.

- 
- 4       The infinite I AM,  
           The Lord of earth and heaven,  
 The' eternal God, the bleeding Lamb  
           For dear-bought sinners given,  
           Appear as crucified  
           Jehovah from above,  
 And conscious of Thy blood applied,  
           My Lord, my God, I love.

## X.

- 1   GOD in Christ, to whom I pray,  
       Thy omnipotence exert,  
       Take these evil thoughts away,  
       Change this poor polluted heart,  
       By the energy of grace,  
       By the Spirit of holiness.
- 2   When my heart is circumcised,  
       Emptied of the hell within,  
       When my spirit is baptized,  
       Perfectly detach'd from sin,  
       Fervent then, as those above,  
       Thee I shall entirely love.

## XI.

- 1   FULL of sin and void of Thee,  
       Lord, my real state I see,  
       Ask according to Thy will,  
       Thou Thy own desire fulfil,  
       Take this evil all away,  
       Give the good for which I pray.
- 2   Granting my incessant suit,  
       Sin destroy, both branch and root,

---

All the unregenerate mind,  
All my heart to sin inclined,  
All my bent to sin remove,  
Cast it out by purest love.

3 Purest love, and joy, and peace,  
Everlasting righteousness,  
All the good with Christ bestow'd,  
All the plenitude of God,  
Bring into my new-born soul,  
Consecrate, and fill the whole.

4 Nothing more can I desire,  
Nothing less will I require,  
God supreme for ever bless'd,  
Come and in Thy temple rest,  
Father, Son, and Spirit come,  
Seal me Thine eternal home.

## XII.

1 THOU Sovereign Good, for whom I groan,  
Till Thou Thy blissful self impart,  
Love of a dying God unknown,  
Enter and cheer this wretched heart,  
And witness with the sprinkled blood  
That Thou art Christ, that Thou art God.

2 I must by faith behold Thee here,  
Or cannot see Thy face above ;  
Lover of souls, in mine appear,  
Be manifest as pardoning Love,  
And fill me with the sweet surprise  
Snatch'd to my Lord in paradise.

- 3 For this a dying life I live,  
 For this I in a dungeon mourn,  
 Till Thou the pure affection give,  
 And then I to Thy arms return,  
 To Thee conform'd my soul resign,  
 And plunge in depths of love Divine.

## XIII.

- 1 THOU God unknown,  
 For whom I groan  
 Till the dark hour is over,  
 God in Christ reveal Thy Son,  
 Thyself in Christ discover.
- 2 The world through Him  
 Thou didst redeem;  
 By His most precious passion,  
 By His agonies extreme,  
 He purchased my salvation.
- 3 Yet without Thee  
 I cannot see  
 My interest in my Saviour;  
 Tell my heart He died for me,  
 For me deserved Thy favour.
- 4 Bought with His blood,  
 O that I could  
 Lay hold on Jesus' merit,  
 Pardon'd by a dying God,  
 Enlighten'd by Thy Spirit.
- 5 Thou God of grace  
 My darkness chase,  
 In goodness pass before me,  
 Show Thyself in Jesus' face,  
 And manifest Thy glory.

- 6      Then, then I see  
          The Deity  
      On ransom'd sinners smiling,—  
          To Thyself the world, and me  
      Benignly reconciling.
- 7      Thy loving son  
          With Jesus one,  
      I then shall fall before Thee,  
          Bold address Thy gracious throne,  
      And worthily adore Thee.
- 8      Me from my Lord  
          To heaven restored,  
      Nor life nor death shall sever ;  
          Crown'd with love's immense reward,  
      With love which reigns for ever !

## XIV.

- 1 THOU who giv'st the wish to pray,  
      Supplicating power bestow,  
      Till Thou tak'st my sins away,  
          Till Thou dost Thy goodness show,  
      Peace and purity impart,  
      Speak Thy name into my heart.
- 2 Brightness of the Deity,  
      Christ into my darkness shine,  
      That I may the glory see,  
          Thee the Light and Life Divine,  
      Thee throughout my darkness prove  
      Pure, unutterable Love.
- 3 Answering to Thy Spirit's call,  
      (After Thy own will He prays,)  
      Come, and raise me from my fall,  
      Plenitude of truth and grace,

Give the name, the nature new,  
Give Thyself the Giver too.

- 4 Faints my soul with strong desire,  
Thee this moment mine to know :  
Then descend the car of fire,  
Then redeem'd from all below,  
God, my God unveil'd I see,  
Mine through all eternity.

## XV.

- 1 O THE lingering misery,  
Saviour, of not loving Thee !  
O the endless pains I prove,  
Tortured with the want of love !
- 2 Love would all my evils heal,  
All I fear and all I feel,  
Draw the dire envenom'd dart,  
Angry pride, out of my heart.
- 3 Every appetite subdue,  
Every vile affection too,  
End this cruel war within,  
Quite expel the love of sin.
- 4 Love would all my wishes fill,  
Fashion'd after Thy own will,  
Make me meet to live or die,  
Give me wings to reach the sky.
- 5 Love would my salvation be,  
Essence of the Deity,  
Fix my mind on things above,  
Make me one with Him I love.

- 
- 6 Come, then, O my Friend Divine,  
Knit my willing heart to Thine ;  
Saviour to the utmost Thou,  
Give the pure affection now.
- 7 Now baptize my soul with fire,  
Fervours of intense desire,  
Such as in the Godhead glow'd,  
Took the manhood into God.
- 8 Such as brought Immanuel down,  
Crown'd Thee with a thorny crown,  
Nail'd Thee to the torturing tree,  
Pour'd out all Thy blood for me.
- 9 Yet unless my Lord I know,  
Lost were all Thy pangs below ;  
Thee unless I love again,  
All Thy blood was spill'd in vain.
- 10 Still if my iniquity  
Separates betwixt God and me,  
Saviour of the sinful kind,  
Call Thy suffering days to mind.
- 11 Still if unbelief withstands,  
Read my name upon Thy hands,  
Hear the blood that speaks for me,  
O remember *Calvary* !
- 12 There Thy last expiring groan  
Did for all my sins atone,  
Did whate'er I want procure,  
More than make my pardon sure.
- 13 There Thou diedst for me to buy  
Power at Thy dear cross to lie,  
Power the mountains to remove,  
Power to weep, believe, and love.



## XVI.

- 1 JESUS, my soul aspires  
By faith to compass Thee,  
With infinite desires  
To grasp Immensity :  
Of all in earth and heaven  
I nothing want beside,  
But when my God is given  
My soul is satisfied.
- 2 Thy nature pure partaking,  
To Thee in spirit join'd,  
And in Thine image waking,  
The true delight I find :  
The God of my salvation  
If Thou in me appear,  
With bless'd anticipation  
I see, and taste Thee here.
- 3 Yet still my Lord possessing,  
For more of heaven I pray,  
I want the final blessing  
In that most joyful day,  
The intimate fruition  
Of glorious holiness,  
The full eternal vision  
Of my Redeemer's face.
- 4 Come then in all Thy glory,  
The saints' triumphant King,  
Of all things transitory  
The flaming period bring :  
And lo ! out of the burning  
On angels' wings I fly,  
And meet my Lord returning,  
And grasp Him in the sky.

XVII.

*"Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart."*

—Deuteronomy vi. 5.

- 1 THOU great Unsearchable, Unknown,  
How shall I Thy command fulfil,  
Or force my faithless heart of stone  
To bow obedient to Thy will ?
- 2 Unless the stony Thou remove,  
Unless Thou show me who Thou art,  
'Tis quite impossible to love  
The Lord my God with all my heart.
- 3 Come then, Jehovah crucified,  
The God supreme in Christ reveal'd,  
And through Thy sacred blood applied  
My soul shall feel its pardon seal'd :
- 4 Shall truly by Thy Spirit know  
The God that purged my sinful stain,  
And pay the mighty debt I owe,  
And love my loving Lord again.
- 5 A few more days imprison'd here,  
For this, and only this I live,  
Till Thou the slaughter'd Lamb appear.  
Till Thou the pure affection give.
- 6 (That purchase of Thy dying groan,  
That boundless charity Divine,)  
And take possession of Thy own  
And seal my heart for ever Thine.

XVIII.

- 1 WHAT is that mysterious Name  
Which faithful souls receive ?  
Ignorant, alas, I am,  
Till Thou Thy Spirit give :

Fulness of the Deity,  
 Jesus, tell me who Thou art,  
 Tell Thy Father's name to me,  
 And write it on my heart.

- 2 Who my nature didst partake,  
 A sharer, Lord, of Thine,  
 Me, even me, vouchsafe to make,  
 Thou Character Divine ;  
 All Thy glorious goodness show,  
 And when Thou dost the veil remove  
 Then, and not till then, I know  
 That Thou, my God, art LOVE.

## XIX.

- 1 SPIRIT of revelation,  
 Jehovah, Thee we own :  
 Make by Thy inspiration  
 To us the Father known :  
 Of Jesus testifying,  
 His Deity assert,  
 His blood Divine applying  
 To every longing heart.
- 2 With love beyond expression  
 Bless each expecting soul,  
 And take entire possession,  
 And consecrate the whole ;  
 By Thy own signet seal us  
 Thy permanent abode,  
 With all the graces fill us,  
 With all the life of God.
- 3 The Earnest and the Witness,  
 Vouchsafe in us to dwell,  
 And give the blissful meetness  
 For bliss ineffable ;

With heavenly joy transported  
We then our course shall run,  
By angel-hosts escorted  
To the eternal throne.

## XX.

- 1 WRETCHED soul, the strife forbear,  
The long successful pain,  
Sink o'erwhelm'd with just despair  
To love thy God again :  
Seek no more the things above,  
To none but loving spirits given :  
If thou canst not hope for love,  
Thou canst not hope for heaven.
- 2 Never shall I love my God,  
Till God in Christ I know,  
Him who bought me with His blood,  
Who died to save His foe :  
Never shall I cease from sin,  
Till in His loving Spirit reveal'd  
Jesus witnesses within,  
And speaks my pardon seal'd.
- 3 Jesus, (if I may once more  
Without presumption pray,)  
Comfort to my soul restore,  
And take my sin away,  
All the guilt, and all the power,  
And all the nature, Lord, remove ;  
Save me, save me in this hour  
By bringing in Thy love.
- 4 Come Thyself into my heart,  
Essence of love Divine,  
Thy own nature to impart  
And make it truly mine :

Then I know salvation sure,  
I find the glorious earnest given,  
One with my Beloved, mature  
For all the joys of heaven.

## XXI.\*

- 1 O LOVE, Thou sovereign good unknown,  
Anxious, I wait for Thee alone  
Before I take my flight,  
Before I can depart in peace,  
Or hope for endless happiness  
In a new world of light.
- 2 Joyful I fly this moment hence,  
Meet for my rich inheritance,  
If Thou Thyself impart ;  
Salvation sure in Thee is given,  
Thou art my peace, my present heaven,  
My God Himself Thou art.
- 3 O Love, O God, Thyself reveal,  
My pardon in Thy blood to seal,  
My spirit to restore ;  
Then let me there a lot obtain  
Where sin, infirmity, and pain,  
And death shall be no more.
- 4 Canst Thou deny Thyself to me,  
A thirsty soul who gasps for Thee,  
Incapable of rest,  
Till I Thy loving nature share,  
Till Thou the mystery declare,  
And take me to Thy breast.

\* Inserted in the "Arminian Magazine" for 1781, p. 567.

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- 5 Now, O Thou love essential come,  
And lo, I sink into the tomb  
    With Jesus in my heart;  
Secure in that great day to rise,  
And mount above the flaming skies,  
    And see Thee as Thou art.

## XXII.

- 1 GREAT God incomprehensible,  
Unless Thou dost Thyself reveal  
    Thee we can never know,  
Can never see without Thy light,  
Or how to worship Thee aright,  
    Or what to Thee we owe.
- 2 But Thou hast told us in Thy word  
And certified through Christ the Lord  
    That Thou our Father art;  
Thy Spirit doth Thy mind explain,  
And cries to every soul of man,  
    “ My child, give Me thy heart !”
- 3 I would, but want the power to give,  
Unless I previously receive  
    The blessing from above,  
The wisdom peaceable and pure,  
The knowledge of salvation sure,  
    The faith that works by love.
- 4 Help me with eyes of faith to see  
Jehovah bleeding on the tree  
    For guilty worms to 'atone,  
Thy love for all mankind to buy,  
The eternal God, the Lord most high,  
    Thy Fellow and Thy Son.

5 Thy dying love in me reveal,  
 And when the sprinkled blood I feel  
     I know Thee who Thou art,  
 My loving Father and my God,  
 I thank Thee for the grace bestow'd,  
     I give Thee all my heart.

## XXIII.\*

- 1 Dost Thou require a feeble worm  
 To touch the sky, to' arrest the storm,  
     The mountain to remove?  
 Dost Thou command what cannot be,  
 That, Thy apostate creature, Thee  
     I should entirely love?
- 2 Had I ability to' obey,  
 I would not, Lord, one moment stay:  
     But O, compell'd I own,  
 Forced by ten thousand efforts vain,  
 There is no power in fallen man  
     To love a God unknown.
- 3 The power must then from Thee proceed,  
 If Thee I ever love indeed;  
     The thing Thy laws enjoin  
 Thy Spirit must in me fulfil,  
 Who ask according to Thy will  
     The precious grace Divine.
- 4 If all who will receive it, may,  
 I humbly for the blessing pray,  
     To poorest beggars given,  
 With strength of infinite desire  
 Thy only love do I require  
     Of all in earth or heaven.

\* Inserted in the "Arminian Magazine" for 1781, p. 117.

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- 5 What shall I say my suit to gain?  
Father, regard that heavenly Man  
Who groan'd on *Calvary*,  
Who paid my ransom on the cross,  
And ever lives to plead my cause,  
And ask Thy love for me.
- 6 In honour of a suppliant God  
The gift He purchased with His blood,  
Father, on me bestow ;  
That loving Thee with all my heart.  
And thus made ready to depart,  
I to Thy arms may go.

## XXIV.

- 1 BEFORE my soul and body part,  
Saviour, to part my sin and me,  
Thy love's omnipotence exert,  
And re-unite my soul to Thee.
- 2 Thou know'st for more than seventy years  
I have for Thy salvation stay'd,  
And leaving now the vale of tears,  
I mourn the blessing still delay'd.
- 3 Broke off from Thee, by passion grieved,  
Born to lament and suffer, I  
A stranger to Thy love have lived ;  
And must I, Lord, a stranger die ?
- 4 I must, unless Thy yearning heart  
With pure spontaneous love o'erflow,  
Unless Thy nature Thou impart,  
Whose blood was shed to save Thy foe.
- 5 My hope I ground on this alone,  
Thou never canst forget that tree,  
When Mercy groan'd His final groan,  
When Love Himself expired for me.



- 6 Me to redeem from sin and hell  
 Thou didst Thy precious life resign,  
 My pardon in Thy blood to seal,  
 And God and man again to join.
- 7 To buy for me the' uniting grace,  
 That I to holiness restored  
 Might in the arms of faith embrace,  
 And live one spirit with my Lord.
- 8 That I the' habitual pure delight  
 Might in that vital union prove,  
 And comprehend the depth and height,  
 And length and breadth, of dying love.

## XXV.

*"God will have all men to be saved."*—I Tim. ii. 4.

- 1 IF willing to save all Thou art,  
 Thou must be willing to save me ;  
 Yet, if Thou dost not love impart,  
 To raise the dead, it cannot be.
- 2 Thee without love I cannot know ;  
 I cannot taste Thy blessings given :  
 Love is the life of saints below,  
 Love is the life of saints in heaven.
- 3 Innocent love ! it doth no ill,  
 But truly Thy commands obeys,  
 And leads us to Thy holy hill  
 Through peaceful paths and pleasant ways.
- 4 Love only doth our souls secure  
 From anger, and desire, and pride ;  
 And by this crown of grace mature,  
 The perfect law is satisfied.

- 5 O were it pour'd into my heart,  
O could I now to love begin,  
This moment the first act exert,  
And cease, this moment cease, from sin !
- 6 Redeemer of the sinful kind,  
If Thou hast given Thyself for me,  
Found in Thy heart, O may I find  
Salvation, life, and love in Thee !
- 7 Accomplishing Thine own desire  
To have Thy ransom'd creature bless'd,  
With charity Divine inspire,  
And take possession of my breast :
- 8 So shall I, Lord, to all proclaim,  
In earth beneath, or heaven above,  
There is no other saving name,  
There is no other God but LOVE !

## XXVI.\*

- 1 THE knowledge of Thy love  
O how shall I attain ?  
Its excellence is far above  
The reach of fallen man :  
For more than seventy years  
I for the bliss have pined,  
And sought, with ceaseless prayers and tears,  
What I could never find.
- 2 Tremendous God unknown,  
Hath Thy severe decree  
Rejected as perdition's son,  
And sternly pass'd by me ;

\* Inserted in the "Arminian Magazine" for 1781, p. 63.

The saving grace withheld,  
 That left to Satan, I,  
 By Thy resistless will compell'd,  
 Might sin, despair, and die ?  
 3 Blasphemous thought, away,  
 As hell itself abhorr'd !  
 Thy attributes the lie gainsay,  
 Thy nature and Thy word ;  
 Thy oath forbids my fears,  
 And comforts all that grieve,  
 Thy bloody sweat, Thy cries and tears,  
 Thy death, would have me live ;  
 4 Would have me love my God,  
 Who loved the world so well ;  
 Surely I then, the grace bestow'd,  
 The purchased bliss shall feel !  
 Thou wilt the bliss confer  
 Before I hence depart,  
 And the abiding Comforter  
 Shall take up all my heart.

## XXVII.\*

1 WHEN, O my Saviour, shall I find  
 Planted in me Thy heavenly mind ?  
 When wilt Thou make me as Thou art,  
 Lowly and meek, and pure in heart ?  
 2 Till with Thy mind and Spirit bless'd  
 I cannot enter into rest,  
 Rest to my soul I cannot know,  
 Till fashion'd like my Lord below.  
 3 Thou Man of grief, Thou Man of love,  
 This wrath, desire, and pride, remove,

\* Inserted in the "Arminian Magazine" for 1784, p. 452.

- My nature by Thy own expel  
And in my soul for ever dwell.
- 4 Thou know'st for this alone I live,  
Thy spotless image to retrieve,  
With peace and wisdom from above,  
With gentle, chaste, and humble love.
- 5 O Love, essentially Divine,  
I nothing want when Thou art mine :  
Substantial holiness Thou art,  
And God inhabiting the heart.
- 6 Come then, to vindicate Thine own,  
And fix in me Thy favourite throne ;  
Thyself my own salvation be,  
My heaven through all eternity.

## XXVIII.

- 1 A MAN of misery and sin,  
Of lips, and life, and heart unclean,  
The glorious God of purity,  
Unholy, I can never see ;
- 2 Unless, while at the point to die,  
I to the open Fountain fly,  
And wash off all my guilty load,  
Implunged in my Redeemer's blood.
- 3 What but Thy hallowing blood could cleanse  
This deep original offence,  
This foul impediment remove,  
And fill my sprinkled heart with love ?
- 4 Sure of Thy dying love to me,  
Saviour, my heart shall cleave to Thee ;  
I must, if love my heart constrain,  
Salvation and perfection gain.

- 5 Love only doth Thy law fulfil,  
The chosen heirs of glory seal,  
My spirit to Thyself unite,  
And fit me for the blissful sight.
- 6 Come, Lord, with love my soul inspire,  
And then possess'd of my desire,  
I feel the glorious earnest given,  
Made meet for all the joys of heaven.

## XXIX.

*"Thou lovest righteousness, and hatest iniquity."*—

Psalm xlv. 7.

- 1 O WHEN shall I Thy spotless mind,  
Thy pure implanted nature feel ;  
Continually to good inclined,  
Continually averse from ill?
- 2 Restore me to my first estate,  
Renew me, Saviour, from above,  
And sin I perfectly shall hate,  
And Thee I perfectly shall love.

## XXX.

- 1 O JESUS, prove Thy name on me ;  
In life, in death my Saviour be ;  
Me from my bosom-sin avert,  
And change the bias of my heart.
- 2 I mourn my heart to ill inclined,  
My will corrupt, my carnal mind ;  
Ah ! who its enmity shall slay,  
And tear me from myself away ?
- 3 This strong propensity to sin  
Which still I groan to feel within,

What but Thy nature can remove,  
Thou God of holiness and love ?

- 4 Me, for Thy truth and mercy's sake,  
Partaker of Thy nature make ;  
My longing soul with love inspire,  
And then my loving soul require.

## XXXI.

- 1 GIVE me love, and let me die,  
Happy die or happy live,  
Live, Thy name to glorify,  
Die, Thy fulness to receive ;  
Thou the potter, I the clay,  
I, Thy only will obey.
- 2 By Thy most benign command  
Bound I am my God to love :  
Who against Thy will can stand ?  
Mountains at Thy word remove,  
Stone is turn'd to flesh, and I  
With Thy dear command comply.
- 3 Now the precious grace impart,  
Now the promised good bestow ;  
Pour Thy love into my heart,  
Let it all my soul o'erflow,  
Love which none can comprehend,  
Without bounds and without end.
- 4 Then, without a wish, I wait  
Till my change appointed come,  
Till the ministers of fate  
Bear my ready spirit home,  
All Thy plenitude to prove,  
Lost in an abyss of love.

## XXXII.

- 1 THY servant ready to depart,  
Jesus, to Thee for help I cry ;  
The virtue of Thy name exert,  
Or saved so long, in sin I die.
- 2 Preserved by my redeeming Lord  
In twice ten thousand conflicts pass'd,  
Unless Thy help Thou still afford  
I faint and perish in the last.
- 3 If through Thy strength I have run well,  
And almost won the doubtful race,  
Most sensibly my want I feel  
Of more, of persevering grace.
- 4 The countless storms of life brought through,  
If Thou refuse my heart's desire,  
Justly forsook, the land I view,  
And shipwreck'd in the port expire.
- 5 I cannot to the end endure,  
Unless the patience Thou bestow,  
And make my latest footsteps sure,  
And with me through the valley go.
- 6 But, jealous of myself, I hope  
Thou wilt my Guide and Keeper be,  
My weak defective faith fill up,  
And to the end remember me.
- 7 Throughout my life of death afraid,  
Yet, Lord, in Thee I still confide ;  
On Thee my trembling soul is stay'd,  
Who hast for me both lived and died.

- 8 Thou wilt, I steadfastly believe,  
My Saviour to the utmost prove,  
And to Thyself in death receive  
The purchase of Thy dying love.

XXXIII.

- 1 PRONE to ill, averse from good,  
Plagued by passions unsubdued,  
My continual want of grace  
Need I, Lord, to Thee confess?
- 2 Grace if Thou forbear to give,  
Me if Thou one moment leave,  
Well Thou know'st I surely shall  
Into sin that moment fall.
- 3 This alas, I always feel,  
Till Thou dost the plague expel,  
Slay the foes Thou dost control,  
Change the bias of my soul :
- 4 Make me, through Thy wondrous name,  
The reverse of what I am,  
Copy true of what Thou art,  
Lowly, meek, and pure in heart.
- 5 To Thy only will resign'd,  
One with Thee in heart and mind :  
Then matured for joys above  
Swallow up my soul in love.

XXXIV.

- 1 FAIN would I see a few good days,  
Before I cease on earth to breathe,  
Would taste the sweetness of Thy grace,  
And sink into the arms of death.



- 2 My soul with infinite desire  
Pants for the hidden things above ;  
What is it, Lord, my hopes require  
But the experience of Thy love ?
- 3 Thy love which did my soul redeem  
To this poor dying worm be given,  
Be here my happiness supreme,  
And antedate the days of heaven.
- 4 Ah give me first the rapturous powers  
Of that eternal world to taste,  
And then cut short my happy hours,  
And give me then to breathe my last.
- 5 Howe'er impatient to depart,  
From earth I tremble to remove,  
Till Thou hast shown my fluttering heart  
The great salvation of Thy love ;
- 6 Me to that great salvation keep,  
That when Thy nature I partake,  
I in Thy arms may fall asleep,  
And in Thy glorious presence wake.

F I N I S.

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H Y M N S

A N D

P O E M S,

CHIEFLY RELATING TO EVENTS IN THE  
PERSONAL HISTORY OF THE REV.  
CHARLES WESLEY.

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# H Y M N S

AND

## P O E M S .

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### HYMN FOR THE REV. MR. WHITEFIELD AND MR. WESLEYS.\*

- 1     COME, Saviour, from above,  
      Our dear redeeming Lord,  
And twist us by Thy dying love  
      Into a threefold cord ;  
      Friendship that shall endure  
      Long as the life of God,  
Indissolubly strong, and pure  
      As Thy cementing blood.
- 2     Thy love which passeth thought  
      In every heart reveal,  
And by a common ransom bought  
      We one salvation feel ;  
      We one salvation given  
      To desperate sinners show,  
And preach the throne of God in heaven  
      Set up in man below.
- 3     For this raised up by Thee,  
      And on Thy message sent,  
With primitive simplicity  
      To the highways we went ;

\* No date is affixed to these verses ; but they were probably written in 1742, or the next year.

- Nor scrip nor purse we took,  
But cast the world behind,  
But cheerfully our all forsook,  
Our all in Thee to find :
- 4 Our sole desire and aim  
Perishing souls to win,  
Collect the outcasts in Thy name,  
And force them to come in ;  
As thunder's sons to rouse  
The dead that cannot die,  
And fill with guests the lower house,  
And fit them for the sky.
- 5 For this we still remain,  
By labours undepress'd,  
And feel the love revive again  
That warm'd our youthful breast :  
Thou dost the zeal revive,  
The first uniting grace,  
And bid us to Thy glory live  
Our last and happiest days.
- 6 Thy mind we surely know,  
In which we now agree,  
And hand in hand exulting go  
To final victory :  
Obedient to Thy will,  
We put forth all our fire,  
Our ministerial work fulfil,  
And in a blaze expire.
-

## COMMEMORATIVE HYMN.

## PART I.

- 1 MERCIFUL God, what hast Thou done,  
 What hast Thou borne, for me,  
 For me, Thy most rebellious son,  
 From earliest infancy ?  
 The patience of Thy richest grace  
 Throughout my life I prove,  
 And measure back the endless maze  
 With wonder, grief, and love.
- 2 Soon as my power of acting came,  
 I spake and acted sin,  
 But felt at once in fear and shame  
 The Spirit's check within :  
 I felt the point of anger's thorn,  
 With daily guilt defiled,  
 By passion and by conscience torn,  
 A wretch while yet a child.
- 3 Bolder I with my fellows *grew*,  
 Nor yet to evil *ran*,  
 But envied those who dared break through,  
 And copy lawless man :  
 From parents' eye far off removed,  
 I still was under Thine,  
 And found, for secret sin reprov'd,  
 The government Divine.
- 4 Thou wouldst not suffer me to rest,  
 When deviating from right,  
 But visitedst my childish breast  
 With trouble or delight :

- So often grieved, Thy Spirit strove,  
And kept my soul in awe,  
Or drew me, with the cords of love,  
Without the fiery law.
- 5 Without the law I lived awhile,  
Till the commandment came,  
And stirr'd me up, by virtuous toil,  
To hide my vicious shame ;  
To' establish my own righteousness,  
" Controller of the skies,"  
And make with Thee my labour'd peace,  
And *purchase* paradise.
- 6 Thine eye beneath the fig-tree saw  
My self-disguising strife,  
And sent the thunders of Thy law  
To slay my *righteous* life :  
The sin-convincing Spirit blew  
My leafy veil aside,  
My vain self-confidence o'erthrew,  
And blasted all my pride.
- 7 O what a cruel war ensued,  
What grief, and shame, and pain !  
I only fought to be subdued,  
And rose—to fall again :  
A thousand vows I fondly made,  
A thousand vows I broke,  
O'erpower'd by sin, and captive led,  
Yet not of Thee forsook.
- 8 Thy mercy bade my strugglings cease,  
And, bursting *then* the snare,  
Sent forth out of the dark abyss  
The prisoner of despair :

I thank'd my God, with pardon bless'd,  
 Through Jesu's blood applied,  
 So instantaneously released,  
 So freely justified !

## PART II.

- 1 HERE let me pause, and fix mine eye  
 On that mysterious grace ;  
 Unseen, unfelt, it still was nigh  
 Throughout my youthful days :  
 Glory to God alone I give !  
 Instructed from above,  
 Father, I now with joy perceive  
 The wisdom of Thy love.
- 2 How has Thy love contrived to keep  
 From sin's abhorr'd extreme,  
 Till waken'd out of nature's sleep,  
 And virtue's golden dream !  
 How strangely didst Thou hedge me in,  
 So prone to every vice,  
 And damp my eager love of sin  
 By sacred cowardice !
- 3 Thy mercy placed my parents good  
 As guardian angels near,  
 And with Thy flaming sword they stood,  
 To' inspire me with Thy fear :  
 The voice which cried in them, " Beware,"  
 I now revere as Thine ;  
 Not kept from ill by human care,  
 But Providence Divine.

- 4 What but a miracle of grace  
    Could keep my soul within  
The mouth of hell, the murderer's ways,  
    The public schools of sin ;  
Where troops of young corrupters tried  
    In wickedness to' excel,  
Lewdness their vile delight, and pride  
    Their boasted principle ?
- 5 I found Thy hand, again beset,  
    And saved by grace alone,  
Where learning keeps its loftiest seat,  
    And hell its firmest throne :  
Satan and sloth had smooth'd my way  
    To pleasure's paradise ;  
Yet still I paused, afraid to stray,  
    Or plunge the gulf of vice.
- 6 How wisely timed the help that came  
    In my extremity,  
And bade the Law its prisoner claim,  
    And shut me up for Thee !  
Within the iron walls immured,  
    I now Thy goodness bless,  
By servile fear for years secured  
    From my own wickedness.
- 7 Loosed from the chains of unbelief,  
    From legal bondage freed,  
I felt the joy that follow'd grief,  
    And love that banish'd dread :  
To me, beneath the wrath of God,  
    The pardoning grace how sweet,  
When, bruised to death by *Moses'* rod,  
    I fell at Jesu's feet !



8 Still at His feet I humbly own  
 Thy uniform design,  
 The Spirit of fear and love was one,  
 Was given to make me Thine :  
 Wherefore with reverend joy I praise  
 Thine all-redeeming plan,  
 The various wisdom of Thy ways,  
 And charity to man.

---

WRITTEN AFTER DELIVERANCE FROM  
 A POPISH AMBUSH AND ASSAULT  
 NEAR ATHLONE, FEBRUARY 11TH,  
 1748.

1 ALL-CONQUERING King,  
 Thy triumph we sing,  
 Redeem'd from the foe,  
 We publish our mighty Redeemer below ;  
 The' omnipotent name  
 Of Jesus proclaim,  
 And joyfully raise  
 Our voices and hearts in a concert of praise.

2 From the malice of men,  
 Thou hast saved us again,  
 And broken the snare,  
 And scatter'd the folk that delighted in war :  
 Athirst for our blood  
 In ambush they stood,  
 Our lives to surprise,  
 And hurry us hence to our friends in the skies.

- 3       The' idolatrous priest\*  
          Their purpose had bless'd ;  
          And, arm'd with *his* zeal,  
And inspired with the tenderest mercies of hell,  
          They rush'd on their prey,  
          The victims to slay,  
          And accomplish their doom,  
And offer us up to the *Moloch* of *Rome*.
- 4       But God on the throne  
          Protected His own ;  
          The danger to ward,  
He planted around an angelical guard :  
          Their wings were outspread,  
          And cover'd our head ;  
          Their arms were beneath,  
And bore us aloft from the weapons of death.
- 5       All glory to God,  
          All honour and laud  
          To our conquering King,  
Whom Lord of the heavenly armies we sing :  
          His servants are ours,  
          The angelical powers ;  
          And now they attend,  
And assist at the concert that never shall end.
- 6       With angels above  
          We sing of Thy love,  
          With saints in the vale  
Thy unsearchable riches of mercy we tell :

\* Father Ferril.

Till, admitted among  
 The glorified throng,  
 We look on Thy face,  
 And eternity spend in a rapture of praise.

---

OCCASIONED BY AN IRISH JUDGE SENTENCING ME IN MY ABSENCE TO TRANSPORTATION.

- 1 JOIN, all the friends of Jesus, join  
 Your full, exulting hearts with mine ;  
 With mine your joyful voices raise,  
 Attuned to our Redeemer's praise,  
 Who crowns us still with victory,  
 And now delights to honour me !
- 2 Me He hath counted for His name  
 Worthy to suffer wrong and shame ;  
 Condemn'd for publishing my Lord,  
 Proscribed for ministering His word ;  
 Untried, unheard, to exile driven,  
 'Gainst all the laws of earth and heaven.
- 3 Vainly in our protection join  
 The laws, both human and Divine,  
 While those who fill the judge's chair  
 To' abuse their dread commission dare ;  
 Our helpless innocency sell,  
 To glut the priestly rage of hell.
- 4 But God in our defence shall stand,  
 And shield us with His own right hand ;  
 The Lord, whom on our side we have,  
 Shall from unrighteous judges save,  
 His injured messengers confess,  
 And give His suffering people peace.

- 5 Wherefore of Him His people boasts,  
The Prince of Peace, the Lord of Hosts ;  
Our Strength, and Confidence, and Tower,  
Our Light in Satan's darkest hour,  
Our Glory in reproach and shame,  
Our Guide and Saviour in the flame.
- 6 Bound every heart which Christ inspires,  
And praise Him, praise Him in the fires ;  
Him walking in the furnace scan,  
Whose form is as the Son of man ;  
And triumph like the faithful three,  
And shout our guardian Deity.
- 7 Blessing and thanks to God most high,  
And love, and might, and majesty ;  
Ascribe salvation to the Lamb ;  
The Spirit of power and peace proclaim ;  
The great Three-One let all things praise  
In glorious, everlasting lays !
- 

FOR THE ROMAN CATHOLICS IN  
IRELAND.

- 1 SHEPHERD of souls, the great, the good,  
Thy helpless sheep behold,  
Those other sheep dispersed abroad,  
Who are not of this fold.  
By Satan and his factors bound  
In ignorance and sin,  
Recall them through the gospel sound,  
And bring the outcasts in.

- 2 Strangers alas ! to Thee and peace,  
They cannot find the way,  
But wander in the wilderness,  
And on the mountains stray.  
Why should they faint, unsaved, unsought,  
With sure relief so nigh ?  
Why should the souls whom Thou hast bought  
For lack of knowledge die ?
- 3 Cast up, cast up an iron road,  
The stumbling-block remove,  
The sin that keeps them back from God,  
And from Thy pardoning love.  
The hinderer of Thy word restrain,  
The *Babylonish* beast,  
The men who sell poor souls for gain,  
Or curse whom Thou hast bless'd.
- 4 Those blindfold leaders of the blind,  
Who frighten them from Thee,  
And still bewitch the people's mind  
With hellish sorcery :  
Pierced with Thy Spirit's two-edged sword,  
They shall no more deceive :  
*Simon* himself at Thy great word  
Shall tremble and believe.
- 5 Who lead their followers down the way  
To everlasting death,  
Confound, convert, and pluck the prey  
Out of the lion's teeth.  
The simple men, of heart sincere,  
Who would receive Thy word,  
Bring in, Thy blessed word to hear,  
And own their bleeding Lord.

- 6 If Thou wilt work a work of grace,  
Who shall the hinderer be?  
Shall all the human hellish race  
Detain Thy own from Thee?  
Shall Satan keep, as lawful prize,  
A nation in his snare?  
Hosts of the living God, arise,  
And try the force of prayer!
- 7 The prayer of faith hath raised the dead,  
The' infernal legions driven,  
The slaves from Satan's dungeon freed,  
And shut and open'd heaven.  
Our faith shall cleave the triple crown,  
Shall o'er the beast prevail,  
And turn his kingdom upside down,  
And shake the gates of hell.
- 8 Come then, the all-victorious Name,  
Jesus, whom demons flee,  
Redemption in Thy blood proclaim,  
And life and liberty.  
Satan and all his hosts confound,  
Burst ope the dungeon-door;  
Deliverance preach to spirits bound,  
And pardon to the poor.
- 9 These poor for whom we wrestle still,  
A blind, deluded crowd,  
Bring to the word, and wound and heal  
Through the atoning blood.  
We will not let Thee go, unless  
The captives Thou retrieve;  
Now, Lord, with true repentance bless,  
And help them to believe.

- 10 To Thee with boldness we look up,  
 For all these sons of *Rome* ;  
 We ask in faith, and lo ! a troop,  
 A troop of sinners come !  
 As flocking doves, to Thee they fly  
 For refuge and for rest ;  
 They hasten to their windows nigh,  
 And shelter in Thy breast.
- 11 The things which we desired we have ;  
 To sin and Satan sold,  
 A nation call, like us, and save,  
 And make us all one fold :  
 One house, one body, and one vine,  
 One church through grace forgiven,  
 By perfect love to angels join,  
 And waft us all to heaven.
- 

THANKSGIVING FOR THE SUCCESS OF  
 THE GOSPEL IN IRELAND.

- 1 RISE, ye ransom'd sinners, rise,  
 Friends and neighbours, to the skies ;  
 Ye by Jesu's blood brought near,  
 Ye to Jesu's Father dear ;  
 Sing with me, give thanks, rejoice ;  
 Make to God a cheerful noise ;  
 I the wandering sheep have found,  
 Earth and heaven with praise resound !
- 2 I, (yet O, not I, but HE  
 Through my weakest ministry,)  
 On the brink of the great-deep,  
 Jesus found His wandering sheep :

Who their heavenly Owner was,  
 HE hath mark'd them with His cross ;  
 HE who paid their price of old,  
 Now hath brought them to His fold.

- 3 Jesus, God o'er all supreme,  
 We ere long shall reign with Him,  
 In celestial glory stand  
 With the sheep at His right hand ;  
 Join the bright angelic throng,  
 Shout the new triumphant song,  
 Face to face our Shepherd see,  
 Gaze to all eternity !

---

HYMN SUNG IN HIS FAMILY,  
 SEPTEMBER 4TH, 1749.

- 1 GOD of faithful *Abraham*, hear  
 His feeble son and Thine,  
 In Thy glorious power appear,  
 And bless my just design :  
 Lo ! I come to serve Thy will,  
 All Thy blessed will to prove ;  
 Fired with patriarchal zeal,  
 And pure primeval love.
- 2 Me and mine I fain would give  
 A sacrifice to Thee,  
 By the ancient model live,  
 The true simplicity ;  
 Walk as in my Maker's sight,  
 Free from worldly guile and care,  
 Praise my innocent delight,  
 And all my business prayer.



- 
- 3 Whom to me Thy goodness lends  
 Till life's last gasp is o'er,  
 Servants, relatives, and friends,  
 I promise to restore ;  
 All shall on Thy side appear,  
 All shall in Thy service join,  
 Principled with godly fear,  
 And worshippers Divine.
- 4 Them, as much as lies in me,  
 I will through grace persuade,  
 Seize, and turn their souls to Thee  
 For whom their souls were made ;  
 Bring them to the' atoning blood,  
 (Blood that speaks a world forgiven,)  
 Make them serious, wise, and good,  
 And train them up for heaven.
- 

WRITTEN ON A JOURNEY IN PERIL OF  
 ROBBERS.

- 1 SAVIOUR, Thy promised aid I claim  
 In danger's threatening hour ;  
 I run for shelter to Thy name,  
 My adamantine tower :  
 While underneath Thy wings I rest,  
 My sure defence I have ;  
 For who or what can e'er molest  
 Whom God resolves to save ?
- 2 The man who truly fears his God  
 Hath nothing else to fear :  
 Thy providence marks out my road,  
 Thy glory guards my rear ;

- I journey on, with flaming bands  
 Begirt on every side ;  
 The angels bear me in their hands,  
 And Jesus is my guide.
- 3 The sons of violence surround  
 My sacred paths in vain ;  
 By my unseen Protector bound,  
 They cannot break their chain :  
 Legions of fiends before Him fly,  
 Nor dare His charge assail ;  
 He scatters evil with His eye,  
 He frowns them back to hell.
- 4 Lord, I with thankfulness adore  
 Thy providential care,  
 And still Thy promised help implore  
 In never-ceasing prayer :  
 Before me still, my Saviour, go,  
 And lead me by Thy grace ;  
 But turn on *Sion's* top, and show  
 Me all Thy glorious face.

---

ON HIS WIFE'S SICKNESS. [1751.]

- 1 SEE, gracious Lord, with pitying eyes,  
 Low at Thy feet a sufferer lies,  
 Thy fatherly chastisement proves,  
 And sick she is whom Jesus loves.
- 2 Thy angels plant around her bed,  
 And let Thy hand support her head ;  
 Thy power her pain to joy convert,  
 Thy love revive her drooping heart.

- 3 Thy love her soul and body heal,  
 And let her every moment feel  
 The' atoning blood by faith applied,  
 The balm that drops from Jesu's side.
- 

HYMN SUNG AT A CONFERENCE HELD  
 IN LEEDS, SEPTEMBER 11TH, 1751.

- 1 ARISE, Thou jealous God, arise,  
 Thy sifting power exert,  
 Look through us with Thy flaming eyes,  
 And search out every heart.
- 2 Our inmost souls Thy Spirit knows,  
 And let Him now display  
 Whom Thou hast for Thy glory chose,  
 And purge the rest away.
- 3 The' apostles false far off remove,  
 The faithful labourers own,  
 And give us each himself to prove,  
 And know as he is known.
- 4 Do *I* presume to preach Thy word,  
 By Thee uncall'd, unsent ?  
 Am *I* the servant of the Lord,  
 Or Satan's instrument ?
- 5 Is this, great God, my single aim,  
 Thine, wholly Thine to be ;  
 To serve Thy will, declare Thy name,  
 And gather souls for Thee ?
- 6 To labour in my Master's cause,  
 Thy grace to testify ?  
 And spread the victory of Thy cross,  
 And on Thy cross to die ?

- 7 I once *unfeignedly believed*  
 Myself sent forth by Thee ;  
 But have I kept the grace received  
 In simple poverty ?
- 8 Still do I for the kingdom pant,  
 Till all its coming prove,  
 And nothing seek, and nothing want,  
 But more of Jesu's love ?
- 9 If still I in Thy grace abide,  
 My call confirm and clear,  
 And into Thy whole counsel guide  
 Thy poorest messenger.
- 10 Unite my heart to all that bear  
 The burden of the Lord,  
 And let our spotless lives declare  
 The virtue of Thy word.
- 11 One soul into us all inspire,  
 And let it strongly move,  
 In fervent flames of calm desire  
 To glorify Thy love.
- 12 O may we in Thy love agree,  
 To make its sweetness known,  
 Thy love the bond of union be,  
 And perfect us in one.

---

WRITTEN (IN SHORT HAND) DURING A  
 JOURNEY FROM LONDON TO NOR-  
 WICH, JULY 1754.\*

- 1           IN the name of the Lord,  
             And the strength of His word,

\* Transcribed by the Rev. Dr. Hoole. A fac-simile of the original MS. appears in the Rev. J. Kirk's Lecture, entitled "Charles Wesley, the Poet of Methodism."

- A-fishing we go :  
 This our only delight and employment below.  
 As fishing for men  
 Our labour again  
 With joy we repeat,  
 And again, till we catch the whole race in our net.
- 2        With the blessing Divine  
           On our net and our line,  
           We labour for souls ;                    [shoals.  
 And at Jesu's command we shall take them in  
           On the right we shall cast,  
           And catch them at last,  
           If our toil He approve,                    [love.  
 With the hook of His power, and the bait of His
- 3        O Saviour, be nigh  
           Thy word to apply,  
           Thy gospel to bless,  
 And crown our attempts with abundant success !  
           The profligate poor  
           With a pardon allure  
           Their Lord to embrace,  
 And captivate all with the offers of grace.
- 4        With favour look on,  
           While we let the net down,  
           Down into the deep,  
 And enclose such a number as sinks the old ship.  
           Nor shall our hearts shrink  
           Though the vessel should sink ;  
           Nor will we repine,  
 To be lost in an ocean of mercy Divine.

PRAYER FOR  
THE REV. MR. STONEHOUSE. [1755.]

- 1 O THOU whose pitying love relieves  
The traveller fallen among thieves,  
Stripp'd, wounded, and half dead ;  
To all the life of faith restore  
My friend, who needs Thy aid the more,  
The less he asks Thy aid.
- 2 Caught by the men who steal for God,  
The fiends in hunting souls employ'd,  
Too long he slumbering lay :  
But Thou hast more than shared the spoils,  
Dissolved the charms, and burst the toils,  
And claim'd the lawful prey.
- 3 Yet still, unconscious of its wound,  
His spirit is not quite unbound,  
From all delusion free :  
The thieves have left their prey behind,  
Naked, insensible, and blind,  
And destitute of Thee.
- 4 Robb'd in that dark, Satanic hour,  
Of all his ministerial power,  
The man who ran so well :  
His work, alas ! hath suffer'd loss ;  
He is not, Lord, what once he was,  
A flame of heavenly zeal.
- 5 A watchman in our Church he *was*,  
Exceeding jealous for Thy cause,  
And for Thy glorious name,  
A chosen instrument of heaven  
To pluck poor souls, by grace forgiven,  
From the eternal flame.

- 6 Raised up by Thee he seem'd to stand  
Protector of a guilty land :  
Our hopes were built on him,  
As equal to the righteous ten,  
As planted in the gap, between,  
Our *Sodom* to redeem.
- 7 How is the fervent zeal grown cold,  
The wine with water mix'd, the gold  
With nature's base alloy !  
How hath Thy messenger denied  
His heavenly call, and turn'd aside,  
And cast his sword away.
- 8 But Thou canst yet his zeal revive,  
Canst stir him up to fight and strive,  
As in those happy days,  
To prove Thy good and perfect will,  
To own, and zealously fulfil  
The counsels of Thy grace.
- 9 O wouldst Thou in this gracious hour  
Renew, and give him back his power,  
His wisdom from above :  
His simple faith, and tender fear,  
His filial piety for Her  
Whom more than life I love.
- 10 O might my dearest charge be his !  
My ceaseless prayer for *Sion's* peace,  
Now let it answer'd be !  
Shepherd Divine, (I ask no more,)  
This pastor to our Church restore,  
And take my soul to Thee.
-

## A HYMN FOR MY DEAREST FRIENDS.

[1760.]

- 1 GOD, be mercifully near,  
Object of my father's fear ;  
Me into Thy favour take,  
Me preserve for Jesu's sake.
- 2 With Thy kind protection bless'd,  
Calm I lay me down to rest ;  
All I have to Thee resign,  
Lodge them in the arms Divine :
- 3 Her, my dearest earthly friend,  
To Thy guardian love commend ;  
Day and night her Keeper be,  
Knit her simple heart to Thee.
- 4 Make the little ones Thy care ;  
Bear them, in Thy bosom bear ;  
Mark'd with the Good Shepherd's sign,  
Keep my lambs for ever Thine.

---

WRITTEN JANUARY 7TH, 1768.\*

- 1 SOLEMN, memorable day  
That snatch'd my darling son away !  
Calm I welcome thy return,  
Which summons me again to mourn,  
After a sad length of years  
To pour again my selfish tears,  
To bleed with undiminish'd smart,  
And feel the recent wound of heart.

\* The anniversary of the death of his eldest child, whose name was John. See Jackson's "Life of the Rev. C. Wesley," vol. ii., p. 329.



- 2 Time may gently bring relief,  
 Assuage or cure a common grief :  
 I no end of sorrow see,  
 Till harbour'd in eternity :  
 Then, my God, and not before,  
 My penal woes shall all be o'er,  
 And gloomy sorrow flee away  
 At the first dawn of endless day.
- 3 Now, accepting my distress,  
 I suffer out my evil days ;  
 Softly toward the tomb I tread,  
 Myself lamenting, not the dead,  
 Till my Life in death appears,  
 And Jesus, banishing my fears,  
 Cheers by the beauties of His face,  
 O'erwhelms me with the glorious blaze.

---

A PRAYER FOR MRS. VIGOR, WHEN HER  
 SON WAS IN THE SMALL-POX.

- 1 JESUS, regard a mother's sighs !  
 Her *Isaac* on the altar lies,  
 Her loved and only son ;  
 As struggling in the toils of death  
 He lies,—as gasping out his breath,  
 His last expiring groan !
- 2 With pity mark her silent tears,  
 Her pious prayers, and tender fears  
 To' oppose Thy sovereign will ;  
 Her wish with meekness to submit,  
 And weep, afflicted, at Thy feet,  
 Till Thou Thy mind reveal.

- 3 Obedient to the word Divine,  
She would her more than life resign ;  
If Thou her son demand,  
Forbid on earth his longer stay,  
And take him from the evil day  
To that celestial land.
- 4 If Thou hast work prepared for him,  
Thou canst, almighty to redeem,  
Both soul and body save ;  
Canst stop the spirit in its flight,  
Arrest him at the gates of light,  
And snatch him from the grave.
- 5 Now, Lord, a gracious token give,  
And let us with the parent grieve,  
Resign'd to Thy decree,  
Calmly, like her, expect to prove  
The appointments of almighty Love,  
And leave our all to Thee.
- 6 Thy love must send whate'er is best ;  
Grant or deny her fond request ;  
O give her back her son,  
Or to Thy mercy's arms receive,  
And bid him in Thy glory live  
Partaker of Thy throne.

---

FOR A DYING FRIEND, MR. ABRAHAM  
BROWN.\*

- 1 STRICKEN with the stroke of death,  
Jesus, save my gasping friend ;  
Kindly catch his parting breath,  
Bless him with a peaceful end ;

\* Inserted in the "Arminian Magazine" for 1779, p. 659.

Death be endless life begun,  
Bliss obtain'd and glory won.

- 2 One is as a thousand days,  
As a thousand years to Thee :  
O cut short Thy work of grace ;  
Ripe for full felicity,  
Ready with Thyself to live,  
Now his spotless soul receive.
- 3 O cut short Thy work in mine ;  
Mine, most gracious Lord, prepare,  
Purchase dear of blood Divine,  
Let me all Thine impress bear,  
All Thy great salvation see :  
Send the chariot now for me.
- 4 Dying once to die no more,  
Might I, like my friend, aspire,  
On the wings of angels soar,  
Added to the tuneful choir,  
Mingled with the saints above,  
Lost in harmony and love !

---

PRAYER FOR THE REV. MR. JOHN  
FLETCHER, JUNE 30TH, 1776.

- 1 JESUS, Thy feeble servant see,  
Sick is the man beloved by Thee :  
Thy name to magnify,  
To spread Thy gospel truths again,  
His precious soul in life detain,  
Nor suffer him to die.

- 2 The fervent prayer Thou oft hast heard,  
Thy mighty arm in mercy bared ;  
Thy wonder-working power  
Appear'd in all Thy people's sight,  
And stopp'd the spirit in its flight,  
Or bade the grave restore.
- 3 In faith we ask a fresh reprieve ;  
Frequent in deaths he yet shall live,  
If Thou pronounce the word  
Shall spend for Thee his strength renew'd,  
Witness of the all-cleansing blood,  
Forerunner of his Lord.
- 4 The Spirit which raised Thee from the dead  
Be in its quickening virtue shed,  
His mortal flesh to raise,  
To consecrate Thy human shrine,  
And fill with energy Divine  
The minister of grace.
- 5 Body and soul at once revive,  
The prayer of faith in which we strive,  
So shall we all proclaim,  
According to Thy gracious will,  
Omnipotent the sick to heal,  
In every age the same.

---

FOR THE FAST DAY, FEBRUARY 10TH, 1779.\*

- 1 TREMENDOUS God, Thy work we see,  
Thy strange destruction work below  
Chastised for our iniquity,  
Compell'd the fatal cause to know :  
We tremble as the storm comes on,  
And turns the kingdoms upside down.

\* Inserted in the "Arminian Magazine" for 1780, p. 566.

- 2 Abroad the sword our kin devours,  
And thousands and ten thousands fall ;  
(Their doom, alas ! involving ours ;)  
Yet still for sorer plagues they call ;  
And by the tyrant's heaviest chain,  
With wasted realm, and heaps of slain,
- 3 By famine, pestilence, and sword,  
Thou hast our guilty brethren tried ;  
Yet, oh ! Thou dread, avenging Lord,  
Thy justice is not satisfied ;  
Thine anger is not turn'd away,  
Thine arm is still stretch'd out to slay.
- 4 *Britons* at home with *Britons* fight,  
And furious partisans engage ;  
With cruel hate, and full despite,  
Intestine war they madly wage :  
By discord dire the land o'erturn,  
And Thee and Thy vicegerent scorn.
- 5 Thy speaking rod they will not hear,  
Thy lifted hand they will not see ;  
But cast off all religious fear,  
And only by their crimes agree  
Their sinful measure to fulfil,  
Their own extreme perdition seal.
- 6 Yet oh ! Thou gracious God and true,  
Our death-devoted nation spare,  
Attentive to the pious few,  
Who wrestle on in ceaseless prayer,  
Who will not let Thy wrath alone,  
But cry for mercy—in Thy Son.

- 
- 7 Thy children, faithful in the fire,  
    Regard, and timely rescue send :  
Mercy our hearts, with theirs, require,  
    Mercy our miseries to end ;  
For Jesu's sake our sins remove,  
And save us through Thy pardoning love.
- 8 All things are possible to God,  
    To them that on Thy Son believe ;  
In answer to His speaking blood,  
    Father, the murderers forgive,  
And pristine piety restore,  
And peace, till time shall be no more.
- 

PRAYER FOR THE LIFE OF MR. JOHN  
WESLEY. [1779.]

- 1 JESUS, Thy hated servant own,  
And send Thy glorious Spirit down,  
    In answer to our prayers :  
While others curse and wish him dead,  
Do Thou Thy choicest blessings shed,  
    And crown his hoary hairs.
- 2 Not for his death, but life, we pray,  
In mercy lengthen out his day,  
    Our venerable guide ;  
Long may he live Thy flock to keep,  
Protect from wolves Thy lambs and sheep,  
    And in his bosom hide.
- 3 Long may he live to serve Thy cause,  
To spread the victory of Thy cross,  
    To minister Thy grace ;

And late, to' increase Thy church in heaven,  
 With all the children Thou hast given,  
 Appear before Thy face.

- 4 Thou God that answerest by fire,  
 With fervent faith and strong desire,  
 Whom we present to Thee,  
 Fill with pure love his ravish'd breast,  
 And let the Spirit of glory rest  
 On all Thy church—and me !
- 5 Me, me, Thy meanest messenger,  
 Admit his happiness to share ;  
 And intimately one,  
 Through life, through death, together guide,  
 To sing with all the sanctified,  
 Around Thy azure throne.

---

WRITTEN AFTER THE CONFERENCE OF  
 1780, THE LAST AT WHICH THE WRITER  
 WAS PRESENT.

- 1 WHY should I longer, Lord, contend,  
 My last important moments spend  
 In buffeting the air ?  
 In warning those who will not see,  
 But rest in blind security,  
 And rush into the snare ?
- 2 Prophet of ills why should I live,  
 Or by my sad forebodings grieve  
 Whom I can serve no more ?  
 I only can their loss bewail  
 Till life's exhausted sorrows fail,  
 And the last pang is o'er.

- 3 Here then I quietly resign  
 Into those gracious hands Divine,  
 Whom I received from Thee,  
 My brethren and companions dear,  
 And finish with a parting tear  
 My useless ministry.
- 4 Detach'd from every creature now,  
 I humbly at Thy footstool bow,  
 Accepting my release ;  
 If Thou the promised grace bestow,  
 Salvation to Thy servant show  
 And bid me die in peace.

A PRAYER FOR THE CHURCH OF  
 ENGLAND.\*

- 1 HEAD of Thy church, attend  
 Our long-continued prayer,  
 And our *Jerusalem* defend,  
 And in Thy bosom bear  
 The sheep of *England's* fold,  
 Mark'd with their Shepherd's sign,  
 Bought with a price, redeem'd of old,  
 And wash'd in blood Divine.
- 2 Call'd out of *Babylon*  
 At Thy command they came ;  
 Our ancestors their lives laid down,  
 And triumph'd in the flame :  
 The Church's seed arose  
 Out of the martyrs' blood,  
 And saw their anti-Christian foes  
 Before Thy cross subdued.

\* Inserted in the "Arminian Magazine" for 1781, p. 229.  
 VOL. VIII. E E



- 3 Again Thy Spirit of grace  
 Doth with our *Israel* strive,  
 And even in our degenerate days  
 His ancient work revive.  
 Ten thousand witnesses  
 Stand forth on every side,  
 And, bold in life and death, confess  
 Jehovah crucified.
- 4 O that the faithful seed  
 May never, never fail,  
 Victorious through their conquering Head  
 O'er all the powers of hell !  
 Still with Thy people stay,  
 By *England's* Church adored,  
 Till every island flee away  
 Before our glorious Lord.

---

 ANOTHER.\*

- 1 'JESUS, our true and faithful Lord,  
 May *we* not on Thy word depend ?  
 Thy sure irrevocable word,  
 "Lo, I am with you to the end !"
- 2 Thy promise with the church to' abide,  
 For ours may we not justly claim ;  
 For ours, who in Thy blood confide,  
 And truly bear Thy hallow'd name ?
- 3 The gates of hell can ne'er o'erthrow  
 Thy church immovably secure :  
 Built on the Rock we surely know  
 It must from age to age endure.

\* Inserted in the "Arminian Magazine" for 1781, p. 55.

- 4 Yet Satan hath too oft prevail'd,  
And anti-Christ victorious proved,  
Churches particular have fail'd,  
Have seen their candlestick removed.
- 5 Nations that walk'd in gospel light  
Thy presence doth no longer cheer,  
*Afric* again is wrapp'd in night,  
And *Asia's* ruins scarce appear.
- 6 The man of sin who reigns at *Rome*  
Compels adoring crowds to' obey,  
Honours Divine he dares assume,  
And poisons all that own his sway.
- 7 And may not *we* to Satan yield,  
And sink beneath the' infernal host,  
The measure of our sin fulfill'd,  
Our lamp extinct, our gospel lost?
- 8 Humbly we hope for better things,  
Since Thou our offering dost receive,  
And grace to us salvation brings,  
And, unconsumed, by faith we live.
- 9 Thy blessing with the remnant stays,  
The faithful seed is multiplied,  
Thousands their bleeding Lord confess,  
And follow close their heavenly Guide.
- 10 O may they more and more increase,  
Protectors of a guilty land,  
And spread the kingdom of Thy peace,  
Till all submit to Thy command.
- 11 O may they never turn aside,  
In separate sects and parties stray,  
Lost from the fold, and scatter'd wide,  
But still their Shepherd's voice obey.

- 12 To Thee, and to each other cleave,  
 Thy mercy, power, and truth make known,  
 A pattern to believers live,  
 Till all are perfected in one !
- 13 Thou God who hear'st the faithful prayer  
 Utter'd according to Thy will,  
 Assure us of Thy constant care,  
 And on our hearts the answer seal.
- 14 The Spirit pleading in the bride,  
 With gracious smiles of love attend,  
 And with our favourite Church abide,  
 And bless, and keep till time shall end !

---

THANKSGIVING FOR AN ESCAPE FROM  
 BEING CRUSHED TO DEATH. NOVEM-  
 BER 8TH, 1782.

- 1 THEE, Father, I praise,  
 Almighty in grace,  
 Through Jesus my Lord  
 Thy power be acknowledged, Thy mercy adored !  
 In dangers and snares  
 Thou number'st my hairs,  
 Thy wings are outspread,  
 My soul to defend, and to cover my head.
- 2 When destruction was nigh,  
 I was under Thine eye ;  
 When the ruin came down,  
 Unconscious of harm, and unhurt, I went on :  
 Without Thy decree  
 No evil could be,  
 And, restrain'd by Thy will, [kill.  
 Death himself had no power, or commission, to

- 3       Reserved by the love  
      Of my Saviour above,  
      Thy servant I am,  
Thy kingdom to spread, and to hallow Thy name :  
      Thee in Jesus to know,  
      And publish below  
      Thy unspeakable grace,                   [raise.  
Which abolishes death, and redeems our whole
- 4       For this at Thy feet  
      Expecting I sit,  
      Till Thy counsel Thou show,           [to do :  
And discover the work Thou wouldst have me  
      Whatsoever it be,  
      Let me do it to Thee,  
      And Thy blessing receive,  
And an heir of Thy kingdom eternally live.
- 

FOR MISS A. D. [SEPTEMBER 1784.]

- 1 JESUS, The promise made by Thee  
We plead, and touching this agree  
To ask it for our friend,  
The help Thou only canst bestow,  
Deliverance from her hellish foe,  
A swift deliverance, send.
- 2 The virtues of Thy balmy name  
To-day as yesterday the same,  
In her relief exert ;  
The fiend who dares 'Thy temple seize,  
No longer suffer him to' oppress,  
But bid him now depart.

- 3 Thou canst with equal ease make whole  
 The body, and the sinsick soul,  
 Physician of mankind ;  
 Thy patient, Lord, at once restore,  
 Fill'd with the spirit of love and power,  
 And of a healthful mind.
- 4 Clothed with humility and grace,  
 Thy ransom'd, happy handmaid place  
 Attentive at Thy feet ;  
 And never may she thence remove,  
 Till spotless in Thy sight above  
 She finds her joy complete.
- 

ON HIS SON SAMUEL'S PERVERSION TO  
 POPERY. [1784.]

- 1 FAREWELL, my all of earthly hope,  
 My nature's stay, my age's prop,  
 Irrevocably gone !  
 Submissive to the will Divine,  
 I acquiesce, and make it mine ;  
 I offer up my son !
- 2 But give I God a sacrifice  
 That costs me naught ? my gushing eyes  
 The answer sad express,—  
 My gushing eyes, and troubled heart,  
 Which bleeds with its beloved to part,  
 Which breaks through fond excess !
- 3 Yet since he from my heart is torn,  
 Patient, resign'd, I calmly mourn  
 The darling snatch'd away :

- Father, with Thee Thy own I leave ;  
 Into Thy mercy's arms receive,  
 And keep him to that day.
- 4 Keep (for I nothing else desire)  
 The bush unburn'd amidst the fire ;  
 And freely I resign  
 My child, for a few moments lent,  
 (*My child no longer !*) I consent  
 To see his face no more !
- 5 But hear my agonizing prayer,  
 And O preserve him, and prepare  
 To meet me in the skies,  
 When throned in bliss the Lamb appears,  
 Repairs my loss, and wipes the tears  
 For ever from my eyes !

- 
- 1 BEREAVED by His revoking word,  
 I will not sin against the Lord,  
 To pray I will not cease  
 For the dear author of my woes,  
 Till death these weary eyelids close,  
 And I depart in peace.
- 2 But while an exile here I live,  
 I live for a lost son to grieve,  
 And in Thy Spirit to groan,  
 Thy blessings on his soul to claim,  
 Through Jesu's all-prevailing name,  
 Presented at Thy throne.
- 3 Still let Thine eye his steps pursue,  
 And keep the fugitive in view,  
 Where'er he rashly strays ;

Control his violence of will,  
Withhold him, Lord, from pleasing ill,  
And the destroyer's ways.

4 That poison of the *Romish* sect,  
O let it not his soul infect,  
With close serpentine art,  
With bitter, persecuting zeal ;  
But from those mysteries of hell  
Preserve his simple heart.

5 Surround him with Thy guardian power  
When ended the Satanic hour,  
And darkness flees away,  
When infidels without disguise  
Tear open his unwilling eyes,  
And drag him into day.

---

1 SEE the true ancient Church appears,  
*Peter's* unerring successors,  
Who Christ and God disown !  
Adulterers and murderers rise,  
And monsters of unnatural vice  
Adorn the Papal throne.

2 Shock'd at the hypocrites profane,  
My son, when undeceived, restrain  
From worse, if worse can be ;  
Nor let him all religion cast  
Behind, and shelter take at last  
In infidelity.

3 Father, for Thy own mercy's sake,  
Let all my mournful prayers come back  
In that tremendous day,

---

While ready and resolved he is  
To plunge into the dark abyss,  
And cast his soul away !

- 4 Then in his soul the secret tell,  
And answering for Thyself, reveal  
The TRUTH so long unknown,  
The WAY, which Thou in Jesus art,  
And LIFE, eternal life, impart  
By giving him Thy Son.
- 

- 1 THE blessed day of my release  
(Should sorrow's pangs no sooner cease)  
Will swallow up my woe,  
Make darkness light, and crooked straight,  
Unwind the labyrinths of fate,  
'And all the secret show.
- 2 But while Thy way is in the deep,  
Thou dost not chide, if still I weep,  
If still mine eyes run o'er ;  
The bitterness of death is pass'd ;  
The bitterness of life may last  
A few sad moments more.
- 3 Patient till death I feel my pain,  
But neither murmur nor complain,  
While humbled in the dust ;  
My sins the cause of my distress  
I feel, and mournfully confess  
The punishment is just.
- 4 Wherefore with soft and silent pace  
I measure out my suffering days  
In view of joys to come,



In hope His plan to comprehend,  
When Jesus shall with clouds descend,  
And call me from the tomb.

---

- 1 My God alone I fain would love,  
And patient Thy return attend,  
These clouds and mountains to remove,  
And give me an expected end,  
Explain my life of misery,  
With all Thy love's designs on me.
  - 2 A child of sorrow from the womb,  
By sad variety of pain  
Weigh'd down, I sink into the tomb,  
Yet only of myself complain ;  
My sins the root of bitterness  
I must in life and death confess.
  - 3 But trouble shall not always last :  
Affliction's child shall weep no more,  
When thankful for my sufferings *past*,  
Exulting on the heavenly shore,  
I tell the' acclaiming hosts above  
That all Thy paths were truth and love.
  - 4 Come, Finisher of sin and woe,  
And let me die my God to see ;  
My God, as I am known, to know,  
Fathom the depths of Deity,  
And spend, contemplating Thy face,  
A bless'd eternity in praise.
-

- 1 AGAINST the instrument of ill  
O may I no resentment find,  
No wrong, vindictive temper feel,  
Unfriendly wish, or thought unkind ;  
But put the yearning bowels on,  
The tender mercies of Thy Son.
- 2 Still would I keep the Lamb in view,  
Harmless in thought, and word, and deed,  
That LOVER of His foes pursue,  
Who suffer'd in His murderers' stead,  
Expired HIMSELF, that they might live,  
And meekly gasp'd in death, "FORGIVE !"
- 3 His Spirit into my soul inspire,  
That, in true holiness renew'd,  
With pure, benevolent desire,  
For evil I may render good,  
Kind to my adversary prove,  
And cruel hate requite with love.
- 4 If Thou forgive my debt immense,  
I may forgive a trivial debt,  
A fellow-servant's hundred pence  
Against ten thousand talents set :  
I *do* forgive, myself forgiven,  
And haste to meet my foe in heaven.

---

WRITTEN IN A BIBLE.

- 1 JESU, dear redeeming Lamb,  
Show me my own worthless name  
Written in the Book of God,  
Written with Thy precious blood.

- 
- 2 Let me here my title see,  
 To eternal life and Thee ;  
 See and taste how good Thou art,  
 Find Thy Spirit in my heart.
- 3 Then reveal Thy perfect love,  
 Write me in Thy book above ;  
 Thou who hast my sins forgiven,  
 Write my worthless name in heaven.

---

A RETROSPECT.

- 1 WHEN young, and full of sanguine hope,  
 And warm in my first love,  
 My spirit's loins I girded up,  
 And sought the things above,  
 Swift on the wings of active zeal  
 With Jesu's message flew,  
 O'erjoy'd with all my heart and will  
 My Master's work to do.
- 2 Freely where'er I would, I went  
 Through wisdom's pleasant ways,  
 Happy to spend and to be spent  
 In ministering His grace :  
 I found no want of will or power,  
 In love's sweet task employ'd,  
 And put forth every day and hour  
 My utmost strength for God.
- 3 As strong, and glorying in my might,  
 I drew the two-edged sword,  
 Valiant against a troop to fight  
 The battles of the Lord ;

- 
- I scorn'd the multitude to dread,  
Rush'd on with full career,  
And aim'd at each opposer's head,  
And smote off many an ear.
- 4 But now, enervated by age,  
I feel my fierceness gone,  
And nature's powers no more engage  
To prop the Saviour's throne :  
My total impotence I see,  
For help on Jesus call,  
And stretch my feeble hands to Thee,  
Who workest all in all.
- 5 Thy captive, Lord, myself I yield,  
As purely passive clay ;  
Thy holy will be all fulfill'd,  
Constraining mine to' obey :  
My passions by Thy Spirit bind,  
And, govern'd by Thy word,  
I'll suffer all the woes design'd  
To make me like my Lord.
- 6 Wholly at Thy dispose I am  
No longer at my own,  
All self-activity disclaim,  
And move in God alone :  
Transport, do what Thou wilt with me,  
A few more evil days,  
But bear me safe through all to see  
My dear Redeemer's face.\*

\* The reader will not need to be reminded of John xxi. 18, as clearly suggesting the train of thought in the above.

---

THE PRAYER OF AN AGED MINISTER  
BEFORE PREACHING.

- 1 GUARDIAN of my hoary hairs,  
Let me still dispense Thy grace,  
(Meanest of Thy messengers,  
Ready to conclude my race,)  
Still Thy promised presence prove,  
Still proclaim Thy pardoning love.
- 2 Touch my lips with hallowing fire,  
Utterance let Thy Spirit give,  
Fill my heart with pure desire  
That a dying world may live,  
Witnesses of sins forgiven,  
Sons of God and heirs of heaven.
- 3 Open now the gospel door,  
Now the gospel truths reveal,  
Clothe Thy word with secret power,  
Saving, irresistible,  
Power that life Divine imparts,  
Breaks and heals attentive hearts.
- 4 Faith which sweetly works by love  
Let it now by hearing come,  
That begotten from above  
Souls may languish after home,  
Spotless in Thine image rise,  
Grasp through death the' immortal prize.
- 5 Crown of my rejoicing, Lord,  
Let me there my children meet,  
Saved by the engrafted word,  
Singing round Thy glorious seat,  
Children of my faith and prayer  
Let me die to meet them there.

- 6 Instrument of saving them,  
 Jesus, claim me for Thine own,  
 That I may in bliss supreme  
 Cast my crown before Thy throne,  
 Face to face my Saviour see,  
 Gaze through all eternity.

---

ANOTHER.\*

- 1 LORD, if Thy sovereign majesty  
 Doth still vouchsafe to send by me,  
 Even me Thy meanest servant own,  
 And make Thy Son to sinners known.
- 2 Thy presence, and Thy help afford  
 To ratify the gracious word,  
 The' attesting Spirit's seal set to,  
 To prove the joyful tidings true.
- 3 If Thou the genuine gospel bless,  
 They must Thy saving power confess,  
 Whoe'er in Jesu's blood believe,  
 And peace and righteousness receive.
- 4 Come then, in blessings from above,  
 Thy Godhead, truth, and mercy prove,  
 The gift unspeakable impart,  
 And write Thy name on every heart.

---

TAKE AWAY ALL INIQUITY, AND GIVE  
 GOOD.†—Hosea xiv. 2.

- 1 How long, how often shall I pray,  
 Take all iniquity away,

\* Inserted in the "Arminian Magazine" for 1781, p. 510.

† Inserted in the "Arminian Magazine" for 1788, p. 446,  
 with a note that they were "written a little before" the Author's  
 death; not improbably his last *written* poem.

- 
- And give the plenitude of good,  
 The blessing bought by Jesu's blood,  
 Concupiscence and pride remove,  
 And fill me, Lord, with humble love.
- 2 Again I take the words to me  
 Prescribed, and offer them to Thee,  
 Thy kingdom come to root out sin,  
 And perfect holiness bring in,  
 And swallow up my will in Thine,  
 And human change into Divine.
- 3 So shall I render Thee Thine own,  
 And tell the wonders Thou hast done,  
 The power and faithfulness declare  
 Of God who hears and answers prayer,  
 Extol the riches of Thy grace  
 And spend my latest breath in praise.
- 4 O that the joyful hour was come  
 Which calls Thy ready servant home,  
 Unites me to the church above,  
 Where angels chant the song of love,  
 And saints eternally proclaim  
 The glories of the heavenly Lamb !
- 

LINES DICTATED ON HIS DEATH BED.

In age and feebleness extreme,  
 Who shall a helpless worm redeem ?  
 Jesus ! my only hope Thou art,  
 Strength of my failing flesh and heart ;  
 Oh ! could I catch one smile from Thee  
 And drop into eternity !

---

# E P I T A P H S.

---

## IMITATION OF BISHOP LOWTH'S EPITAPH ON HIS DAUGHTER.\*

FAREWELL, my dearest child, farewell !  
Wise, pious, good, beyond thy years !  
Thy ravish'd excellence I feel  
Bereaved—dissolved in softest tears.

But soon, if worthy of the grace,  
I shall again behold thee nigh,  
Again my dearest child embrace :  
“Haste to my arms, *Maria*, fly !

“To a fond father's arms return,”  
I then in ecstasies shall say,  
“No more to part, no more to mourn,  
But sing through one eternal day !”

---

## FOR MR. CHARLES GREENWOOD.

THE blessed, tempted man, who always fear'd,  
Hath laid triumphantly his burden down ;  
Intrepid when the stingless foe appear'd,  
He bow'd his head, and gain'd the victor's crown :

\* Inserted in the “Arminian Magazine,” vol. i., p. 282.



Exalted to a higher place above,  
 Who humbly chose on earth the lowest place,  
 His endless fears are lost in endless love,  
 His ceaseless prayers in never-ending praise.

---

FOR MR. THOS. FORFITT, AGED 76.

OF gracious riches full, and happy days,  
 A Christian here concludes his glorious race ;  
 Disciple of a meek and lowly Lord,  
 He labour'd on, and long'd for his reward,  
 Till ripe for bliss, he laid his body down,  
 And faithful unto death, received the crown.

---

FOR MR. RICHARD BOARDMAN.\*

WITH zeal for God, with love of souls inspired,  
 Nor awed by dangers, nor by labours tired,  
*Boardman* in distant worlds proclaims the word  
 To multitudes, and turns them to the Lord :  
 But soon the bloody waste of war he mourns,  
 And loyal from rebellion's seat returns ;  
 Nor yet at home, on eagles' pinions flies,  
 And in a moment soars to paradise.

---

FOR MR. PETER JACO.†

FISHER of men, ordain'd by Christ alone,  
 Immortal souls he for his Saviour won :

\* Inscribed on his tombstone in the graveyard of the cathedral church at Cork.

† Inscribed on his tombstone in the graveyard of City-road Chapel, London.

With living faith, and calmly fervent zeal,  
Perform'd and suffer'd the Redeemer's will ;  
Unmoved in all the storms of life remain'd,  
And in the good old ship the haven gain'd.

---

## FOR MR. RICHARD KEMP,

FOND of his king, and to his country true,  
He paid to *Cæsar* and to God their due ;  
And soon experiencing the Saviour's grace,  
Fought the good fight, and won the Christian race ;  
In every state, in every duty shined,  
Generous and just, beneficent and kind ;  
Friend of distress, and father to the poor,  
Active to do, and patient to endure ;  
No injuries his steadfast soul could move,  
Abate his zeal, or weary out his love :  
A steward wise, a doer of the word,  
An humble, faithful follower of his Lord,  
Close in his dear Redeemer's steps he trod,  
Took up his daily cross, and lived for God,  
Till summon'd to complete his sacrifice,  
And claim his purchased mansion in the skies,  
He more than conqueror in death appear'd,  
And trampled on a foe he never fear'd !  
O that I might, like him, my life resign ;  
O might his soul's eternal state be mine !

---

## ON MRS. LUNELL.

A FOLLOWER of the bleeding Lamb  
 Her burden here laid down,  
 The cross of Jesu's pain and shame  
 Exchanging for a crown.

True witness for her pardoning Lord,  
 Whose blood she felt applied,  
 She kept the faith, obey'd the word,  
 And lived a saint, and died.

Reader, her life and death approve,  
 Believe thy sins forgiven ;  
 Be pure in heart, be fill'd with love,  
 And follow her to heaven.

## ON MISS MOLLY LEYSON.

BENEATH a daughter of affliction lies,  
 The tears for ever banish'd from her eyes ;  
 Wash'd in the laver of atoning blood,  
 The spirit here hath dropp'd her earthly load,  
 Fulfill'd her visit, and return'd to God.

O that our flesh, like hers, might rest in hope,  
 Till earth and ocean give their prisoners up,  
 Till the great Object of our love and fear  
 With myriads of His shining friends appear, [here.  
 And all with shouts proclaim the heavenly Bridegroom

## ON MRS. POPKINS.

A CHRISTIAN here her glorious journey ends,  
 Caught from her earthly to her heavenly friends ;

---

Mature for God below, her work fulfill'd,  
Her prayers accepted, and her pardon seal'd,  
The spotless soul, a native of the sky,  
Has paid her visit, and return'd on high.

Mourner, to heaven thy earnest wishes breathe,  
And live her life, that thou may'st die her death ;  
Silent and sad pass through this weeping vale,  
With arms Divine the glorious throne assail ;  
Assured the crown of life shall then be given,  
And God shall wipe away thy tears in heaven.

---

ON MRS. HORTON. [1786.]

A MEEK and lowly follower of the Lamb,  
She more than conquer'd all in Jesu's name,  
Wash'd in His blood, and kept her garments white,  
And blameless walk'd in her Redeemer's sight,  
Till fill'd with love she fainted on His breast,  
And found within His arms her everlasting rest.

---

ON THE DEATH OF LADY GERTRUDE  
HOTHAM, APRIL 12TH, 1775.

STRANGER to sin, and guilty fears,  
An useful life of fourscore years  
She lived on earth, like those above,  
A life of humble praise and love :  
And lo, the same from first to last,  
When all her toils of love are pass'd,  
With triumph calm her course she ends,  
And in a flaming car ascends !

---

THE FOLLOWING WRITTEN FOR MR. B. LATROBE, A MORAVIAN MINISTER IN LONDON, WAS PLACED ON THE AUTHOR'S TOMBSTONE.

WITH poverty of spirit bless'd,  
Rest, happy saint, in Jesus rest ;  
A sinner saved, through grace forgiven,  
Redeem'd from earth to reign in heaven !  
Thy labours of unwearied love,  
By thee forgot, are crown'd above ;  
Crown'd, through the mercy of thy Lord,  
With a free, full, immense reward !

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MISCELLANEOUS

HYMNS AND POEMS.

---

## MISCELLANEOUS

### HYMNS AND POEMS.

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#### HYMN ON THE MEANS OF GRACE.\*

*“Thou meetest those that remember Thee in Thy ways.”*

—Isaiah lxiv. 5.

- 1 COME, Lord, to a soul That waits in Thy ways,  
That stays at the pool Expecting Thy grace :  
To see Thy salvation, And prove all Thy will,  
With sure expectation I calmly stand still.
- 2 With fasting and prayer My Saviour I seek,  
And listen to hear The Comforter speak :  
In searching and hearing The life-giving word,  
I wait Thy appearing, I look for my Lord.
- 3 Because Thou hast said, Do this for My sake,  
The mystical bread I gladly partake,  
I thirst for the Spirit That flows from above,  
And long to inherit Thy fulness of love.

\* Published in 1745. Compare Vol. V., p. 178.

- 4 'Tis *here* I look up, And grasp at Thy mind,  
Here *only* I hope Thine image to find :  
The means of bestowing Thy gift I embrace,  
But all things are owing To Jesus's grace.
- 

TO BE SUNG AT A BAPTISM.\*

- 1 COME Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,  
Reveal'd in the baptismal flood,  
Joint Saviour Thou of sinners lost,  
Descend, the one eternal God.
- 2 Now in Thy own appointed hour,  
Thy own appointed means, appear,  
That all may tremble at Thy power,  
And own the triune God is here.
- 3 For these Thy ransom'd ones we claim  
The grace which glorious life imparts,  
Their souls baptize into Thy name,  
And stamp Thine image on their hearts.
- 4 Into Thy fold this moment take,  
True Witness of their sins forgiven,  
And partners of Thy nature make,  
And partners of Thy throne in heaven.
- 

A HYMN AT THE SACRAMENT.†

- 1 GOD of truth and power and grace,  
Drawn by Thee to seek Thy face,

\* From a MS. in the possession of C. H. Waring, Esq.

† Published separately as a tract of four pages, without name or date, but probably before 1745.



- Lo ! I in Thy courts appear,  
 Humbly come to meet Thee here ;
- 2 Trembling at Thine altar stand,  
 Lift to heaven my heart and hand,  
 Of Thy promised strength secure,  
 All my sins I now abjure.
- 3 All my promises renew,  
 All my wickedness eschew,  
 Chiefly that I call'd my own,  
 Now I hate, renounce, disown.
- 4 Never more will I commit,  
 Follow, or be led by it ;  
 Only grant the grace I claim,  
 Arm my soul with Jesu's name.
- 5 Sure I am, Thou able art  
 To confirm my feeble heart ;  
 Yes, Thou wilt from sin defend,  
 Make me faithful to the end.
- 6 Sure I am, it is Thy will,  
 I should never yield to ill,  
 Never lose Thy gracious power,  
 Never sin or grieve Thee more.
- 7 What doth then my hopes prevent ?  
 Lord, Thou stay'st for my consent ;  
 My consent through grace I give,  
 Promise in Thy fear to live.
- 8 Kept by all-sufficient grace,  
 I will not to sin give place,  
 I my bosom-sin abjure,  
 Jesu's blood shall keep me pure.

- 9 Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,  
Present with Thy angel host,  
While I at Thine altar bow,  
Witness to the solemn vow !
- 10 Now admit my bold appeal,  
Now affix Thy Spirit's seal,  
Now the power from high be given,  
Register the oath in heaven.
- 

LINES WRITTEN ON BEING REQUESTED  
TO WRITE AN EPITAPH FOR THE REV.  
JAMES HERVEY.

- 1 O'ERREACH'D, impell'd by a sly *Gnostic's* art,  
To stab his father, guide, and faithful friend,  
Would pious *Hervey* act the' accuser's part ?  
And *could* a life like his in malice end ?
- 2 No : by redeeming love the snare is broke ;  
In death his rash ingratitude he blames ;  
Desires and *wills* the evil to revoke,  
And dooms the' unfinish'd libel to the flames.
- 3 Who then for filthy gain betray'd his trust,  
And show'd a kinsman's fault in open light ?  
Let *him* adorn the monumental bust,  
The' encomium fair in brass or marble write.
- 4 Or if they need a nobler trophy raise,  
As long as *Theron* and *Aspasio* live,  
Let *Madan* or *Romaine* record his praise ;  
Enough that *Wesley's* brother can *forgive* !
-

ON THE FAILURE OF THE ATTEMPTS TO  
OBTAIN A MITIGATION OF DR. DODD'S  
PUNISHMENT.

AH, who the ways of Providence can know,  
Distributing or good or ill below?  
*M—d* consents that murderers should live,  
And *Sodom's* sons the royal grace receive;  
Mercy the merciful cannot obtain,  
And contrite *Dodd* for pity sues in vain!  
But lo! the righteous Judge shall quickly come,  
And every soul receive his equal doom.  
Who mercy now to penitents deny,  
Guilty yourselves, and soon condemn'd to die,  
(Yourselves to felons if ye dare prefer,)  
Judgment unmix'd ye for yourselves prepare,  
And death eternal at the last great bar!

---

AN APOLOGY FOR THE ENEMIES TO  
MUSIC.

MEN of true piety, they know not why,  
Music with all its sacred powers decry,  
Music itself (not its abuse) condemn,  
For good or bad is just the same to them.  
But let them know they quite mistake the case,  
Defect of nature for excess of grace;  
And whilst they reprobate the' harmonious art,  
Blamed we excuse, and candidly assert  
The fault is in their ear, not in their upright heart. }

---

WRITTEN AFTER PASSING BY WHITEHALL.

UNHAPPY *Charles*, mistaken and misled,  
In error by a wretched father bred,  
By flattery nursed, and disciplined to stray,  
As born a monarch for despotic sway ;  
Push'd on by Churchmen's interested zeal,  
O'erruled by relatives beloved too well ;  
What shall I say ? with partial fondness aim  
To palliate faults thou didst thyself condemn ?  
Or, in the spirit of these furious times,  
Blacken thy memory with fictitious crimes ?  
No : rather let me blame thy course begun,  
Admire the glories of thy setting sun,  
And virtues worthy a celestial crown.

Convinced of every error in thy reign,  
Thy upright soul renounced them all ; in vain !  
Resolved to make the laws thy constant guide,  
(And every heighten'd wrong *was* rectified,)  
Rejoiced to bid the cause of discord cease,  
And lay the basis sure of public peace.

But fruitless all a righteous monarch's pains,  
If God to plague our guilty land ordains,  
Suffers His foes their fatal choice to feel,  
Cries " Havoc," and lets slip the dogs of hell.  
The champion fierce of violated laws  
His sword in prosperous rebellion draws,  
And scorning all the laws of man and God,  
Imbrues his ruffian hands in sacred blood,  
Holds up the martyr's as a traitor's head,  
And glories in the dire infernal deed !

AFTER READING MR. HILL'S "REMARKS,"  
AND "FARRAGO DOUBLE-DISTILLED."

WHY do the zealots of *Geneva* rage,  
And fiercest war with an old prophet wage ?  
Why doth their chief with blackest slanders load  
An hoary servant of the living God ?  
*Sincerely* hate, *affectedly* condemn ?  
"Because he contradicts himself—not them !"  
Let *Wesley* then a different method try,  
Himself gainsay, his own report deny ;  
Evade or contradict the general call,  
And teach, "The Saviour did *not* die for all."  
This contradiction openly confess'd  
Would cancel and atone for all the rest !

---

TO A FRIEND ON SOME LATE INFAMOUS  
PUBLICATIONS IN THE NEWSPAPERS.  
[1776.]

You ask the cause of all this pother,  
And brother stigmatized by brother :  
Why all these floods of scandal shed  
With curses on a hoary head.  
'Tis but the malice of a party,  
As blind and impotent as hearty,  
A *Popish* and *Geneva* trick.  
"Throw dirt enough, and some will stick,  
Will choke the reprobate *Arminian*,  
And damn him in the world's opinion."

They blacken, not because he tries  
To blind, but open people's eyes ;

They blacken, to cut short dispute,  
With lies and forgeries confute,  
And thus triumphantly suppress  
The calm debate,\* and calm Address ;†  
At once decide the controversy,  
And boast, " He lies at *Calvin's* mercy !"  
Mercy perhaps they might have shown  
The nation's old *deceiver John* ;  
But patriots-elect will never  
Forgive the nation's *undeceiver*.

---

PARTY LOYALTY.‡ [1780.]

THE First and Second *George* were wise,  
And understood a faction's price ;  
Little account of those they made  
That from mere principle obey'd,  
But purchased with an annual bribe  
The votes of the Dissenting tribe ;  
Who served with flaming zeal and hearty  
The heads of their own favourite party.

Why are they changed to *George* the Third,  
And never give him a good word ?  
His rebels why do they embrace,  
And spit in a mild monarch's face ?  
" Because he slights his father's friends,  
And the three kingdoms comprehends,

\* " Predestination calmly Considered."

† " Calm Address to the *Americans*."

‡ Inserted in the " *Arminian Magazine*" for 1781, p. 340.

All sects and parties reconciles,  
Alike on *Whig* and *Tory* smiles ;  
Aims at impossibilities,  
And studies all the world to please ;  
Because our pensions he withdraws ;  
And if he starve the good old cause,  
And if he nothing more advance—  
No longer pipe, no longer dance.”

---

THE  
P R O T E S T A N T  
ASSOCIATION,

WRITTEN

IN THE MIDST OF THE TUMULTS,

J U N E 1780.



L O N D O N :

Printed by *J. Paramore*, at the Foundry, Moorfields :

And sold at Mr. ATLAY'S, in the City Road. 1781.

VOL. VIII.

G G



T H E  
PROTESTANT ASSOCIATION,

W R I T T E N

In the midst of the Tumults, *June 1780.*

---

CANTO I.

ARMS, and the good old cause I sing,  
Which threaten'd vengeance on our king,  
Brought down the storm so long a-brewing,  
And *Britain* to the brink of ruin,  
While all her foes intestine join  
To execute the dark design,  
And glut the patriotic zeal  
Of *France, America,* and hell.

An army of Associators,  
Of rebels, regicides, and traitors,  
(With here and there a warm Dissenter,  
*Geneva Jack,* and *John* the painter,)  
Of real, or pretended zealots,  
Of *Scots,* sworn enemies to prelates,  
Of patriots a countless throng  
Their banners rear, and pour along ;  
*Russians* and *Frenchmen* in disguise,  
*Americans,* their sworn allies,  
And all the friends of Congress meet,  
To make the' infernal host complete.

See, where the Protestant crusade,  
 With *Masaniello*\* at their head,  
 March from the Fields with mild intent,  
 To' address, and purge the Parliament !  
 With loud huzzas their friends they greet,  
 And safe escort them through the street :  
 But woe to those they can't *confide in* !  
 Unfit their carriages to ride in,  
 They drag 'em out, and thrust, and bruise 'em,  
 And most *papistically* use 'em.  
 Commons and lords alike they shake,  
 Compell'd the *Covenant* to take ;  
 Judges, and ministers of state,  
 On these they wreck their keenest hate ;  
 Or roll with *Oliverian* sport  
 Their legislators in the dirt,  
 Or bishops † o'er the houses fright,  
 Right glad to save their lives by flight.

Less fierce the saints of Forty-one  
 With 'prentices their work begun,  
 And carrying on the Reformation,  
 O'erturn'd at last both church and nation.

But now the dupes of meek condition,  
 Who blindly follow'd their petition,  
 Shock'd at the madness of their fellows,  
 (While *Masaniello* blows the bellows,)  
 Wisely escape from hell broke loose,  
 And slip their necks out of the noose.

Meantime the resolute crusaders,  
 (No longer psalm-singing paraders),

\* Of Naples. [*Author's Note.*] † Bishop of L—. [*Ibid.*]

From outraged senators returning,  
Begin their work of chapel-burning ;  
The choicest imps of hell employ  
To tear, demolish, and destroy.  
(Themselves at a convenient distance  
To give their instruments assistance.)  
“ Courage, my lads ! ’tis now or never :  
Down with the mass-houses for ever ! ”  
’Tis said ; ’tis done ; in half a minute  
The chapel’s storm’d : the foe within it,  
With *Gothic* or with *Scottish* feelings,  
Batter the walls, or mar the ceilings,  
Compassionate as stones or stocks,  
And gentle as reforming *Knox* ;\*  
Altar and cross their fury feel,  
On pictures they let loose their zeal,  
On organs they discharge their rage,  
On books ; nor spare the sacred page :  
Bibles must aid to feed the fire,  
Till Popery all in smoke expire.

Flush’d with success, without their head  
The sons of anarchy proceed,  
Satan anew their violence rouses  
To gut, and then to burn the houses.  
And first they an example make,  
And vengeance on the wretches take,  
(All vile informers to deter,)  
Who durst against their comrades swear.  
And next the men that dared commit them,  
And like atrocious villains treat them,

\* In Scotland. [*Author’s Note.*]

They justly to destruction doom,  
And burn them out of house and home.

Of neither evidence nor warrant  
Afraid, as an outrageous current  
They now the dams and banks o'erflow,  
And menace every *Popish* foe ;  
“Down with the mass-houses,” they cry ;  
And *Walworth's*\* successor stands by :  
The City's meek administrator,  
A tame, not unconcern'd, spectator,  
Quakes, as the conflagration rages,  
And pays the devil's slaves their wages,  
With “Come, my lads, enough is done ;  
Take this,—and quietly be gone !”  
The aldermen in corners hide,  
And wisely for themselves provide ;  
The shrieves an awful distance keep,  
Or—sometimes—venture at a peep !  
The justices with dread look on,  
Till their own houses are pull'd down,  
Content the mob shall burn their hives,  
If they will only spare their lives.

The generous mob, too brave to martyr  
Meek citizens who beg for quarter,  
Or storm the houses mark'd for burning  
Without a fair, sufficient warning,  
Seeing the gallant city yield,  
The' acknowledged masters of the field  
To all their victims send advice,  
And scorn to take them by surprise.

\* Lord Mayor in 1381, who struck down the rebel, Wat Tyler,  
in Smithfield.

## CANTO II.

AND now from street to street they roam,  
And ruin spread where'er they come ;  
The tutor'd boys, without dismay,  
Pursue their work in open day,  
As lords of the surrender'd town,  
As hired to pull old houses down.  
Young *Allen's*\* fate untaught to fear  
From men inured to massacre,  
They smile to see the troops draw nigher  
With no authority to fire,  
As sent to mark how they go on,  
And guard them till their work is done.

When nothing can their force resist,  
Allow'd to do whate'er they list,  
They next the welcome word obey,  
And to the prisons march away.  
But promise first at morning-light  
To burn and pillage them at night,  
Set all the lawful captives free,  
And make a jail-delivery.  
A principle of self-compassion,  
Of self-defence, and preservation,  
To loose the' oppress'd, their heart engages,  
Let the birds fly, and burn the cages,  
Desperate, in case of a defeat,  
Thus to cut off their last retreat.

The keepers warn'd, in time prepare,  
And send for succour to the Mayor.

\* A rioter killed in St. George's Fields. [*Author's Note.*]

But is the aid they ask refused ?  
He only begs to be excused  
“ From raising the combustion higher,  
From pouring oil upon the fire,  
Provoking a mad multitude,  
And rashly shedding Christian blood.”

As lovers at the' appointed hour,  
True to their word, with wasteful power,  
Dread executioners of fate,  
They fire the house, and burst the gate,  
The fortress storm'd, their fellows seize,  
And with triumphant joy release.  
Who can describe the mutual greeting  
Of friends, at such a happy meeting !  
As brethren and companions dear  
Redeem'd from bonds and death so near,  
They gladly their deliverers join,  
To carry on the' humane design,  
The business of Association,  
And break the shackles of the nation.

Behold them rush from jail to jail,  
Resolved their promise shall not fail  
To set imprison'd *virtue* free,  
Erase the marks of tyranny,  
Afford the frailer sex protection,  
Burn all the houses of correction,  
Destroy the *scourges* of mankind,  
Nor leave one whipping-post behind.

The threaten'd jails, an hour before,  
The magisterial aid implore ;

But cannot gain what they require ;  
 But sink, like Newgate, in the fire,  
 While issuing from their burning hives,  
 The vermin that by plunder thrives,  
 Augment the gang of public spoilers  
 With a fresh regiment of *Tylers*.

One glorious enterprise remains,  
 To recompense the heroes' pains,  
 The unguarded Bank by storm to take,  
 A bonfire of the books to make,  
 Assist the insufficient state,  
 And pay at once the nation's debt.

Fired with the hope so rich a treasure  
 To seize, and then to take their pleasure,  
 They run, they fly, where booty calls,  
 And force the gate, and scale the walls,  
 Ready the' important fort to win,  
 When answer'd by a guard within,  
 Repulsed, o'erthrown, on heaps they lie,  
 And in the bed of honour die !

[Yet, on the point of being sack'd,  
 The Bank, they say, was ne'er attack'd :  
 And three months hence, the Cits will tell us,  
 No accident at all befel us,  
 No Popish chapel was pull'd down,  
 And not a house was burn'd in town.]

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### CANTO III.

BAFFLED for once, the mob retreat,  
 Yet conquerors still in every street, \*

The prostrate citizens they see,  
And haste to' improve their victory ;  
The list of the proscribed make known,  
For lives and fortunes are their own.

“ The chapels were a good beginning,  
A hint to signify our meaning ;  
But Protestants, or Papists, all  
Shall now without distinction fall :  
Whether of high or low condition,  
Whoever sign'd not the petition ;  
The foreigners by labour fed,  
Who rob the people of their bread,  
Bishops, and lords, and gentlemen,  
Who proudly o'er the people reign,  
And all the men on gain intent,  
And all the tools of Government,  
The Government o'erturn'd shall see,  
And mourn its sad catastrophe.

“ But O ! what death doth he require,  
Who cast our names into the fire,  
Repulsed, and treated us with scorn ?  
He, and his house, and church shall burn.  
That rogue *Romaine* we soon shall have him ;  
Nor *Mence's*\* tuneful voice shall save him.”  
(Who would not the Associates join,  
Or list beneath a madman's sign.)  
“ Old *Wesley* too, to Papists kind,  
Who wrote against them for a blind,

\* The Rev. Benjamin Mence, supposed to be the finest counter-tenor in England. He was Minor Canon at St. Paul's.—*Manuscript note by Miss Wesley.*



Himself a Papist still in heart,  
 He and his followers shall smart.  
 Not one of his fraternity  
 We here beneath our standard see,  
 To which whole regiments resort  
 Both from the Lock\* and Tottenham-court." †  
 [Who rave, like patriots disappointed,  
 And roar and curse the Lord's anointed.]

The rabble speak, and spread their bands,  
 To execute their own commands,  
 Impetuous, as the torrent pours,  
 Resistless, as the flame devours,  
 And scattering ruin far and wide,  
 While terror is on every side,  
 With blasphemies they rend the sky,  
 And both their king and God defy.

But chiefly those they hate and fear  
 Who bear the noblest character ;  
 The hoary guardian of our laws,  
 Most adverse to rebellion's cause,  
 Most faithful to his king, and true,  
 Most zealous for his country too,  
 On him with keenest rage they fly,  
 As justice would with *Mansfield* die.  
 The feeble guards stand by and see  
 The basest tools of anarchy,  
 Our age and nation's foul disgrace,  
 Who set his mansion in a blaze :

\* The Lock Hospital Chapel was Mr. Madan's place of worship.

† The Tottenham-court chapel was built by Mr. Whitefield, and belonged to the Calvinistic Methodists.

Pictures, and monuments of art,  
The utmost genius could exert,  
Compilers of the' historic page,  
The bard, and lawgiver, and sage,  
Writings for general use, design'd  
To teach, and to improve mankind,  
With manuscripts of price unknown,  
Upon the flaming heap are thrown,  
More than a Vatican contains  
Is lost, and not a wreck remains.

So when ferocious *Omar* comes,  
And learning to destruction dooms,  
*Ptolemy's* stores\* erect the pyre,  
His volumes all in smoke expire,  
And the barbaric flames devour  
The work of ages in an hour.

What hinders now the fell banditti  
From plundering the devoted city?  
Boldly they cast the mask away,  
And stand confess'd in open day;  
Hourly with fresh recruits increased;  
The cry of Popery now is ceased:  
They threaten general desolation,  
A fire to purify the nation;  
A fire impartial to consume  
The friends and enemies of *Rome*.  
"Thoroughly to purge is our intent,  
Is—to blow up the Parliament,  
The rich to level with the poor,  
Unbounded freedom to restore.

\* The Alexandrian Library. [*Author's Note.*]

To pull the courts and churches down,  
And all the palaces in town.  
Demolish every public place,  
Set all your records in a blaze,  
And warm you with the glorious sight—  
Expect a specimen to-night !”

O what a night was that ! the crowd  
As congregated waters loud,  
Tremendous as the sea in storm,  
Their promise terribly perform !  
Fierce flames on every side aspire,  
And vault the firmament with fire !  
The clash of arms, the thundering sound,  
The pierced, who fall and bite the ground,  
The roaring of *Abaddon's* sons,  
The shoutings, and the dying groans,  
The shrieks of anguish and dismay,  
(A picture of that final day,)  
Horrible sympathy impart,  
And thrill with fear the boldest heart !

Where'er we turn our blasted eyes,  
The torrent roars, the flames arise :  
The old, the sick, the women fear,  
Or die through dread of death so near !  
Swiftly the catching fire proceeds,  
From house to house destruction spreads,  
And streets\* entire are doom'd to fall,  
And vengeance vows to' o'erwhelm us all.

Unhappy *Langdale* ! who could see  
Unmoved his mournful tragedy,

\* Newgate-street, &c. [*Author's Note.*]

Enough to mollify the nature  
Of the most stern Associator !  
His numerous babes, an helpless throng,  
They deprecate the cruel wrong ;  
The father sad, with fruitless prayer,  
Entreats the savages to spare,  
(Whom wine inflames, and fury blinds,)  
Talks to the waves, and courts the winds ;  
In vain to magistrates applies,  
Before his house in ashes lies,  
To aldermen most humbly suing,  
While trembling on the verge of ruin,  
He instantaneous aid requires,  
Or to prevent, or quench the fires.  
Compassion steals into their breast,  
And *W*— assents to his request,  
(That hero in tumultuous fights,  
That champion for the City's rights !)  
“Let's save him then,” he cries, “from murder,—  
But all things must be done in order ;—  
Let's save him from the mob so cursed,—  
But let us call a council first !”

Vain help, alas, which never came !  
Consumed by the voracious flame,  
His all is lost ! and numbers more  
His ruin and their own deplore,  
Recalling oft with fresh affright  
The havoc of that dreadful night !

At morn we see the fiery void,  
And glorying o'er their foes destroy'd,  
We shrink from the assassin band,  
Possess'd of absolute command :

The nation's scum together rise,  
To swell their host with new supplies,  
From smoking jails a desperate crew,  
Who rob the gibbet of its due,  
Vile instruments of depredation  
Let loose on an abandon'd nation,  
Incendiaries from every side  
Heighten the wild tumultuous tide :  
*Hibernians* join to rend and tear,  
And Papists last, the spoils to share,  
(As vultures to the carcase fly,  
Smelling the bloody banquet nigh,)  
Flock to the city of confusion,  
Given up to mobbish execution.

Who can against the ruffians stand,  
Or dare deny their just demand ?  
Religion's friends, our faith's protectors,  
Our guards—an army of collectors,  
May they not maintenance require,  
As workmen worthy of their hire,  
And lay us under contribution,  
And bring us to a good conclusion ?

“ That good and full conclusion 's come,  
Your sure, inevitable doom :  
The exterminating word is pass'd,  
And the next night shall be your last :  
'Tis fix'd (the hellish murderer cries,)  
A thousand fires at once shall rise ;  
Your aqueducts cut off shall fail,  
And flames unquenchable prevail,  
(Strange flames that never can expire,

A compound of *Tartarian* fire,)  
Destruction shall your city sweep,  
Burn'd down into a ruinous heap,  
Your proud metropolis shall lie,  
And *London's* boast for ever die."

What can their purpose fell defeat,  
Or snatch us from the gaping pit?  
We shudder on the brink of fate,  
And for our sure excision wait:  
Let but another night pass o'er,  
And *England's* glory is no more,  
Triumph the *Luciferan* host,  
*Abaddon* reigns, and all is lost!

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CANTO IV.

BUT lo! at the appointed time,  
On His eternal throne sublime,  
The Lord, who o'er all nature reigns,  
And holds rebellious powers in chains,  
Who sets the raging sea its bounds,  
He looks—and all our foes confounds!

He calls the man of His right hand,  
His image, in the gap to stand,  
Inspired with wisdom from above,  
Clothed with authority and love,  
Deputed by the Lord most high  
To deal the vengeance of the sky,  
Root out the sons of wickedness,  
And save a most unthankful race.

His faithful troops from every side  
Are brought to turn the rapid tide,  
To scatter the wild beasts of prey,  
The felons and destroyers slay,  
To seize the' appointed heirs of death,  
And pluck the prey out of their teeth,  
The brands half-burn'd out of the fire,  
And pay the incendiaries their hire.

Compell'd at last the loyal bands  
To execute their king's commands,  
(Their king by heaven's almighty Lord  
Entrusted with the nation's sword,)  
No more they *tenderly forbear*,  
No more with *cruel* pity spare,  
Nor slaughter *all* with fury blind,  
But where the *active* fiends they find  
In their infernal work *employ'd*,  
The hell-hounds are at once destroy'd !

The pale, remaining sons of riot,  
Atrocious foes to public quiet,  
Quaking before their swift pursuers,  
(A terror now to evil-doers,)  
Into remotest corners fly,  
(Their badges and their arms thrown by,)  
Or wish in the deep dungeon's gloom  
To screen them from the death to come,  
Or long to hide their guilty head  
In ruins which their hands have made.

But vain your hope of a reprieve,  
Ye see the sad alternative,

Mercy itself is forced to cry,  
The innocent, or you, must die.

What streams of blood already shed !  
Heaps of intoxicated dead,  
Beneath the flaming ashes found,  
And carcases without a wound !  
(While many a slaughter'd parricide  
Is dragg'd away, his name to hide.)  
Patricians here in rags remain,  
There female fiends and furies slain,  
To every shock'd spectator show  
"There is a God that reigns below !"  
But now fulfill'd His dread design,  
The ministers of wrath Divine,  
Behold the public peace restored,  
And gladly sheathe the vengeful sword.

Extinct we see the fatal blaze,  
Saved by a miracle of grace,  
The national escape we view,  
And scarcely dare believe it true.  
Yet now beginning to respire,  
We anxiously the cause inquire  
Whence our calamities began,  
Or who contrived the burning plan.  
Too evident the' accursed design  
We see ; but where's the *Catiline* ?  
The wisest grant we are not got  
To the dark bottom of the plot ;  
The least acute, methinks, might smell  
The counsel of *Ahithophel*.  
Or is there no resentment rankling  
In the unnatural heart of *Franklin* ?



Does nothing treasonable lurk,  
 Nothing *American*, in —— ?  
 No depths of *Luciferian* art  
 In *F*——'s foul, infernal heart ?  
 (That son of vice and dissipation,  
 Implunged in debt and desperation,  
 For each flagitious purpose fit,  
 A fiend in malice and in wit !)  
 No hope in the ejected race ?  
 No mischief hatching in His Grace—  
 So forward to defend the crown,  
 And turn the soldiers out of town,  
 So willing, in our last extreme,  
 Our safety should be left to him !

How came Mynheer our doom to know,  
 And publish it two months ago ?  
*French* prophets—whence could they foresee  
 Our swift-approaching destiny ?  
 Or Congress, from across the' *Atlantic*,  
 Behold the Associate mob so frantic,  
 And promise the destruction near  
 Of *London* and of *Westminster* !

In answer to these choking questions,  
 Or ministerial suggestions,  
 The patriots say, "No harm was *meant*,  
 No plot : but all was accident !"   
 By *accident* the rabble came  
 Together, in religion's name ;  
 By *accident*, without a *plan*,  
 They with the mass-houses began ;  
 They next suppress'd all evidence,  
 And all who justice could dispense ;

The statesmen to destruction doom'd ;  
By *accident* the jails consumed ;  
(While water we in vain require  
To quench the hell-compounded fire)  
By *accident* the people's lees  
Concurr'd our wealth and arms to seize ;  
From step to step, by measures just  
To lay our cities in the dust,  
Our name and nation to erase,  
And build their empire in its place ;  
To reign—yet still with no *intent*  
To reign— “ for all was *accident* ! ”

So, as the sons of *Epicurus*  
With modest confidence assure us,  
Atoms did into order dance  
And form'd an universe,—by *chance* !

“ But why is no discovery made ?  
We see the tail, without the head.”  
Our rulers may know more, and see  
Farther, perhaps, than you or me ;  
And at the time that best befits  
To bring the nation to their wits,  
Unravel the complete design,  
And show the face of *Catiline* !

Meantime in spite of all your covers,  
And sly, political manœuvres,  
This inference the public draws,  
The *effect* must presuppose a *cause*,  
The mischief point at the contrivers,  
The headlong herd detect the drivers.

## ADDRESS TO THE CITY.

*Written in June 1780.*

YE citizens of *London*, why  
So coy, and diffident, and shy,  
Who should with open arms receive  
The instruments, through whom ye live ;  
Why shun the soldiers' company,  
And with the valiant city free,  
And call for arms yourselves at last ?  
Is it, because the danger's pass'd ?

Should bloody arms entrusted be  
With men of your *temerity*,  
Who, when ye in the ground assemble  
Your bands, bid all the council tremble ?  
Who, firing but with powder, make  
Yourselves, and the whole city quake ?  
What would become of us, if all  
The liverymen should fire with ball ?  
The fright we never could endure ;  
Nor would his lordship be secure  
Within the wind of such commotion,  
But death again might be his *potion* !

Can ye so suddenly forget  
Those ragged ministers of fate,  
All law and order's overturners,  
The furious mob of chapel-burners ;  
The scum and refuse of the nation,  
The panic-dread, and devastation,  
The ravage and the flames they spread,  
With king *Apollyon* at their head !

Aghast ye stood, nor dared oppose  
Your feeble, despicable foes,  
Boys, women, chimney-sweeps, collected  
To act, as wiser heads directed,  
With horror every heart to' inspire,  
To burn your stately domes with fire,  
Your shackled felons to release,  
Your wealth and arsenals to seize,  
And gall you with the triple chain  
Of *France, America, and Spain.*  
No need of hostile *fleets combined*  
To execute what hell design'd,  
Suffice the miscreants most base  
Your proud metropolis to rase.

So, if almighty Wisdom will,  
The meanest instruments of ill,  
Vermin out of the dust shall rise,  
To deal the vengeance of the skies.

What angel in the darkest hour  
Saved you from the destroyer's power?  
Whose arm did the deliverance bring?  
Was it the patriots, or the king?  
From *George* the timely rescue came,  
And pluck'd the brands out of the flame :  
Swift to your help his legions flew,  
And crush'd the desolating crew,  
The authors of your woes and fears,  
Your slaves—and executioners.

But do ye king and soldiers thank  
Or for the Mansion-house or Bank ?

With joy the kind preservers see  
Both of your lives and property ?  
Rather the benefit to own  
Ye scorn, and urge them to be gone,  
Your friends impatient to exclude :  
Such is the City's gratitude !

After the fight, ye breathe anew,  
And who so valiant now as you ?  
Recover'd from the recent squall  
Which threaten'd to o'erwhelm us all,  
Ye plead your right to guide the helm,  
(The City is your proper realm,)  
And but your own militia need,  
With dauntless *K*— at their head.

So sailors when the storm is o'er,  
Look up, and think of it no more,  
Forget their fears, and, what is stranger,  
They swear they never were in danger.

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#### ADVICE TO THE CITY.

*Written in June 1780.*

WHAT means this melancholy ditty,  
Resounding through the ransom'd city ?  
Why do our aldermen exclaim,  
So lately pluck'd out of the flame ?  
“ Because His Majesty defends  
Our lives, for his own private ends ;  
For spite, his courtiers interpose  
Their help, to screen us from our foes :

The arbitrary ministry  
Refuse to leave our city free,  
And the officious soldiers kill,  
By saving us against our will.

“What need of Government assistance,  
When mob, and danger's at a distance ;  
What need of military care  
To guard, when *K*—— is our Mayor ?  
When all the rioters in town  
Are govern'd by the scarlet gown,  
And see our livery in array  
Prepared to fight—another day ?

“ Besides, ourselves the City guard,  
And hunt the rogues through every ward :  
Intrepid *W*—— appears our chief,  
And who so fit to catch a thief ?  
His old vagaries he forgets,  
Lives honestly, and pays his debts,  
As bent immortal fame to win,  
And die a royalist, like *Prynne*.

“ Why send us troops who cannot need 'em ?  
Only to rob us of our freedom,  
Debar us of our native right,  
And dearest privilege, to fight,  
And standing on our own defence,  
*Again* to drive the rebels hence.

“ Deny us arms ? we cannot see  
The meaning of His Majesty :  
Does he suspect his faithful lieges,  
Because he knows our skill in sieges,

In party-clubs, and coalitions,  
Address, remonstrance, and petitions ?  
Our conduct past must have convinced him  
We cannot turn our arms against him ;  
He knows our bold train-bands for valour  
As famed and dreadful—as a *taylor* !  
Nor are our aldermen such fools  
To meddle rashly with edged tools ;  
Since not a crow that flies is shyer  
Of gunpowder, when soldiers fire,  
Which makes us first the redcoats\* order  
To shoot—and try them then for murder !

“ Unless the King his troops withdraw,  
He means to rule by martial law,  
And for our most unfeign'd affection  
Dragoon us into tame subjection,  
At last to change the constitution :  
By military execution  
Accomplish his despotic plan,  
And as the *Swedish* monarch reign.

“ How can we now preserve the nation,  
But by a new Association ?  
Put arms into our hands, and see  
If we can fight for liberty,  
If each will not his castle guard :  
Plenty of muskets be prepared,  
Let every householder have one,  
And teach him to let off his gun,  
Then when the bridle you withdraw,  
Which keeps the rioters in awe,

\* In St. George's Fields. [*Author's Note.*]

No longer when the troops restrain,  
The rabble freed may rise again.  
And let them rise, a desperate herd,  
To take us lions by the beard !  
Let every boy—and girl—come on,  
And all the chimney-sweeps in town,  
They to their own destruction come,  
They rush upon their instant doom.

“ Or if the beast will but be civil,  
Committing only *useful* evil,  
Let loose their prowess on our foes,  
Who all our patriot-schemes oppose,  
Their rage on *N*— and *S*— vent,  
And the vile tools of Government ;  
Pity the troops should keep them under,  
Or rob them of their lawful plunder,  
Pity the troops should tear and rend them  
For want of arms—which we could lend them.

“ If mob is totally suppress'd,  
How can a grievance be redress'd ?  
Or how revived the good old cause ?  
Or how supplied defective laws ?  
But rabble-government, we see,  
With soldiers never can agree ;  
Unless we then the redcoats chace,  
The mob can hardly show his face,  
Or pull a courtier's mansion down,  
Or strip a bishop of his gown.  
But when the people's reign is o'er,  
Freedom and property's no more,  
With the mob's power religion fails,  
And Popery over all prevails.”



Ye gentle citizens, attend  
The cooler counsels of a friend :  
Let not your hasty courage rise,  
Or blind self-love put out your eyes ;  
Let not a spirit of opposition  
Conceal from you your own condition,  
But learn in time yourselves to know,  
Nor triumph o'er an absent foe.  
Your fortitude, a reed so weak,  
Will play you still a slippery trick :  
To fight ye never were intended,  
Only to be yourselves defended ;  
Witness the absolute defeat  
Which now ye labour to forget,  
When fearing goods and lives to lose,  
Your hearts sunk down into your hose !  
Ye did not then the mob defy,  
But piteously for mercy cry,  
Panting, and pale, and out of breath,  
And quash'd, as in the arms of death !

But now your courage is return'd,  
The foe suppress'd, the danger scorn'd :  
Yet, if the army stand aloof,  
He still may put you to the proof ;  
And when the rabble reappears,  
O'erwhelm'd with stupefying fears,  
Ye may for help cry out again,  
And wish the soldiers back, in vain.

Be caution'd then by good advice,  
And learn your happiness to prize,  
Your *rage* for liberty repress,  
Nor turn it to licentiousness ;

No more your gracious king mistrust,  
So mild, and merciful, and just ;  
No more by cruel insults wrong,  
Because he suffers you so long,  
With pity your perverseness sees,  
And saves you in your last distress.

And if you wish in peace to live,  
No credence to your leaders give,  
But every demagogue dismiss,  
Those worst of all incendiaries,  
Who foes to king and country, dare  
Usurp the patriot's character,  
Pleaders for liberty and laws,  
Supporters of rebellion's cause,  
Who set the nation in a flame,  
And on their monarch cast the blame.

All counsels to sum up in one,  
Do, what so few of you have done,  
Poor, guilty worms, your Maker fear,  
And then ye *must* your king revere !

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SECOND ADDRESS TO THE CITY.

*Written in June 1780.*

YE *Londoners*, with smiles regard  
The homage of a nameless bard,  
(Ambitious, had he power, to raise  
A lasting monument to your praise,)  
Who reads you with a lover's eye,  
Exalts your virtues to the sky,

Admires your zeal and public spirit,  
In strains unequal to your merit,  
And with astonish'd *Europe* sees  
Your truly wonderful police.

All-wise omnipotent creators  
Of senates, kings, and legislators ;  
Creators, and deliverers too,  
Our safety we ascribe to you.  
Whose magnanimity so late  
Redeem'd us on the edge of fate,  
And from a general conflagration  
Preserved the city and the nation.

Yet having your dear country freed,  
Ye lessen the heroic deed,  
The plot your valour has defeated  
By you is as a nothing treated,  
Who now with confidence maintain  
"The mob had no concerted plan,  
No thought, or previous consultation  
For burning, or for desolation.  
But simply meant to do no more  
Than all the mischief in their power :  
No counsel was in the destroyers ;"  
But was there none in their employers ?  
Here, gentlemen, we issue join :  
The mob, *you* say, had no design :  
The mob had no design, *we* say,  
Only for plunder and for pay :  
The instruments ostensible,  
*Actors* howe'er of every ill,  
*Contrivers* they were not, that's certain :  
But were there none behind the curtain ?

No heads, or counsellors more able  
To influence the thoughtless rabble ?  
To teach them what, and how perform ?  
To manage and direct the storm ?  
Were none of the Associators  
*American* or *English* traitors ?  
It cannot now be doubted whether  
They help'd to bring the mob together :  
But could it not be once suspected  
The rabble might be ill-directed ?  
Or would the multitude increase  
To myriads, and then part in peace ?

We grant it, the Associate host,  
The bulk of them were dupes at most :  
But might not *some be hired* to' advance  
The cause of Congress, and of *France* ?  
A knave behind a madman lurk ?  
A *G*—— be the tool of —— ?  
*America* might seize the' occasion,  
And use the blind Association,  
Amidst our national confusion,  
To put their scheme in execution,  
To perpetrate their hellish plan,  
And kings by our excision reign ?

Why would ye then, ah, tell us why,  
Through modesty the truth deny,  
Ye rulers of the gallant town  
That still subsists to your renown ?  
Your fame, which fears no more eclipses  
From boys, or chimney-sweeps, or gipsies,  
In spite of all your foes' designs,  
Illustrious, and immortal shines.

If bards on those who greatly dare  
Can immortality confer,  
Your patriotic deeds shall blaze,  
Brilliant, in everlasting lays.  
But stand it, far above the rest,  
In *England's* chronicles confess'd,  
That when our foes had laid the train,  
And ripen'd their pernicious plan,  
Rebels with regicides conspired,  
And *London* was already fired ;  
Then all who wore the scarlet gown  
Stood up—and trod the ruffians down :  
A *W*— did on our side appear,  
And charged the faction—in the rear ;  
A *B*— preserved the City's right,  
And put the soldiery to flight,  
A second *Walworth* graced the chair,  
And *Kennet* was our glorious mayor !

F I N I S.

THE MAN OF FASHION.

WHAT is a modern man of fashion ?  
A man of taste and dissipation ;  
A busy man, without employment ;  
A happy man, without enjoyment ;  
Who squanders all his time and treasures  
In empty joys, and tasteless pleasures ;  
Visits, attendance, and attention,  
And courtly arts too low to mention.  
In sleep, and dress, and sport, and play,  
He throws his worthless life away ;  
Has no opinions of his own,  
But takes from leading beaux the *ton* ;  
Born to be flatter'd, and to flatter,  
The most important *thing* in nature,  
Wrapp'd up in self-sufficient pride,  
With his own virtues satisfied,  
With a disdainful smile or frown  
He on the ruffraff crowd looks down ;  
The world polite, his friends and he,  
And all the rest are—nobody.

Taught by the great his smiles to sell,  
And how to write, and how to spell,  
The great his oracles he makes,  
Copies their vices and mistakes,  
Custom pursues, his only rule,  
And lives an ape, and dies a fool !

“ But say, thou criticising clown,  
(If thou canst pull the ladies down,)

What is a woman nicely bred,  
 In every step by fashion led?"  
 The proverb makes us understand her,  
 What's sauce for goose is sauce for gander :  
 From which I rightly reason thus :  
 What's sauce for gander is for goose.—  
 But here I for my faults atone,  
 By letting the fair sex alone.

---

## ON A MOTION OF THE MINORITY. [1781.]\*

AGREED ! let it be as the patriots hope,  
 To their friends let us give all *America* up ;  
 Let the rebels be lords, and the loyalists swing  
 For loving old *England*, and serving their king ;  
 Let the *Westerly Isles* be the next easy prize  
 Which Congress bestows on her *Popish* allies ;  
 The *East Indies* must then unavoidably fall,  
 And dominion at sea be transferr'd to the *Gaul*,  
 Here's an end of the story, and national dance,  
 By *Great Britain* becoming—a province of *France*.

---

*NON TALI AUXILIO, NEC DEFENSORIBUS ISTIS  
 TEMPUS EGET.*—VIRGIL.

I WHAT hope of safety for our realm  
 From men who by destruction thrive ?  
 By violence seize the shatter'd helm,  
 And madly let the vessel drive,

\* Inserted in the "Arminian Magazine" for 1782, p. 167.

Till, dash'd against the rocks, it break,  
And then they gather up the wreck.

- 2 Makers of wrecks, a desperate race,  
Who treason and rebellion love,  
Who spit in a mild monarch's face,—  
Can they the public ills remove?  
Or, plunged themselves in depths of vice,  
Assist our sinking state to rise?
- 3 Proud, profligate, to evil sold,  
Their country's curse, reproach, and shame,  
Their lust of power, and thirst of gold,  
Cloaking beneath the patriot's name;  
Shall these our liberties defend?  
Shall these, who caused, our troubles end?
- 4 Who their own countrymen destroy'd,  
Kindled and fed rebellion's fire,  
And all their hellish arts employ'd  
To raise the civil discord higher;  
Will these restore our happiness,  
Or give us back a lasting peace?
- 5 Order and government they scorn,  
Forbid the slighted laws to reign,  
And while their injured king they spurn,  
The rabble's majesty maintain;  
Those abject instruments of ill,  
Those tools of every tyrant's will!
- 6 First for themselves the patriots care,  
And each sincerely seeks his own,  
Eager the public spoils to share,  
(Now they have pull'd their rivals down,)



And all into their hands to seize,  
The meed of prosperous wickedness.

7 Through avarice and ambition, blind,  
Their schemes, bewilder'd, they pursue,  
Grasping at that they cannot find,  
Still undetermined what to do,  
Till some superior fiend appear,  
And claim the sovereign character.

8 Daring as *Charles's* spurious brood,  
Harden'd as *Wilkes* in wickedness,  
As dissolute as *Fox*, and lewd,  
Worthy of the *Protector's* place ;  
Worthy the place by right his own,  
Where *Cromwell* fills a burning throne !

---

ON THE DECLARATION OF LORD C—,  
THAT "THE CONQUEST OF AMERICA  
BY SWORD AND FIRE IS NOT TO BE  
ACCOMPLISHED."\*

1 TRUE is the patriotic word,  
"We never can by fire and sword  
The fierce *Americans* subdue ;"  
If we our General's steps pursue,  
His own allies who tears and rends,  
And turns his sword against his friends.

2 The loyal if he first invite  
For *Britain* and its king to fight,  
Promise to succour and protect ;  
He then abandons to neglect,

\* Inserted in the "Arminian Magazine" for 1782, p. 501.

Or draws them in an easy prey,  
For their inveterate foes to slay.

- 3 Poor, credulous slaves if he allure,  
By flattering hopes of refuge sure  
Their cruel tyrants to defeat ;  
He then with an unfeeling heart  
Leaves them, who on his faith rely,  
By hunger or disease to die.
- 4 Thousands who unconsumed remain,  
He drives out of his camp again,  
While trusting in his treacherous words  
Gives up the victims to their lords,  
To punish in the lingering fire,  
By varied torments to expire.
- 5 Such faithful leaders we allow  
Fit to succeed immortal *H—e*,  
Who fierce *Americans* subdued,  
And conquer'd them whene'er he would,  
Too generous to pursue his blow,  
Or trample on a vanquish'd foe.
- 6 His vanquish'd foe full oft he rear'd,  
And kindly their despondence cheer'd :  
Too brave to take them by surprise,  
He saw their straits with pitying eyes ;  
And put them out of all their pain,  
And gave them back their towns again.
- 7 Such generals never can aspire  
Rebels to quell with sword or fire :  
But without fire, another can  
Accomplish it—an honest man,

Who truth and public faith approves,  
And more than life his country loves.

- 8 A man for this great end design'd,  
Our nation now expects to find,  
By providential love bestow'd,  
Whose object is *Britannia's* good,  
*Britannia's* peace his only aim :  
And *Carlton* is the patriot's name.

---

A PRAYER FOR KING GEORGE.\*

- 1 WHY do the christen'd *heathens* rage,  
And furiously their powers engage,  
Against the Lord most high,  
Against His dread vicegerent here,  
Cast off the yoke of loyal fear,  
And God Himself defy?
- 2 Counsel they take, but not by Thee,  
Great King of kings, whose firm decree  
Supports the *British* throne,  
Through whom our rightful monarch reigns,  
Thy sovereign character sustains,  
And bows to Thee alone.
- 3 Thine eye observes, Thy Spirit knows  
His open and his secret foes,  
Who deep their plots conceal,  
As zealous for their country's good  
Stir up the undiscerning crowd,  
And make a league with hell.

\* Inserted in the "Arminian Magazine" for 1780, p. 677.

- 4 But Thou, without the help of man,  
Canst all their fiercest wrath restrain,  
And all their plots confound,  
Canst on our king Thy blessings shed,  
And cover his anointed head,  
With lasting glories crown'd.
- 5 Answering in us Thy Spirit's cries,  
Now, Lord, in his defence arise ;  
With majesty supreme  
Adorn the man of Thy right hand,  
That all may bless his mild command,  
And honour Thee in him.
- 6 Long may he here Thy image live,  
Thy kingdom in his heart receive,  
Spiritual joys unknown ;  
Earnest of joys that never end,  
And late with all Thy saints ascend,  
To fill a heavenly throne.

---

ANOTHER.

- 1 THE humble prayers which pierce the skies,  
Mingled with Jesu's sacrifice,  
Will God refuse to hear,  
Who bids us for our monarch pray,  
Honour, and cheerfully obey  
His dread vicegerent here ?
- 2 His firmest friends, unbought, unknown,  
We pray Thee to support his throne,  
His person to defend,

For whom we in Thy Spirit cry,  
 Keep as the apple of an eye  
 And all his troubles end.

- 3 His friends from principle increase :  
 And when exulting in success  
 His foes their arrows shoot,  
 Confounding their malicious joy,  
 The dire conspirators destroy,  
 Destroy them branch and root.
- 4 But let them have their judgment here,  
 And 'scape Thine utmost wrath severe.  
 If Thou their bodies slay,  
 The dying penitents forgive,  
 And bid their souls through mercy live  
 In that eternal day.
- 

#### HOPE IN THE END.

- 1 By faith we now the cloud look through,  
 With bless'd anticipating view  
 Of brighter days behind ;  
 When Jesus, making wars to cease,  
 Brings in an everlasting peace,  
 To us and all mankind.
- 2 Dispersing the' infernal gloom  
 His kingdom shall as lightning come,  
 And shine from east to west ;  
 The trumpet of the gospel word  
 Shall then announce our glorious Lord,  
 And lull the world to rest.

- 3 The savage tribes, an injured race,  
    *Americans* shall then embrace  
    A God so long unknown.  
    The servile progeny of *Ham*  
    Shall prostrated at Jesu's name  
    Their dear Redeemer own.
- 4 The Crescent to the Cross shall yield,  
    The *Turks* and *Heathens* be compell'd  
    Their Sovereign to confess,  
    And *Jews* who pierced His hands and side,  
    Discern Jehovah crucified,  
    Their true Messiah bless.
- 5 Then all religious *Babels* cease,  
    And all into the kingdom press,  
    Of God reveal'd below ;  
    And fountains open'd from above,  
    In streams of pure celestial love,  
    The new-made earth o'erflow.
- 6 O who, when God doth this, shall live ?  
    The man that dares the truth receive,  
    The promise made to me,  
    Who trust to stand in that great day,  
    When Christ His glory shall display,  
    And God for ever see !



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