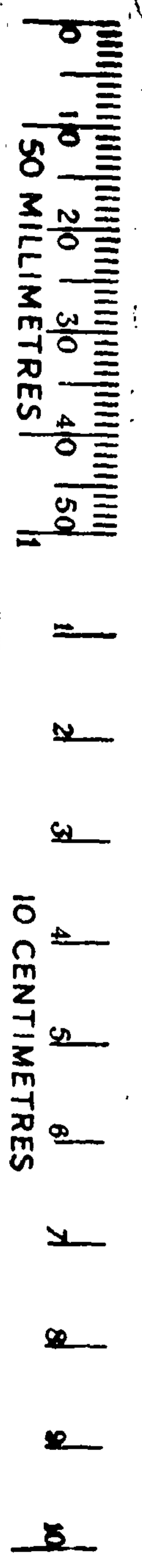




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...QUINS,
... of
... Temple,
... to the
Common Metre.
TO BE
SUNG
IN THE
TUNES
Ordinarily us'd in
Churches.

London, Printed by S. Bridge, for Thomas Parkhurst, at
the Bible and Three-Crowns, at the Lower End of
St. Dunstons Church, near Mercers Chappel, 1697.

THE
PREFACE.

MR. Herbert's Poems have met with so general and deseru'd Acceptance, that they have undergone Eleven Impressions near Twenty Years ago: He hath obtain'd by way of Eminency, the Name of Our Divine Poet, and his Verses have been frequently quoted in Sermons and other Discourses; yet, I fear, few of them have been Sung since his Death, the Tunes not being at the Command of ordinary Readers.

This attempt therefore, (such as it is) is to bring so many of them as I well could, which I judg'd suited to the Capacity and Devotion of Private Christians, into the Common Metre to be Sung in their Closets or Families: The like I have done as to some of the New Testament Hymns in Dr. Woodford's Paraphrase: To all which I have added one Ode in the same Measures in which I had it, because I think it was never Printed, and I thought it Pity, it should be lost in a Private Hand. I hope I shall not be counted a Plagiary, seeing I claim nothing here as my own, but what they allow me, viz. a Liberty to Sing and use their Hymns, which I was no more able to do in their Metre and Tunes, than I was able to compose them as they did.

Nor will this hinder their use of the Lyrick Measures in Herbert and others, who are enabled to do it by their

The Preface.

skill in *Musick*, which they ought to look upon as a *Talent to be accounted for*. How much more fit is *Herbert's Temple* to be set to the *Lute*, than *Cowley's Mistress*! It is hard that no one can be taught *Musick*, but in such wanton Songs as fill the *Hearts* of many *Learners* with *Lust* and *Vanity* all their *Days*. Why should it be thought a greater *Prophaning* of *Spiritual Songs* to use them in a *Musick-School*, than it is of the *New Testament*, to teach *Children* to spell; yet what *Christian* would not rather have his *Child* taught to read in a *Bible* than in a *Play-Book*? Especially, when they who learn *Musick* are generally more apt to receive *Impressions* from the *Matter* of the *Song*, than *Children* are from the *Books* in which they first learn to *Spell*. My attempt hath been easie, only to alter the *measures* of some *Hymns*, keeping strictly to the *Sence* of the *Author*; But how noble an *undertaking* were it, if any one could and would rescue the high flights, and lofty strains found in the most *Celebrated Poets*, from their *sacrilegious Applications* to *Carnal Love*, and restore them to the *Divine Love*! When the *Devil* drew off the *Nations* from the *True God*, He caus'd the same *Institutions* with which *God* was *honoured*, to be used in the *Idol Service*, *Temple*, *Priests*, *Sacrifices*, &c. and amongst the rest *Psalmody*: And it is strange, that when we have so long been *emerg'd* out of *Heathenism*, that such a *Remnant* of it should be amongst us, wherein the most *devotional Part* of *Religion* doth consist.

Almost all *Phrases* and *Expressions* of *Worship* due only to *God*, are continued in these *artificial Compositions* in the *Heathenish use* of them, even from the *Inspirations* that they invoke in their beginning, to the *Raptures*, *Flames*, *Adorations*, &c. That they pretend to in the *Progress*: Nor are these mere empty *Names* with them, but their *Hearts* are more fervently carried out in the
m sic.

The Preface.

musical use of them, than they would be if their *Knees* were bow'd to *Baal* and *Astaroth*: Few *Holy Souls* are more affected with the *Praises* of a *Redeemer*, than they are of the wanton *Object* that they profess to adore. Oh for some to write *Parodies*, by which *Nature* I find one *Poem* in *Herbert* call'd, which begins, *Souls Joy*, where art thou gone, and was, I doubt not, a light *Love-song* turn'd into a *Spiritual Hymn*. *παισδία*, Est quædam alterius *Poetæ Versus* in aliud *Argumentum* transferuntur. I do not find it hath been made a *Matter* of *scruple* to turn the *Temples* built for *Idols* into *Churches*: And as to this *Case*, it is to be consider'd, that the *Musick* and *Poetry* was an excellent *Gift* of *God*, which ought to have been us'd for *Him*; and that their high strains of *Love*, *Joy*, &c. Suit none but the *adorable Saviour*; and all their most warm and affecting *Expressions* are stolen from the *Churches Adoration* of *Christ*; and who can doubt but the *Church* may take her own, wherever she finds it, whether in an *Idolatrous Mass-Book* or *Prophane Love-song*? It was a noble *Resolution* of him that said,

I'll Consecrate my *Magdalene* to Thee——

The *Eyes*, *Mouth*, *Hair*, which had been abus'd to *Lust* and *Vanity* were us'd to *Wash*, *Kiss*, *Wipe* the *Feet* of a *Saviour*: *May Men* and *Angels Praise* him for ever and ever! *Amen*.

Spiritual Songs, or, Songs of Praise to Almighty God upon several Occasions. Together with the Song of Songs which is *Solomon's*, first turn'd, then paraphras'd in English Verse: To which may be added, Penitential Cries, the Fourth Edition, Corrected with an Addition of a Sacred Poem on *Dives and Lazarus*.

Sacramental Hymns, Collected (chiefly) out of such Passages of the New Testament, as contain the most suitable Matter of Divine Praises in the Celebration of the Lord's Supper, to which is added, one Hymn relating to Baptism, and another to the Ministry: By *Jos. Boyse*.

A Collection of Divine Hymns upon several Occasions; suited to our common Tunes, for the Use of Devout Christians, in singing forth the Praises of God.

Six Centuries of Select Hymns and Spiritual Songs, Collected out of the Bible, together with a Catechism, the Canticles, and a Catalogue of Vertuous Women. By *William Barton*, M. A. Fourth Edition. Corrected and Enlarg'd.

Family Hymns, gathered (mostly) out of the best Translation of *David's Psalms*.

The *Psalms of David* Translated into English Metre. By *David King* Bishop of ———

The *Psalms of David* (commonly called the *Scots Psalms*) in Metre. Newly translated and diligently compared with the Original Text, and former Translations: More plain, smooth and agreeable to the Text, than any heretofore. Recommended by six and twenty Divines.

Select Hymns,

Out of

Mr. *Herbert's* Temple, &c.

The Thanksgiving. To the Tune of Psalm 100.

O King of Grievs! (a Title true
Though strange, and to Thee only due)
How can I grieve enough for Thee,
Who in all grief preventest me?

Shall I weep Blood? Thou'st wept such store,
That all thy Body was one Gore.
Shall I be scourged, flouted, sold?
'Tis but to tell the Tale is told.

Shall I then skip the doleful Story,
And side with thy Triumphant Glory?
Shall wounds be Health? Thy Thorns my Flower?
Thy Rod my Pole? Cross my Bower?

How shall I imitate Thee, and
Copy thy Fair, though Bloody Hand?
Can I pretend to reach thy Love,
Or try who should Victorious prove?

If thou giv'st Wealth, I will restore,
All back unto Thee by the Poor.
If Thou giv'st Honour, Men shall see
The Honour doth belong to Thee.

If Bosom-Friends should rend thy Name,
I will rend thence their Love and Fame.
The World and I'll fall out, the Year
Shall not perceive that I am here.

My Musick shall find Thee, each string
Shall have its Attribute to sing,
That all may well accord in Thee,
And prove one God, one Harmony.

The *Agony*. To the Tune of Psalm 119.

1.

Philosophers have measur'd Hills,
Fathom'd Seas, traced Springs,
Walk't with their *Jacob's-staff* to Heaven,
But there are two vast things,
The which to measure, sound or trace,
It doth them most behove,
Yet few or none can find their depth,
These two are *Sin* and *Love*.

2.

Who would know *Sin*, let him repair,
To *Olivet*, and see
One wrung with Pains, that Skin and Hair
And Garments bloody be.
For *Sin* and Wrath the Wine-press was,
Which squeez'd Him, forcing Pain:
Through Soul and Body, Head and Heart,
Hands, Feet, and every Vein.

3.

Who knows not *Love*, let him but taste
The Juice a Soldiers Pike
Did set abroad, then let him tell
Who e're did taste the like.

Love

Love is that Liquor passing-sweet,
A Drink that is Divine,
'Tis what my God did feel as Blood,
But what I taste as Wine.

The *Passion*. To the Tune of Psalm 100.

Since Blood is fittest, Lord, to write
Thy Sorrows in, and bloody flight,
My Heart hath store; write there, wherein
One Box doth lye both Ink and Sin:

That when *Sin* spies so many Foes,
Thy Whips, thy Nails, thy Wounds, thy Woes,
All come to lodge there, *Sin* may say,
No room for me, and fly away.

Sin being gone, oh fill the place,
And keep Possession with thy Grace;
Lest *Sin* take Courage and return,
And all the Writings blot or burn.

Easter. To the Tune of Psalm 100.

The Lord is risen, sing his Praise,
Rise thou, my Heart, without delay:
Awake my Lute, and do thy Part,
Or struggle for't with all thy Art.

The Cross hath taught this Wood *His* Name
To sound, who once did bear the same:
Strecht Sinews teach these Strings, what Key
Is best to celebrate this Day.

Both Heart and Lute shall twist a Song,
In Holy Comfort good and long:
And let thy Spirit bear a Part,
To mend our faults by his sweet Art.

I got

I got me Flowers to strow the way,
I got me Boughs of many a Tree;
But thou wast up by break of Day,
And broughtst thy Sweets along with Thee.

The Sun arising in the *East*,
Though He give Light, and th' *East* perfume;
If they should offer to contest
With thy arising, they presume.

Can there be any Day but this,
Though many Suns to shine endeavour?
We count three Hundred, but we miss:
There is but One and that One ever.

Prayer.

PRayer the Churches Banquet is,
Prayer the Angels Age,
Prayer the Soul in Paraphrase,
The Heart in Pilgrimage.

God's breath in Man returning thither
From whence it had its Birth;
Prayer the Christian Plummet is
That foundeth Heav'n and Earth.

Prayer reversed Thunder is,
And Christ's side-peircing Spear,
Prayer's a kind of heav'nly Tune
Which all things hear and fear.

Engine against the Almighty One,
It is the Sinners Tower,
The World that was a Six-days Work
Transposing in an Hour.

Softness and Peace, and Spiritual Joy,
Prayer is Love and Bliss,

It

It is as 'twere the Milky-way,
The^s Bird of *Paradise*.

Prayer exalted Manna is,
And gladness of the best,
Heaven in Ordinary 'tis,
Prayer is Man well drest.

The Church-Bell's heard beyond the Stars,
It is the Souls Heart-blood,
A kind of Land of Spices 'tis,
And something understood.

Holy Communion.

NOT in a rich or fine Aray,
Nor in a wedge of Gold,
Dost thou thy self to me convey
Who once for me wast Sold.

But in a way of Nourishment,
Thou creep'st into my Breast,
Setting my Soul upon the wing
To fly unto her rest.

Give me my Captive Soul, or take
My Body also thither,
Another list like this, will make
Them both to be together.

Before that Sin turn'd Flesh to Stone,
And all our Lump to Leaven;
A fervent Sigh might well have blown
Our inn'cent Earth to Heaven.

For sure when *Adam* did not know
To Sin, or Sin to smother;
He might to Heaven from *Paradise* go,
As from one room t'another.

Thou.

Thou hast restor'd us to this ease
 By this thy Heavenly Blood,
 Which I can go to when I please,
 And leave th' Earth to their Food.

Antiphon. To the Tune of Psalm 148.

Vers. **T**He Heavns are not too high,
 His Praise may thither fly:
 The Earth is not too low,
 His Praises there may grow.

Chor. Let all the World
 Rejoyce and Sing
 And still repeat,
My God and King.

Vers. The Church with Psalms must shout,
 No Door can keep them out:
 But above all, the Heart
 Must bear the longest part,

Chor. Let all the World
 Rejoyce and Sing,
 And still repeat,
My God and King.

The **Temper.**

How should I Praise thee, and my Rhymes,
 Engrave thy Love in Steel,
 If what my Soul doth feel sometimes,
 My Soul might ever feel.

Though there were forty Heav'ns or more
 I peer above them all;
 Sometimes I hardly reach a score,
 Sometimes to Hell I fall.

O rack

O rack me not to such extent,
 Such distance is for Thee:
 The World's too little for thy Tent,
 A Grave too big for me.

Wilt thou mete Arms with Man, or stretch
 Thy Dust from Heav'n to Hell?
 Will great God measure with a Wretch?
 Shall He thy Stature Spell?

O when thy Roof my Soul hath hid,
 Let me but Nestle there:
 Then of a Sinner thou art rid,
 And I of Hope and Fear.

Yet take thy way, for that is best,
 Stretch or Contract thy Debtor:
 This is but tuning of my Breast
 To make the Musick better.

Pentecost. To the Tune of Psalm 100.

Listen sweet Dove unto my Song,
 And spread thy golden Wings on me,
 Hatching my tender Heart so long,
 Till it get Wing, and fly with Thee.

Where is that Fire which once descended
 On thy Apostles? Thou didst then
 Keep open House, richly attend'd,
 Feasting all Comers, by Twelve Men.

Such glorious Gifts thou didst bestow,
 That th' Earth did like a Heav'n appear:
 The Stars were coming down to know
 How to mend Wages, and serve here.

The Sun which once did shine alone,
 Hung down his Head and wist for Night,
 When

When He beheld twelve Suns for one,
Tracing the World, and giving Light.

But since those Pipes of Gold, which brought
The Cordial Water to our ground,
Were cut and martyr'd, by their fault
Who did themselves through their Sides wound;

Thou shutt the Door, and keepst within,
Scarce a good Joy creeps through the Chink:
And if the braves of Conquering Sin
Did not excite Thee, we should sink.

Lord, though we change, thou art the same,
The same sweet God of Love and Light;
Restore this Day, for thy great Name,
Unto its ancient glorious Right.

Dominica Trinitatis. To the Tune of Psalm 67.

Thou'st fram'd me out of Mud,
Redeem'd me with thy Blood,
And sanctifi'd me with thy Grace,
And all to do me good.

My Sins done heretofore,
Purge, for that heavy score
I do confess, and hate, and I
Will strive to Sin no more.

My Heart, Mouth, Hands in me
With Faith, Hope, Charity
Enrich, O Lord, that so I may
Rise, run, and rest with Thee.

Avarice. To the Tune of Psalm 67.

Money, thou source of Wo,
Although thou art so fine,

Thy

Thy Parantage is base and low,
Found in a dirty Mine.
Thou could'st so little do
For th' Kingdom thou hast got,
That, Man was fain to Dig thee out
Of thy dark Cave and Grot.

Brightned by Fire, thou'st got
The Face of Man, for we
Transfer our Right; thou art the *Man*
And we but *dross* to Thee.

Man calleth Thee his Wealth,
And yet He made Thee Rich,
And while with pains He digs out Thee
Himself falls in the Ditch.

Submission.

But that thou art my Wisdom, Lord,
And both mine Eyes are thine,
My Mind would be extreemly stirr'd
For missing my design.

Were it not better to bestow
Some Place or Power on me?
Then should thy Praises with me grow
And share in my degree.

But when I thus dispute and grieve,
I do resume my light;
And pilfring what I once did give,
Disseise thee of thy Right.

How know I, if thou should'st me raise
That I should then raise thee?
Perhaps great Places and thy Praise,
Do not so well agree.

Where-

Wherefore unto my Gift I stand;
 I will no more advise:
 Only do thou lend me an Hand,
 Since thou hast both mine Eyes.

Mortification.

1.

How soon doth Man decay? When clothes
 Took from a Chest of sweets
 To swaddle Infants, seem to be
 Their little winding Sheets.
 Boys step as 'twere into their Graves
 When they go first to Bed:
 Sleep binds them fast, only their Breath
 Shews that they are not Dead.

2.

When Youth is frank and free, and while
 His Veins with Blood do swell,
 Calling for Mirth, his Musick then
 Doth summon to his Knell.
 When Man grows staid, and coveteth
 An House and Home to have;
 That Dumb inclosure maketh Love,
 T' a Coffin or a Grave.

3.

When Age grows low or weak, it marks
 The Grave which He draws near,
 His Chair or Litter where He sits
 Or lies, is like his Bier.
 And thus Man's last Solemnity
 Is fixt, ere He's aware;
 He dresseth up his Herse, while He
 Hath Breath as yet to spare.

Misery. To the Tune of Psalm 100.

Lord, let the Angels Praise thy Name,
 Man is an empty foolish Thing
 Folly and Sin play all his Game,
 His House doth burn, yet He doth Sing.
 What strange Pollutions doth He wed,
 As if none knew his Works but He?
 No Man shall beat into his Head,
 Thou canst within His Curtains see.

The best of Men, turn but thine Hand
 One Moment, stumble at a Pin:
 They would not have their Actions scan'd,
 Nor Sorrow tell them, that they Sin.

My God, Man cannot Praise thy Name,
 Thou art all perfect Purity:
 The Sun holds down his Head for shame
 Eclipsed, when we speak of Thee.
 As dirty Hands foul all they touch,
 And those things most, which are most fine:
 So our Clay-Hearts, ev'n when we Sing
 Thy Praises, make them less Divine.

Man cannot serve Thee, let Him go,
 And serve the Swine, where's his Delight:
 He likes not Vertue; let him have
 His Dirt to wallow in all Night.

Indeed at first, Man was a Treasure,
 A Box of precious Rarities,
 A Ring whose Posie was, *my Pleasure*
 A Garden in a Paradise.

But Sin hath fool'd him, now He is
 A Lump of Flesh, without a Wing,

B

To

To raise Him to the Glimpse of Bliss;
A Vessel dash'd on every Thing,

Obedience. To the Tune of Psalm 67.

MY God, if Writings may
Convey Estates away,
Why may not this poor Paper do
For me as much as they.

On it my Heart doth bleed
As many Lines, as need
To pass it self away, and I
Own it my Act and Deed.

If that hereafter *Pleasure*
Cavil, and claim her Measure,
I here exclude the wrangler from
Any part of thy Treasure.

Oh, let thy Sacred Will
All thy delight fulfil;
Let me not Think or Act, but as
Resign'd up to thy skill.

Lord, what is Man to Thee
But as a rotten Tree?
Yet since thou seest all, thou canst
As will me Guide, as see.

He that will pass his Land
With me, may set his hand
Unto this Deed, to both our Goods,
If He to it will stand.

How happy were my Part,
If some one will his heart
Enter with me in Heav'n's Court-Rolls,
Far above our Desert.

Home.

Home. To the Tune of Psalm 100.

COME Lord, my Head and Heart is sick
Whilst thou dost ever, ever stay:
Thy long delays wound to the quick,
My Spirit gaspeth Night and Day.
How canst thou stay, seeing the pace
The Blood did make which thou didst waste?
Viewing it trickle down thy Face,
I never saw thing make such haste.

When Man was lost, thou look'st about
To see what help in th' Earth or Sky;
But there was none, no help without,
The help did in thy Bosom lye.

There lay thy Son; and must He leave
That Hive of sweetness, to remove
Thralldom from those, who at a Feast
Left not one Apple for thy Love.

He did, He came: O Saviour Dear,
After all this canst thou be strange?
So long baptiz'd, and not appear,
As if thy Love could fail or change.

Yet if thou stay'st, why must I stay?
My God, what is this World to me?
This World of Wo? Ye Clouds, away,
Away; I must get up and see.

With one small Sigh, the other Day
I blasted all the Joys about me;
And scouling, as they past away,
Now come again, said I, and flout me.

Both Drought and Dearth, both Bush and Brake,
Which way so e're I look, I see;

B 2

We

We may Dream here, but when we wake,
 We dress our selves and come to Thee.
 We talk of Harvests ; there are none,
 But when we leave our Corn and Hay ;
 The fruitful Year is that which brings
 The last and lov'd, though dreadful Day.

This Frame, this Knot of Man untye,
 That my free Soul may use her wing,
 Now pinion'd with Mortality,
 As an entangled hamper'd thing.
 What's left, that I should stay and groan ?
 The most of me to Heav'n is fled :
 My Thoughts and Joys packt up and gone,
 And for their old Acquaintance plead.

Oh shew me, in thy Temple here
 Thy wondrous Grace, thy special Love,
 Or take me up to dwell with Thee,
 Within thy glorious House above.

Dulness.

WHy languish I, as if all Earth,
 Thus drooping, dead and dull ?
 O give me quickness, that with Mirth
 I may Thee Praise brim-full.

The wanton in a curious strain
 Can Praise His fairest Fair ;
 And with quaint Metaphors, again
 Curl o're her curled Hair.

Thou alone, Beauty are to me,
 Loveliness, Life and Light ;
 Thy bloody Death and undeserv'd,
 Makes thee pure Red and White.

Where

Mr. Herbert's Temple.

Where are my Lines? Approaches? Views ?
 Where are my Window-Songs ?
 Lovers pretending are, their Muse
 Is sharp'ned by their wrongs.

But I am lost in Flesh, and mock't
 By sugar'd Fallacies ;
 Sure thou didst put a Mind in me,
 Could I find where it lies.

Lord, clear thy Gift that I may look
 T'wards Thee with constant Wit ;
 Look, for to Love Thee, who can be,
 Yea Lord, what Angel fit.

Man's Medley. To the Tune of Psalm 113.

Heark how the chirping Birds do sing,
 And how the ecch'ing Woods do ring ;
 Birds have their Joys, and Man hath his :
 Yet if we judge and rightly measure,
 Mans real Joy and solid Pleasure
 Hereafter more than present is.

Not that He may not sometimes here,
 Taste of that Joy, and pleasant cheer ;
 But as Birds drinking lift their Heads,
 So must He sip, and tasting think
 Of that new Wine, that better drink,
 Which He shall have, when He is Dead.

2.

But as his Pleasures then are double,
 So are his Cares, and Grief, and Trouble,
 He hath two Winters to their one ;
 Both Frosts and Thoughts do sometimes Nip
 As well his Conscience as his Lip ;
 'Tis Man that fears two Deaths alone.

B 3

Yet

Yet after all, the greatest Grievs
 May be turn'd into his Reliefs,
 Could He but take them in their Ways:
 Happy is He, whose well-tun'd Heart
 Can by a new and heav'nly Art,
 Turn double Pains to double Praise.

Gratefulness.

THou that hast giv'n so much to me,
 Give more, a thankful Heart:
 See how thy Beggar works on thee
 By an allowed Art.

He makes thy Gifts occasion more;
 If He in this be crost,
 All thou hast giv'n him heretofore
 Is giv'n in vain and lost.

But thou didst reckon, when at first
 Thy Word our Hearts did crave,
 What it would come to at the worst
 Such wretched Souls to save.

Perpetual knockings at thy Door,
 Tears fulying thy Rooms,
 Gift upon Gift, much would have more;
 And in this way it comes.

This notwithstanding thou went'st on,
 And didst allow our Noise:
 Nay, thou hast made a Sigh and Groan
 Thy Pleasure and thy Joys.

Not that thou hast not Tunes above
 Better than groans can make;
 But that these Country-Airs thy Love
 Is pleas'd to like and take.

Where-

Wherefore I cry, and cry again,
 Thou at no rest canst be,
 Till I a thankful Heart obtain,
 Which I may use for Thee.

Not thankful for a fit, as if
 Thy Blessings had spare Days:
 But such a Heart, whose Pulse may beat
 Continually thy Praise.

Praise.

O King of Glory, King of Peace
 I will Thee chiefly Love:
 And that my Love may never cease
 I will Thee daily move.

For thou hast granted my request,
 Thou hast me freely heard:
 And thou dost Note my working Breast
 Thou hast me gently spar'd.

And therefore with my utmost Art,
 I will thy Glory sing:
 The very Cream of all my Heart,
 I will a Present bring.

And though my Sins against me cry'd,
 Thou didst me fully clear:
 And when in Terrours they reply'd,
 Thou didst my Prayers hear.

Then sev'n whole Days, not one in sev'n
 I will thy Honour Praise:
 And in my Heart, though not in Heav'n,
 I will thy Glory raise.

When I grew Soft and Moist with Tears,
 Thou also didst relent:

B 4

And

And when thy Justice call'd for Fears,
Thou didst in Grace dissent.

Now small it is, in this Poor sort
Thy Name for to enrol:
Eternity it self's too short.
Thy Praise for to extol.

Longing. To the Tune of Psalm 67.

With sick and famisht Eyes,
Doubling Knees, weary Bones,
To Thee my Sighs and Tears ascend,
To Thee my Cries and Groans.

My Throat, my Soul is hoarse,
Heart wither'd like a Ground
Which thou didst Curse: My Thoughts make me
Giddy by turning round.

Bowels of Pity, Hear,
Thou true Love of my Mind,
Let not my Words and thy Name there,
Be scatter'd by the Wind.

Look on my Sorrows! Mark
My Furnace! O what Flame!
What heat doth in my Heart abide;
What Grief there is! What Shame!

Lord Jesus, thou didst bow
The Head upon the Tree,
Shall He that made the Ear, not hear?
O be not Deaf to me.

Behold thy Dust doth stir,
It creeps, it aims at Thee:
And every Crumb therein saith, Come,
Wilt thou not succour me?

Thou

Thou tarricst, while I fall
To nothing: Thou dost Reign
And rule on high, while I thy Child
In bitter Grief remain.

Lord Jesus, Hear my Heart
That hath been broke so long:
Thy Beggars grow, and every Part
Of it hath got a Tongue.

My Love, my sweetness Hear,
As thy Feet lies my Heart,
Oh heal my troubled Breast, which cries
And dies: Pluck out thy Dart.

The Call. To the Tune of Psalm 100.

O Come, my VVay, my Truth, my Life,
Thou'rt such a *Way* as gives us breath:
And such a *Truth*, as Ends all strife;
And such a *Life*, as killeth Death.

O come, my Light, my Feast, my Strength,
Ev'n such a *Light*, as shews a Feast:
And such a *Feast*, as mends in length;
And such a *Strength*, as makes his Guest.

O come, my Joy, my Love, my Heart,
Ev'n such a *Joy*, as none can move;
And such a *Love*, as none can Part;
And such a *Heart*, as Joys in Love.

The Search.

WHether, O whether art thou fled,
My gracious Lord, my Love?
My Searches are my daily Bread,
Yet don't successful prove.

My

My Knees pierce th' Earth, mine Eyes the sky,
And yet the higher Sphere
And lower Centre, both deny
To me, that thou art there.

Yet can I mark, how Herbs below
Are Fresh, grow Green and Gay:
As if to meet Thee, they did know
Whilst I Dye and Decay.

Yet can I mark, how Stars above
Simper, as 'twere, and shine,
As having Keys unto thy Love,
Whilst I grow Pale and Pine.

I sent a Sigh to seek Thee out
Drawn from my Breast in Pain,
Wing'd like an Arrow, but my Scout
Alas! return'd in Vain.

I turn'd another (having store)
Into a deeper groan,
Because the search was Dumb before;
But, ah me! all was one.

Where is my God? What hidden Place
Conceals Thee from me still?
What Covert dares Eclipse thy Face?
My God, is it thy Will?

O let not that of any thing
Be it; let rather Brass
Or Steel, or Mountains be thy Ring,
And I through them will pass.

'Thy Will such an intrenching is,
As passeth humane Thought;
'To it all Strength, all subtilties
Are but as things of Nought.

O

O take these Bars, these lengths away,
Turn again and restore me;
Be not Almighty (shall I say)
Against me, Lord, but *for* me.

When thou dost turn and wilt be near,
What Edge is there so keen;
What Point so piercing can appear,
As once to come between?

For as thy absence doth excel
All other distance known;
So doth thy nearness bear the Bell,
Making of two but one.

Grief.

O H, who will give me Tears? come dwell
Within my Eyes, ye Springs;
Come Clouds and Rain, my Grief hath need
Of all the VVatry things.

Each Vein suck up a River, to
Supply these weary Eyes;
My Eyes too dry, unless they get
New Conduits, new Supplies.

What can Man do, that little VVorld,
With his two little Spouts?
The greater VVorld cannot provide
For all my Griefs and Doubts.

Verses too fine for my rough Griefs
Must here be Dumb and Mute;
Their running suits my Eyes, but measure
Suits best some Lovers Lute.

His narrow Grief will him allow
The softer-strain and Rhyme;
My harsher Sorrows do exclude
Both Measure, Tune and Time.

Self.

Self-Condenuation. *To the Tune of Psal. 113.*

THou who condemnest Jewish Hate,
 For chuting of a Murderer
 Before a Saviour, Lord of Glory;
 Look back upon thy own Estate,
 Call home thine Eye (that wanderer)
 That thine own Choice may be thy Story.
 He that doth Love, and Love amiss,
 This VWorld before true Christian Joy,
 How doth He make a Jewish Choice?
 The VWorld an ancient Murderer is,
 Thousands it hath and doth destroy,
 VWith her enchanting Looks and Voice.

2.

He that hath made a sorry VWedding
 Between his Soul and Gold; preferr'd
 False Gain and Riches before true,
 Hath done what He condemns in Reading,
 Hath Sold for Money His Dear Lord,
 And is Himself a *Judas-Jew*.

Thus we prevent the last great Day
 And judge our selves, that Light which Passion
 And Sin before did Dim and Choak,
 VWhen once these Snuffs are ta'ne away,
 Shines bright ev'n unto Condemnation,
 And that without Excuse or Cloak.

Bitter-Sweet. *To the Tune of Psalm 67.*

AH my Dear angry Lord!
 Since thou dost Love yet strike;
 Thou dost cast down, yet help afford,
 Sure I will do the like.

I will

I will complain, yet Praise
 Bewail and yet approve:
 And all my other fowre-sweet Days
 I will lament yet Love.

The Glance. *To the Tune of Psalm 100.*

WHen first thy sweet and gracious Eye,
 Vouchsaf'd in midst of Youth and Night
 To look on me, who lay before
 In Sin, I felt a strange delight.

Since that Time many a bitter Storm
 I've felt, which would have quite destroy'd
 My Soul, had the malicious Harm
 His sway and swing fully enjoy'd.

But the first Joy, sprung from thine Eye,
 Did still so work within my Soul,
 That after all it got the Day,
 And did the surging Griefs controul.

If the first Glance so powerful be,
 Mirth open'd and seal'd up again,
 VWhat wonders shall we feel at last,
 VWhen thou shalt look us out of Pain?

VWhen we shall see thy full ey'd Love;
 And that one Heav'nly glorious Light,
 More than a thousand Suns above
 Shall be disbursing joyful Light.

Aaron. *To the Tune of Psalm 100.*

Holiness written on the Head,
 Light and Perfections on the Breast,
 Harmonious Bells raising the Dead
 To Life: Thus are true *Aarons* drest.

But,

But, oh, prophaneness in my Head,
 Defects and darkness in my Breast,
 A noise of Passions like a Knell;
 Ala, poor Priest, thus am I drest.

And yet I have another Head,
 Christ is my only Heart and Breast,
 He is my Musick causing Life;
 In him alone I am well drest.

Now again, Holy in my Head,
 Perfect and Light in Heart and Breast,
 My Doctrine tun'd by Christ, who lives
 In me; Come People, *Aaron's* drest.

Discipline. *To the Tune of Psalm 67.*

O Throw away thy Rod,
 And throw away thy Wrath,
 Thou art my Saviour and my God,
 O take the gentle Path.

Thou see'st my Hearts desire
 Unto thy Will is bent:
 To nothing I do more aspire
 Than to a full Consent.

There's not a Word or Look
 That I affect to own,
 But what I have or learn by Book,
 And that thy Book alone.

And though I fail, I weep;
 And though I halt in Pace,
 Yet still I go or rather creep
 Unto the Throne of Grace.

Then let thy Wrath remove,
 And Love will do the Deed:

For

For with thy Blood, and with thy Love,
 These stony Hearts will bleed.

Thy Love is swift of Foot,
 Thy Love's a Man of War,
 That is victorious and can shoot,
 And hit our Hearts from far.

And who can scape this Bow?
 For that which wrought on Thee,
 That brought thee down, and made thee low,
 Needs must it work on me.

O throw away thy Rod:
 And though Man frailties hath,
 Yet we are Creatures, thou art God,
 O throw away thy Wrath.

The **Invitation.** *To the Tune of Psalm 100.*

Come hither, all whose Heart and Taste
 Savours this Earth: Here mend your fare;
 God hath prepar'd and is a Feast,
 In whom alone all dainties are.

Come hither, you, whom Love of Wine
 Hath made you Drink for hurt, not good:
 Now weep what you have drunk amiss,
 And eat his Flesh and drink his Blood.

Come hither, all whom Fear and Pain
 Arraigns, and brings your Sins to light,
 Taste and fear not, for God is here,
 Who will on Sin return the fright.

Come hither, all whom Joy destroys,
 And makes you graze without your bounds:
 Here is a Joy that drowns all Joys,
 As doth a Flood the lower grounds.

Come

Come hither, all whom Love exalts,
And lifts you up unto the sky;
Here is Love breathing ev'n in Death,
Which after Death can never Dye.

Thus Lord, I have invited all,
And still I will invite to Thee;
For it doth seem but Just and Right,
That where all is, there all should be.

Desertion. *To the Tune of Psalm 67.*

SOul's Joy, when thou art gone
(Which yet sure cannot be,
Because thou dost abide in me,
And I depend on Thee.)

Yet when thou dost suppress
The Joy of thy abode,
And in my Power not stir abroad,
But leave me to my Load.

Oh, what a Damp doth seize
My Soul! no stormy Night
Can so afflict or so affright,
As thy eclipsed Light.

Ah Lord! do not withdraw
Thy Love, lest Sin appear;
And, when thou dost but shine less clear,
Say that thou art not here.

And then what Life I have,
When Sin doth rave and boast,
That I may seek, but thou art lost;
Thou, and alone thou know'st.

Oh, what a deadly Cold
Doth make me half believe
That Sin faith true! but while I grieve,
Thou com'st and dost relieve.

Death.

Death. *To the Tune of Psalm 100.*

DEath thou wast once an uncouth thing,
Hid'ous, and nothing else but Bones;
Mouth open, but thou couldst not sing,
The sad Effects of sadder Groans.

For we were wont to look on Thee,
As at some nine or ten Years hence,
Flesh turn'd to Dust, and Bones to sticks,
After the loss of Life and Sence.

On this side of Thee we did look,
We shot too short, whence we did find
Dust drawing Tears but shedding none,
The Shells of Fledge Souls left behind.

But since our Sav'ours Death hath put
Some Blood and Vigour in thy Face,
Thou art much sought for as a good,
Thou art grown Fair and full of Grace.

We now behold Thee gay and glad,
As thou wilt be at Judgment-Day,
Thy Bones with Beauty shall be clad,
When Souls shall wear their new aray

Therefore we can go Dye as Sleep,
And safely trust half that we have;
(Making our Pillows *Down* or *Dust*)
Unto an honest, faithful Grave.

New Testament-Hymns,
 Taken out of
 Dr. Woodford's PARAPHRASE,
 And Turn'd into the
 Common Metre.

The Song of the Blessed Virgin.

1.

MY Soul doth magnific the Lord
 My Spirit in Him rejoyce;
 My Saviours Praises to Record,
 My Spirit provokes my Voice.
 Nor Soul nor Spirit, my Will or Mind,
 Shall in his Praise lye still;
 With Voice and Lyre, I'll all my Powers
 Summon to shew their skill.

2.

The Church, his Handmaids low Estate
 He kindly did regard;
 He from on high view'd the sad State,
 Which David's House prest hard.
 But now all Nations shall the Church
 Call above others *Blest*,

David's

David's Seed b'ing of David's Throne
 Eternally possesst.

3.

Great are the Works that He hath done,
 Who himself is great of Might;
 But of all Names, 'Tis Holiness
 That does him most Delight:
 All Names but that of Mercy, which
 In him is still the same,
 He does to Generations keep,
 With them, who fear his Name.

4.

To all besides by's Arm He's known,
 His Strength none can repel;
 His Arm alone the proud pulls down,
 Spoils Plots laid deep as Hell.
 He Kingdoms sways and gives the Crowns
 To those i'th' Dust who lay;
 With good things He the hungry fills,
 Sends Rich empty away.

5.

Is'el thus hath He fill'd, thus rais'd;
 Thus rais'd, He doth uphold;
 B'ing mindful of (his Name be prais'd)
 His Cov'nant past of old:
 According to his Promise made
 To *Abr'ham* and his Seed,
 Ev'n all whom *Abr'ham's* Faith doth make
 Parties unto the Deed.

The Song of Zacharias. To the Tune of
 Psalm 100.

Israel's great God be ever prais'd,
 Who Is'el from the Dust hath rais'd;

C 2

He's

He's mindful of his ancient Care,
Forgotten when we thought we were.

Ifr'd to visit He came down,
The Prison Doors wide open thrown:
Redemption for us He hath wrought,
And to the Throne the Captive brought.
To *David's* Throne, and 'tis his Son
Sprung from his Loyns, holds *David's* Throne;
With Empire, which no time can bound,
With Subjects in all Countreys found.

By Prophets which have been of old
In ev'ry Age He this foretold;
For ev'ry Age have Prophets been,
E're since the World did first begin.

This to foretel, that God our State
Would save, and our wrongs vindicate,
Not for our sakes, but to perform
The Mercy promised and Sworn.

Promis'd the Fathers, who first were,
But which He did to *Abr'ham* swear
By sacred Oath, to be no more
Doubted, though stablish't 'twas before.
God the most High by Himself swore,
That we from Heav'n should have the Power
His noble Service to attend,
Fearless of all that may offend.

(Deliver'd from our En'mies Hands,
Their captive Chains, and servile Bands)
In Righteousness and Holy Praise,
Which constant last, through all our Days.
And now He comes who this hath wrought,
Who hath this great Salvation brought:

And

And now His Prophet shall prepare
His Ways, which deep and wondrous are;
To teach and make his *Ifr'el* know,
Whence their Salvation's source doth flow:
That from Remission of their Sin
The mighty source doth first begin:

Through tender Mercy, He the way
To Pardon does by Grace display,
That Grace whereby Day-spring on high
Vilits with Streams, which ne're shall dye;

Streams of a pure Æther'al Light,
T'shine on those who in Darkness sit;
Death's shadow shall with Rays increase,
To guide our Feet i'th' ways of Peace.

The Song of Simeon.

1.

ENOUGH, my God, I beg no more:
Thou canst no more bestow!
My Pray'rs are answer'd, I adore
The *Word*, which forth did go;
The *Word*, which like Thee knows no change,
I am content to Dye,
The Time is fittest now, Lord, since
Thy *Word* and *Life's* so nigh:

2.

Nigh is the *Word*, nor hath Death come
Me and thy Christ between;
As nigh is *Life*, thy other *Word*,
Thus happy have I been.
Two *Words*, fulfill'd one, together seen,
Makes me desire to dye:

C

W

38 *New Testament-Hymns, out of*
Who would not mortal Life exchange
For Immortality.

3.

In Peace, my God, I dye; and Thou
In Peace dismissest me,
Since with these Eyes, before their Change,
I thy Salvation see.
I need not rise to see, as they
Who by Faith only saw
What I within my Arms do hold,
The end of all their Law.

4.

Hail blest Salvation! Hail thou
Who bring'st it, Blessed Child!
In whom, as Holy Men foretold,
All Truths shall be fulfill'd:
Hail Saviour and Salvation!
Prepar'd of God to be
This lower World's Redemption,
And th' Angels scrutiny.

5.

Such is thy Cov'nant, who before
All Nations dost prepare
What shall with Praise all Nations till,
As in Him all have share.
He, as a Sun, to a dark World
Shall rise with scatter'd Light;
But *Is'els* Glory shall with Rays
Be like his own Flames Bright.

*Dr. Woodford's Paraphrase.*¹

39

Adoration of the Twenty Four Elders.

Rev. 11. 17. *To the Tune of Psalm 100.*

THou'rt worthy Honour to receive,
Honour'd are we, who Honour give:
Thou in one *nom*, collected hast
All Time, the Future, Present, Past.
We Praise Thee, Lord, for that thou'st ta'en
To Thee thy Power, and dost Reign;
Thy Wrath is come, and so the Time
When thou wilt Sentence ev'ry Crime.
And hence the Nations troubled are,
The Dead must for their Judge prepare;
They rise, and as their Works have been,
Glory or Shame's on all brows seen.
Saints, Prophets, all that fear thy Name,
Both small and great, shall Praise the same;
But Vengeance stops the Sinners Mirth,
And Spoils the Spoilers of the Earth.

The Song of Moses and the Lamb.

Rev. 15. 3. *To the Tune of Psalm 148*

How mighty are thy Works,
And marvellous thy Praise!
Lord God Almighty, Just
And True are all thy Ways.
Blest King of Saints,
Who would not fear
Thy Presence dread,
Which Thrones revere?
Who would not fear Thee, Lord?
Who would not glorifie

C 4

New Testament-Hymns, out of

That wondrous Name of thine,
Which thou hast rais'd so high;
Thy Holy Name
By which thou'rt known,
For Holiness
Is thine alone.

Take then, thou blessed King,
What is thy proper due,
And through all Coasts and Lands
Thy proper right pursue.
That ev'ry Coast
And every Land,
May worship Thee,
And wondring stand.

Joy at the overthrow of Babylon.

Rev. 9. 1. *To the Tune of Psalm 100.*

Sing Hallelujah to our King,
Honour and Pow'r and Glory sing:
For true and righteous are his Ways;
He both deserves and hath our Praise.

Most true and righteous is his Doom,
Who hath in Judgment overcome;
The Whore stands chain'd and dumb withal,
Without a Friend or Voice to call.

For judg'd she is, who th' Earth did stain
With a vile prostituted Train:
He hath aveng'd the Blood she shed,
She dying ever, is never Dead.

Sing Hallelujah to our King,
Worship and Laud and Praises bring:

Be-

Dr. Woodford's Paraphrase.

Behold how up her sinoak does rise!
Who dying ever, never dyes.

Ev'n so, Amen; Lord, be it so!
That all the Earth thy Power may know:
That all one Song with us may sing,
Ev'n Hallelujah to our King.

Baptismal Covenant.

(*Mostly*) *out of the Book of Psalms.*

Exod. 15. 2.

THou art my God: I will prepare
For Thee a dwelling Place:
Thou art *my Fathers God*; and I
Will Praise thy wondrous Grace.

Psal. 22. 4.

Thou art *my Fathers God*; and they
Trusting in Thee were glad
For all thy saving Health, whilst I
As yet no being had.

Gen. 17. 7. Dent. 10. 9.

God of my Fathers, and their Seed,
For so thy Cov'nant is:
And thou dost keep thy Cov'nant sure
To thousands of Degrees.

Exod. 21. 6.

When at the Door the Ear was bor'd,
The Servant leaves it never;
He is a Servant in that House
He and his Seed for ever.

Psalm

Psalms 86. 16. and 116. 16.

Now I am here, thy Servant, Lord,
 One born within thy House:
 Son of thy Handmaid, Son of Prayer,
 A Son of Tears and Vows.

Psalms 22. 9. and 71. 6.

Thou took'st me from my Mothers Womb,
 When my first Breath I drew,
 Where I was curiously wrought,
 All Praise to Thee is due.

Psalms 22. 9, 10.

My Parents then devoting me,
 Upon Thee I was cast:
 And from my Mothers Belly, Thou
 My God in Cov'nant wast.
 And while a feeble Infant, I
 Hung on my Mothers Breast,
 Thou mad'st me hope, for there I had
 This ground of Hope and Rest;
 That being in thy Family
 Thy Charge I there became;
 Thou wast my Father, and my God:
 I bore on me thy Name.

Psalms 71. 5.

Then in pursuance of thy Word
 Thy Covenant of Truth,
 Thou gav'st me Grace, and wast the Guide
 And Hope of my Raw Youth.

Psalms 22. 10.

By all Engagements, and by Vows
 Renewed, I am thine:

And

And thou art from that Time to this
 By the same Title mine.

Psalms 71. 9.

And now when Age and Troubles come,
 Lord, for thy former Love,
 Leave me not here distressed below,
 Till lodged safe above.

Lose not an ancient Servant, Lord,
 Whose Work is almost done,
 Who took'st me first into thy House
 Before my Work begun.

Psalms 71. 18.

Leave me not, Lord, till I have taught
 These Babes to know thy Will:
 That as I've prais'd my Fathers God,
 My Seed may own Thee still.

An *ODE.***A**H Me!

What a Wretch should I be,
 Should I suffer what I see,
 That my Sins do require?
 There is none of them so small,
 That for Vengeance doth not call,
 And for bitterness and gall,
 Loss of Body, Soul and all,
 In the Pit of wo and thrall;
 'Tis no less than endless Fire,
 That in Justice is their hire.

2.

Sin, Sin,
 With my Life did begin,
 And I have liv'd therein.

All

All my Days heretofore ;
 Sins of Head, Heart, Hands and Tongue,
 Through my Life all along,
 Like a thred have they run,
 Binding me to be undone,
 So many and great they're grown,
 That if Justice Scan the score
 I must perish evermore.

3.

Poor I
 Whether now shall I fly,
 To be fet Liberty,
 From this depth of Misery ?
 'Tis not Sea, 'tis not Shore,
 'Tis not all the *Indian Ore*
 'Tis not *Rome* with all her Store
 That hath Salve to Cure my Sore ;
 Only *One* can me restore,
 To that Altar I will fly,
 There I'll Live, there I'll Dye.

4.

Save, Save,
 Mercy, Lord, do I crave,
 Other refuge none I have,
 But thy Mercy to implore :
 Look upon me through the Side
 That the Spear made so wide :
 Look on me through Him that dy'd,
 And for Sin was crucify'd ;
 Grant his wounds my Sins may hide,
 And his Blood may cross my score,
 And I ask but one thing more.

5. Grace,

5.

Grace, Grace,
 In my Heart do thou place,
 That I may run the Race,
 Which thy Laws do require :
 Give me Lord I humbly sue
 Grace to know, Grace to do,
 Grace that may me so renew,
 And confirm and perfect too,
 That when Death shall claim its due,
 Grace in Glory may expire,
This is All my Desire.

FINIS

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