

# H Y M N S

FOUNDED ON

VARIOUS TEXTS

IN THE

HOLY SCRIPTURES.

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By the late Reverend

P. DODDRIDGE, D. D.

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Published from the AUTHOR'S Manuscript.

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A NEW EDITION,  
Corrected.

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*I esteem Nepos for his Faith and Diligence, his Comments on Scripture, and many Hymns, with which the Brethren are delighted.*

Euseb. Eccl. Hist. L. vii. C. 4.

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T H E  
P R E F A C E.

**T**HE Author of the following **H**YMNS, well known to the World by many excellent and useful Writings, was much solicited by his Friends to print them in his Life-time, from a Hope that they might be serviceable to the Interest of Religion, by assisting the Devotion of Christians in their social and secret Worship; and, had **G**OD continued his Life till his **F**A M I L Y **E**X P O S I T O R on the Epistles had been published, it is probable he would have complied with their Request: But this and many other pious and benevolent Purposes were broken off by his much-lamented Death. During the last Hour I spent

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with him, a few Weeks before that mournful Event, he honoured me with some particular Directions about transcribing and publishing them. I have at length, through the good Hand of my GOD upon me, finished them, and present them to the World with a chearful Hope, that they will promote and diffuse a Spirit of Devotion, and, together with other Assistances human and divine, prepare many to join with the devout Author in the nobler and everlasting Anthems of Heaven.

These Hymns being composed to be sung, after the Author had been preaching on the Texts prefixed to them, it was his Design, that they should bring over again the leading Thoughts in the Sermon, and naturally express and warmly enforce those devout Sentiments, which he hoped were then rising in the Minds of his Hearers, and help to fix them on the Memory and Heart: Accordingly the attentive Reader will observe, that most of them illustrate such Sentiments, as a skilful Preacher would principally insist upon,

The P R E F A C E. v

upon, when discoursing from the Texts on which they are founded. There is a great Variety in the Form of them: Some are devout Paraphrases on the Texts: Others expressive of lively Acts of Devotion, Faith, and Trust in GOD, Love to CHRIST, Desire of divine Influences, and good Resolutions of cultivating the Temper and practising the Duties recommended: Others proclaim an humble Joy and Triumph in the gracious Promises and Encouragements of Scripture, particularly in the Discovery and Prospect of eternal Life. The Nature of the Subjects will easily account for the Difference of Composure, why some are more plain and artless, others more lively, sublime, and full of poetic Fire. If any of them should, at first Reading, appear flat or obscure, it may well be supposed they would affect the Mind in a stronger Manner, when used in a religious Assembly after Sermons upon the Texts, in which the Context hath been considered, (if that were necessary) parallel Places compared,

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*the Design of the inspired Writer judiciously opened, and the Beauty, Propriety, and Emphasis of the several Clauses of the Text illustrated: They therefore who use them in their devout Retirements, should first read and consider the Texts and Contexts; and if they would consult some Expositor upon them, particularly the Author's on the Subjects taken from the New Testament, they will see a Spirit and Elegance in these Composures, which may otherwise be overlooked, and be more likely to reap real and lasting Advantage by them.*

*In this Collection there are many Hymns formed upon Passages in the Old Testament, particularly in the Prophets, directly relating to the Case of the Israelites, or some particular good Man among them, which the Author hath accommodated to the Circumstances of Christians, where he thought there was a just and natural Resemblance; and he apprehended, that the Practice of the inspired Writers of the New Testament warranted such Accommodations.*

*modations* \*. He experienced this to be a very acceptable and useful Method of preaching on the Old Testament, and accordingly recommended it to his Pupils, as what would afford them an Opportunity of explaining the Design of the Prophecies, displaying the Wisdom, Faithfulness and Grace of G O D, and suggesting many striking and important Instructions: This Method would at the same Time occasion an agreeable Variety in their Discourses, prevent their confining themselves to general or Common-place Subjects, or (in Order to avoid a frequent Repetition of well-known Arguments) running into dry and abstruse Speculations, which the Capacities of the Generality of their Hearers could not comprehend, nor their Hearts relish and feel: A Fashion in Preaching too prevalent, and, considering its apparent Unprofitableness, much to be lamented.

\* Compare *Hebrews* xiii. 5, 6, and *Family Expositor* in Loc. Note (e). There are also some good Remarks on this Subject in Dr. *Watts's Holiness of Times, Places, &c. Dis.* v. especially Prop. xv.

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Those young Ministers, who are desirous of entering into the Spirit and Copiousness of Scripture, may find this Work greatly useful to them, by directing them to many very suitable Texts; and to some natural Thoughts, and useful Reflections to be insisted upon in discoursing from them.

There are several Hymns in this Collection suited to special and extraordinary Occasions, for which there was not before a sufficient Provision; such as, for opening a new Place of Worship, the Vacancy and Settlement of Churches, the Ordination of Ministers, their Removal from our World, &c. especially for Days of Fasting and Humiliation on Account of actual or apprehended Calamities; the Want of which, during the late Rebellion and War, was much regretted by many Ministers and private Christians.

In these Composures I hope few low or trivial Expressions will be found: Nothing appears unsuitable to the Gravity and Dignity of a worshipping Assembly:  
Nothing

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The P R E F A C E. ix

*Nothing likely to darken or damp the Devotion of the humble Christian, or excite Passions merely sensual. There is nothing that savours of a Party-Spirit, or carries an Appearance of designing to confine their Use to any of the Sects into which Christians are unhappily divided. The Materials are divine, and the Author's Soul was never more enlarged, than when he was promoting a Spirit of Piety and Candor in their just Connection.*

*I chose to place these Hymns in the Order in which the several Texts lie in the Bible, as that prevents the Necessity of another Index, and there appeared no particular Reason for disposing them in any different Order. In a few Places, where Words occur not sufficiently intelligible to common Readers, I have added some more plain and familiar ones in the Margin, that they may be read and sung with Understanding; preferring this Method to that of some Authors, who have collected and explained them in a particular Index.*



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x. The P R E F A C E.

*As these Hymns were composed during a Series of many Years, amidst an uncommon Variety and daily Succession of most important Labours, by a Man who had no Ear for Music, and as they want his retouching Hand, the Reader will be candid to what Inaccuracies he may discover; particularly the Repetition of the same Thoughts and Phrases, which in a few Instances will be found: And indeed some of them could scarcely be avoided on Subjects so nearly resembling, without the Exclusion of the most suitable and affecting Sentiments or Aspirations, for which the Introduction of a new or more poetic Thought and Phrase would not have been an Equivalent. There may perhaps be some Improproprieties, owing to my not being able to read the Author's Manuscript in particular Places, and being obliged, without a poetic Genius, to supply those Deficiencies, whereby the Beauty of the Stanza may be greatly defaced, though the Sense is preserved.*

*These*

The P R E F A C E. xi

*These Hymns being originally designed for the Use of a Congregation of plain unlearned Christians, it cannot be expected they should entertain those, who may peruse them merely for the Sake of the Poetry: Yet I think many of them will stand the Test of a critical Examination, and appear at least equal to other Compositions of the like Kind; and I am persuaded they will all be delightful and beneficial to those, who desire to have their Devotions enlivened, their Souls filled with divine Love, and who are ambitious to live up to the Rules of the Gospel; and that they will, through the Influences of the Holy Ghost, spread a Spirit of fervent Piety in such Congregations where they may be introduced.*

*I have nothing to add but my earnest Wishes and Prayers, that they may be subservient to the Glory of GOD, the more delightful Celebration of divine Ordinances, and the Edification of my Fellow-Christians. Amen.*

A  
T A B L E

To find out any,

H Y M N

By the FIRST LINE of it.

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Amazing Grace of God on high	99
Amazing Plan of sov'reign Love	124
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And art thou with us, gracious Lord	98
And doth the Son of God complain	104
And is Salvation brought so near	262
And shall we still be Slaves	227
And why do our admiring Eyes	252
And will the great eternal God	49
And will the Judge descend	189
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# A T A B L E.

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Attend, my Soul, with reverend Awe	159
Awake, my drowsy Soul, awake	199
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Awake, my Soul, to meet the Day	362
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Behold I come, the Saviour cries	361
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Behold the bleeding Lamb of God	242
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Behold the great eternal God	15
Behold the great Physician stands	223
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Behold the Son of God appears	314
Behold the Son of God's Delight	191
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Great Father of Mankind	113
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Great Leader of thine Israel's Host	306
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Hark! 'tis our heavenly Leader's Voice		353
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He comes, thy God, O Israel, comes		156
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How gentle God's Commands		540
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How keen the Tempter's Malice is		216
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Jesus, we own thy saving Power	204
Jesus, we own thy sov'reign Hand	234
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Immortal God, on thee we call	307
Indulgent God, with pitying Eye	61
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In thy Rebukes, all-gracious God	109
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Lord, we have wander'd from thy Way	65
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My God, whose all-pervading Eye	45
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Now let the Gates of Zion sing	182
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O praise ye the Lord, prepare a new Song	366
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O Thou that hast Redemption wrought	24
Our Banner is th' eternal God	6
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Our heav'nly Father calls	346
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Shepherd of Israel, thou dost keep	123
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Shine on our Souls, eternal God	53
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Sing to the Lord a new melodious Song	220
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Sing, ye Redeemed of the Lord	96
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Sov'reign of Heav'n, thine Empire spreads	180
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Sov'reign of Life, I own thy Hand	60
Sov'reign of Nature, all is thine	14
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Supreme of Beings, with Delight	355
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The Lord! how rich his Comforts are	277
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The Lord of Glory reigns supremely great	44
The Lord of Life exalted stands	225
The Lord on mortal Worms looks down	172
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To thee, great Architect on high	305
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We praise the Lord for heavenly Bread	222
We sing the deep mysterious Plan	284
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What doleful Accents do I hear	192
What haughty Scorners, saith the Lord	168
What Myst'ries, Lord, in thee combine	350
What venerable Sight appears	214
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While on the Verge of Life I stand	295
Whose Words against the Lord are stout	136
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Why should our mourning Souls delight	260
Why will ye lavish out your Years	206

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Wide o'er all Worlds the Saviour reigns	195
With Extacy of Joy	333
With flowing Eyes and bleeding Hearts	270
With humble Pleasure, Lord, we trace	11
With Pity, Lord, thy Servant view	62
With rev'rend Awe, tremendous Lord	133
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Ye mourning Saints, whose streaming Tears	112
Ye Pris'ners, who in Bondage lie	169
Yes, Britain seem'd to Ruin doom'd	155
Ye Servants of the Lord	210
Ye Sinners, bend your stubborn Necks	328
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Ye Subjects of the Lord, proclaim	108
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# H Y M N S

FOUNDED ON

V A R I O U S T E X T S

I N T H E

O L D T E S T A M E N T.

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I. *Enoch's Piety and Translation.* Genesis v. 24.  
Hebrews xi. 5.

1 **E**TERNAL God, our wond'ring Souls  
Admire thy matchless Grace;  
That Thou wilt walk, that Thou wilt dwell,  
With *Adam's* worthless Race.

2 O lead me to that happy Path,  
Where I my God may meet;  
Tho' Hosts of Foes begird it round,  
Tho' Briars wound my Feet.

3 Chear'd with thy Converse, I can trace  
The Desert with Delight:  
Thro' all the Gloom one Smile of thine  
Can dissipate the Night.

4 Nor shall I thro' eternal Days  
A restless Pilgrim roam;

B

Thy



Thy Hand, that now directs my Course,  
Shall soon convey me home.

5 I ask not *Enoch's* rapt'rous Flight  
To Realms of heav'nly Day;  
Nor seek *Elijah's* fiery Steeds  
To bear this Flesh away.

6 Joyful my Spirit will consent  
To drop its mortal Load;  
And hail \* the sharpest Pangs of Death,  
That break its Way to God.

\* *Salute or welcome.*

II. *G O D's gracious Approbation of a religious Care  
of our Families. Genesis xviii. 19.*

1 **F**ATHER of Men, thy Care we bless,  
Which crowns our Families with Peace:  
From Thee they sprung, and by thy Hand  
Their Root and Branches are sustain'd.

2 To God, most worthy to be prais'd,  
Be our domestic Altars rais'd;  
Who Lord of Heav'n, scorns not to dwell  
With Saints in their obscurest Cell.

3 To Thee may each united House,  
Morning and Night, present its Vows:  
Our Servants there, and rising Race  
Be taught thy Precepts, and thy Grace.

4 O may each future Age proclaim  
The Honours of thy glorious Name;  
While pleas'd, and thankful, we remove  
To join the Family above.

III. Abraham

III. Abraham's *Intercession* for Sodom. Genesis

xviii. 32.

*For a Fast-Day.*

- 1 GREAT God ! did pious *Abram* pray  
 For *Sodom's* vile abandon'd Race ?  
 And shall not all our Souls be rous'd  
 For *Britain* to implore thy Grace ?
- 2 Base as we are, does not thine Eye  
 Its chosen Thousands here survey ;  
 Whose Souls, deep humbled, mourn the Crouds,  
 Who walk in Sin's destructive Way ?
- 3 O Judge supreme, let not thy Sword  
 The Righteous with the Wicked smite :  
 Nor bury in promiscuous Heaps  
 Rebels, and Saints thy chief Delight.
- 4 For these thy Children spare the Land ;  
 Avert the Thunders big with Death ;  
 Nor let the Seeds of latent \* Fire  
 Be kindled by thy flaming Breath.
- 5 O! be not angry, Mighty God,  
 While Dust and Ashes seek thy Face ;  
 But gently bending from thy Throne,  
 Renew, and still increase the Grace.
- 6 *Jesus* the Intercessor hear,  
 And for his Sake thy Grace impart,  
 Which, while it stops the fiery Stream,  
 Dissolves the most obdurate Heart.
- 7 *Sodom* shall change to *Zion* then,  
 And heavenly Dews be scatter'd round,

\* *Hidden, secret.*

4 G E N E S I S.

That Plants of Paradise may spring,  
Where baneful \* Poisons curs'd the Ground.

\* *Destructive.*

IV. Jacob's Vow. Genesis xxviii. 20—22.

1 O GOD of *Jacob*, by whose Hand  
Thine *Israel* still is fed,  
Who thro' this weary Pilgrimage  
Hast all our Fathers led.

2 To Thee our humble Vows we raise,  
'To Thee address our Pray'r,  
And in thy kind and faithful Breast  
Deposite all our Care.

3 If 'Thou, thro' each perplexing Path,  
Wilt be our constant Guide ;  
If Thou wilt daily Bread supply,  
And Raiment wilt provide ;

4 If Thou wilt spread thy Shield around,  
Till these our Wand'rings cease,  
And at our Father's lov'd Abode,  
Our Souls arrive in Peace :

5 To Thee, as to our Cov'nant-God,  
We'll our whole selves resign ;  
And count, that not our *Tenth* alone,  
But all we have is Thine.

V. *The Hand of the LORD upon the Cattle.*  
Exodus ix. 3.

1 THE Creatures, LORD, confess thy Hand,  
Thro' Earth and Sky, thro' Sea and Land ;  
And all their meanest Orders share  
Their Maker's Pity, and his Care.

# E X O D U S.

5

- 2 O look from thine exalted Throne,  
And hear our panting Cattle moan;  
Prone \* o'er th' untasted Food they lie,  
Groan out their Agonies, and die.
- 3 What have these harmless Creatures done  
To draw this sore Chastisement down?  
'Tis human Guilt for Vengeance calls,  
And heavy on the Herds it falls.
- 4 From them to us the Stroke might pass,  
And mow down Thousands of our Race;  
Till Desolation reign'd around,  
Our Cities void, untill'd our Ground.
- 5 Prevent the Ruin by thy Grace,  
And melt our Hearts to seek thy Face:  
Blest Fruit of thy correcting Rod  
To lose our Beasts, and find our God.

\* *Stretched out on the Ground.*

VI. *Israel and Amalek.* Exodus xvii. 11.

*For a Fast-Day.*

- 1 OUR Banner is th' Eternal God,  
Nor will we yield to Fear;  
Amidst ten thousand fierce Assaults,  
His mighty Aid is near.
- 2 To him the Hands of Faith we stretch,  
And plead experienc'd Grace;  
To him the Voice of Pray'r we raise,  
Nor will he hide his Face.
- 3 No more, proud *Amalek*, thy Boast,  
"God's Arm is feeble grown:"

His Sword shall lop off ev'ry Hand,  
That dares insult his Throne.

4 Awake, tremendous Judge, awake,  
Our Nation's Cause to plead;  
Nor let thine *Israel's* Foes and thine,  
By Wickedness succeed.

5 Our fainting Hands how soon they droop!  
But Thou the Weak canst raise;  
And in the Mount of Pray'r canst leave  
An Altar to thy Praise.

VII. *Against following a Multitude to do Evil.*  
Exodus xxiii. 2.

1 LORD, when Iniquities abound,  
And growing Crimes appear;  
We view the Deluge rising round  
With Sorrow, and with Fear.

2 Yet when its Waves most fiercely beat,  
And spread Destruction wide,  
Thy Spirit can a Standard raise  
To stem \* the roaring Tide.

3 May thy triumphant Arm awake  
Thy sacred Cause to plead;  
And let the Multitude confess,  
That Thou art God indeed.

4 Their Hearts shall in a Moment turn,  
Like Water, by thy Hand;  
One Word shall bow their stubborn Necks  
To own thy high Command.

\* *Restrain.*

5 Our feeble Souls at least support,  
 And there thy Pow'r display;  
 Then Multitudes shall strive in vain  
 To draw us from thy Way.

VIII. *CHRIST'S Intercession typified by Aaron's Breast-plate.* Exodus xxviii. 29.

1 **N**OW let our chearful Eyes survey  
 Our great High Priest above,  
 And celebrate his constant Care,  
 And sympathetic Love.

2 Tho' rais'd to a superior Throne,  
 Where Angels bow around,  
 And high o'er all the shining Train  
 With matchless Honours crown'd;

3 The Names of all his Saints he bears  
 Deep graven on his Heart;  
 Nor shall the meanest Christian say,  
 That he hath lost his Part.

4 Those Characters shall fair abide,  
 Our everlasting Trust,  
 When Gems, and Monuments, and Crowns  
 Are moulder'd down to Dust.

5 So, Gracious Saviour, on my Breast  
 May thy dear Name be worn,  
 A sacred Ornament and Guard,  
 To endless Ages borne.

IX. *Who is on the LORD'S Side?* Exod. xxxiii. 26.

1 **W**HAT Bosom mov'd with pious Zeal  
 Doth for its God's Dishonour feel?

- What Heart with gen'rous Ardor glows  
To plead his Cause against his Foes ?
- 2 Great God, what Bosom can be cold ?  
What Coward must not here grow bold ?  
While Honour, Int'rest, Truth, and Love  
Concur our inmost Souls to move ?
- 3 Around thy Standard, LORD, we press,  
Thine injur'd Honour to redress,  
And with determin'd Voice demand  
The Signal of thy conqu'ring Hand.
- 4 Thou shalt these sacred Weapons bless,  
And lead thro' War to endless Peace ;  
Not Death itself our Souls shall dread,  
For thy own Arm shall raise the Dead.

X. *GOD's Presence desirable.* Exodus xxxiii. 15.

1 IMMENSE, Eternal God !

How marvellous thy Name !

Thy Presence all abroad

Pervades \* all Nature's Frame ;

Heav'n, Earth, and Air,

And the dark Cell,

Where Devils dwell

In long Despair.

- 2 Yet thou hast chosen Ways  
To make thy Presence known,  
To Fav'rites of thy Grace,  
To upright Souls alone :

\* *Penetrates thro' or fills.*

This Glory, LORD,  
My Soul would see,  
This Grace to me,  
My GOD afford.

3 If Thou thy Lustre veil,  
The Charms of Nature fade;  
All wither'd, weak, and pale,  
They bow their languid Head:  
My Father, shine;  
For Thou canst give  
The Dead to live  
By Beams divine.

4 Ev'n *Eden's* blissful Lands  
Would in thine Absence mourn:  
But Thou wild *Afric's* Sands  
To Paradise canst turn.  
If God be there  
The Gloom is bright:  
But Noon is Night  
Till Thou appear.

5 Come, for my Spirit glows  
With infinite Desire!  
Strong Love impatient grows,  
And sets my Heart on Fire.  
My Father, come;  
That Presence give,  
On which I live;  
Or call me home.

\* *Africa, a Part of the Earth remarkable for  
sandy barren Desarts.*



XI. *Moses's View of the divine Glory.* Exodus  
xxxiii. 18.

- 1 **W**ITH humble Pleasure, LORD, we trace  
The ancient Records of thy Grace ;  
And our own Consolation draw,  
From what thy Servant *Moses* saw.
- 2 May we behold thy Glory shine  
With gentle Beams of Love divine ;  
And hear thy secret Voice proclaim  
The various Wonders of thy Name.
- 3 If feeble Nature faint t' endure  
A Voice so sweet, a Ray so pure ;  
Its Dissolution would delight,  
While Death would wear a Form so bright.
- 4 Death shall unveil that World above,  
Where the dear Children of thy Love,  
Attemper'd \* all to heav'nly Day,  
Bear, and reflect th' immediate Ray.

\* *Fitted and enabled to bear.*

XII. *The Proclamation of GOD's Name to Moses ;  
or, Divine Mercy and Justice.* Exodus xxxiv.  
6—8.

- 1 **A**T TEND, my Soul, the Voice divine,  
And mark what beaming Glories shine  
Around thy condescending God !  
To us, to us, he still proclaims  
His awful, his endearing Names :  
Attend, and sound them all abroad.

- 2 “ JEHOVAH I, the sov'reign LORD,  
 “ The mighty GOD, by Heav'n ador'd,  
 “ Down to the Earth my Footsteps bend :  
 “ My Heart the tend'rest Pity knows,  
 “ Goodness full-streaming wide o'erflows,  
 “ And Grace and Truth shall never end.
- 3 “ My Patience long can Crimes endure :  
 “ My pard'ning Love is ever sure,  
 “ When penitential Sorrow mourns ;  
 “ To Millions, thro' unnumber'd Years,  
 “ New Hope and new Delight it bears ;  
 “ Yet Wrath against the Sinner burns.”
- 4 Make haste, my Soul, the Vision meet,  
 All-prostrate at thy Sov'reign's Feet,  
 And drink the tuneful Accents in ;  
 Speak on, my LORD; repeat the Voice ;  
 Diffuse these Heart-expanding Joys,  
 Till Heaven compleat the rapt'rous Scene.

XIII. *The GOD of Spirits sought to supply Vacancies in the Congregations of his People. Numbers: xxvii. 15—17.*

- 1 FATHER of Spirits, from thy Hand,  
 Our Souls immortal came ;  
 And still thine Energy \* divine  
 Supports th' ethereal † Flame.
- 2 By Thee our Spirits all are known ;  
 And each remotest Thought  
 Lies wide expanded to his Eye,  
 By whom their Pow'rs were wrought:

\* Power.

† Heavenly.

12 DEUTERONOMY.

- 3 To Thee, when mortal Comforts fail,  
 Thy Flock deserted flies ;  
 And, on th' eternal Shepherd's Care,  
 Our chearful Hope relies.
- 4 When o'er thy faithful Servants Dust  
 Thy dear Assemblies mourn,  
 In speedy Tokens of thy Grace,  
 O *Israel's* God, return.
- 5 The Pow'rs of Nature all are thine,  
 And thine the Aids of Grace ;  
 Thine Arm has borne thy Churches up  
 Thro' ev'ry rising Race.
- 6 Exert thy sacred Influence here,  
 And here thy Suppliants bless,  
 And change, to Strains of chearful Praise,  
 Their Accents of Distress.
- 7 With faithful Heart, with skilful Hand,  
 May this thy Flock be fed ;  
 And with a steady growing Pace,  
 To *Zion's* Mountain led.

XIV. *The LORD's People his Portion.* Deuteron.  
 xxxii. 9.

- 1 SOV'REIGN of Nature, all is Thine,  
 The Air, the Earth, the Sea :  
 By Thee the Orbs celestial \* shine,  
 And *Cherubs* live by Thee.
- 2 Rich in thy own Essential Store ;  
 Thou call'st forth Worlds at Will :

\* *The heavenly Bodies.*

Ten thousand, and ten thousand more  
Would hear thy Summons still.

3 What Treasure wilt Thou then confess?  
And thy own Portion call?

What by peculiar Right possess,  
Imperial LORD of all?

4 Thine *Israel* Thou wilt stoop to claim,  
Wilt mark them out for thine:

Ten thousand Praises to thy Name  
For Goodness so divine!

5 That I am thine, my Soul would boast,  
And boast its Claim to Thee;

Nor shall GOD's Property be lost,  
Nor GOD be torn from me.

XV. *The Eternal GOD his People's Refuge and Support. Deut. xxxiii. 27.*

1 BEHOLD the great Eternal GOD,  
Spreads everlasting Arms abroad,  
And calls our Souls to shelter there.  
Wonders of mingled Pow'r and Grace  
To all his *Israel* he displays,  
Guarded from Danger and from Fear.

2 Thither my feeble Soul shall fly,  
When Terrors press, and Death is nigh,  
And there will I delight to dwell:

# 14 DEUTERONOMY.

On that high Tow'r I rear my Head  
Serene, nor knows my Heart to dread,  
Amidst surrounding Hosts of Hell.

3 The Shadow of th' Almighty's Wings.  
Composure unmolested brings,  
While threat'ning Horrors round me croud;  
In vain the Storms of rattling Hail  
The Walls of this Retreat assail,  
And the wild Tempest roars aloud.

4 In louder Strains my fearless Tongue  
Shall warble its victorious Song,  
My Father's Graces to proclaim ;  
He bears his Infant Offspring on  
To Glory radiant as his Throne,  
And Joys eternal as his Name.

XVI. *The Happiness of GOD's Israel.* Deut.  
xxxiii. 29.

- 1 O *Israel*, blest beyond compare !  
Unrival'd all thy Glories are :  
JEHOVAH deigns \* to fill thy Throne,  
And calls thine Interest all his own.
- 2 He is thy Saviour ; He thy Lord ;  
His Shield is thine ; and thine his Sword :  
Review in Extacy of Thought  
The grand Redemption he has wrought.
- 3 From *Satan's* Yoke he sets thee free,  
Opens thy Passage thro' the Sea ;  
He thro' the Defart is thy Guide,  
And Heav'n for *Canaan* will provide.

\* *Condescends.*

4 Not *Jacob's* Sons of old could boast  
Such Favours to their chosen Host;  
Their Glories, which thro' Ages shine,  
Are but dim Shades, and Types of thine.

5 Celestial Spirit, teach our Tongue  
Sublimer Strains than *Moses* sung,  
Proportion'd to the sweeter Name  
Of God the Saviour, and the Lamb.

XVII. *Support in the gracious Presence of GOD  
under the Loss of Ministers, and other useful Friends.*  
Joshua i. 2, 4, 5.

1 NOW let our mourning Hearts revive,  
And all our Tears be dry.  
Why should those Eyes be drown'd in Grief,  
Which view a Saviour nigh?

2 What tho' the Arm of conqu'ring Death  
Does GOD's own House invade?  
What tho' the Prophet, and the Priest  
Be number'd with the Dead?

3 Tho' earthly Shepherds dwell in Dust,  
The Aged, and the Young,  
The watchful Eye in Darkness clos'd,  
And mute th' instructive Tongue;

4 Th' eternal Shepherd still survives,  
New Comfort to impart;  
His Eye still guides us, and his Voice  
Still animates our Heart.

5 “Lo, I am with you,” saith the LORD,  
 “My Church shall safe abide;  
 “For I will ne’er forsake my own,  
 “Whose Souls in me confide.”

6 Thro’ ev’ry Scene of Life and Death,  
 This Promise is our Trust;  
 And this shall be our Children’s Song,  
 When we are cold in Dust.

XVIII. *GOD insensibly withdrawn.* Judges  
 xvi. 20.

1 **A** Present God is all our Strength,  
 And all our Joy and Hope;  
 When he withdraws our Comforts die,  
 And ev’ry Grace must droop.

2 But flatt’ring Trifles charm our Hearts.  
 To court their false Embrace,  
 Till justly this neglected Friend  
 Averts his angry Face.

3 He leaves us, and we miss him not;  
 But go presumptuous on,  
 Till baffled, wounded, and enslav’d,  
 We learn, that God is gone.

4 And what, my Soul, can then remain  
 One Ray of Light to give?  
 Sever’d from him, their better Life,  
 How can his Children live?

Hence, all ye painted Forms of Joy,  
 And leave my Heart to mourn:

I would

I would devote these Eyes to Tears,  
Till chear'd by his Return.

6 Look back, my LORD, and own the Place,  
Where once thy Temple stood;  
For lo, its Ruins bear the Mark  
Of rich atoning Blood.

XIX. EBENEZER; or, GOD's helping Hand re-  
viewed and acknowledged. I Sam. vii. 12.

*For New-Year's Day.*

1 MY Helper God! I bless his Name:  
The same his Pow'r, his Grace the same,  
The Tokens of his friendly Care,  
Open, and crown, and close the Year.

2 I 'midst ten thousand Dangers stand,  
Supported by his Guardian Hand;  
And see, when I survey my Ways,  
Ten thousand Monuments of Praise.

3 Thus far his Arm hath led me on;  
Thus far I make his Mercies known;  
And, while I tread this desert Land,  
New Mercies shall new Songs demand.

4 My grateful Soul, on Jordan's Shore,  
Shall raise one sacred Pillar more:  
Then bear, in his bright Courts above,  
Inscriptions of immortal Love.

XX. *The Saint encouraging himself in the LORD  
his GOD.* I Sam. xxx. 6.

1 JEHOVAH, 'tis a glorious Name,  
Still pregnant with Delight;

It



It scatters round a chearful Beam,  
To gild the darkest Night.

2 What tho' our mortal Comforts fade,  
And drop like with'ring Flowers?  
Nor Time nor Death can break that Band,  
Which makes JEHOVAH ours.

3 My Cares I give you to the Wind,  
And shake you off like Dust;  
Well may I trust my All with him,  
With whom my Soul I trust.

XXI. *Support in GOD's Covenant under domestic  
Troubles. 2 Sam. xxiii. 5.*

1 **M**Y God, the Cov'nant of thy Love  
Abides for ever sure,  
And in its matchless Grace I feel  
My Happiness secure.

2 What tho' my House be not with Thee,  
As Nature could desire?  
To nobler Joys, than Nature gives,  
Thy Servants all aspire.

3 Since Thou, the everlasting God,  
My Father art become;  
*Jesus* my Guardian, and my Friend,  
And Heav'n my final Home;

4 I welcome all thy sov'reign Will;  
For all that Will is Love!

And

And, when I know not what Thou dost,  
I wait the Light above.

5 Thy Cov'nant in the darkest Gloom  
Shall heav'nly Rays impart,  
Which, when my Eye-lids close in Death,  
Shall warm my chilling Heart.

XXII. *Support in G O D's Covenant in the near Views of Death. 2 Sam. xxiii. 1. and 5, compared.*

1 'TIS Mine, the Cov'nant of his Grace,  
And ev'ry Promise mine!  
All sprung from everlasting Love,  
And seal'd by Blood divine.

2 On my unworthy favour'd Head  
Its Blessings all unite;  
Blessings more num'rous than the Stars,  
More lasting, and more bright.

3 Death, thou may'st tear this Rag of Flesh,  
And sink my fainting Head,  
And lay my Ruins in the Grave,  
Among my Kindred Dead:

4 But Death and Hell in vain shall strive  
To break that sacred Rest,  
Which God's expiring Children feel,  
While leaning on his Breast.

5 Th' enlarged Soul thou canst not reach,  
Nor rend from *Christ* away;  
Tho' o'er my mould'ring Dust thou boast  
The Triumphs of a Day.

20 II. CHRONICLES.

6 The Night is past, my Morning dawns ;  
 My Cov'nant-GOD descends,  
 And wakes that Dust to join my Soul  
 In Blifs that never ends.

7 That Cov'nant the last Accent claims  
 Of this poor falt'ring Tongue ;  
 And that shall the first Notes employ  
 Of my celestial Song.

XXIII. *Rejoicing in our Covenant-Engagements to  
 GOD. 2 Chron. xv. 15.*

1 O Happy Day, that fix'd my Choice  
 On Thee, my Saviour, and my God !  
 Well may this glowing Heart rejoice,  
 And tell its Raptures all abroad.

2 O happy Bond, that seals my Vows  
 To him, who merits all my Love !  
 Let chearful Anthems \* fill his House,  
 While to that sacred Shrine † I move.

3 'Tis done ; the great Transaction's done :  
 I am my LORD's, and he is mine :  
 He drew me, and I follow'd on,  
 Charm'd to confess the Voice divine.

4 Now rest my long-divided Heart,  
 Fix'd on this blifsful Center rest ;  
 With Ashes who would grudge to part,  
 When call'd on Angels Bread to feast ?

5 High Heav'n, that heard the solemn Vow,  
 That Vow renew'd shall daily hear ;

\* *Hymns of Praise.* † *Altar or Place of Worship.*

Till

Till in Life's latest Hour I bow,  
And bless in Death a Bond so dear.

XXIV. *GOD stirring up the Spirit of Cyrus to redeem Israel. Ezra i. 1. compared with Isaiah xlv. 1—4.*

- 1 **T**H' Eternal God! his Name how great!  
How deep his Counsels! how compleat!  
The Hearts of Kings his Pow'r can sway;  
His Word unconscious \* they obey.
- 2 Summon'd of old in distant Days  
To serve his Schemes, and shew his Praise,  
*Cyrus*, illustrious Prince, appears,  
His People frees, his Temple rears.
- 3 Thro' Legions arm'd he breaks his Way,  
And tramples Gen'ral's down like Clay;  
The Bars of Steel he cuts in twain,  
And brazen Gates oppose in vain.
- 4 But to *JEHOVAH*'s Accents mild  
The Hero, pliant as a Child,  
Lays the new Cares of Empire by,  
Till *Zion* rise, and shines on high.
- 5 Thus, mighty God, shall ev'ry Heart,  
(If Thou thine Influence there exert)  
Throw its own fondest Schemes aside,  
And follow where thy Hand shall guide.
- 6 The foremost Sons of Fame shall boast  
To raise thy Temples from their Dust;  
Princes shall shout thy Name aloud,  
And new-born Priests thine Altars croud.

\* *Without intending it, Isa. x. 7.*

XXV. *A Glance from GOD bringing us down to the Solitude of the Grave.* Job vii. 8.

1 SOV'REIGN of Life, before thine Eye;  
Lo, mortal Men, by Thousands die!  
One Glance from Thee at once brings down  
The proudest Brow, that wears a Crown.

2 Banish'd at once from human Sight  
To the dark Grave's unchanging Night,  
Imprison'd in that dusty Bed,  
We hide our solitary Head.

3 The friendly Band \* no more shall greet,  
Accents familiar once, and sweet:  
No more the well-known Features trace,  
No more renew the fond Embrace.

4 Yet if my Father's faithful Hand  
Conduct me through this gloomy Land,  
My Soul with Pleasure shall obey,  
And follow, where he leads the Way.

5 He nobler Friends, than here I leave,  
In brighter surer Worlds can give;  
Or by the Beamings of his Eye  
A lost Creation well supply.

\* *Company.*

XXVI. *The Impossibility of prospering while Men barden themselves against GOD.* Job ix. 4.

1 THE Great JEHOVAH! who shall dare  
With him to tempt unequal War?  
What Heart of Steel shall dare t' oppose,  
And league among his harden'd Foes?

- 2 At his Command the Lightnings dart,  
And swift transfix \* the Rebel-Heart:  
Earth trembles at his Look, and cleaves,  
And Legions sink in living Graves.
- 3 Where are the haughty Monarchs now,  
Who scorn'd his Word with low'ring Brow?  
Where are the Trophies of their Reigns?  
Or where their Ruin's last Remains?
- 4 See *Pharaoh* sinking in the Tide!  
See *Babel's* Tyrant, mad with Pride,  
Graze with the Beasts! Hear *Herod* roar,  
While Worms his Deity devour!
- 5 See from the Turrets of the Skies,  
Tall *Cherubs* sink, no more to rise;  
And trace their Rank on Thrones of Light,  
By heavier Chains, and darker Night!
- 6 Great God! and shall this Soul of mine  
Presume to challenge Wrath divine?  
Trembling I seek thy Mercy-Seat,  
And lay my Weapons at thy Feet.

\* *Pierce thro'.*

XXVII. *The great Journey.* Job xvi. 22.

- 1 BEHOLD the Path that Mortals tread  
Down to the Regions of the Dead!  
Nor will the fleeting Moments stay,  
Nor can we measure back our Way.
- 2 Our Kindred and our Friends are gone;  
Know, O my Soul, this Doom thy own;  
Feeble as theirs my mortal Frame,  
The same my Way, my House the same.

3 From

- 3 From vital Air, from chearful Light,  
To the cold Grave's perpetual Night,  
From Scenes of Duty, Means of Grace,  
Must I to God's Tribunal pass!
- 4 Important Journey! Awful View!  
How great the Change! the Scenes how new!  
The golden Gates of Heav'n display'd,  
Or Hell's fierce Flames, and gloomy Shade!
- 5 Awake, my Soul; thy Way prepare,  
And lose in this each mortal Care;  
With steady Feet that Path be trod,  
Which, thro' the Grave, conducts to God.
- 6 *Jesus*, to Thee my All I trust,  
And, if Thou call me down to Dust,  
I know thy Voice, I bless thy Hand,  
And die in Smiles at thy Command.
- 7 What was my Terror is my Joy;  
These Views my brightest Hopes employ,  
To go, ere many Years are o'er,  
Secure I shall return no more.

XXVIII. *The Penitent brought back from the Pit.*  
Job xxxiii. 27, 28.

- 1 **T**HE LORD, from his exalted Throne,  
In Majesty array'd,  
Looks with a melting Pity down  
On all that seek his Aid.
- 2 When, touch'd with penitent Remorse,  
Our Follies past we mourn,  
With what a Tenderness of Love  
He meets our first Return:

- 5 From Heav'n he sent his only Son  
 To ransom us with Blood,  
 To snatch us from the burning Pit,  
 When on its Brink we stood.
- 4 From Death and Hell he leads us up  
 By a delightful Way;  
 And the bright Beams of endless Life  
 Doth round our Path display.
- 5 Great God, we wonder, and adore;  
 And, to exalt such Grace,  
 We long to learn the Songs of Heav'n  
 Ere yet we reach the Place.

XXIX. *Communing with our Hearts.* Psalm iv. 4.

**R**ETURN, my roving Heart, return  
 And chase these shadowy Forms no more;  
 Seek out some Solitude to mourn,  
 And thy forsaken God implore.

Wisdom and Pleasure dwell at home;  
 Retir'd and silent seek them there:  
 True Conquest is ourselves t' o'ercome,  
 True Strength to break the Tempter's Snare.

And Thou, my God, whose piercing Eye  
 Distinct surveys each deep Recess,  
 In these abstracted Hours draw nigh,  
 And with thy Presence fill the Place.

Thro' all the Mazes\* of my Heart  
 My Search let heav'nly Wisdom guide,

\* *Windings, Perplexities.*

C

And



And still its radiant Beams impart,  
Till all be search'd, and purified.

- 5 Then, with the Visits of thy Love,  
Vouchsafe my inmost Soul to cheer;  
Till ev'ry Grace shall join to prove,  
That God hath fix'd his Dwelling there.

XXX. GOD's Name, the Encouragement of our  
*Faith.* Psalm ix. 10.

- 1 SING to the LORD, who loud proclaims  
His various, and his saving Names;  
O may they not be heard alone,  
But by our sure Experience known!
- 2 Let great JEHOVAH be ador'd,  
Th' Eternal, All-sufficient LORD!  
He thro' the World most high confess'd,  
By whom 'twas form'd, and is possess'd.
- 3 Awake our noblest Pow'rs to bless  
The God of *Abram*, God of Peace;  
Now by a dearer Title known,  
Father and GOD of *Christ* his Son.
- 4 Thro' ev'ry Age his gracious Ear  
Is open to his Servants Pray'r;  
Nor can one humble Soul complain,  
That it hath sought its God in vain.
- 5 What unbelieving Heart shall dare  
In Whispers to suggest a Fear,  
While still He owns his ancient Name?  
The same his Pow'r, his Love the same!

6 To Thee our Souls in Faith arise,  
 To Thee we lift expecting Eyes ;  
 And boldly thro' the Defart tread,  
 For God will guard, where God shall lead.

XXXI. *Triumph in GOD's Protection.* Psalm  
 xviii. 2.

1 **L**EGIONS of Foes beset me round,  
 While marching o'er this dang'rous Ground.  
 Yet in JEHOVAH's Aid I trust,  
 And in his Pow'r superior boast.

2 My Buckler He ; His Shield is spread  
 To cover this defenceless Head :  
 Now let the fiercest Foes assail,  
 Their Darts I count as rattling Hail.

3 He is my Rock, and He my Tow'r ;  
 The Base \* how firm ! the Walls how sure !  
 The Battlements how high they rise !  
 And hide their Summits † in the Skies.

4 Deliv'rances to God belong ;  
 He is my Strength, and He my Song ;  
 The Horn of my Salvation He,  
 And all my Foes dispers'd shall flee.

5 Thro' the long March my Lips shall sing  
 My great Protector, and my King,  
 Till Zion's Mount my Feet ascend,  
 And all my painful Warfare end.

6 Rais'd on the shining Turrets there,  
 Thro' all the Prospect wide and fair,

\* *Foundation.*

† *Top.*

A Land of Peace his Hosts survey,  
And bless the Grace that led the Way.

XXXII. *Support in Death.* Psalm xxiii. 4.

- 1 BEHOLD the gloomy Vale,  
Which Thou, my Soul, must tread,  
Beset with Terrors fierce and pale,  
That leads thee to the Dead.
- 2 Ye pleasing Scenes, Adieu\*,  
Which I so long have known:  
My Friends, a long Farewel to you,  
For I must pass alone.
- 3 And thou, beloved Clay,  
Long Partner of my Cares,  
In this rough Path art torn away  
With Agony and Tears.
- 4 But see a Ray of Light,  
With Splendors all divine,  
Breaks thro' these doleful Realms of Night,  
And makes its Horrors shine.
- 5 Where Death and Darkness reigns,  
JEHOVAH is my Stay:  
His Rod my trembling Feet sustains,  
His Staff defends my Way.
- 6 Dear Shepherd, lead me on;  
My Soul disdains to fear;  
Death's gloomy Phantoms all are flown,  
Now Life's great Lord is near.

\* *Farewel.*

XXXIII. *The Good Man's Prospect for Time and Eternity.* Psalm xxiii. 6.

1 MY Soul, triumphant in the LORD,  
 Shall tell its Joys abroad;  
 And march with holy Vigour on,  
 Supported by its God.

2 Thro' all the winding \* Maze of Life,  
 His Hand hath been my Guide,  
 And in that long-experienc'd Care,  
 My Heart shall still confide.

3 His Grace through all the Defart flows,  
 An unexhausted Stream:  
 That Grace on *Zion's* sacred Mount  
 Shall be my endless Theme †.

4 Beyond the choicest Joys of Earth  
 These distant Courts I love;  
 But O! I burn with strong Desire  
 To view thy House above.

Mingled with all the shining Band,  
 My Soul would there adore;  
 A Pillar in thy Temple fix'd,  
 To be remov'd no more.

\* *Wilderness.* † *Subject.*

XXXIV. *The Goodness which GOD has wrought, and laid up for his People.* Psalm xxxi. 19.

OUR Souls with pleasing Wonder view  
 The Bounties of thy Grace;  
 How much bestow'd; How much reserv'd  
 For them that seek thy Face?

- 2 Thy lib'ral Hand with worldly Blifs  
 Oft makes their Cup run o'er ;  
 And in the Cov'nant of thy Love  
 They find diviner Store.
- 3 Here Mercy hides their num'rous Sins ;  
 Here Grace their Souls renews ;  
 Here thy own reconciled Face  
 Doth heav'nly Beams diffuse.
- 4 But O ! what Treasures yet unknown  
 Are lodg'd in Worlds to come !  
 If these th' Enjoyments of the Way,  
 How happy is their Home ?
- 5 And what shall mortal Worms reply ?  
 Or how such Goodness own ?  
 But 'tis our Joy that, LORD, to Thee,  
 Thy Servants Hearts are known.
- 6 Thine Eyes shall read those grateful Thoughts  
 No Language can exprefs :  
 Yet, when our liveliest Thanks we pay,  
 Our Debts do most increase.
- 7 Since Time's too short, All-gracious GOD,  
 To utter half thy Praise,  
 Loud to the Honour of thy Name  
 Eternal Hymns we'll raise.

XXXV. *Relishing the divine Goodness.* Psalm  
 xxxiv. 8, 9.

- 1 T R I U M P H A N T, LORD, thy Goodness reigns  
 Thro' all the wide celestial Plains ;  
 And its full Streams redundant flow  
 Down to th' Abodes of Men below.

2 Thro

- 2 Thro' Nature's Works its Glories shine :  
The Cares of Providence are Thine :  
And Grace erects our ruin'd Frame  
A fairer Temple to thy Name.
- 3 O give to ev'ry human Heart  
To taste, and feel how good Thou art :  
With grateful Love, and rev'rend Fear,  
To know, how blest thy Children are.
- 4 Let Nature burst into a Song :  
Ye echoing Hills, the Notes prolong :  
Earth, Seas, and Stars your Anthems raise,  
All vocal \* with your Maker's Praise.
- 5 Ye Saints, with Joy the Theme pursue ;  
Its sweetest Notes belong to you ;  
Chose by this condescending King  
For ever round his Throne to sing.

\* *Sounding, as if endowed with Speech.*

XXXVI. GOD saying to the Soul, that he is its  
*Salvation.* Psalm xxxv. 3.

- 1 SALVATION! O melodious Sound  
To wretched dying Men!  
Salvation, that from God proceeds,  
And leads to God again!
- 2 Rescu'd from Hell's eternal Gloom,  
From Fiends †, and Fires, and Chains :  
Rais'd to a Paradise of Blifs,  
Where Love and Glory reigns!

† *Evil Spirits.*

- 3 But 'O ! may a degen'rate Soul,  
Sinful and weak as mine,  
Presume to raise a trembling Eye  
To Blessings so divine ?
- 4 The Lustre of so bright a Bliss  
My feeble Heart o'erbears ;  
And Unbelief almost perverts  
The Promise into Tears.
- 5 My Saviour-GOD, no Voice but Thine  
These dying Hopes can raise :  
Speak thy Salvation to my Soul,  
And turn its Tears to Praise.
- 6 *My Saviour-GOD*, this broken Voice  
Transported shall proclaim,  
And call on all th' Angelic Harps  
To sound so sweet a Name.

XXXVII. *GOD's Complacency in the Prosperity of his Servants.* Psalm xxxv. 27.

- 1 **T**HE LORD with Pleasure views his Saints,  
And calls them all his own ;  
And low He bows to their Complaints,  
And pities ev'ry Groan.
- 2 In all the Joys they here possess,  
He takes a tender Part ;  
And, when they rise to heav'nly Bliss,  
Complacence fills his Heart.
- 3 My GOD, are all my Pleasures thine,  
My Comforts thy Delight ?  
O be thy Happiness divine  
Most precious in my Sight.

4 They most in all thy Blifs shall share,  
 Whose Hearts can love Thee most ;  
 O could I vie \* in Ardor here  
 With all th' Angelic Host.

\* *Endeavour to equal.*

XXXVIII. *The Days of the Upright known to GOD,  
 and their everlasting Inheritance. Psal. xxxvii. 18.*

1 TO Thee, my GOD, my Days are known ;  
 My Soul enjoys the Thought ;  
 My Actions all before thy Face,  
 Nor are my Faults forgot.

2 Each secret Breath Devotion vents  
 Is vocal to thine Ear ;  
 And all my Walks of daily Life  
 Before thine Eye appear.

3 The vacant Hour, the active Scene,  
 Thy Mercy shall approve ;  
 And ev'ry Pang of Sympathy,  
 And ev'ry Care of Love.

4 Each golden Hour of beaming Light  
 Is guided by thy Rays ;  
 And dark Affliction's Midnight Gloom  
 A present GOD surveys.

5 Full in thy View thro' Life I pass,  
 And in thy View I die ;  
 And, when each mortal Bond is broke,  
 Shall find my GOD is nigh.

6 Strip'd of its little earthly All,  
 My Soul in Smiles shall go ;



And in an heav'nly Heritage  
Its Father's Bounty know.

XXXIX. *Our Desire and Groaning before G.O.D.,  
when proceeding from the greatest Distress.* Psa.  
xxxviii. 9, 10.

- 1 **M**Y Soul, the awful Hour will come,  
Apace it passeth on,  
To bear this Body to the Tomb,  
And thee to Scenes unknown.
- 2 My Heart, long lab'ring with its Woes,  
Shall pant and sink away  
And you, my Eye-lids, soon shall close  
On the last glim'ring Ray.
- 3 Whence in that Hour shall I receive  
A Cordial for my Pain,  
When, if Earth's Monarchs were my Friends,  
Those Friends would weep in vain?
- 4 Great King of Nature, and of Grace,  
To Thee my Spirit flies,  
And opens all its deep Distress  
Before thy pitying Eyes.
- 5 All its Desires to Thee are known,  
And every secret Fear,  
The meaning of each broken Groan  
Well-notic'd by thine Ear.
- 6 O fix me by that mighty Pow'r,  
Which to such Love belongs,  
Where Darknes veils the Eyes no more,  
And Groans are chang'd to Songs.

*XL. GOD magnified by those that love his Salvation. Psalm xl. 16.*

- 1 **G**OD of Salvation, we adore  
 Thy saving Love, thy saving Pow'r;  
 And to our utmost Stretch of Thought  
 Hail the Redemption Thou hast wrought.
- 2 We love the Stroke, that breaks our Chain,  
 'The Sword, by which our Sins are slain:  
 And, while abas'd in Dust we bow,  
 We sing the Grace, that lays us low.
- 3 Perish each Thought of human Pride:  
 Let GOD alone be magnified:  
 His Glory let the Heav'ns resound,  
 Shouted from Earth's remotest Bound.
- 4 Saints, who his full Salvation know,  
 Saints, who but taste it here below,  
 Join ev'ry Angel's Voice to raise  
 Continu'd, never-ending Praise.

*XLI. The Triumph of CHRIST in the Cause of Truth, Meekness, and Righteousness. Psalm xlv. 3, 4.*

- 1 **L**OU D to the Prince of Heav'n:  
 Your chearful Voices raise;  
 To Him your Vows be giv'n,  
 And fill his Courts with Praise.  
 With conscious Worth  
 All clad in Arms,  
 All bright in Charms,  
 He sallies forth.

2 Gird on thy conqu'ring Sword,  
Ascend thy shining Car \*,  
And march, Almighty LORD,  
To wage thy holy War.

Before his Wheels,  
In glad Surprize,  
Ye Vallies rise,  
And sink, ye Hills.

3 Fair Truth, and smiling Love,  
And injur'd Righteousness  
In thy Retinue move,  
And seek from Thee Redress :

Thou in their Cause  
Shalt prosp'rous ride,  
And far and wide  
Dispense thy Laws.

4 Before thine awful Face  
Millions of Foes shall fall,  
The Captives of thy Grace,  
That Grace which conquers all.

The World shall know,  
Great King of Kings,  
What wond'rous Things  
Thine Arm can do.

5 Here to my willing Soul  
Bend thy triumphant Way ;  
Here ev'ry Foe controul,  
And all thy Pow'r display.

My Heart, thy Throne,  
Blest *Jesus* see,  
Bows low to Thee,  
To Thee alone.

\* *Chariot.*

XLII. *Quietness under Affliction, a proper Acknowledgment of G O D.* Psalm xlvi. 10.

1 PEACE, 'tis the Lord JEHOVAH's Hand,  
That blasts our Joys in Death;  
Changes the Visage once so dear,  
And gathers back our Breath.

2 'Tis He, the Potentate supreme:  
Of all the Worlds above,  
Whose steady Counsels wisely rule,  
Nor from their Purpose move.

3 'Tis He, whose Justice might demand  
Our Souls a Sacrifice;  
Yet scatters with unwearied Hand  
A thousand rich Supplies.

4 Our Cov'nant-GOD and Father He  
In *Christ* our bleeding LORD;  
Whose Grace can heal the bursting Heart  
With one reviving Word.

5 Fair Garlands of immortal Bliss  
He weaves for ev'ry Brow;  
And shall tumultuous Passions rise,  
If He correct us now?

6 Silent I own JEHOVAH's Name;  
I kiss thy scourging Hand;  
And yield my Comforts, and my Life  
To thy supreme Command.

XLIII. *The Year crowned with the divine Goodness.*  
Psalm lxxv. 11.

*For New-Year's Day.*

- 1 **E**TERNAL Source of ev'ry Joy!  
Well may thy Praise our Lips employ,  
While in thy Temple we appear,  
Whose Goodness crowns the circling Year.
- 2 While as the Wheels of Nature roll,  
Thy Hand supports the steady Pole;  
The Sun is taught by Thee to rise,  
And Darkness when to veil the Skies.
- 3 The flow'ry Spring at thy Command  
Embalms the Air, and paints the Land;  
'The Summer Rays with Vigour shine  
To raise the Corn, and cheer the Vine.
- 4 Thy Hand in Autumn richly pours  
Thro' all our Coasts redundant Stores;  
And Winters, soften'd by thy Care,  
No more a Face of Horror wear.
- 5 Seasons, and Months, and Weeks, and Days,  
Demand successive Songs of Praise;  
Still be the chearful Homage paid  
With op'ning Light, and Ev'ning Shade.
- 6 Here in thy House shall Incense rise,  
As circling Sabbaths bless our Eyes;  
Still will we make thy Mercies known,  
Around thy Board, and round our own.

7 O may our more harmonious 'Tongues  
 In Worlds unknown pursue the Songs ;  
 And in those brighter Courts adore,  
 Where Days and Years revolve no more.

XLIV. *Rebels against the supreme Sovereign admonished.* Psalm lxvi. 7.

1 THE LORD of Glory reigns supremely great,  
 And o'er Heav'n's Arches builds his royal Seat.  
 Thro' Worlds unknown his Sov'reign Sway ex-  
 tends,  
 Nor Space nor Time his boundless Empire ends.  
 His Eye beholds th' Affairs of ev'ry Nation,  
 And reads each Thought thro' his immense  
 Creation.

2 Lightnings and Storms his mighty Word obey,  
 And Planets roll, where he has mark'd their Way:  
 Unnumber'd *Cherubs* veil'd before him stand,  
 At his first Signal all their Wings expand ;  
 His Praise gives Harmony to all their Voices,  
 And ev'ry Heart thro' the full Choir \* rejoices.

3 Rebellious Mortals, cease your Tumults vain,  
 Nor longer such unequal War maintain :  
 Let Clay with Fellow-Clay in Combat strive,  
 But dread to brave the Pow'r, by which you live :  
 With contrite Hearts fall prostrate and adore him,  
 For, if he frowns, ye perish all before him.

\* *Company of Singers.*

**XLV. GOD** *the Happiness of his People, and their Support in the extremest Distress.* Psalm lxxiii. 25, 26.

1 **MY** GOD, whose all-pervading \* Eye  
Views Earth beneath, and Heav'n above,  
Witness, if here, or there Thou see'st  
An Object of mine equal Love.

2 Not the gay Scenes, where mortal Men  
Pursue their Bliss, and find their Woe,  
Detain my rising Heart, which springs  
The nobler Joys of Heav'n to view.

3 Not all the fairest Sons of Light,  
That lead the Army round thy Throne,  
Can bound its Flight; it presseth on,  
And seeks its Rest in God alone.

4 Fix'd near th' immortal Source of Bliss,  
Dauntless and joyous it surveys  
Each Form of Horror and Distress,  
That Earth, combin'd with Hell, can raise.

5 This feeble Flesh shall faint and die;  
This Heart renew its Pulse no more;  
Ev'n now it views the Moment nigh,  
When Life's last Movements all are o'er.

6 But come, thou vanquish'd King of Dread,  
With thy own Hand thy Pow'r destroy;  
'Tis thine to bear my Soul to God,  
My Portion, and eternal Joy.

\* *All-seeing.*

XLVI. *The Rage of Enemies restrained, and over-ruled to the divine Glory.* Psalm lxxvi. 10.

*Thanksgiving for the Suppression of the Rebellion, 1746.*

1 ACCEPT, Great God, thy *Britain's* Songs,  
 While grateful Joy unites our Tongues  
 To own the Work, thy Hand hath done:  
 Thy Hand hath crush'd our cruel Foes,  
 When in rebellious Troops they rose,  
 And swore to tread our Glory down.

2 With Hell confed'rate on their Side,  
 People and Prince their Rage defy'd,  
 And in proud Hope devour'd us all:  
 Thy Hand its Banner hath display'd,  
 Beckon'd its *Hero*, to our Aid,  
 And in one Day their Legions fall.

3 Thus shalt Thou still maintain thy Throne,  
 And prove, that Thou art God alone.  
 Tho' Earth and Hell new Efforts try,  
 'Midst all the Tumult they can raise,  
 Envenom'd Wrath exalts thy Praise,  
 Till hush'd at thy Rebuke it die.

4 So swell the Surges \* of the Sea,  
 And roar in their impetuous Way,  
 As they would deluge Earth again:  
 So strike they on th' unshaken Rock,  
 Dash'd by the Fierceneſs of their Shock,  
 And foam to feel their Fury vain.

\* *Great Waves.*



XLVII. GOD *furnishing a Table in the Wilderness.*  
 Psalm lxxviii. 19, 20.

- 1 PARENT of universal Good,  
 We own thy bounteous Hand,  
 Which does so rich a Table spread  
 Ev'n in this defart Land.
- 2 Struck by thy Pow'r, the flinty Rocks  
 In gushing Torrents flow;  
 The feather'd Wand'ers of the Air  
 Thy guiding Instinct know.
- 3 The pregnant Clouds, at thy Command,  
 Rain down delicious Bread;  
 And by light Drops of pearly Dew  
 Are num'rous Armies fed.
- 4 Supported thus, thine *Israel* march'd  
 The promis'd Land to gain:  
 And shall thy Children now begin  
 To seek their God in vain?
- 5 Are all thy Stores exhausted now?  
 Or does thy Mercy fail?  
 That Faith should languish in our Breasts,  
 And anxious Cares prevail?
- 6 Ye base unworthy Fears, be gone,  
 And wide disperse in Air;  
 Then may I feel my Father's Rod,  
 When I suspect his Care.

XLVIII. *GOD speaking Peace to his People.*  
 Psalm lxxxv. 8.

1 UNITE, my roving Thoughts, unite  
 In Silence soft and sweet:  
 And thou, my Soul, sit gently down  
 At thy great Sov'reign's Feet.

2 JEHOVAH's awful Voice is heard,  
 Yet gladly I attend;  
 For lo! the everlasting God  
 Proclaims himself my Friend.

3 Harmonious Accents to my Soul  
 The Sounds of Peace convey;  
 The Tempest at his Word subsides,  
 And Winds and Seas obey.

4 By all its Joys, I charge my Heart,  
 To grieve his Love no more;  
 But, charm'd by Melody divine,  
 To give its Follies o'er.

XLIX. *The Church, the Birth-Place of the Saints,  
 and GOD's Care of it.* Psalm lxxxvii. 5.

*On opening a new Place of Worship.*

1 AND will the great Eternal God  
 On Earth establish his Abode?  
 And will He from his radiant Throne  
 Avow our Temples for his own?

2 We bring the Tribute of our Praise,  
 And sing that condescending Grace,

Which

Which to our Notes will lend an Ear,  
And call us sinful Mortals near.

3 Our Father's watchful Care we bless,  
Which guards our Synagogues in Peace,  
That no tumultuous Foes invade,  
To fill our Worshippers with Dread.

4 These Walls we to thy Honour raise ;  
Long may they echo with thy Praise ;  
And Thou descending fill the Place  
With choicest Tokens of thy Grace.

5 Here let the great Redeemer reign  
With all the Graces of his Train ;  
While Pow'r divine his Word attends  
To conquer Foes, and cheer his Friends.

6 And in the great decisive Day,  
When God the Nations shall survey,  
May it before the World appear,  
That Crouds were born to Glory here.

L. *The Gospel Jubilee.* Psalm lxxxix. 15. compared  
with Levit. xxv. and Isaiah lxi. 2.

1 **L** O U D let the tuneful Trumpet sound,  
And spread the joyful Tidings round ;  
Let ev'ry Soul with Transport hear,  
And hail the L O R D's accepted Year.

2 Ye Debtors, whom he gives to know,  
That you ten Thousand Talents owe,  
When humbled at his Feet ye fall,  
Your gracious L O R D forgives them all.

3 Slaves

3 Slaves, that have borne the heavy Chain  
Of Sin and Hell's tyrannic Reign,  
To Liberty assert your Claim,  
And urge the great Redeemer's Name.

4 The rich Inheritance you lost,  
Restor'd; improv'd, you now may boast,  
Fair *Salem* your Arrival waits,  
To golden Streets, and pearly Gates.

5 Her blest Inhabitants no more  
Bondage and Poverty deplore :  
No Debt, but Love immensely great,  
Whose Joy still rises with the Debt.

6 O happy Souls that know the Sound !  
God's Light shall all their Steps surround ;  
And shew that *Jubilee* begun,  
Which thro' eternal Years shall run.

LI. *GOD the Dwelling-Place of his People through  
all Generations. Psalm xc. 1.*

1 **T**HOU, LORD, thro' ev'ry changing Scene  
Hast to thy Saints a Refuge been :  
Thro' ev'ry Age, eternal God,  
Their pleasing Home, their safe Abode.

2 In Thee our Fathers fought their Rest ;  
In Thee our Fathers still are blest ;  
And, while the Tomb confines their Dust,  
In Thee their Souls abide and trust.

3 Lo; we are ris'n, a feeble Race,  
A while to fill our Fathers Place ;  
Our helpless State with Pity view,  
And let us share their Refuge too.

4 Thro'

4 Thro' all the thorny Paths we trace  
 In this uncertain Wilderness,  
 When Friends desert, and Foes invade,  
 Revive our Heart, and guard our Head.

5 So when this Pilgrimage is o'er,  
 And we must dwell in Flesh no more,  
 To Thee our sep'rate Souls shall come,  
 And find in Thee a surer Home.

6 To Thee our Infant Race we leave;  
 Them may their Fathers God receive;  
 That Voices yet unform'd may raise  
 Succeeding Hymns of humble Praise.

LII. *Reflections on our Waste of Years.* Psalm xc. 9.  
*For New-Year's Day.*

1 **R**EMARK, my Soul, the narrow Bounds  
 Of the revolving Year!  
 How swift the Weeks compleat their Rounds!  
 How short the Months appear!

2 So fast Eternity comes on,  
 And that important Day,  
 When all, that mortal Life has done,  
 God's Judgment shall survey.

3 Yet like an idle Tale we pass  
 The swift advancing Year;  
 And study artful Ways t' increase  
 The Speed of its Career.

4 Waken, O God, my trifling Heart  
 Its great Concern to see;  
 That I may act the Christian Part,  
 And give the Year to Thee.

5 So shall their Course more grateful roll,  
 If future Years arise ;  
 Or this shall bear my smiling Soul  
 To Joy, that never dies.

LIII. *Joy and Prosperity from the Presence and  
 Blessing of GOD. Psalm xc. 17.*

1 SHINE on our Souls, Eternal God,  
 With Rays of Beauty shine :  
 O let thy Favour crown our Days,  
 And all their Round be thine.

2 Did we not raise our Hands to Thee,  
 Our Hands might toil in vain ;  
 Small Joy Success itself could give,  
 If Thou thy Love restrain.

3 With Thee let ev'ry Week begin,  
 With Thee each Day be spent,  
 For Thee each fleeting Hour improv'd,  
 Since each by Thee is lent.

4 Thus cheer us thro' this desert Road,  
 Till all our Labours cease ;  
 And Heav'n refresh our weary Souls  
 With everlasting Peace.

LIV. *The Mutability of the Creation, and the Im-  
 mutability of GOD. Psalm cii. 25—28.*

1 GREAT Former of this various Frame,  
 Our Souls adore thine awful Name ;  
 And bow and tremble, while they praise  
 The Ancient of eternal Days.

2 Thou

- 2 Thou, LORD, with unsurpris'd Survey,  
Saw'st Nature rising Yesterday ;  
And, as To-morrow, shall thine Eye  
See Earth and Stars in Ruin lie.
- 3 Beyond an Angel's Vision bright,  
Thou dwell'st in self-existent Light ;  
Which shines with undiminish'd Ray,  
While Suns and Worlds in Smoke decay.
- 4 Our Days a transient Period run,  
And change with ev'ry circling Sun ;  
And in the firmest State we boast,  
A Moth can crush us into Dust.
- 5 But let the Creatures fall around :  
Let Death consign us to the Ground :  
Let the last gen'ral Flame arise,  
And melt the Arches of the Skies :
- 6 Calm as the Summer's Ocean, we  
Can all the Wreck \* of Nature see,  
While Grace secures us an Abode,  
Unshaken as the Throne of God.

\* *Destruction.*

LV. *The Frailty of human Nature, and GOD  
gracious Regard to it. Psalm ciii. 14.*

- 1 LORD, we adore thy wond'rous Name,  
And make that Name our Trust,  
Which rais'd at first this curious Frame,  
From mean and lifeless Dust.
- 2 By Dust supported, still it stands,  
Wrought up to various Forms,  
Prepar'd by thy creating Hands  
To nourish mortal Worms.

3 A while these frail Machines endure,  
 The Fabric of a Day ;  
 Then know their vital Pow'rs no more,  
 But moulder back to Clay.

4 Yet, LORD, whate'er is felt or fear'd,  
 This Thought is our Repose,  
 That He, by whom this Frame was rear'd,  
 Its various Weakness knows.

5 Thou view'st us with a pitying Eye,  
 While struggling with our Load ;  
 In Pain and Dangers thou art nigh,  
 Our Father, and our God.

6 Gently supported by thy Love,  
 We tend to Realms of Peace ;  
 Where ev'ry Pain shall far remove,  
 And ev'ry Frailty cease.

*VI. GOD adored for his Goodness, and his wonderful Works to the Children of Men. Psalm cvii. 31.*

**Y**E Sons of Men, with Joy record  
 The various Wonders of the LORD ;  
 And let his Pow'r and Goodness sound  
 Thro' all your Tribes the Earth around.

Let the high Heav'ns your Songs invite,  
 Those spacious Fields of brilliant Light ;  
 Where Sun, and Moon, and Planets roll,  
 And Stars, that glow from Pole to Pole.

Sing Earth in verdant Robes array'd,  
 Its Herbs and Flow'rs, its Fruit and Shade ;

D

Peopled



- Peopled with Life of various Forms,  
 Fishes, and Fowl, and Beasts and Worms.
- 4 View the broad Sea's majestic Plains,  
 And think how wide its Maker reigns ;  
 That Band remotest Nations joins,  
 And on each Wave his Goodness shines.
- 5 But O ! that brighter World above,  
 Where lives and reigns incarnate Love !  
 God's only Son, in Flesh array'd,  
 For Man a bleeding Victim \* made.
- 6 Thither, my Soul, with Rapture soar ;  
 There in the Land of Praise adore ;  
 This Theme demands an Angel's Lay †,  
 Demands an undeclining Day.

\* *Sacrifice.*† *Song.*

LVII. *The holy Soul returning to its Rest in a grateful Sense of divine Bounties. Psalm cxvi. 7.*

- 1 **R**ETURN, my Soul, and seek thy Rest  
 Upon thy heav'nly Father's Breat :  
 Indulge me, LORD, in that Repose,  
 The Soul which loves Thee only knows.
- 2 Lodg'd in thine Arms, I fear no more  
 The Tempest's Howl, the Billows roar :  
 Those Storms must shake th' Almighty's Seat,  
 Which violate the Saints Retreat.
- 3 Thy Bounties, LORD, to me surmount  
 The Pow'r of Language to recount ;  
 From Morning-Dawn, the setting-Sun  
 Sees but my Work of Praise begun.

4 The Mercies, all my Moments bring,  
 Ask an Eternity to sing;  
 What Thanks those Mercies can suffice,  
 Which thro' Eternity shall rise?

5 Rich in ten thousand Gifts possess'd,  
 In future Hopes more richly blest'd,  
 I'll sit and sing, till Death shall raise  
 A Note of more proportion'd Praise.

LVIII. *Deliverance celebrated.* Psalm cxvi. 8.

1 LOOK back, my Soul, with grateful Love,  
 On what thy God has done;  
 Praise him for his unnumber'd Gifts,  
 And praise him for his Son.

2 How oft hath his indulgent Hand  
 My flowing Eye-lids dried,  
 And rescu'd from impending Death,  
 When I in Danger cried!

3 When on the Bed of Death I lay,  
 With Sickness sore oppress'd,  
 How oft hath He asswag'd my Grief,  
 And lull'd my Eyes to Rest!

4 Back from Destruction's yawning Pit  
 At his Command I came;  
 He fed th' expiring Lamp anew,  
 And rais'd its feeble Flame.

5 My broken Spirit He hath chear'd,  
 When torn with inward Grief;  
 And when Temptations press'd me sore,  
 Hath brought me swift Relief.

6 My Soul from everlasting Death  
Is by his Mercy brought,  
To tell in *Zion's* sacred Gates  
The Wonders He hath wrought.

7 Still will I walk before his Face,  
While He this Life prolongs ;  
Till Grace shall all its Work compleat,  
And teach me heav'nly Songs.

LIX. *Deliverance celebrated, and good Resolutions formed.* Psalm cxvi. 8, 9.

1 GREAT Source of Life, our Souls confess  
The various Riches of thy Grace ;  
Crown'd with thy Mercy we rejoice,  
And in thy Praise exalt our Voice.

2 By Thee Heav'n's shining Arch was spread ;  
By Thee were Earth's Foundations laid,  
And all the Charms of Men's Abode  
Proclaim the wise, the gracious God.

3 Thy tender Hand restores our Breath,  
When trembling on the Verge of Death ;  
Gently it wipes away our Tears,  
And lengthens Life to future Years.

4 These Lives are sacred to the LORD ;  
Kindled by Him, by Him restor'd ;  
And, while our Hours renew their Race,  
Still would we walk before his Face.

5 So when by Him our Souls are led,  
Thro' unknown Regions of the Dead,

With Joy triumphant shall they move  
To Seats of nobler Life above.

LX. *Praise for Recovery from Sickness.* Psalm  
cxviii. 18, 19.

SOV'REIGN of Life, I own thy Hand  
In ev'ry chast'ning Stroke ;  
And, while I smart beneath thy Rod,  
Thy Presence I invoke.

To Thee in my Distress I cried,  
And Thou hast bow'd thine Ear ;  
Thy pow'rful Word my Life prolong'd,  
And brought Salvation near.

Unfold, ye Gates of Righteousness,  
That with the pious Throng,  
I may record my solemn Vows,  
And tune my grateful Song.

Praise to the LORD, whose gentle Hand  
Renews our lab'ring Breath :  
Praise to the LORD, who makes his Saints  
Triumphant ev'n in Death.

My God, in thine appointed Hour  
Those heav'nly Gates display,  
Where Pain and Sin, and Fear and Death  
For ever flee away.

There, while the Nations of the Bless'd  
With Raptures bow around,  
My Anthems to deliv'ring Grace  
In sweeter Strains shall sound.

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LXI. *Regard to Scripture pressed upon young Persons, that they may cleanse their Way.* Psalm cxix. 9.

- 1 **I**NDULGENT God, with pitying Eye  
The Sons of Men survey,  
And see how youthful Sinners sport  
In a destructive Way.
- 2 Ten thousand Dangers lurk around  
To bear them to the Tomb;  
Each in an Hour may plunge them down,  
Where Hope can never come.
- 3 Reduce, O LORD, their wand'ring Minds,  
Amus'd with airy Dreams,  
That heav'nly Wisdom may dispel,  
Their visionary Schemes.
- 4 With holy Caution may they walk,  
And be thy Word their Guide;  
Till each, the Desert safely pass'd,  
On Zion's Hill abide.

LXII. *Desires of being quickened by the Word of GOD.* Psalm cxix. 25.

- 1 **W**ITH Pity, LORD, thy Servant view,  
As in the Dust I lie,  
Nor, while I raise my plaintive \* Voice,  
Disdain the broken Cry.
- 2 Fain would I mount on Eagles Wings,  
And view thy lovely Face;

\* *Mournful.*

But

But cumb'rous Burdens drag me down  
From thine ador'd Embrace.

3 Thy quick'ning Energy diffuse  
O'er all my inmost Frame;  
And animate these languid Lips  
To celebrate thy Name.

4 Thy living Word has wonders wrought;  
These Wonders here renew;  
And pour fresh Vigour thro' my Soul,  
While I its Glories view.

5 From Thee, great ever-flowing Spring,  
Let vital Streams descend;  
And cheer me to begin those Songs,  
Which Death shall never end.

LXIII. *Human Perfection no where to be found.*  
Psalms cxix. 96.

1 PERFECTION! 'Tis an empty Name,  
Nor can repay our Cares;  
And he, that seeks it here below,  
Must end the Search with Tears.

2 Great *David* on his royal Throne,  
The beauteous, and the strong,  
Rich in the Spoils of conquer'd Foes,  
Amidst the applauding Throng,

3 With all his Mind's capacious Pow'rs  
Pursu'd the Shade in vain;  
Nor heard it his melodious Voice,  
Or Harp's Angelic Strain.



4 From public to domestic Scenes

Th' impatient Monarch turns ;  
The Friend, the Husband, and the Sire \*  
In sad Succession mourns.

5 At length thy Law, Eternal God,

He thro' his Tears descries †,  
And, wrapt amidst those sacred Folds,  
He finds the heav'nly Prize.

6 There will I seek Perfection too,

Where *David's* God is known ;  
Nor envy, with this Volume blest,  
His Treasures and his Throne.

\* *Father.*

† *Discerns.*

LXIV. *Beholding Transgressors with Grief.* Psalm  
cxix. 136, 158.

1 **A**RISE, my tend'rest Thoughts, arise ;  
To Torrents melt my streaming Eyes ;  
And thou, my Heart, with Anguish feel  
Those Evils, which thou can'st not heal.

2 See human Nature sunk in Shame ;  
See Scandals pour'd on *Jesus'* Name ;  
The Father wounded thro' the Son ;  
The World abus'd ; the Soul undone.

3 See the short Course of vain Delight  
Closing in everlasting Night ;  
In Flames, that no Abatement know,  
'Tho' briny Tears for ever flow.

4 My God, I feel the mournful Scene ;  
My Bowels yearn o'er dying Men ;

And

And fain my Pity would reclaim,  
And snatch the Fire-brands from the Flame.

5 But feeble my Compassion proves,  
And can but weep, where most it loves :  
Thy own all-saving Arm employ,  
And turn these Drops of Grief to Joy.

LXV. *The wandering Sheep recovered.* Psalm cxix.  
176.

1 LORD, we have wander'd from the Way,  
Like foolish Sheep, we've gone astray ;  
Our pleasant Pastures we have left,  
And of their Guard our Souls bereft\*.

2 Expos'd to Want, expos'd to Harm ;  
Far from our gentle Shepherd's Arm ;  
Nor will these fatal Wand'rings cease,  
Till Thou reveal the Paths of Peace.

3 O seek thy thoughtless Servants, LORD,  
Nor let us quite forget thy Word ;  
Our erring Souls do Thou restore,  
And keep us, that we stray no more.

\* *Deprived.*

LXVI. *The weeping Seed-time, and joyful Harvest.*  
Psalm cxxvi. 5, 6.

1 THE darken'd Sky, how thick it lours !  
Troubled with Storms, and big with Show'rs ;  
No chearful Gleam of Light appears,  
But Nature pours forth all her Tears.

D 5

2 Yet

- 2 Yet let the Sons of Grace revive ;  
 God bids the Soul, that seeks him, live,  
 And from the gloomiest Shade of Night  
 Calls forth a Morning of Delight.
- 3 The Seeds of Extacy unknown,  
 Are in these water'd Furrows sown ;  
 See the green Blades, how thick they rise,  
 And with fresh Verdure blefs our Eyes.
- 4 In secret Foldings they contain  
 Unnumber'd Ears of golden Grain ;  
 And Heav'n shall pour its Beams around,  
 Till the ripe Harvest load the Ground.
- 5 Then shall the trembling Mourner come,  
 And find his Sheaves, and bear them home :  
 The Voice, long broke with Sighs, shall sing,  
 Till Heav'n with *Hallelujahs* ring.

LXVII. *Thanks to GOD for his ever-enduring  
 Goodness. Psalm cxxxvi. 1.*

*For New-Year's Day.*

- 1 **H**OUSE of our God, with chearful Anthems  
 ring,  
 While all our Lips and Hearts his Graces sing,  
 Th' op'ning Year his Graces shall proclaim,  
 And all its Days be vocal with his Name.  
 The LORD is good, his Mercy never-ending ;  
 His Blessings in perpetual Show'rs descending.
- 2 The Heav'n of Heav'ns he with his Bounty fills :  
 Ye *Seraphs* bright, on ever-blooming Hills ;

His

His Honours found ; you to whom Good alone,  
 Unmingled, ever-growing, has been known.  
 Thro' your immortal Life, with Love increasing,  
 Proclaim your Maker's Goodness never-ceasing.

3 Thou Earth, enlightened by his Rays divine,  
 Pregnant with Grains, and Corn, and Oil, and Wine,  
 Crown'd with his Goodness, let thy Nations meet,  
 And lay their Crowns at his paternal Feet :  
 With grateful Love that lib'ral Hand confessing,  
 Which thro' each Heart diffuseth ev'ry Blessing.

4 *Zion* enrich'd with his distinguish'd Grace,  
 Blest with the Rays of thine *Emanuel's* Face,  
*Zion*, *JEHOVAH's* Portion, and Delight,  
 Grav'n on his Hands, and hourly in his Sight,  
 In sacred Strains exalt that Grace excelling,  
 Which makes thy humble Hill his chosen Dwelling.

5 His Mercy never ends ; the Dawn, the Shade  
 Still see new Bounties thro' new Scenes display'd :  
 Succeeding Ages bless this sure Abode,  
 And Children lean upon their Fathers God.  
 The deathless Soul, thro' its immense Duration,  
 Drinks from this Source immortal Consolation.

6 Burst into Praise, my Soul ; all Nature join ;  
 Angels and Men in Harmony combine :  
 While human Years are measur'd by the Sun,  
 And while Eternity its Course shall run,  
 His Goodness, in perpetual Show'rs descending,  
 Exalt in Songs, and Raptures never-ending.

LXVIII. *GOD strengthening the Souls of his praying People.* Psalm cxxxviii. 3.

- 1 **M**Y Soul, review the trembling Days,  
In which my God I fought;  
I cry'd aloud for Aid divine,  
And Aid divine He brought.
- 2 Thro' all my weak and fainting Heart  
His secret Strength He spread,  
And clasp'd me in his Arms of Love,  
And rais'd my drooping Head.
- 3 He call'd himself my Cov'nant-GOD,  
His Promises he shew'd;  
And wide display'd their solemn Seal  
In the great Surety's Blood.
- 4 I heard his People shout around,  
And join'd their chearful Song;  
And saw from far the shining Seats,  
Which to his Saints belong.
- 5 My GOD, what inward Strength Thou giv'st  
I to thy Service vow;  
And in thy Strength would upward march,  
Till at thy Throne I bow.

LXIX. *Singing in the Ways of GOD.* Psalm cxxxviii. 5.

- 1 **N**OW let our Voices join,  
To form one pleasant Song:  
Ye Pilgrims in JEHOVAH'S Ways,  
With Music pass along.

- 2 How straight the Path appears !  
 How open, and how fair !  
 No lurking Gins t' entrap our Feet ;  
 No fierce Destroyer there.
- 3 But Flow'rs of Paradise  
 In rich Profusion spring ;  
 The Sun of Glory gilds the Path,  
 And dear Companions sing.
- 4 See *Salem's* golden Spires  
 In beauteous Prospect rise ;  
 And brighter Crowns than Mortals wear,  
 Which sparkle thro' the Skies.
- 5 All Honour to his Name,  
 Who drew the shining Trace ;  
 To Him, who leads the Wand'ers on,  
 And cheers them with his Grace.
- 6 Reduce the Nations, LORD,  
 Teach all their Kings thy Ways,  
 That Earth's full Choir the Notes may swell,  
 And Heav'n resound the Praise.

LXX. *The innumerable Mercies of GOD thankfully  
 acknowledged. Psalm cxxxix. 17, 18.*

- 1 **I**N glad Amazement, LORD, I stand,  
 Amidst the Bounties of thy Hand ;  
 How numberless those Bounties are !  
 How rich, how various, and how fair !
- 2 But O ! what poor Returns I make !  
 What lifeless Thanks I pay Thee back !

LORD,

LORD, I confess with humble Shame,  
My Off'rings scarce deserve the Name.

3 Fain would my lab'ring Heart devise  
To bring some nobler Sacrifice :  
It sinks beneath the mighty Load :  
What shall I render to my GOD ?

4 To him I consecrate my Praise,  
And vow the Remnant of my Days ;  
Yet what at best can I pretend  
Worthy such Gifts from such a Friend ?

5 In deep Abasement, LORD, I see  
My Emptiness and Poverty :  
Enrich my Soul with Grace divine,  
And make it worthier to be Thine.

6 Give me at length an Angel's Tongue,  
That Heav'n may echo with my Song ;  
The Theme, too great for Time, shall be  
The Joy of long Eternity.

LXXI. *Praising GOD through the whole of our  
Existence. Psalm cxlvi. 2.*

1 GOD of my Life, thro' all its Days  
My grateful Pow'rs shall sound thy Praise ;  
The Song shall wake with op'ning Light,  
And warble to the silent Night.

2 When anxious Cares would break my Rest,  
And Griefs would tear my throbbing Breast,  
Thy tuneful Praises rais'd on high  
Shall check the Murmur and the Sigh.

3: When

- 3 When Death o'er Nature shall prevail,  
And all its Pow'rs of Language fail,  
Joy thro' my swimming Eyes shall break,  
And mean the Thanks I cannot speak.
- 4 But O! when that last Conflict's o'er,  
And I am chain'd to Flesh no more,  
With what glad Accents shall I rise,  
To join the Music of the Skies!
- 5 Soon shall I learn th' exalted Strains,  
Which echo o'er the heav'nly Plains;  
And emulate, with Joy unknown,  
The glowing *Seraphs* round thy Throne.
- 6 The chearful Tribute will I give,  
Long as a deathless Soul can live;  
A Work so sweet, a Theme so high,  
Demands, and crowns Eternity.

LXXII. *The Meek beautified with Salvation.*  
Psalm. cxlix. 4.

- 1 YE humble Souls rejoice,  
And chearful Triumphs sing;  
Wake all your Harmony of Voice,  
For *Jesus* is your King.
- 2 That meek and lowly Lord,  
Whom here your Souls have known,  
Pledges the Honour of his Word.  
T' avow you for his own.
- 3 He brings Salvation near,  
For which his Blood was paid:  
How beauteous shall your Souls appear  
Thus sumptuously array'd!

4 Sing.



4 Sing, for the Day is nigh  
 When near your Leader's Seat  
 The tallest Sons of Pride shall lie,  
 The Footstool of your Feet.

5 Salvation, LORD, is thine;  
 And all thy Saints confess,  
 The royal Robes, in which they shine,  
 Were wrought by sov'reign Grace.

LXXIII. *The Reproofs of Wisdom mingled with Promises and Threatnings, to reclaim wandering Sinners. Proverbs i. 23.*

1 **H**ARK! for 'tis Wisdom's Voice,  
 That breaks in gentle Sound:  
 Listen, ye Sons of Earth and Sin,  
 And gather all around.

2 What tho' she speaks Rebukes,  
 That pierce the Soul with Smart;  
 True Love thro' all her Chast'nings runs,  
 By Pain to mend the Heart.

3 "Ye that have wander'd long  
 "In Sin's destructive Ways,  
 "Turn, turn," the heav'nly Charmer cries,  
 "And seize the offer'd Grace.

4 "I know your Souls are weak,  
 "And mortal Efforts vain  
 "To grapple with the Prince of Hell,  
 "And break his cursed Chain.

5 "But I'll my Spirit pour  
 "In Torrents from above,

“ To arm you with superior Strength,  
 “ And melt your Hearts in Love.

6 “ Come, while these Offers last,  
 “ Ye Sinners, and be wise :  
 “ He lives, who hears this friendly Call,  
 “ But he who flights it, dies.”

LXXIV. *The Voice of CHRIST addressed to the  
 Children of Men. Proverbs viii. 4.*

1 NOW let the list'ning World around  
 In silent Rev'rence hear ;  
 While from on high the Saviour's Voice,  
 Thus strikes th' attentive Ear.

2 “ To you, O Sons of Men, I call,  
 “ And from my lofty Throne  
 “ Reclin'd, in gentle Pity bow  
 “ To bring Salvation down.

3 “ Ye thoughtless Sinners, hear my Voice,  
 “ Attend my Words and live ;  
 “ My Words conduct to solid Joys,  
 “ And endless Blessings give.

4 “ Each faithful Minister is sent  
 “ This Message to proclaim ;  
 “ In ev'ry various Providence  
 “ The Language is the same.

5 “ And could the pale forgotten Dead,  
 “ Tho' deep in Dust they lie,  
 “ Arise in visionary Crouds,  
 “ They'd join the solemn Cry.

6 “ For-

- 6 “ Forgetful Mortals, yet be wise,  
 “ While o’er the Grave ye stand ;  
 “ Left long-neglected Love provoke  
 “ The Vengeance of my Hand.
- 7 “ In glad Submission bow ye down,  
 “ Nor steel that stubborn Heart ;  
 “ Till mine inexorable Voice  
 “ Pronounce the Word, *Depart.*”
- 8 Blest *Jesus*, may thy Spirit breathe  
 On Souls, which else must die ;  
 For, till thy Grace reflect the Sound,  
 Thy Word in vain will cry.

LXXV. *The Encouragement young Persons have to seek and love CHRIST.* Prov. viii. 17.

- 1 Y<sup>E</sup> Hearts with youthful Vigour warm,  
 In smiling Crouds draw near,  
 And turn from ev’ry mortal Charm,  
 A Saviour’s Voice to hear.
- 2 He, Lord of all the Worlds on high,  
 Stoops to converse with you ;  
 And lays his radiant Glories by,  
 Your Friendship to pursue.
- 3 “ The Soul, that longs to see my Face,  
 “ Is sure my Love to gain ;  
 “ And those, that early seek my Grace,  
 “ Shall never seek in vain.”
- 4 What Object, LORD, my Soul should move,  
 If once compar’d with Thee ?

What Beauty should command my Love,  
Like what in *Christ* I see ?

5 Away, ye false delusive Toys,  
Vain Tempters of the Mind !  
'Tis here I fix my lasting Choice,  
And here true Blifs I find.

LXXVI. *The House and Feast of Wisdom.* Prov.  
ix. 1—6.

1 SEE the fair Structure Wisdom rears,  
Her Messengers attend ;  
And, charm'd by her persuasive Voice,  
To her your Footsteps bend.

2 “ Hear, me, ye simple ones (she cries)  
“ That lur'd \* by Folly stray,  
“ And languish to eternal Death  
“ In her detested Way.

3 “ Enter my hospitable Gate,  
“ And all my Banquet share ;  
“ For heav'nly Wine surrounds my Board,  
“ And Angels Food is there.

4 “ Freely of every Dainty taste ;  
“ Taste, and for ever live ;  
“ And mingle with your Joys the Hopes  
“ Of all a God can give.

5 “ But if, seduc'd by Folly's Arts,  
“ Ye seek her pois'nous Food,  
“ Know, that the dreadful Moment hastes,  
“ Which pays the Feast with Blood.”

\* *Seduc'd.*

LXXVII.

LXXVII. *The Excellency of the Righteous, with regard to their Temper.* Prov. xii. 26-. Part 1st.

- 1 **H**OW glorious, LORD, art Thou!  
How bright thy Splendors shine!  
Whose Rays reflected gild thy Saints  
With Ornaments divine.
- 2 With Lowliness and Love,  
Wisdom and Courage meet;  
The grateful Heart, the chearful Eye,  
How rev'rend and how sweet!
- 3 In Beauties such as these,  
Thy Children now are drest;  
But brighter Habits shall they wear  
In Regions of the Blest.
- 4 In Nature's barren Soil,  
Who could such Glories raise?  
We own, O GOD, the Work is thine,  
And thine be all the Praise.

LXXVIII. *The Excellency of the Righteous, with regard to their Relations, Employments, Pleasures, and Hopes.* Prov. xii. 26-. Part 2d.

- 1 **O** *Israel*, thou art blest;  
Who may with thee compare!  
Thine Excellencies stand confes'd;  
How bright thy Glories are!
- 2 O GOD of *Israel*, hear,  
And make this Bliss our own;

Make

Make us the Children of thy Care,  
The Members of thy Son.

3 Thus honour'd, thus employ'd,  
By these great Motives fir'd,  
Be Paradise on Earth enjoy'd,  
And brighter Hopes inspir'd.

4 Thy People, LORD, we love;  
Their GOD our Souls embrace;  
So may we find, in Worlds above  
Among thy Saints a Place.

LXXIX. *Walking with GOD; or, Being in his  
Fear all the Day long. Prov. xxiii. -17.*

1 THrice happy Souls, who born from Heav'n,  
While yet they sojourn here,  
Thus all their Days with GOD begin,  
And spend them in his Fear!

2 So may our Eyes with holy Zeal  
Prevent the dawning Day;  
And turn the sacred Pages \* o'er,  
And praise thy Name and pray.

3 'Midst hourly Cares may Love present  
Its Incense to thy Throne;  
And while the World our Hands employs,  
Our Hearts be thine alone.

4 As sanctified to noblest Ends  
Be each Refreshment sought;

\* *The holy Scriptures.*

And

And by each various Providence  
Some wise Instruction brought.

5 When to laborious Duties call'd,  
Or by Temptations try'd,  
We'll seek the Shelter of thy Wings,  
And in thy Strength confide.

6 As diff'rent Scenes of Life arise,  
Our grateful Hearts would be  
With Thee, amidst the social Band,  
In Solitude with Thee.

7 At Night we lean our weary Heads  
On thy paternal Breast;  
And, safely folded in thine Arms,  
Resign our Pow'rs to rest.

8 In solid pure Delights, like these,  
Let all my Days be past;  
Nor shall I then impatient wish,  
Nor shall I fear the last.

LXXX. *The obstinate Sinner alarmed.* Proverbs  
xxix. 1.

1 **N**OW let the Sons of *Belial*\* hear  
The Thunders of the LORD;  
Unfold their long rebellious Ear,  
And tremble at his Word.

2 Now let the Iron Sinew bow,  
And take his easy Yoke;  
Lest sudden Vengeance lay it low  
By one resistless Stroke.

\* *Disobedient rebellious Persons.*

3 Tho' yet the great Physician wait,  
 And healing Balm be found,  
 One Hour may seal their endless Fate,  
 And fix a deadly Wound.

4 Swift may thy Mercy, LORD, arise,  
 Ere Justice stop their Breath;  
 And lighten those deluded Eyes,  
 That sleep the Sleep of Death.

LXXXI. *GOD's reasonable Expectations from his Vineyard.* Isaiah v. 1—7.

1 THE Vineyard of the LORD, how fair!  
 Planted by his peculiar Care:  
 Behold its Branches spread, and fill  
 The Borders of his sacred Hill.

2 His Eye hath mark'd the chosen Ground;  
 His mighty Hand hath fenc'd it round;  
 His Servants by his Order wait,  
 To watch and aid its tender State.

3 But when the Vintage he demands  
 For all the Labour of their Hands,  
 What Clusters doth his Vine produce,  
 The Grapes are wild, and sour the Juice.

4 Well might he tear its Fence away,  
 And leave it to the Beasts of Prey,  
 Might give it to the Wild again,  
 And charge his Clouds to cease their Rain.

5 But spare our Land, our Churches spare,  
 Thy Vengeance long-provok'd forbear.

Let



Let the true Vine its Influence give,  
And bid our with'ring Branches live.

LXXXII. *Isaiah's Obedience to the heavenly Vision.*  
*Isaiah vi. 8.*

- 1 OUR God ascends his lofty Throne,  
Array'd in Majesty unknown ;  
His Lustre all the Temple fills,  
And spreads o'er all th' ethereal \* Hills.
- 2 The holy, holy, holy LORD,  
By all the *Seraphim* ador'd,  
And, while they stand beneath his Seat,  
They veil their Faces, and their Feet.
- 3 And can a sinful Worm endure  
The Presence of a God so pure ?  
Or these polluted Lips proclaim  
The Honours of so grand a Name ?
- 4 O for thine Altar's glowing Coal  
To touch my Lips, to fire my Soul,  
To purge the fordid Drofs away,  
And into Crystal turn my Clay !
- 5 Then, if a Messenger Thou ask,  
A Lab'rer for the hardest Task,  
Thro' all my Weakness and my Fear,  
Love shall reply, " Thy-Servant's here."
- 6 Nor should my willing Soul complain,  
Tho' all its Efforts seem'd in vain ;  
It ample Recompence shall be,  
But to have wrought, my God, for Thee.

\* *Heavenly.*

LXXXIII.

LXXXIII. *The Stupidity of Israel, and of Britain  
lamented. Isaiah vi. 9—12.*

*For a Fast-Day.*

- 1 **L**ORD, when thine *Israel* we survey,  
We in their Crimes discern our own ;  
And, if Thou turn our Pray'r away,  
Our Mis'ry must, like theirs, be known.
- 2 To us thy Prophets have been sent  
With Words of Terror and of Love ;  
But not the Vengeance, nor the Grace  
Ten thousand stubborn Hearts will move.
- 3 Our Eyes are blind, and deaf our Ears ;  
Our Hearts are harden'd into Stone ;  
As we would bar thy Mercy out,  
And leave a Way for Wrath alone.
- 4 Justly our God might give us up  
'To Plague and Famine and the Sword ;  
Till Towns and Cities rich and fair  
Lay desolate without a Lord.
- 5 O'er bleeding Wounds of slaughter'd Friends  
Rivers of helpless Grief might flow,  
Till the fierce Conqu'rors haughty Rage  
Drag'd us to Chains and Slaughter too.
- 6 But spare a Nation long thy own,  
And shew new Miracles of Grace ;  
'Tis thine to heal the Deaf and Blind,  
And wake the Dead to Life and Praise.

LXXXIV. *Confederate Nations defied by those who sanctify GOD.* Isaiah viii. 9—14.

*For a Fast-Day.*

1 GREAT God of Hosts, attend our Pray'r,  
And make the *British* Isles thy Care :  
To Thee we raise our suppliant Cries,  
When angry Nations round us rise.

2 Fain would they tread our Glory down,  
And in the Dust defile our Crown,  
Deluge our Houses with our Blood,  
And burn the Temples of our God.

3 But, 'midst the Thunder of their Rage,  
We thy Protection would engage :  
O raise thy saving Arm on high,  
And bring renew'd Deliv'rance nigh.

4 May *Britain*, as one Man, be led  
To make the LORD her Fear and Dread ;  
Our Souls no other Fear shall know,  
Tho' Earth were leagu'd with Hell below.

5 Give Ear, ye Countries from afar :  
Ye proud associate Nations, hear ;  
While fix'd on him, who rules the Sky,  
Our Hearts your threat'ned War defy.

6 Ye People, gird yourselves in vain,  
Your scatter'd Force unite again ;  
Again shall all that Force be broke,  
When God with us shall deal the Stroke.

7 Now he records our humble Tears,  
With ardent Vows for future Years,

And

And destines for approaching Days  
Victorious Shouts, and Songs of Praise.

8 *Emanuel's* Land shall safe remain,  
Blest with its Saviour's gentle Reign ;  
Till ev'ry hostile Rumour cease  
In the fair Realms of perfect Peace.

LXXXV. CHRIST *the Steward of GOD's Family.* Isaiah xxii. 22—24. compared with Rev. iii. 7.

1 WITH what Delight I raise my Eyes,  
And view the Courts, where *Jesus* dwells!  
*Jesus*, who reigns beyond the Skies,  
And here below his Grace reveals.

2 Of *David's* royal House the Key  
Is borne by that majestic Hand ;  
Mansions and Treasures there I see,  
Subjected all to his Command.

3 He shuts, and Worlds might strive in vain  
The mighty Obstacle to move ;  
He looses all their Bars again,  
And who shall shut the Gates of Love ?

4 Fix'd in Omnipotence he bears  
The Glories of his Father's Name,  
Sustains his People's weighty Cares,  
Thro' ev'ry changing Age the same.

5 My little All I there suspend,  
Where the whole Weight of Heav'n is hung :  
Secure I rest on such a Friend,  
And into Rapture wake my Tongue.

LXXXVI. *The rich Provision and happy Effects of the Gospel.* Isaiah xxv. 6—9.

- 1 **BEHOLD** our God, He owns his Name ;  
 JEHOVAH all our Songs proclaim  
 With Shouts of Wonder and of Joy :  
 Long have we waited for his Grace,  
 No longer now his Love delays  
 For *Zion* his own Arm t' employ.
- 2 We charge our Souls the Joy to feel :  
 We charge our Tongues his Praise to tell :  
 Th' Almighty Saviour ! This is he !  
 He pours his Streams of Grace abroad,  
 Till all the Earth confess the God,  
 And Lands remote his Glory see.
- 3 Dainties how rich his Stores afford !  
 How pure the Wine that crowns his Board,  
 While welcome Nations flock around !  
 He takes the Veil of Grief away ;  
 'Thro' thickest Shades He darts the Day,  
 And not one weeping Eye is found.
- 4 All-conqu'ring Death, no longer boast  
 O'er Millions humbled in the Dust ;  
 Our God with Scorn thy Triumph sees :  
 Soon as He aims one Shaft \* at thee,  
 Swallow'd and lost in Victory,  
 Thine Empire and thine Name shall cease.

\* *Arrow.*

LXXXVII. *The peaceful State of the Soul, that trusteth in GOD. Isaiah xxvi. 3.*

- 1 **W**EARY and weak and faint,  
I cast mine Eyes around ;  
My Joints all tremble, and my Feet  
Sink deep in miry Ground.
- 3 Despairing Help below,  
To Heav'n I raise my Cries ;  
God hears, and his almighty Arm  
Out-stretches from the Skies.
- 3 I on that Arm repose,  
And all my Fears are o'er ;  
New Strength diffus'd thro' all my Soul  
Attests its vital Pow'r.
- 4 My Mind in perfect Peace  
Thy Guardian Care shall keep :  
I'll yield to gentle Slumbers now,  
For Thou can'st never sleep.
- 5 Happy the Souls alone  
On Thee securely stay'd !  
Nor shall they be in Life alarm'd,  
Nor be in Death dismay'd.

LXXXVIII. *Israel's Obstinacy under GOD's lifted Hand. Isaiah xxvi. 11.*

- 1 **L**ORD, when thy Hand is lifted up,  
The Wicked will not see ;  
But they shall see with glowing Shame,  
Tho' they obdurate be.

- 2 How few the weighty Stroke regard,  
 And seek their Maker's Face!  
 In vain may Providence correct,  
 If not forc'd by Grace.
- 3 Exert thy mighty Influence, LORD,  
 And melt the stony Breast;  
 Then shall thy Justice be ador'd,  
 Thy Mercy stand confess'd.
- 4 The Scorners then shall mourn in Dust,  
 And put his Sins away,  
 No more resist his Maker's Hands,  
 But lift his own to pray.

LXXXIX. GOD *quickenning the Dead.* *Isaiah*  
 xxvi. 19.

- 1 THE Ever-living God  
 Th' expiring Church shall raise;  
 Our Hearts his Promises receive,  
 And wake a Shout of Praise.
- 2 Death shall not always reign  
 Where Grace hath fix'd its Throne;  
 His soft Compassion views the Dust,  
 He once hath call'd his own.
- 3 "Yes," saith the God of Truth,  
 "My Dead shall live again;  
 "The Foe shall see their Leader's Breath  
 "Reanimate the Slain.
- 4 "The Dew of Heav'n shall fall  
 "In rich Abundance round,

"And

“ And a redūndant Harvest rise  
 “ To cloath the teeming Ground.  
 5 “ Now from your Dust awake,  
 “ And burst into a Song ;  
 “ Then spurn the Earth, and mount the Skies  
 “ In a triumphant Throng.”  
 6 Thy *Zion*, LORD, believes  
 A Promise so divine,  
 And looks thro’ all her flowing Tears  
 To see the Glory shine.

XC. *The godly Man's Ark.* Isaiah xxvi. 20.

1 IT is my Father's Voice ;  
 And O ! how sweet the Sound !  
 It makes my inmost Pow'rs rejoice,  
 My trembling Heart rebound.  
 2 “ Mark, the black Tempest lours,  
 “ And gathers round the Sky ;  
 “ Retire and shun the sweeping Show'rs  
 “ Of Indignation nigh.  
 3 “ Come, my dear Children, come,  
 “ And seek your Father's Arms ;  
 “ There is your Shelter, there your Home ;  
 “ 'Midst all these dire Alarms.  
 4 “ Enter at his Command ;  
 “ Close in your Ark remain ;  
 “ And wait the Signal of his Hand  
 “ To call you forth again.  
 5 “ The Moments to beguile,  
 “ A chearful Song begin ;



- “ Nor let the roaring Thunders spoil  
 “ The Harmony within.
- 6 “ Ere long the Sky shall clear,  
 “ The Clouds be chas'd away,  
 “ And Grace shall shine in Radiance fair  
 “ Thro' an eternal Day.”

XCI. *Laying hold on GOD's Strength, that we may be at Peace with him. Isaiah xxvii. 5.*

- 1 **T**HUS saith JEHOVAH, from his Seat,  
 “ Who shall presume my Wrath to meet?  
 “ What Rebel Men or Angels dare  
 “ To wage with me unequal War?”
- 2 “ Close let the Thorns and Briars stand,  
 “ In thick Array on either Hand;  
 “ Forth shall my flaming Terrors fly;  
 “ At once they kindle, blaze, and die.
- 3 “ Presumptuous Sinners, yet be wise,  
 “ Ere this o'erwhelming Ruin rise;  
 “ Your vain tumultuous Efforts cease,  
 “ And seek in suppliant Crouds for Peace.”
- 4 Great God, we bless the gentle Sound,  
 And bow submissive to the Ground;  
 Thy prostrate Foes let Pity raise,  
 And form a People to thy Praise.
- 5 His thund'ring Storms are silent now;  
 Calm are the Terrors of his Brow,  
 Since *Jesus* makes the Father known,  
 Our Guardian Shield, our chearing Sun.

XCII. *The divine Goodness in moderating Afflictions.*  
Isaiah xxvii. 8.

- 1 GREAT Ruler of all Nature's Frame,  
We own thy Pow'r divine:  
We hear thy Breat'h in ev'ry Storm,  
For all the Winds are thine.
- 2 Wide as they sweep their founding Way,  
They work thy sov'reign Will;  
And, aw'd by thy majestic Voice,  
Confusion shall be still.
- 4 Thy Mercy tempers \* ev'ry Blast  
To them that seek thy Face;  
And mingles with the Tempest's Roar  
The Whispers of thy Grace.
- 5 Those gentle Whispers let me hear,  
Till all the Tumult cease;  
And Gales of Paradise shall lull  
My weary Soul to Peace.

\* *Moderates.*

XCIII. *G O D waiting to be gracious.* Isaiah  
xxx. 18.

- 1 WAIT on the LORD, ye Heirs of Hope,  
And let his Word support your Souls:  
Well can He bear your Courage up,  
And all your Foes and Fears controul.
- 2 He waits his own well-chosen Hour  
Th' intended Mercy to display;

And his paternal Bowels move,  
While Wisdom dictates the Delay.

3 With mingled Majesty and Love  
At length He rises from his Throne;  
And, while Salvation He commands,  
He makes his People's Joy his own.

4 Blest are the humble Souls, that wait  
With sweet Submission to his Will;  
Harmonious all their Passions move,  
And in the midst of Storms are still.

5 Still, till their Father's well-known Voice  
Wakens their Silence into Songs;  
Then Earth grows vocal with his Praise,  
And Heav'n the grateful Shout prolongs.

*XCIV. The different Views of good and bad Men, in Times of public Danger. Isaiah xxxiii. 14—17.*

1 SEE, the Destruction is begun,  
And Heaps of Ruin spread the Ground;  
With hasty Strides it marches on,  
And scatters Consternation round.

2 Sinners in Zion take th' Alarm,  
The Hypocrites astonish'd cry,  
Who with devouring Flames can dwell?  
Who in eternal Burnings lie?

3 God's gracious Voice the Saint revives;  
How sweet the heav'nly Accents sound!  
"Dwell thou on high, my Child, (he says)  
"Where Rocks shall guard thee all around.

4 "There

4 “ There shall my Hand thy Wants supply,  
 “ Thy Water and thy Bread are sure ;  
 “ There shall my Visits make thee glad,  
 “ While these alarming Scenes endure.

5 “ Then, led in joyous Triumph forth,  
 “ Thine Eyes the distant Land shall view,  
 “ Shall see thy King in Beauty drest,  
 “ And share his royal Honours too.”

6 My Soul the Oracle receives,  
 And feels its Energy to cheer ;  
 A promis'd Heav'n, a present God  
 Forbids my Grief, forbids my Fear.

XCV. *GOD the Defence of his People from invading Enemies. Isaiah xxiii. 21—23.*

1 **T**HE glorious LORD ! his *Israel's* Hope !  
 How well He bears their Courage up !  
 How wide his saving Pow'r extends !  
 His princely Titles will we sing,  
 Our Judge, our Law-giver, our King,  
 He guards his Subjects as his Friends.

2 Around the Mountain where they dwell,  
 Lo, at his Word, new Waters swell,  
 To deluge the invading Foe !  
 Open'd by him that rules the Skies,  
 Mark the broad Rivers how they rise,  
 And with what rapid Strength they flow !

3 To gain the well-defended Shores  
 In vain the Galley spreads its Oars,  
 And the proud Ship her Sails displays :

The Sails are rent, the Masts are broke,  
The shatter'd Oars all drop their Stroke,  
And Lightnings thro' the Tacklings blaze.

- 4 Shout your *Hosannas* to the LORD:  
Thus shall He still his *Zion* guard,  
Till the last Foe be trampled down:  
High as the Heav'ns exalt his Praise;  
High as the Heav'ns his Hand shall raise  
The Soul, that here his Grace hath known.

XCVI. *The High-way to Zion.* Isaiah xxxv.  
8, 9, 10.

- 1 SING, ye Redeemed of the LORD,  
Your great Deliv'rer sing:  
Pilgrims for *Zion's* City bound,  
Be joyful in your King.
- 2 See the fair Way his Hand hath rais'd;  
How holy, and how plain!  
Nor shall the simplest Trav'lers err,  
Nor ask the Track in vain.
- 3 No rav'ning Lion shall destroy,  
Nor lurking Serpent wound;  
Pleasure and Safety, Peace and Praise,  
Thro' all the Path are found.
- 4 A Hand divine shall lead you on  
Thro' all the blisful Road;  
Till to the sacred Mount you rise,  
And see your smiling God.
- 5 There Garlands of immortal Joy  
Shall bloom on ev'ry Head;

While Sorrow, Sighing, and Distress,  
Like Shadows all are fled.

6 March on in your Redeemer's Strength ;  
Pursue his Footsteps still ;  
And let the Prospect cheer your Eye,  
While lab'ring up the Hill.

XCVII. *The Greatness and Majesty of GOD, and  
the Meanness of the Creatures.* Isaiah xl. 15,  
16, 17.

1 YE weak Inhabitants of Clay,  
Ye trifling Insects of a Day,  
Low in your native Dust bow down  
Before th' Eternal's awful Throne.

2 With trembling Heart, with solemn Eye,  
Behold JEHOVAH seated high ;  
And search, what worthy Sacrifice  
Your Hands can give, your Thoughts devise.

3 Let *Lebanon* her Cedars bring,  
To blaze before the sov'reign King ;  
And all the Beasts that on it feed,  
As Victims at his Altar bleed.

4 Loud let ten thousand Trumpets sound,  
And call remotest Nations round,  
Assembled on the crouded Plains,  
Princes and People, Kings and Swains.

5 Join'd with the Living, let the Dead,  
Rising, the Face of Earth o'erspread ;  
And, while his Praise unites their Tongues,  
Let Angels echo back the Songs.

6 The Drop, that from the Bucket falls,  
The Dust, that hangs upon the Scales,  
Is more to Sky, and Earth, and Sea,  
Than all this Pomp, O GOD, to Thee.

*XCVIII. The timorous Saint encouraged by the Assurance of the divine Presence and Help. Isaiah xli. 10.*

- 1 **A**ND art Thou with us, Gracious LORD,  
To dissipate our Fear?  
Dost thou proclaim thyself our God,  
Our God for ever near?
- 2 Doth thy Right-hand, which form'd the Earth,  
And bears up all the Skies,  
Stretch from on high its friendly Aid,  
When Dangers round us rise?
- 3 Dost Thou a Father's Bowels feel  
For all thy humble Saints?  
And in such tender Accents speak  
To soothe their sad Complaints?
- 4 On this Support my Soul shall lean,  
And banish ev'ry Care;  
The gloomy Vale of Death must smile,  
If GOD be with me there.
- 5 While I his gracious Succour prove  
'Midst all my various Ways;  
The darkest Shades, thro' which I pass,  
Shall echo with his Praise.

XCIX. *The Humiliation and Exaltation of GOD's  
Israel. Isaiah xli. 14, 15.*

- 1 **A**MAZING Grace of God on high!  
And will the LORD look down  
On Sinners, while in Dust they lie,  
And dread his awful Frown?
- 2 Weaker than Worms, O LORD, are we,  
And viler far than they;  
Yet in these Reptiles \* weak and vile  
Dost 'Thou thy Pow'r display.
- 3 JEHOVAH'S sov'reign Voice is heard,  
'The Worm lifts up its Head,  
And Mountains, that would crush it down,  
Before the Worm are fled.
- 4 Thou holy One, thine *Israel's* King,  
Thou our Redeemer art;  
Nor shall the Blessings of thy Hand  
From thy Redeem'd depart.
- 5 Thy Love shall its own Work fulfil,  
And Grace shall rise on Grace,  
'Till Worms of Earth around thy Throne  
With Angels find a Place.

\* *Creeping Things.*

C. *The Wilderness transformed; or, The happy Effects  
of the Gospel. Isaiah xli. 18, 19, compared with  
xxxv. 1, 2. xi. 6—9. iv. 13, &c.*

- 1 **A**MAZING beauteous Change!  
A World created new!

My



My Thoughts with Transport range  
The lovely Scene to view ;

In all I trace,  
Saviour divine,  
The Work is Thine,  
Ee Thine the Praise.

2 See Crytal Fountains play  
Amidst the burning Sands ;  
The River's winding Way  
Shines thro' the thirsty Lands :  
New Grass is seen,  
And o'er the Meads  
Its Carpet spreads  
Of living Green.

3 Where pointed Brambles grew,  
Entwin'd with horrid Thorn,  
Gay Flow'rs for ever new  
The painted Fields adorn ;  
The blushing Rose,  
And Lilly there,  
In Union fair  
Their Sweets disclose.

4 Where the bleak Mountain stood,  
All bare and disarray'd,  
See the wide-branching Wood  
Diffuse its grateful Shade ;  
Tall Cedars nod,  
And Oaks and Pines,  
And Elms and Vines,  
Confess the God.

5 The Tyrants of the Plain  
Their savage Chase give o'er :

No more they rend the Slain,  
 And thirst for Blood no more ;  
     But Infant Hands  
     Fierce Tigers stroak,  
     And Lions yoke  
     In flow'ry Bands.

6 O when, Almighty LORD,  
 Shall these glad Scenes arise ;  
 To verify thy Word,  
 And bless our wond'ring Eyes !  
 And bless our wond'ring Eyes !  
     That Earth may raise,  
     With all its Tongues,  
     United Songs  
     Of ardent Praise.

Cl. *The Blind and Weak led and supported in  
 GOD's Way. Isaiah xlii. 16.*

1 PRAISE to the radiant Source of Blifs,  
     Who gives the Blind their Sight,  
 And scatters round their wond'ring Eyes,  
     A Flood of sacred Light.

2 In Paths unknown He leads them on  
     To his divine Abode,  
 And shews new Miracles of Grace  
     Thro' all the heav'nly Road.

3 The Ways ail rugged and perplex'd  
     He renders smooth and straight,  
 And strengthens ev'ry feeble Knee  
     To march to Zion's Gate.

4 Thro' all the Path I'll sing his Name,  
     Till I the Mount ascend,

Where

Where Toils and Storms are known no more,  
And Anthems never end.

CII. GOD calling his Israel by Name, and leading them through Water and Fire. *Isaiah xliii. 1, 2.*

- 1 LET *Jacob* to his Maker sing,  
And praise his great redeeming King;  
Call'd by a new, a gracious Name,  
Let *Israel* loud his God proclaim.
- 2 He knows our Souls in all their Fears,  
And gently wipes our falling Tears,  
Forms trembling Voices to a Song,  
And bids the feeble Heart be strong.
- 3 Then let the Rivers swell around,  
And rising Floods o'erflow the Ground;  
Rivers and Floods and Seas divide,  
And Homage pay to *Israel's* Guide.
- 4 Then let the Fires their Rage display,  
And flaming Terrors bar the Way;  
Unburnt, unsing'd, He leads them thro',  
And makes the Flames refreshing too.
- 5 The Fires but on their Bonds shall prey\*,  
The Floods but wash their Stains away,  
And Grace divine new Trophies † raise  
Amidst the Deluge, and the Blaze.

\* Allusion to the Story in *Daniel iii. 19. &c.*

† Monuments of Victory.

CIII. *The Riches of pardoning Grace celebrated.*  
 Ifaiah xliv. 22, 23.

- 1 LET Heav'n burst forth into a Song ;  
 Let Earth reflect the joyful Sound ;  
 Ye Mountains, with the Echo ring,  
 And shout, ye Forests all around.
- 2 The LORD his *Israel* hath redeem'd,  
 Hath made his mourning People glad,  
 And the rich Glories of his Name  
 In their Salvation hath display'd.
- 3 Unnumber'd Sins, like sable Clouds,  
 Veil'd ev'ry chearful Ray of Joy,  
 And Thunders murmur'd thro' the Gloom,  
 While Lightnings pointed to destroy.
- 4 He spoke, and all the Clouds dispers'd,  
 And Heav'n unveil'd its shining Face ;  
 The whole Creation smil'd anew,  
 Deck'd in the golden Beams of Grace.
- 5 *Israel* return with humble Love,  
 Return to thy Redeemer's Breast,  
 And charm'd by his melodious Voice,  
 Compose thy weary Pow'rs to rest.

CIV. *The little Success which attended the personal  
 Ministry of CHRIST.* Ifaiah xlix. 4.

- 1 AND doth the Son of God complain,  
 " Lo, I have spent my Strength in vain,  
 " And stretch'd my Hands whole Days and Years  
 " To those, who slight my Words and Tears?"

- 2 O stubborn Hearts, that could withstand  
Such Efforts from a Saviour's Hand!  
O gracious Saviour, who wouldst bleed,  
When Words and Tears could not succeed!
- 3 Fall down, my Soul, in humble Woe,  
That thou hast wrong'd his Goodness so:  
Now let his Grace resistless move  
To melt the stubborn Flint to Love.
- 4 All-glorious LORD, march forth and reign,  
And reap the Fruit of all thy Pain;  
And, till a nobler Scene appear,  
Begin the happy Conquest here.

CV. GOD's Captives released; applied to spiritual  
Deliverances. *Isaiah li. 14, 15.*

- 1 **CAPTIVES** of *Israel* hear;  
Who now as Exiles \* mourn;  
See your Almighty God appear  
To hasten your Return.
- 2 **JEHOVAH** is his Name,  
Lord of celestial Hosts:  
Let Heav'n that saving Pow'r proclaim  
In which his *Israel* trusts.
- 3 Tho' helpless now ye lie,  
As in a Dungeon thrown,  
When parch'd with painful Thirst ye cry,  
And when your Bread is gone,
- 4 Deliv'rance comes apace;  
Ye shall not there expire;

\* *Banished Persons.*

Prepare to sing redeeming Grace  
With his triumphant Choir.

5 He smote the raging Sea  
'Midst its tumultuous Roar,  
And pav'd his chosen Troops a Way  
Safe to its distant Shore.

6 In Him let *Israel* hope,  
At whose supreme Command  
Graves yield their breathless Captives up,  
And Seas become dry Land.

CVI. *The Cup of Fury exchanged for the Cup of Blessings. Isaiah li. 22.*

1 **T**HE LORD, our LORD, how rich his Grace!  
What Stores of sov'reign Love  
For humble Souls, that seek his Face,  
And to his Footstool move!

2 He pleads the Cause of all his Saints,  
When Foes against them arise;  
He listens to their sad Complaints,  
And wipes their streaming Eyes.

3 He takes away that dreadful Cup  
Of Fury and of Plagues,  
Which Justice sentenc'd them to drink,  
And wring the bitter Dregs.

4 He gave it to their Saviour's Hand,  
And fill'd it to the Brim;  
Their Saviour drank the liquid Death,  
That they might live by him.

5 " Now

- 5 “ Now take the Cup of Life, (he cries)  
 “ Where heav’nly Blessings flow :  
 “ Drink deep, nor fear to drain the Spring,  
 “ To which the Draught ye owe.”
- 6 We drink, and feel our Life renew’d,  
 And all our Woes forget :  
 We drink, till that transporting Hour,  
 When we our LORD shall meet.

CVII. *The holy City purified and guarded.* Isaiah  
 lii. 1, 2.

- 1 **T**RIUMPHANT *Zion*, lift thy Head  
 From Dust, and Darknes, and the Dead ;  
 Tho’ humbled long, awake at length,  
 And gird thee with thy Saviour’s Strength.
- 2 Put all thy beauteous Garments on,  
 And let thy various Charms be known ;  
 The World thy Glories shall confess,  
 Deck’d in the Robes of Righteousness.
- 3 No more shall Foes unclean invade,  
 And fill thy hallow’d Walls with Dread ;  
 No more shall Hell’s insulting Host  
 Their Vict’ry, and thy Sorrows boast.
- 4 God from on high, thy Groans will hear ;  
 His Hand thy Ruins shall repair ;  
 Rear’d and adorn’d by Love divine,  
 Thy Tow’rs and Battlements shall shine.
- 5 Grace shall dispose my Heart and Voice  
 To share, and echo back her Joys ;  
 Nor will her watchful Monarch cease  
 To guard her in eternal Peace.

CVIII. *GOD's Government, Zion's Joy.* *Isaiah*  
 lii. -7.

- 1 **Y**E Subjects of the LORD, proclaim  
 The royal Honours of his Name;  
 JEHOVAH *reigns*, be all your Song.  
 'Tis He, thy God, O *Zion*, reigns,  
 Prepare thy most harmonious Strains  
 Glad *Hallelujahs* to prolong.
- 2 Ye Princes, boast no more your Crowns,  
 But lay the glitt'ring Trifles down  
 In lowly Honour at his Feet;  
 A Span your narrow Empire bounds,  
 He reigns beyond created Rounds,  
 In self-sufficient Glory great.
- 3 Tremble, ye Pageants of a Day,  
 Form'd, like your Slaves, of brittle Clay,  
 Down to the Dust your Scepters bend:  
 To everlasting Years He reigns,  
 And undiminish'd Pomp maintains,  
 When Kings, and Suns, and Time shall end.
- 4 So shall his favour'd *Zion* live;  
 In vain confed'rate Nations strive  
 Her sacred Turrets to destroy;  
 Her Sov'reign sits enthron'd above,  
 And endless Pow'r, and endless Love  
 Ensure her Safety, and her Joy.

CIX. *Divine Mercies and Judgments compared.*  
*Isaiah liv. 7, 8.*

- 1 **I**N thy Rebukes, All-gracious God,  
 What soft Compassion reigns!

What



What gentle Accents of thy Voice  
Affwage thy Children's Pains !

- 2 " When I correct my chosen Sons,  
" A Father's Bowels move :  
" One transient Moment bounds my Wrath,  
" But endless is my Love."

- 3 Our Faith shall look thro' every Tear,  
And view thy smiling Face,  
And Hope, amidst our Sighs, shall tune  
An Anthem to thy Grace.

- 4 Gather, at length, my weary Soul  
To join thy Saints above ;  
For I would learn a Song of Praise  
Eternal as thy Love.

*CX. Divine Teachings, and their happy Consequences.*  
Isaiah liv. 13.

- 1 **B**RIGHT Source of intellectual Rays,  
Father of Spirits, and of Grace,  
O dart, with Energy unknown,  
Celestial Beamings from thy Throne.
- 2 Thy sacred Book we would survey,  
Enlighten'd with that heav'nly Day,  
And ask thy Spirit, with the Word,  
To teach our Souls to know the LORD.
- 3 So shall our Children learn the Road,  
That leads them to their Father's GOD ;  
And, form'd by Lessons so divine,  
Shall Infant Minds with Knowledge shine.

4 So shall the haughtiest Soul submit,  
 With Children plac'd at *Jesus*' Feet:  
 The noisy Swell of Pride shall cease,  
 And thy sweet Voice be heard in Peace.

CXI. *Fruitful Showers, Emblems of the salutary Effects of the Gospel.* Isaiah iv. 10, 11, 12.

1 **M**ARK the soft-falling Snow,  
 And the diffusive Rain;  
 To Heav'n, from whence it fell,  
 It turns not back again;  
 But waters Earth  
 Thro' ev'ry Pore,  
 And calls forth all  
 Its secret Store.

2 Array'd in beauteous Green  
 The Hills and Vallies shine,  
 And Man and Beast is fed  
 By Providence divine;  
 The Harvest bows  
 Its golden Ears,  
 The copious Seed  
 Of future Years.

3 " So," saith the God of Grace,  
 " My Gospel shall descend,  
 " Almighty to effect  
 " The Purpose I intend;  
 " Millions of Souls  
 " Shall feel its Pow'r  
 " And bear it down  
 " To Millions more.

F

4 " Joy

- 4 “ Joy shall begin your March,  
 “ And Peace protect your Ways,  
 “ While all the Mountains round  
 “ Echo melodious Praise ;  
     “ The vocal Groves  
     “ Shall sing the God,  
     “ And ev’ry Tree  
     “ Consenting nod.”

CXII. *Comfort for pious Parents, who have been bereaved of their Children. Isaiah lvi. 4, 5.*

- 1 YE mourning Saints, whose streaming Tears  
 Flow o’er your Children dead,  
 Say not in Transports of Despair,  
 That all your Hopes are fled.
- 2 While cleaving to that darling Dust,  
 In fond Distress ye lie ;  
 Rise, and with Joy and Rev’rence view,  
 A heav’nly Parent nigh.
- 3 Tho’, your young Branches torn away,  
 Like wither’d Trunks ye stand ;  
 With fairer Verdure shall ye bloom,  
 Touch’d by th’ Almighty’s Hand.
- 4 “ I’ll give the Mourner,” saith the LORD,  
 “ In my own House a Place ;  
 “ No Names of Daughters and of Sons  
 “ Could yield so high a Grace.

5 “ Transient and vain is ev’ry Hope  
 “ A rising Race can give ;  
 “ In endless Honour and Delight  
 “ My Children all shall live.”

6 We welcome, LORD, those rising Tears,  
 Thro’ which thy Face we see,  
 And bless those Wounds, which thro’ our Hearts  
 Prepare a Way for Thee.

CXIII. *The Stranger entertained in GOD’s House  
 of Prayer. Isaiah lvi. 6, 7. compared with  
 Matt. xxi. 13. and Eph. ii. 19.*

1 GREAT Father of Mankind,  
 We bless that wond’rous Grace,  
 Which could for *Gentiles* find  
 Within thy Courts a Place.  
 How kind the Care  
 Our God displays  
 For us to raise  
 A House of Pray’r !

2 Tho’ once estranged far,  
 We now approach the Throne ;  
 For *Jesus* brings us near,  
 And makes our Cause his own :  
 Strangers no more,  
 To thee we come,  
 And find our Home,  
 And rest secure.

3 To Thee our Souls we join,  
 And love thy sacred Name ;

No more our own, but thine,  
 We triumph in thy Claim;  
 Our Father-King,  
 Thy Cov'nant-Grace  
 Our Souls embrace,  
 Thy Titles sing.

4 Here in thy House we feast  
 On Dainties all divine;  
 And, while such Sweets we taste,  
 With Joy our Faces shine.  
 Incense shall rise  
 From Flames of Love,  
 And God approve  
 The Sacrifice.

5 May all the Nations throng  
 To worship in thy House;  
 And Thou attend the Song,  
 And smile upon their Vows;  
 Indulgent still,  
 Till Earth conspire  
 To join the Choir  
 On Zion's Hill. ●

CXIV. *Peace proclaimed, and the Fruit of the Lip  
 created by a Gracious GOD. Isaiah lvii. 19.*

1 **H**ARK! for the great Creator speaks;  
 In Silence let the Earth attend;  
 And, when his Words of Grace are heard,  
 In grateful Adoration bend.

2 " 'Tis I create the Fruit of Praise,  
 " And give the broken Heart to sing ;  
 " Peace, heav'nly Peace, my Lips proclaim,  
 " Pleas'd with the happy News they bring."

3 Receive the Tidings with Delight,  
 Yc *Gentile* Nations from afar ;  
 And you, the Children of his Love,  
 Whom Grace hath brought already near.

4 To these, to those, his sov'reign Hand  
 Its healing Energy imparts :  
 Peace, Peace, be echo'd from your Tongues,  
 And echo'd from consenting Hearts.

5 Enjoy the Health, which God hath wrought ;  
 Nor let the daily Tribute cease,  
 Till chang'd for more exalted Songs  
 In Regions of eternal Peace.

*CXV. The Duty of remonstrating against Sin, when  
 Judgments are threatned. Isaiah lviii. 1.*

1 **T**HY Judgments cry aloud,  
 O Ever-righteous God,  
 And in the Sight of all our Land  
 Thou liftest up thy Rod.

2 Aloud thy Servants cry,  
 Commission'd from thy Throne,  
 And like a Trumpet raise their Voice  
 To make thy Judgments known.

3 But who that Cry attends,  
 And makes his Safety sure ?

Rock by the Tempest they should flee,  
They sleep the more secure.

4 Another Trumpet, LORD,  
The stupid Slumb'ers need ;  
Nor will they hear a feebler Voice  
Than that, which wakes the Dead.

CXVI. *Unsuccessful Fasts accounted for.* *Isaiah*  
*lviii. 3. compared with 4—8.*

*For a Fast-Day.*

1 O! Where is sov'reign Mercy gone?  
Whither is *Britain's* God withdrawn?  
That thro' long Years she should complain,  
She fasts, and mourns, and cries in vain?

2 Hast Thou not seen her suppliant Bands,  
Thro' all her Coasts extend their Hands?  
Or has their oft-repeated Pray'r  
Escap'd thy ever-list'ning Ear.

3 Thine Ear hath heard, thine Eye hath seen ;  
But Guilt hath spread a Cloud between ;  
And, rising still before thy Face,  
Averts thy long-intreated Grace.

4 Dispel that Cloud by Rays divine,  
And cause thy chearing Face to shine,  
Our Isle shall shout from Shore to Shore,  
And dread encroaching Foes no more.

5 Our Light shall like the Morning spring ;  
Healing and Joy our God shall bring ;  
Justice shall in our Front appear,  
And Glory gather up our Rear.

CXVII. *The Standard of the Spirit lifted up.*  
Isaiah lix. -19.

- 1 **G**OD of the Ocean, at whose Voice,  
The threat'ning Floods are heard no more,  
Behold their Madness and their Noise,  
And silence the tumultuous Roar.
- 2 Here Streams of Pois'nous Error swell;  
There rages Vice in ev'ry Form;  
They join their Tide, led on by Hell,  
And *Zion* trembles at the Storm.
- 3 Almighty Spirit, raise thine Arm,  
And lift the Saviour's Standard high;  
Thy People's Hearts with Vigour warm,  
And call thy chosen Legions nigh.
- 4 Wak'd by thy well-known Voice they come,  
And round the sacred Banner throng:  
*Zion*, prepare the Conqu'ror Room,  
While Triumph bursts into a Song.
- 5 "The LORD on high, when Billows roar,  
"Superior Majesty displays,  
"And, by one Breath of sov'reign Pow'r,  
"Hushes the Noise of foaming Seas."

CXVIII. *The Glory of the Church in the latter Day.*  
Isaiah lx. 1.

- 1 **O** *Zion*, tune thy Voice,  
And raise thy Hands on high;  
Tell all the Earth thy Joys,  
And boast Salvation nigh.



Cheerful in God,  
 Arise and shine,  
 While Rays divine  
 Stream all abroad.

2 He gilds thy mourning Face  
 With Beams that cannot fade ;  
 His all-resplendent Grace  
 He pours around thy Head ;  
     The Nations round  
     Thy Form shall view,  
     With Lustre new  
     Divinely crown'd.

3 In Honour to his Name  
 Reflect that sacred Light ;  
 And loud that Grace proclaim,  
 Which makes that Darkness bright :  
     Pursue his Praise,  
     Till sov'reign Love  
     In Worlds above  
     The Glory raise.

4 There on his holy Hill  
 A brighter Sun shall rise,  
 And with his Radiance fill  
 Those fairer purer Skies ;  
     While round his Throne  
     Ten thousand Stars  
     In nobler Spheres \*  
     His Influence own.

\* *Orbs or Paths in which the Stars move.*

CXIX. *G O D the everlasting Light of the Saints  
above. Isaiah lx. 20.*

- 1 **Y**E golden Lamps of Heav'n \*, farewel,  
With all your feeble Light :  
Farewel, thou ever-changing Moon,  
Pale Empress of the Night.
- 2 And thou, refulgent Orb of Day †,  
In brighter Flames array'd,  
My Soul, that springs beyond thy Sphere,  
No more demands thine Aid.
- 3 Ye Stars are but the shining Dust  
Of my divine Abode,  
The Pavement of those heav'nly Courts,  
Where I shall reign with God.
- 4 The Father of eternal Light  
Shall there his Beams display ;  
Nor shall one Moment's Darknes mix  
With that unvaried Day.
- 5 No more the Drops of piercing Grief  
Shall swell into mine Eyes ;  
Nor the Meridian ‡ Sun decline ●  
Amidst those brighter Skies.
- 6 There all the Millions of his Saints  
Shall in one Song unite,  
And each the Blifs of all shall view  
With infinite Delight.

\* *The Stars.*    † *The Sun.*    ‡ *Noon-day.*

CXX. GOD intreated for Zion. *Isaiah Ixii.*  
-6, 7.

*For a Fast-Day; or, A Day of Prayer for the Re-  
vival of Religion.*

1 **I**NDULGENT Sov'reign of the Skies,  
And wilt Thou bow thy gracious Ear?  
While feeble Mortals raise their Cries,  
Wilt Thou, the great JEHOVAH, hear.

2 How shall thy Servants give Thee Rest,  
Till Zion's mould'ring Walls Thou raise?  
Till thy own Pow'r shall stand confes'd,  
And make *Jerusalem* a Praise?

3 For this, a lowly suppliant Croud  
Here in thy sacred Temple wait:  
For this we lift our Voices loud,  
And call, and knock at Mercy's Gate.

4 Look down, O God, with pitying Eye,  
And view the Desolation round;  
See what wide Realms in Darkness lie,  
And hurl their Idols to the Ground.

5 Loud let the Gospel-Trumpet blow,  
And call the Nations from afar;  
Let all the Isles their Saviour know,  
And Earth's remotest Ends draw near.

6 Let *Ba'ylon's* proud Altars shake,  
And Light invade her darkest Gloom;  
The Yoke of Iron Bondage break,  
The Yoke of *Satan*, and of *Rome*.

7 With

- 7 With gentle Beams on *Britain* shine,  
And blefs her Princes, and her Priests ;  
And, by thine Energy divine,  
Let facred Love o'erflow their Breasts.
- 8 Triumphant here let *Jesus* reign,  
And on his Vineyard sweetly smile ;  
While all the Virtues of his Train  
Adorn our Church, adorn our Isle.
- 9 On all our Souls let Grace descend,  
Like heav'nly Dew, in copious Show'rs,  
That we may call our God our Friend,  
That we may hail Salvation ours.
- 10 Then shall each Age and Rank agree  
United Shouts of Joy to raise ;  
And *Zion*, made a Praise by Thee,  
To Thee shall render back the Praise.

CXXI. *A Nation born in a Day ; or, The rapid  
Progress of the Gospel desired. Isaiah lxvi. 8.*

- 1 BEHOLD, with pleasing Extacy,  
The Gospel Standard lifted high,  
That all the Nations, from afar,  
May in the great Salvation share.
- 2 Why then, Almighty Saviour, why  
Do wretched Souls in Millions die ?  
While wide th' infernal Tyrant reigns  
O'er spacious Realms in pond'rous \* Chains.

\* *Heavy.*

- 3 And shall he still go on to boast,  
Thy Cross its Energy hath lost?  
And shall thy Servants still complain,  
Their Labours, and their Tears are vain?
- 4 Awake, All-conqu'ring Arm, awake,  
And Hell's extensive Empire shake;  
Assert the Honours of thy Throne,  
And call this ruin'd World thy own.
- 5 Thine all-successful Pow'r display;  
Produce a Nation in a Day;  
For at thy Word this barren Earth  
Shall travail with a gen'ral Birth.
- 6 Swift let thy quick'ning Spirit breathe  
On these Abodes of Sin and Death;  
That Breath shall bow ten thousand Minds,  
Like waving Corn before the Winds.
- 7 Scarce can our glowing Hearts endure  
A World, where Thou art known no more;  
Transform it, LORD, by conqu'ring Love;  
Or bear us to the Realms above.

CXXII. *Backsliding Israel invited to return to  
G.O.D. Jerem. iii. 12, 13.*

- 1 **B**ACKSLIDING *Israel*, hear the Voice  
Of thy forgiving God,  
Nor force such Goodness to exert  
The 'Terrors of the Rod.
- 2 Thus saith the LORD, " My Mercy flows  
" An unexhausted Stream,

" And;

- “ And, after all its Millions fav’d,  
 “ Its Sway is still supreme.
- 3 “ One Moments Wrath, with weighty Crush,  
 “ Might sink you quick to Hell;  
 “ Yet Mercy points the happy Path,  
 “ Where Life and Glory dwell.
- 4 “ Own but the Follies thou hast done,  
 “ And mourn thy Sins in Dust,  
 “ And soon thy trembling Heart shall learn  
 “ To hope and love and trust.”
- 5 All gracious God, thy Voice we own;  
 And, prostrate at thy Feet,  
 Our Souls in humble Silence wait  
 A Pardon there to meet.

CXXIII. *The Goodness of GOD acknowledged:  
 in giving Pastors after his own Heart. Jerem.  
 iii. 15.*

*At the Settlement of a Minister.*

- 1 SHEPHERD of *Israel*, Thou dost keep,  
 With constant Care, thy humble Sheep;  
 By Thee inferior Pastors rise  
 'To feed our Souls, and bless our Eyes.
- 2 To all thy Churches such impart,  
 Modell'd by thy own gracious Heart;  
 Whose Courage, Watchfulness, and Love  
 Men may attest, and God approve.
- 3 Fed by their active tender Care,  
 Healthful may all thy Sheep appear,

And,

And, by their fair Example led,  
The Way to *Zion's* Pastures tread.

- 4 Here hast thou listen'd to our Vows,  
And scatter'd Blessings on thy House ;  
Thy Saints are succour'd, and no more  
As Sheep without a Guide deplore.
- 5 Compleatly heal each former Stroke,  
And blefs the Shepherd and the Flock ;  
Confirm the Hopes thy Mercies raise,  
And own this Tribute of our Praise.

CXXIV. *GOD's gracious Methods of adopting Love.*  
Jerem. iii. 19.

- 1 **A**MAZING Plan of sov'reign Love !  
And doth our God look down  
On Rebels, whom his Wrath might doom  
To perish at his Frown ?
- 2 Doth He project a wond'rous Scheme  
In such a Way to save,  
That Justice, Majesty, and Grace,  
May one joint Triumph have ?
- 3 One Look the stubborn Heart subdues,  
And at his Feet they fall ;  
They own their Father with Delight,  
And He receives them all.
- 4 Number'd amongst his dearest Sons,  
The pleasant Land they share ;  
On Earth secur'd by Pow'r divine,  
Till crown'd with Glory there.
- 5 Father,

5 Father, in thine Embraces lodg'd  
 Our Heav'n begun we feel,  
 And wait the Hour, which Thou shalt mark  
 Thy Counsels to fulfil.

CXXV. *Creatures vain, and GOD the Salvation  
 of his People. Jerem. iii. 23.*

1 HOW long shall Dreams of Creature-Bliss  
 Our flatt'ring Hopes employ,  
 And mock our fond deluded Eyes  
 With \* visionary Joy?

2 Why from the Mountains and the Hills  
 Is our Salvation sought,  
 While our eternal Rock's forsook,  
 And *Israel's* God forgot.

3 The living Spring neglected flows  
 Full in our daily View,  
 Yet we with anxious fruitless Toil  
 Our broken Cisterns hew.

4 These fatal Errors, Gracious GOD,  
 With gentle Pity see:  
 To Thee our roving Eyes direct,  
 And fix our Souls on Thee.

\* *The Appearance of Joy.*

CXXVI. *Invitation to return to the LORD, and  
 put away Abominations. Jerem. iv. 1, 2.*

1 IT is the LORD of Glory calls,  
 O let his *Israel* hear:

“ Stop,



- “ Stop, ye Revolters, in your Course,  
 “ And hearken, and come near.
- 2 “ What tho’ in Sin’s delusive Paths  
 “ Ye from your Youth have stray’d ;  
 “ What tho’ my Messages of Love  
 “ Have been with Scorn repay’d ;
- 3 “ At last return, and Grace divine  
 “ Your Wand’rings shall forget ;  
 “ If loyal Zeal and Love dethrone  
 “ Each Idol from its Seat.
- 4 “ Return, and dwell secure on Earth,  
 “ As in your LORD’s Embrace,  
 “ Till in the Land of perfect Joy  
 “ Ye find a nobler Place.”
- 5 Father of Mercies, lo, we come,  
 Subdu’d by such a Call :  
 O let the Hand of Grace divine  
 Reduce, and bless us all.
- 6 So will we teach the World that Love,  
 Which we are made to see,  
 And Wand’rers shall with us return,  
 And bless themselves in Thee.

CXXVII. *Misimproved Privileges, and disappointed Hopes.* Jerem. viii. 20.

1 **A**L A S, how fast our Moments fly !  
 How short our Months appear !  
 How swift thro’ various Seasons hastes  
 The still-revolving Year !

2 Seasons of Grace, and Days of Hope,  
While *Jesus* waiting stands,  
And spreads the Blessings of his Love  
With wide-extended Hands.

3 But O! how slow our stupid Souls  
These Blessings to secure!  
Blessings, which thro' eternal Years  
Unwith'ring shall endure.

4 Beneath the Word of Life we die;  
We starve amidst our Store;  
And what Salvation should impart  
Heightens our Ruin more.

5 Pity this Madness, GOD of Love,  
And make us truly wise:  
So from the pregnant Seeds of Grace  
Shall glorious Harvests rise.

CXXVIII. *Glorying in GOD alone.* Jerem. ix.  
23, 24.

1 THE righteous LORD, supremely great,  
Maintains his universal State;  
O'er all the Earth his Pow'r extends;  
All Heav'n before his Footstool bends.

2 Yet Justice still with Pow'r presides,  
And Mercy all his Empire guides;  
Such Works are pleasing in his Sight,  
And such the Men of his Delight.

3 No more, ye Wise, your Wisdom boast:  
No more, ye Strong, your Valour trust:

Nor

Nor let the Rich survey his Store,  
Elate \* with Heaps of shining Ore.

4 Glory, my Soul, in this alone,  
That God, thy God, to thee is known,  
That thou hast own'd his sov'reign Sway,  
That thou hast felt his chearing Ray.

5 My Wisdom, Wealth, and Pow'r I find  
In one JEHOVAH all combin'd ;  
On Him I fix my roving Eyes,  
Till all my Soul in Rapture rise.

6 All else, which I my Treasure call,  
May in one fatal Moment fall ;  
But his what Happiness can move,  
Whom God, the Blessed, deigns † to love.

\* *Lifted up.*

† *Condescends.*

CXXXIX. *Jeremiah's Tears over the captive Flock.*  
Jerem. xiii. 15—17.

1 FLOW on, my Tears, in rising Streams,  
Ye briny Fountains, flow ;  
While haughty Sinners steel their Hearts,  
Nor will JEHOVAH know.

2 The Flock of God is captive led  
In Satan's heavy Chains ;  
Led to the Borders of the Pit,  
Where endless Horror reigns.

3 Look back, ye Captives, and invoke  
JEHOVAH's saving Aid ;

Give

Give him the Glory of his Name,  
Whose Hand your Nature made.

4 O turn, ere yet your erring Feet  
On Death's dark Mountain fall;  
Cry, and your gentle Shepherd's Ear  
Will hearken to your Call.

5 Then shall those Hearts with Pleasure spring,  
Which now in Sorrow melt;  
And deep Repentance yield a Joy  
Proud Guilt hath never felt.

6 Almighty Grace, exert thy Pow'r,  
And turn these Slaves of Sin;  
And, when they bring their Tribute due,  
Shall their own Blifs begin.

CXXX. *Giving Glory to GOD, before Darkness  
comes upon us. Jerem. xiii. 16.*

1 THE swift-declining Day,  
How fast its Moments fly!  
While Ev'ning's broad and gloomy Shade  
Gains on the western Sky.

2 Ye mortals, mark its Pace,  
And use the Hours of Light;  
And know, its Maker can command  
An instantaneous \* Night.

3 His Word blots out the Sun  
In its Meridian Blaze;

\* *Sudden.*

And

And cuts from smiling vig'rous Youth  
The Remnant of its Days.

4 On the dark Mountain's Brow  
Your Feet shall quickly dash ;  
And from its airy Summit slide ;  
Your momentary Pride.

5 Give Glory to the LORD,  
Who rules the whirling Sphere \* ;  
Submissive at his Footstool bow,  
And seek Salvation there.

6 Then shall new Lustre break  
Thro' Horror's darkest Gloom,  
And lead you to unchanging Light  
In a celestial Home.

\* *The Revolution of the Sun, Moon, and Stars.*

CXXXI. *The fatal Consequences of forsaking the  
Hope of Israel. Jerem. xvii. 13, 14.*

1 GREAT Objects of thine *Israel's* Hope,  
Its Saviour, and its Praise,  
Attend, while we to Thee devote  
The Remnant of our Days.

2 How wretched they that leave the LORD,  
And from his Word withdraw,  
That lose his Gospel from their Sight,  
And wander from his Law !

3 O thou eternal Spring of Good,  
Whence living Waters flow,

Let not our thirsty erring Souls  
To broken Cisterns go.

4 Like Characters inscrib'd in Dust  
Are Sinners borne away ;  
And all the Treasures they can boast,  
The Portion of a Day.

5 But, LORD, to Thee my Heart shall turn  
To heal it, and to save ;  
The Joys, that from thy Favour flow,  
Shall bloom beyond the Grave.

CXXXII. CHRIST, *the Lord our Righteousness.*  
Jerem. xxiii. 6.

1 SAVIOUR divine, we know thy Name,  
And in that Name we trust ;  
Thou art the LORD our Righteousness,  
Thou art thine *Israel's* Boast.

2 Guilty we plead before thy Throne,  
And low in Dust we lie,  
Till *Jesus* stretch his gracious Arm  
To bring the Guilty nigh.

3 The Sins of one most righteous Day  
Might plunge us in Despair ;  
Yet all the Crimes of num'rous Years  
Shall our great Surety clear.

4 That spotless Robe, which he hath wrought,  
Shall deck us all around ;  
Nor by the piercing Eye of GOD  
One Blemish shall be found.

5 Pardon

5 Pardon and Peace and lively Hope  
 To Sinners now are giv'n ;  
*Israel* and *Judah* soon shall change  
 Their Wilderneys for Heav'n.

6 With Joy we taste that Manna now,  
 Thy Mercy scatters down ;  
 We seal our humble Vows to Thee,  
 And wait the promis'd Crown.

CXXXIII. *The Efficacy of GOD's Word.*  
 Jerem. xxiii. 29.

1 WITH rev'rend Awe, tremendous LORD,  
 We hear the Thunders of thy Word ;  
 The Pride of *Lebanon* it breaks :  
 Swift the celestial Fire descends,  
 The flinty Rock in Pieces rends,  
 And Earth to its deep Center shakes.

2 Array'd in Majesty divine,  
 Here Sanctity and Justice shine,  
 And Horror strikes the Rebel thro' ;  
 While loud this awful Voice makes known  
 The Wonders which thy Sword hath done,  
 And what thy Vengeance yet shall do.

3 So spread the Honours of thy Name ;  
 The Terrors of a God proclaim ;  
 Thick let the pointed Arrows fly ;  
 Till Sinners, humbled in the Dust,  
 Shall own the Execution just,  
 And bless the Hand by which they die.

4 Then

4 Then clear the dark tempestuous Day,  
 And radiant Beams of Love display ;  
 Each prostrate Soul let Mercy raise :  
 So shall the bleeding Captives feel,  
 Thy Word, which gave the Wound, can heal,  
 And change their Groans to Songs of Praise.

CXXXIV. *The Possibility of dying this Year.*  
 Jerem. xxviii. -16-.

*For New-Year's Day.*

1 GOD of my Life, thy constant Care  
 With Blessings crowns each op'ning Year ;  
 This guilty Life dost Thou prolong,  
 And wake anew mine annual Song.

2 How many precious Souls are fled  
 To the vast Regions of the Dead,  
 Since from this Day the changing Sun  
 Thro' his last yearly Period run !

3 We yet survive ; but who can say,  
 Or thro' the Year, or Month, or Day,  
 " I will retain this vital Breath ;  
 " Thus far at least in league with Death \* ?"

4 That Breath is thine, Eternal God ;  
 'Tis thine to fix my Soul's Abode ;  
 It holds its Life from Thee alone,  
 On Earth, or in the World unknown.

5 To Thee our Spirits we resign ;  
 Make them and own them still as thine ;

\* *Isaiab xxviii. 15.*

So



So shall they smile, secure from Fear,  
Tho' Death should blast the rising Year.

- 6 Thy Children, eager to be gone,  
Bid Time's impetuous Tide roll on,  
And land them on that blooming Shore,  
Where Years and Death are known no more.

CXXXV. *GOD's Complacency in his Thoughts of  
Peace towards his People. Jer. xxix. 11.*

- 1 **V**ILER than Dust, O LORD; are we;  
And doth thine Anger cease?  
And doth thy gracious Heart o'erflow  
With Purposes of Peace?
- 2 And dost Thou with Delight reflect  
On what thy Grace shall do?  
And with Complacency of Soul  
Enjoy the distant View?
- 3 And can thy often-injur'd Love  
So kind a Message send,  
That Thou to all our lengthen'd Woes  
Wilt give th' expected End?
- 4 Why droop our Hearts? Why flow our Eyes,  
While such a Voice we hear?  
Why rise our Sorrows and our Fears,  
While such a Friend is near?
- 5 To all thy other Favours add  
A Heart to trust thy Word,  
And Death itself shall hear us sing,  
While resting on the LORD.

CXXXVI. *The impudent Rebellion of the Jewish Refugees at Pathros.* Jer. xliv. 16, 17, 28.

1 WHOSE Words against the LORD are stout?  
Or who presume to say,  
“That sov’ reign Law, which God proclaims,  
“I dare to disobey?”

2 Ten thousand Actions ev’ry where  
The impious Language speak:  
Yet Pow’r omnipotent stands by,  
Nor do its Thunders break.

3 But O! the dreadful Day draws near,  
When God’s avenging Hand  
Shall shew, if feeble Mortals Breath,  
Or God’s own Word shall stand.

4 My Soul, with prostrate Rev’rence fall,  
Before the Voice divine;  
And all thine Int’rest, and thy Pow’rs  
To its Command resign.

5 Speak mighty LORD; thy Servant waits  
The Purport of thy Will:  
My Heart with secret Ardour glows  
Its Mandates \* to fulfil.

6 Let the vain Sons of *Belial* boast  
Their Tongues and Thoughts are free;  
My noblest Liberty I own,  
When subject most to Thee.

\* *Commands.*

CXXXVII. *Asking the Way to Zion, in order to joining in Covenant with GOD.* Jer. l. 5.

1 **E**NQUIRE, ye Pilgrims, for the Way,  
That leads to *Zion's Hill*,  
And thither set your steady Face  
With a determin'd Will.

2 Invite the Strangers all around  
Your pious March to join ;  
And spread the Sentiments you feel  
Of Faith and Love divine.

3 Come, let us to his Temple haste,  
And seek his Favour there,  
Before his Footstool humbly bow,  
And pour out fervent Pray'r.

4 Come, let us join our Souls to GOD  
In everlasting Bands,  
And seize the Blessings he bestows  
With eager Hearts and Hands.

5 Come, let us seal without Delay  
The Cov'nant of his Grace ;  
Nor shall the Years of distant Life  
Its Memory efface\*.

6 Thus may our rising Offspring haste  
To seek their Fathers God,  
Nor e'er forsake the happy Path  
Their youthful Feet have trod.

\* *Blot out, destroy.*

CXXXVIII. *Searching and trying our Ways.*  
Lament. iii. 40.

- 1 **T**HY piercing Eye, O God, surveys  
The various Windings of our Ways;  
Teach us their Tendency to know,  
And judge the Paths in which we go.
- 2 How wild, how crooked have they been!  
A Maze of Foolishness and Sin!  
With all the Light we vainly boast,  
Leaving our Guide, our Souls are lost.
- 3 Had not thy Mercy been our Aid,  
So fatally our Feet had stray'd,  
Stern Justice had its Pris'ners led  
Down to the Chambers of the Dead.
- 4 O turn us back to Thee again,  
Or we shall search our Ways in vain;  
Shine, and the Path of Life reveal,  
And bear us on to Zion's Hill.
- 5 Roll on, ye swift-revolving Years,  
And end this Round of Sins and Cares;  
No more a Wand'rer would I roam,  
But near my Father fix at Home.

CXXXIX. *The Breath of our Nostrils taken in the  
Pits of the Enemy; applied to CHRIST.* Lam.  
iv. 20.

- 1 **B**LEST Saviour, to my Heart more dear  
Than balmy Gales of vital Air;

- Were thy Soul-cheering Presence gone,  
 What Use of Breath, unless to groan?
- 2 Thy Father's royal Hand hath shed,  
 In rich Profusion on thy Head,  
 Ten thousand Graces; Thou alone  
 Canst share, and canst adorn his Throne.
- 3 But see the Sov'reign captive led,  
 Snar'd in the Pit, which Traitors made,  
 Fetter'd with ignominious Bands,  
 And murder'd by rebellious Hands.
- 4 Ye Saints, to your expiring King  
 Your tributary Sorrows bring:  
 In loyal Crouds assemble round,  
 And bathe in Tears each precious Wound.
- 5 But from the Caverns of the Grave  
 He springs, omnipotent to save;  
 The Captive-King ascends and reigns,  
 And drags his conquer'd Foes in Chains.
- 6 Beneath his Shade our Souls shall live,  
 In all the Rapture Heav'n can give;  
 Where *Zion* never shall deplore,  
 And Heathens vex his Church no more.

CXL. *Of lamenting national Sins.* Ezek. ix. 4—6.

*For a Fast-Day.*

- 1 **O** Righteous God, Thou Judge supreme,  
 We tremble at thy dreadful Name,  
 And all our crying Guilt we own  
 In Dust and Tears before thy Throne.

- 2 So manifold our Crimes have been,  
Such Crimson Tincture dyes our Sin,  
That, could we all its Horrors know,  
Our streaming Eyes with Blood might flow:
- 3 *Britain*, the Land thine Arm hath fav'd,  
That Arm most impiously hath brav'd\* ;  
*Britain*, the Isle its God hath lov'd,  
A Rebel to that Love hath prov'd.
- 4 Estrang'd from reverential Awe,  
We trample on thy sacred Law ;  
And, tho' such Wonders Grace hath done,  
Anew we crucify thy Son.
- 5 Justly might this polluted Land  
Prove all the Vengeance of thy Hand ;  
And, bath'd in Heav'n †, thy Sword might come  
To drink our Blood, and seal our Doom.
- 6 Yet hast Thou not a Remnant here,  
Whose Souls are fill'd with pious Fear ?  
O bring thy wonted Mercy nigh,  
While prostrate at thy Feet they lie.
- 7 Behold their Tears, attend their Moan,  
Nor turn away their secret Groan :  
With these we join our humble Pray'r ;  
Our Nation shield, our Country spare.
- 8 But if the Sentence be decreed,  
And our dear native Land must bleed,  
By thy sure Mark may we be known,  
And, save, in Life or Death, thy own.

\* *Defied.*† *Isaiab xxxiv. 5.*

CXLI. *The Iniquity of sacrificing GOD's Children ;  
or, The Evil of a bad or neglected Education.*  
Ezek. xvi. 20, 21\*.

- 1 BEHOLD, O *Israel's* God,  
From thine exalted Throne,  
And view the desolate Abode,  
'Thou once hast call'd thy own.
- 2 The Children of thy Flock,  
By early Cov'nant thine,  
See how they pour their bleeding Souls  
On ev'ry Idol's Shrine † !
- 3 To Indolence and Pride  
What piteous Victims made !  
Crush'd in their Parents fond Embrace,  
And by their Care betray'd.
- 4 By Pleasure's polish'd Dart  
What Numbers here are slain !  
What Numbers there for Slaughter bound  
In *Mammon's* golden Chain !
- 5 O let thine Arm awake,  
And dash the Idols down :  
O call the Captives of their Pow'r  
Their Treasure, and thy Crown.
- 6 Thee let the Fathers own,  
And Thee the Sons adore,

\* *Alluding to the cruel Custom among some Heathens  
of sacrificing their Children to their Gods, to which  
there are frequent References in Scripture.*

† *Altar.*

Join'd

Join'd to the LORD by solemn Vows  
To be forgot no' more.

CXLII. *The Humility and Submission of a Penitent.*  
Ezek. xvi. 63.

- 1 O Injur'd Majesty of Heav'n,  
- Look from thy holy Throne,  
While prostrate Rebels own with Grief  
What Treasons they have done.
- 2 Thy Grace, when Sin abounded most,  
Reigns with superior Sway ;  
And Pardons, bought with *Jesus'* Blood,  
To Rebels doth display.
- 3 While Love is grateful Anthems tunes,  
Tears mingle with the Song ;  
My Heart with tender Anguish bleeds,  
That I such Grace should wrong.
- 4 How shall I lift these guilty Eyes  
To mine offended LORD ?  
Or how, beneath his heaviest Strokes,  
Pronounce one murm'ring Word ?
- 5 Remorse and Shame my Lips have seal'd ;  
But O ! my Father, speak ;  
And all the Harmony of Heav'n  
Shall thro' the Silence break.

CXLIII. *GOD bringing his People into the Covenant  
under the Rod.* Ezek. xx. 37.

- 1 HOW gracious and how wise  
Is our chastising God !



And O! how rich the Blessings are,  
Which blossom from his Rod!

2 He lifts it up on high  
With Pity in his Heart,  
That ev'ry Stroke his Children feel  
May Grace and Peace impart.

3 Instructed thus they bow,  
And own his sov'reign Sway;  
They turn their crring Footsteps back  
To his forsaken Way.

4 His Cov'nant-Love they seek,  
And seek the happy Bands,  
That closer still engage their Hearts  
To honour his Commands.

5 Dear Father, we consent  
To Discipline divine;  
And bless the Pains, that make our Souls  
Still more compleatly Thine.

CXLIV. *GOD's Condescension in becoming the  
Shepherd of Men. Ezek. xxxiv. 31.*

1 **A**ND will the Majesty of Heav'n  
Accept us for his Sheep?  
And with a Shepherd's tender Care  
Such worthless Creatures keep?

2 And will He spread his Guardian-Arms  
Round our defenceless Head?  
And cause us gently to lie down  
In his refreshing Shade?

3 And

3 And will he take our weary Souls  
 To that delightful Scene,  
 Where Rivers of Salvation flow  
 Thro' Pastures ever green.

4 What Thanks can mortal Men repay  
 For Favours great as Thine ?  
 Or how can Tongues of feeble Clay  
 Proclaim such Love divine ?

5 Eternal God, how mean are we !  
 How richly gracious Thou !  
 Our Souls o'erwhelm'd with humble Joy,  
 In silent Transports bow.

CXLV. *Seeking to GOD for the Communication of  
 of his Spirit. Ezek. xxxvi. 37.*

<sup>1</sup> **H**EAR, gracious Sov'reign, from thy Throne,  
 And send thy various Blessings down :  
 While by thine *Israel* thou art fought,  
 Attend the Pray'r thy Word hath taught.

2 Come, sacred Spirit, from above,  
 And fill the coldest Heart with Love ;  
 Soften to Flesh the rugged Stone,  
 And let thy godlike Pow'r be known.

3 Speak, Thou, and from thy haughtiest Eyes  
 Shall Floods of pious Sorrow rise ;  
 While all their glowing Souls are borne  
 To seek that Grace, which now they scorn.

4 O let a holy Flock await,  
 Num'rous around thy Temple-Gate,

Each pressing on with Zeal to be  
A living Sacrifice to Thee.

- 5 In Answer to our fervent Cries,  
Give us to see thy Church arise ;  
Or, if that Blessing seem too great,  
Give us to mourn its low Estate.

CXLVI. Ezekiel's *Vision of the dry Bones*.  
Ezek. xxxvii. 3.

- 1 **L**OOK down, O LORD, with pitying Eye ;  
See *Adam's* Race in Ruin lie ;  
Sin spreads its Trophies o'er the Ground,  
And scatters slaughter'd Heaps around.
- 2 And can these mould'ring CorpSES live ?  
And can these perish'd Bones revive ?  
That, Mighty God, to Thee is known ;  
That wond'rous Work is all thy own.
- 3 Thy Ministers are sent in vain  
To prophesy upon the Slain ;  
In vain they call, in vain they cry,  
Till thine almighty Aid is nigh.
- 4 But if thy Spirit deign to breathe,  
Life spreads thro' all the Realms of Death ;  
Dry Bones obey thy pow'rful Voice ;  
They move, they waken, they rejoice.
- 5 So when thy Trumpet's awful Sound  
Shall shake the Heav'ns, and rend the Ground,  
Dead Saints shall from their Tombs arise,  
And spring to Life beyond the Skies.

CXLVII.

CXLVII. *The Waters of the Sanctuary healing the dead Sea\**. Ezek. xlvii. 8, 9.

- 1 GREAT Source of Being and of Love  
 Thou wat'rest all the Worlds above,  
 And all the Joys we Mortals know,  
 From thine exhaustless Fountain flow.
- 2 A sacred Spring, at thy Command,  
 From *Zion's* Mount, in *Canaan's* Land,  
 Beside thy Temple, cleaves the Ground,  
 And pours its limpid Stream around.
- 3 The limpid Stream with sudden Force,  
 Swells to a River in its Course ;  
 Thro' desert Realms, it's Windings play,  
 And scatter Blessings all the Way.
- 4 Close by its Banks in Order fair,  
 The blooming Trees of Life appear ;  
 Their Blossoms fragrant Odours give,  
 And on their Fruit the Nations live.
- 5 To the dead Sea the Waters flow,  
 And carry Healing as they go ;  
 Its pois'nous Dregs their Pow'r confess,  
 And all its Shores the Fountain blefs.
- 6 Flow wond'rous Stream with Glory crown'd,  
 Flow on to Earth's remotest Bound ;  
 And bear us on thy gentle Wave  
 To Him, who all thy Virtues gave.

\* *The Sea or Lake, where Sodom, Gomorrah, &c. had stood, which was putrid and poisonous ; and ancient Writers say, that no Fish could live in it.*

CXLVIII. T E K E L ; or *The Sinner weighed in GOD's Balances, and found wanting.* Dan. v. 27.

- 1 **R**AISE, thoughtless Sinner, raise thine Eye;  
Behold God's Balance lifted high,  
There shall his Justice be display'd,  
And there thy Hope and Life be weigh'd.
- 2 See in one Scale his perfect Law;  
Mark with what Force his Precepts draw:  
Wouldst thou the awful Test sustain,  
Thy Works how light! thy Thoughts how vain!
- 3 Behold the Hand of God appears  
To trace these dreadful Characters;  
" *Tekel*, thy Soul is wanting found,  
" And Wrath shall smite thee to the Ground."
- 4 Let sudden Fear thy Nerves unbrace;  
Let Horror shake thy tott'ring Knees \*;  
'Thro' all thy Thoughts let Anguish roll,  
And deep Repentance melt thy Soul.
- 5 One only Hope may yet prevail;  
*Christ* hath a Weight to turn the Scale;  
Still doth the Gospel publish Peace.  
And shew a Saviour's Righteousness.
- 6 Great God, exert thy Pow'r to save;  
Deep on the Heart these Truths engage;  
The pond'rous Load of Guilt remove,  
That trembling Lips may sing thy Love.

\* Compare Verse 6.

CXLIX. *The Backslider recollecting himself in his Afflictions.* Hosea ii. 6, 7.

1 THE LORD, how kind are all his Ways,  
When most they seem severe!  
He frowns, and scourges, and rebukes,  
That we may learn his Fear.

2 With Thorns He fences up our Path,  
And builds a Wall around,  
To Guard us from the Death, that lurks  
In Sin's forbidden Ground.

3 When other Lovers, fought in vain,  
Our fond Address despise,  
He opens his indulgent Arms  
With Pity in his Eyes.

4 Return, ye wand'ring Souls, return,  
And seek his tender Breast;  
Call back the Mem'ry of the Days,  
When there you found your Rest.

5 Behold, O LORD, we fly to 'Thee,  
Tho' Blushes veil our Face,  
Constrain'd our last Retreat to seek  
In thy much-injur'd Grace.

CL. *The Advantages of seeking the Knowledge of GOD.* Hosea vi. 3.

1 SHINE forth, Eternal Source\* of Light,  
And make thy Glories known;

\* *Fountain or Original.*

Fill our enlarg'd adoring Sight  
With Lustre all thy own.

2 Vain are the Charms, and faint the Rays  
The brightest Creatures boast ;  
And all their Grandeur, and their Praise  
Is in thy Presence lost.

3 To know the Author of our Frame  
Is our sublimest Skill:  
True Science is to read thy Name,  
True Life t'obey thy Will.

4 For this I long, for this I pray,  
And following on pursue,  
Till Visions of eternal Day  
Fix and compleat the View.

CLI. *Inconstancy in Religion.* Hosea vi. 4. <sup>a</sup>

1 **P**ERPETUAL Source of Light and Grace,  
We hail thy sacred Name :  
'Thro' ev'ry Year's revolving Round  
Thy Goodness is the same.

2 On us, all-worthless as we are,  
Its wond'rous Mercy pours ;  
Sure as the Heav'ns establish'd Course,  
And plenteous as the Show'rs.

3 Inconstant Service we repay,  
And treach'rous Vows renew ;  
False as the Morning's scatt'ring Cloud,  
And transient as the Dew.

4 In flowing Tears our Guilt we mourn,  
And loud implore thy Grace

To bear our feeble Footsteps on  
In all thy righteous Ways.

5 Arm'd with this Energy divine,  
Our Souls shall stedfast move,  
And with increasing Transport press  
On to thy Courts above.

6 So, by thy Pow'r, the Morning Sun  
Pursues his radiant Way,  
Brightens each Moment in his Race,  
And shines to perfect Day.

CLII. *Gratitude the Spring of true Religion.*  
Hosea xi. -4.

1 **M**Y GOD, what silken Cords are thine!  
How soft, and yet how strong!  
While Pow'r, and Truth, and Love combine:  
To draw our Souls along.

2 Thou saw'st us crush'd beneath the Yoke  
Of *Satan* and of Sin:  
Thy Hand the Iron Bondage broke  
Our worthless Hearts to win.

3 The Guilt of twice ten Thousand Sins  
One Moment takes away;  
And Grace, when first the War begins,  
Secures the crowning Day.

4 Comfort thro' all this Vale of Tears  
In rich Profusion flows,  
And Glory of unnumber'd Years  
Eternity bestows.

5 Drawn



5 Drawn by such Cords we onward move,  
 Till round thy Throne we meet ;  
 And Captives in the Chains of Love,  
 Embrace thy Conqu'ror's Feet

CLIII. *The Relentings of GOD's Heart over his  
 backsliding People. Hosea xi. 7, 8, 9.*

1 Y E Sinners on backsliding bent,  
 God's gracious Call attend ;  
 Shall not Compassion so divine  
 Each stubborn Spirit bend ?

2 “ How shall I give mine *Israel* up  
 “ To Ruin and Despair ?  
 “ How pour down Show'rs of flaming Wrath,  
 “ And make a *Sodom* there ?

3 “ My Bowels strong Relentings feel ;  
 “ My Heart is pain'd within :  
 “ I will not all my Wrath exert,  
 “ Nor visit all their Sin.

4 “ The Mercy of a God restrains  
 “ The Thunders of his Hand :  
 “ Come, seek Protection from that Pow'r,  
 “ Which you can ne'er withstand.

5 With trembling Haste, O God, to Thee  
 Let Sinners wing their Flight ;  
 As Doves, when Birds of Prey pursue,  
 Down on their Windows light.

6 Father, we seek thy gracious Arm,  
 All melted at thy Voice :

O may thy Heart, that feels our Woes,  
In our Return rejoice.

CLIV. *GOD's Controversy by Fire.* Amos iv. 11.

*On Occasion of a dreadful Fire.*

- 1 **E**TERNAL God, 'our humbled Souls  
Before thy Presence bow:  
With all thy Magazines of Wrath,  
How terrible art Thou!
- 2 Fan'd by thy Breath, whole Sheets of Flame  
Do like a Deluge pour;  
And all our Confidence of Wealth  
Lies moulder'd in an Hour.
- 3 Led on by Thee, in horrid Pomp,  
Destruction rears its Head;  
And blacken'd Walls, and smoaking Heaps,  
Thro' all the Street are spread.
- 4 **L**ORD, in the Dust we lay us down,  
And mourn thy righteous Ire \*;  
Yet bless the Hand of Guardian-Love,  
That snatch'd us from the Fire.
- 5 O that the hateful Dregs of Sin  
Like Drops had perish'd there,  
That, in fair Lines, our purged Souls  
Might thy bright Image bear.
- 6 So shall we view with dauntless Eyes  
The last tremendous Day,  
When Earth and Seas, and Stars and Skies,  
In Flames shall melt away.

\* *Anger.*

CLV. Britain

CLV. *Britain unreformed by remarkable Deliverances.*

Amos iv. -11.

*For a Fast-Day.*

- 1 **Y**ES, *Britain* seem'd to Ruin doom'd,  
Just like a burning Brand;  
Till snatch'd from fierce surrounding Flames  
By God's indulgent Hand.
- 2 " Once more (he says) I will suppress  
" The Wrath, that Sin would wake;  
" Once more my Patience shall attend,  
" And call my *Britain* back."
- 3 But who this Clemency reveres?  
Or feels this melting Grace?  
Who stirs his languid Spirit up  
To seek thine awful Face?
- 4 On Days like these we pour our Cries,  
And at thy Feet we mourn;  
Then rise to tempt thy Wrath again,  
And to our Sins return.
- 5 Our Nation far from God remains,  
Far, as in distant Years;  
And the small Remnant that is found,  
A dying Aspect wears.
- 6 Chasten'd and rescu'd thus in vain,  
Thy righteous Hand severe  
Into the Flames might hurl us back,  
And quite consume us there.

- 7 So, by the Light our Burning gives,  
 Might neighb'ring Nations read,  
 How terrible thy Judgments are,  
 And learn our Guilt to dread.
- 8 Yet, 'midst the Cry of Sins like ours,  
 Incline thy gracious Ear;  
 And thy own Children's feeble Cry  
 With soft Compassion hear.
- 9 O by thy sacred Spirit's Breath  
 Kindle a holy Flame;  
 Refine the Land Thou might'st destroy,  
 And magnify thy Name.

CLVI. *Preparing to meet GOD.* Amos iv. 12, 13.

- 1 **H**E comes, thy God, O *Israel*, comes;  
 Prepare thy God to meet:  
 Meet him in Battle's Force array'd,  
 Or humbled at his Feet.
- 2 He form'd the Mountains by his Strength:  
 He makes the Winds to blow;  
 And all the secret Thoughts of Man  
 Must his Creator know.
- 3 He shades the Morning's op'ning Rays;  
 He shakes the solid World;  
 And Stars and Angels from their Seats  
 Are by his Thunder hurl'd.
- 4 Eternal Sov'reign of the Skies,  
 And shall thine *Israel* dare  
 In mad Rebellion to arise,  
 And tempt th' unequal War?

5 Lo, Nations tremble at thy Frown,  
 And faint beneath thy Rod ;  
 Crush'd by its gentlest Movement down,  
 They fall, Tremendous God.

6 Avert the Terrors of the Wrath,  
 And let thy Mercy shine ;  
 While humble Penitence and Pray'r  
 Approve us truly thine.

CLVII. *Jonah's Faith recommended.* Jonah ii. 4.

1 LORD, we have broke thy holy Laws,  
 And slighted all thy Grace ;  
 And justly thy vindictive \* Wrath  
 Might cast us from thy Face.

2 Yet while such Precedents appear  
 Mark'd in thy sacred Book,  
 We from these Depths of Guilt and Fear  
 Will to thy Temple look.

3 To Thee, in our Redeemer's Name,  
 We raise our humble Cries ;  
 May these our Pray'rs, perfum'd by him,  
 Like grateful Incense rise.

4 O never may our hopeless Eyes  
 An absent God deplore,  
 When the dear Temples of thy Love  
 Shall stand reveal'd no more.

5 Far from those Regions of Despair  
 Appoint our Souls a Place,  
 Where not a Frown thro' endless Years  
 Shall veil thy lovely Face.

\* *Avenging.*

CLVIII. *GOD's Controversy with Britain stated and pleaded. Micah vi. 1, 2, 3.*

*For a Fast-Day.*

1 **L**ISTEN, ye Hills; ye Mountains, hear;  
 JEHOVAH vindicates his Laws:

Trembling in Silence at his Bar,  
 Thou Earth, attend thy Maker's Cause.

2 *Israel* appear; present thy Plea;  
 And charge th' Almighty to his Face;  
 Say, if his Rules oppressive be;  
 Say, if defective be his Grace.

3 Eternal Judge, the Action cease;  
 Our Lips are sealed in conscious Shame;  
 'Tis ours, in Sackcloth to confess,  
 And thine, the Sentence to proclaim.

4 Ten thousand Witnessess arise,  
 Thy Mercies, and our Crimes appear,  
 More than the Stars that deck the Skies,  
 And all our dreadful Guilt declare.

5 How shall we come before thy Face,  
 And in thine awful Presence bow?  
 What Offers can secure thy Grace,  
 Or calm the Terrors of thy Brow?

6 Thousands of Rams in vain might bleed;  
 Rivers of Oil might blaze in vain;  
 Or the First-born's devoted Head  
 With horrid Gore thine Altar stain.

7 But thy own Lamb, All-gracious God,  
 Whom impious Sinners dar'd to slay,

Hath

Hath sov'reign Virtue in his Blood  
To purge the Nation's Guilt away.

- 8 With humble Faith to that we fly;  
With that be *Britain* sprinkled o'er;  
Trembling no more in Dust we lie,  
And dread thy Hand and Bar no more.

CLIX. *Hearing the Voice of GOD's Rod.*  
Micah vi. 9.

- 1 **A**T TEND, my Soul, with rev'rend Awe,  
The Dictates of thy God;  
Silent and trembling hear the Voice  
Of his appointed Rod.
- 2 Now let me search and try my Ways,  
And prostrate seek his Face,  
Conscious of Guilt before his Throne  
In Dust my Soul abase.
- 3 Teach me, my God, what's yet unknown,  
And all my Crimes forgive;  
Those Crimes would I no more repeat,  
But to thy Honour live.
- 4 My wither'd Joys too plainly shew,  
That all on Earth is vain;  
In God my wounded Heart confides  
True Rest and Bliss to gain.
- 5 Father, I wait thy gracious Call,  
To leave this mournful Land,  
And bathe in Rivers of Delight,  
That flow at thy Hand.

CLX. *GOD's incomparable Mercy admired.* Micah  
vii. 18, 19, 20.

- 1 SUPREME in Mercy, who shall dare  
With thy Compassion to compare?  
For thy own Sake wilt Thou forgive,  
And bid the trembling Sinner live.
- 2 Millions of our Transgressions past,  
Cancell'd, behind thy Back are cast;  
Thy Grace, a Sea without a Shore,  
O'erflows them, and they rise no more.
- 3 And lest new Legions should invade,  
And make the pardon'd Soul afraid,  
Our inbred Lusts Thou wilt subdue,  
And form degen'rate Hearts anew.
- 4 Our Leader-GOD, our Songs proclaim;  
We lift our Banners in his Name;  
With Songs of 'Triumph forth we go,  
And level the gigantic Foe.
- 5 His Truth to *Jacob* shall prevail;  
His Oath to *Abram* cannot fail;  
The Hope of Saints in ancient Days,  
Which Ages yet unborn shall praise.

CLXI. *The impoverished Saint rejoicing in GOD.*  
Habakkuk iii. 17, 18.

- 1 SO firm the Saint's Foundations stand,  
Nor can his Hopes remove;  
Sustain'd by GOD's almighty Hand,  
And shelter'd in his Love.



- 2 Fig-Trees and Olive-Plants may fail,  
And Vines their Fruit deny,  
Famine thro all his Fields prevail,  
And Flocks and Herds may die.
- 3 GOD is the Treasure of the Soul,  
A Source of sacred Joy ;  
Which no Afflictions can controul,  
Nor Death itself destroy.
- 4 LORD, may we feel thy cheering Beams,  
And taste thy Saints Repose ;  
We will not mourn the perish'd Streams,  
While such a Fountain flows.

CLXII. *GOD's afflicted Poor trusting in his Name.* Zephaniah iii. 12.

- 1 PRAISE to the Sov'reign of the Sky,  
Who from his lofty Throne  
Looks down on all that humble lie,  
And calls such Souls his own.
- 2 The haughty Sinner he disdain,  
Tho' Gems his Temples crown ;  
And from the Seat of Pomp and Pride  
His Vengeance hurls him down.
- 3 On his afflicted pious Poor  
He makes his Face to shine ;  
He fills their Cottages of Clay  
With Lustre all divine.
- 4 Among the meanest of thy Flock  
There let my Dwelling be,  
Rather than under gilded Roofs,  
If absent, LORD, from Thee.

5 Poor and afflicted tho' we are,  
 In thy strong Name we trust ;  
 And bless the Hand of sov'reign Love,  
 Which lifts us from the Dust.

CXLIII. GOD *comforting and rejoicing over Zion.*  
*Zeph. iii. 16, 17.*

1 Y E S, 'tis the Voice of Love divine !  
 And O! how sweet the Accents sound !  
 Afflicted *Zion*, rise and shine,  
 Fair Mourner, prostrate on the Ground.

2 The mighty God, the glorious King,  
 Tender to pity, strong to save,  
 Hath sworn he will Salvation bring,  
 Tho' Sorrow press me to the Grave.

3 He all a Father's Pleasure knows  
 To fold thee in his dear Embrace ;  
 His Heart with secret Joy o'erflows,  
 And chearful Smiles adorn his Face.

4 At length the inward Extacy  
 In heav'nly Music breaks its Way\* :  
 JEHOVAH leads the Harmony,  
 And Angels teach their Harps the Lay †.

5 Fain would my Lips the Chorus † join,  
 And tell the list'ning World my Joys,  
 But Condescension so divine  
 In Silence swallows up my Voice.

\* See the Marginal Reading. † Sing. † Com-  
 pany of Singers.

CLXIV. *Practical Reflections on the State of our Fathers. Zechariah i. 5-*

- 1    **H** O W swift the Torrent rolls  
       That bears us to the Sea!  
 The Tide, that bears our thoughtless Souls  
 To vast Eternity!
- 2    Our Fathers, where are they,  
       With all they call'd their own?  
 Their Joys and Griefs, and Hopes and Cares,  
 And Wealth and Honour gone.
- 3    But Joy or Grief succeeds  
       Beyond our mortal Thought,  
 While the poor Remnant of their Dust  
 Lies in the Grave forgot.
- 4    There, where the Fathers lie,  
       Must all the Children dwell;  
 Nor other Heritage possess,  
 But such a gloomy Cell.
- 5    God of our Fathers, hear,  
       Thou everlasting Friend!  
 While we as on Life's utmost Verge\*,  
 Our Souls to Thee commend.
- 6    Of all the pious Dead  
       May we the Footsteps trace,  
 Till with them in the Land of Light  
 \* We dwell before before thy Face.

\* *Edge or Border.*

CLXV. *Joshua the High-Priest's Change of Raiment, applied to Christian Privileges. Zech. iii. 4.*

- 1 ETERNAL King, thy Robes are white  
In spotless Rays of heav'nly Light;  
Adoring Angels round are seen,  
Yet in thy Presence are not clean.
- 2 What then are we, the Sons of Earth,  
That draw Pollution from our Birth?  
Our fleshly Garments, LORD, how mean!  
O'erspread with hateful Spots of Sin.
- 3 Hail to that condescending Grace,  
Which shews a Saviour's Righteousness!  
Eternal Honours to that Name,  
Which covers all our Guilt and Shame!
- 4 His Blood, an overflowing Sea,  
Shall purge our deepest Stains away:  
Our Souls, renew'd by Grace divine,  
Shall in their LORD's Resemblance shine.
- 5 Yet, while these Rags of Flesh we wear,  
Pollution will again appear:  
Come, Death, and ease me of the Load;  
Come, Death, and bear my Soul to God.
- 6 The King of Heav'n will there bestow  
A richer Robe than Monarchs know;  
Dress all his Saints in glitt'ring White;  
Not *Joshua's* Mitre shone so bright.
- 7 The Grave its Trophies shall resign;  
*Christ* will the mould'ring Dust refine;

And Death, the last of Foes, shall be  
Swallow'd and lost in Victory.

8 My Faith, on tow'ring Pinions borne,  
Anticipates that glorious Morn;  
And with celestial Raptures strong,  
Gives mortal Lips th' immortal Song.

CLXVI. *Joshua the High-Priest's Zeal and Fidelity rewarded with a Station among the Angels.*  
Zech. iii. 6, 7.

*For the Ordination of a Minister.*

1 GREAT LORD of Angels, we adore  
The Grace, that builds thy Courts below;  
And thro' ten thousand Suns of Light  
Stoops to regard what Mortals do.

2 Amidst the Wastes of Time and Death  
Successive Pastors Thou dost raise  
Thy Charge to keep, thy House to guide,  
And form a People for thy Praise.

3 The heav'nly Natives with Delight  
Hover around the sacred Place;  
Nor scorn to learn from mortal Tongues  
The Wonders of redeeming Grace.

4 At length, dismiss'd from feeble Clay,  
Thy Servants join th' angelic Band,  
With them thro' distant Worlds they fly,  
With them before thy Presence stand.

5 O glorious Hope! O blest Employ!  
Sweet Lenitive\* of Grief and Care!

\* *What easeth or asswageth.*

When shall we reach those radiant Courts,  
And all their Joy and Honour share ?

5 Yet while these Labours we pursue,  
Thus distant from thy heav'nly Throne,  
Give us a Zeal and Love like theirs,  
And half their Heav'n shall here be known.

CLXVII. *The Compleating of the Spiritual Temple.*  
Zech iv. 7.

1 S I N G to the LORD above,  
Who deigns on Earth to raise  
A Temple to his Love,  
A Monument of Praise.

Ye Saints around,  
Thro' all its Frame,  
The Builder's Name  
Harmonious sound.

2 He form'd the glorious Plan  
And its Foundation laid,  
That GOD might dwell with Man,  
And Mercy be display'd ;

His Son he sent,  
Who, great and good,  
Made his own Blood  
The sweet Cement.

3 Beneath his Eye and Care  
The Edifice shall rise  
Majestic strong and fair,  
And shine above the Skies.

There shall He place  
The polish'd Stone,  
Ordain'd to crown  
This Work of Grace.

CLXVIII. *The Error of despising the Day of small Things. Zech. iv. 10-.*

- 1 “ **W**HAT haughty Scorer,” saith the LORD,  
“ Shall humble Things despise,  
“ When He beholds them with Delight,  
“ Who reigns beyond the Skies ?
- 2 “ I from a *Chaos* dark and wild \*  
“ Made Heav'n's bright Host appear :  
“ I from the small unnotic'd Seeds  
“ The loftiest Cedars rear.
- 3 “ From *Eden's* Dust I *Adam* form'd,  
“ The noblest human Frame ;  
“ And in his humble Sons display  
“ The Honours of my Name.
- 4 “ From Fishermen, in Number few,  
“ In human Arts untaught,  
“ All the wide Realms my Church can boast,  
“ My potent Hand hath brought.
- 5 “ The pious Poor, by Men despis'd,  
“ In dearest Bonds are mine ;  
“ Once hardly drest in humble Weeds †,  
“ They now like Angels shine.
- 6 LORD, if such Trophies, rais'd from Dust  
Thy sov'reign Glory be,

\* *Genesis* i. 2, 3.      † *Garments.*

Here in my Heart thy Pow'r may find  
Materials fit for Thee.

CLXIX. *Prisoners delivered from the Pit by the  
Blood of the Covenant. Zech. ix. 11.*

- 1 Y E Pris'ners, who in Bondage lie,  
In Darknes and the Pit,  
Behold the Grace that sets us free,  
And to that Grace submit.
- 2 The Tidings of Deliv'rance hear,  
Confess the Cov'nant good,  
And bless the Ransom God hath found  
In our *Emanuel's* Blood.
- 3 Justice no more asserts its Claim  
Your forfeit Lives to take;  
But smiling Mercy quick descends  
Your heavy Chains to break.
- 4 We walk at large, and sing the Hand,  
To which we Freedom owe;  
And drink those Rivers with Delight,  
Which thro' this Desert flow.
- 5 He, that hath Liberty bestow'd,  
Will give a Kingdom too;  
He, that hath loos'd the Bonds of Death,  
The Path of Life will show.

CLXX. *The Fountain of Life. Zech. xiii. 1.*

- 1 H AIL, Everlasting Spring!  
Celestial Fountain, hail!



Thy Streams Salvation bring,  
The Waters never fail :

Still they endure,  
And still they flow,  
For all our Woe  
A sov'reign Cure.

2 Blest be his wounded Side,  
And blest his bleeding Heart,  
Who all in Anguish died  
Such Favours to impart.

His sacred Blood  
Shall make us clean  
From ev'ry Sin,  
And fit for God.

3 To that dear Source of Love  
Our Souls this Day would come ;  
And thither, from above,  
LORD, call the Nations home ;  
That Jew and Greek  
With rapt'rous Songs  
On all their Tongues  
Thy Praise may speak.

CLXXI. *GOD's Name profaned, when his Table is treated with Contempt. Malachi i. 12.*

*Applied to the Lord's Supper.*

1 **M**Y God, and is thy Table spread ?  
And does thy Cup with Love o'erflow ?  
Thither be all thy Children led,  
And let them all its Sweetness know.

2 Hail

- 2 Hail sacred Feast, which *Jesus* makes !  
 Rich Banquet of his Flesh and Blood !  
 Thrice happy he, who here partakes  
 That sacred Stream, that heav'nly Food !
- 3 Why are its Dainties all in vain  
 Before unwilling Hearts display'd ?  
 Was not for you the Victim slain ?  
 Are you forbid the Children's Bread ?
- 4 O let thy Table honour'd be,  
 And furnish'd well with joyful Guests ;  
 And may each Soul Salvation see,  
 That here its sacred Pledges tastes.
- 5 Let Crouds approach with Hearts prepar'd ;  
 With Hearts inflam'd let all attend ;  
 Nor, when we leave our Father's Board,  
 The Pleasure, or the Profit end.
- 6 Revive thy dying Churches, LORD,  
 And bid our drooping Graces live ;  
 And more, that Energy afford,  
 A Saviour's Blood alone can give.

CLXXII. *GOD's gracious Regard to active Attempts  
 to revive Religion. Mal. iii. 16, 17.*

- 1 **T**HE LORD on mortal Worms looks down,  
 From his celestial Throne ;  
 And, when the Wicked swarm around,  
 He well discerns his own.
- 2 He sees the tender Hearts, that mourn  
 The Scandals of the Times ;

H. 5.

And:

And join their Efforts to oppose  
The wide-prevailing Crimes.

3 Low to the social Band He bows  
His still-attentive Ear ;  
And, while his Angels sing around,  
Delights their Voice to hear.

4 The Chronicles of Heav'n shall keep  
Their Words in Transcript fair ;  
In the Redeemer's Book of Life  
Their Names recorded are.

5 " Yes (saith the LORD) the World shall know:  
" These humble Souls are mine :  
" These, when my Jewels I produce,  
" Shall in full Lustre shine.

6 " When Deluges of fiery Wrath.  
" My Foes away shall bear,  
" That Hand, which strikes the Wicked thro',  
" Shall all my Children spare."

CLXXIII. CHRIST, *the Son of Righteousness.*  
Malachi iv. 2.

1 TO Thee, O God, we Homage pay,  
Source of the Light that rules the Day ;  
Who, while he gilds all Nature's Frame,  
Reflects thy Rays, and speaks thy Name.

2 In louder Strains we sing that Grace,  
Which gives the Sun of Righteousness ;  
Whose nobler Light Salvation brings,  
And scatters Healing from his Wings.

3. Still

- 3 Still on our Hearts my *Jesus* shine  
With Beams of Light and Love divine ;  
Quicken'd by him our Souls shall live,  
And chear'd by him shall grow and thrive.
- 4 O may his Glories stand confes'd  
From North to South, from East to West :  
Successful may his Gospel run  
Wide as the Circuit of the Sun.
- 5 When shall that radiant Scene arise,  
When, fix'd on high in purer Skies,  
*Christ* all his Lustre shall display  
On all his Saints thro' endless Day ?
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# H Y M N S

FOUNDED ON

VARIOUS TEXTS

IN THE

NEW TESTAMENT.

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## H Y M N CLXXIV.

*The Ax laid to the Root of unfruitful Trees.*

Matthew iii. 13.

1 **T**HE LORD into his Vineyard comes  
Our various Fruit to see ;  
His Eye, more piercing than the Light,  
Examines ev'ry Tree.

2 Tremble, ye Sinners, at his Frown,  
If barren still ye stand ;  
And fear that keenly-wounding Ax,  
Which arms his awful Hand.

3 Close to the Root behold it laid,  
To make Destruction sure :  
Who can resist the mighty Stroke ?  
Or who the Fire endure ?

4 LORD,

- 4 LORD, we adore thy sparing Love,  
 Thy long expecting Grace:  
 Else had we low in Ruin fall'n,  
 And known no more our Place.
- 5 Succeeding Years thy Patience waits;  
 Nor let it wait in vain;  
 But form in us abundant Fruit,  
 And still this Fruit maintain.

CLXXV. *The Light of good Examples, the most effectual Way to glorify G O D.* Matt. v. 16.

- 1 GREAT Teacher of thy Church, we own  
 Thy Precepts all divinely wise:  
 O may thy mighty Pow'r be shown  
 To fix them still before our Eyes.
- 2 Deep on our Hearts thy Law engrave,  
 And fill our Breasts with heav'nly Zeal,  
 That, while we trust thy Pow'r to save,  
 We may that sacred Law fulfil.
- 3 Adorn'd with ev'ry heav'nly Grace,  
 May our Examples brightly shine,  
 And the sweet Lustre of thy Face  
 Reflected beam from each of thine.
- 4 These Lineaments\*, divinely fair,  
 Our heav'nly Father shall proclaim;  
 And Men, that view his Image there,  
 Shall join to glorify his Name.

\* *Features.*

CLXXVI. *Providential Bounties surveyed and improved.* Matt. v. 45.

- 1 FATHER of Lights, we sing thy Name,  
 Who kindlest up the Lamp of Day \* ;  
 Wide as he spreads his golden Flame,  
 His Beams thy Pow'r and Love display.
- 2 Fountain of Good, from Thee proceed  
 The copious Drops of genial † Rain ;  
 Which thro' the Hills, and thro' the Meads  
 Revive the Grass and swell the Grain.
- 3 Thro' the wide World thy Bounties spread ;  
 Yet Millions of our guilty Race,  
 Tho' by thy daily Bounty fed,  
 Affront thy Law, and spurn thy Grace.
- 4 Not so may our forgetful Hearts  
 O'erlook the Tokens of thy Care ;  
 But, what thy lib'ral Hand imparts,  
 Still own in Praise, still ask in Pray'r.
- 5 So shall our Suns more grateful shine,  
 And Show'rs in sweeter Drops shall fall,  
 When all our Hearts and Lives are Thine,  
 And Thou, our God, enjoy'd in all.
- 6 *Jesus*, our brighter Sun, arise ;  
 In plenteous Show'rs thy Spirit send ;  
 Earth then shall grow a Paradise,  
 And in the heav'nly *Eden* end.

\* *The Sun.*

† *Making fruitful.*

CLXXVII. *Secret Prayer.* Matt. vi. 6.

- 1 FATHER divine, thy piercing Eye  
 Shoots thro' the darkest Night;  
 In deep Retirement Thou art nigh,  
 With Heart-discerning Sight.
- 2 There shall that piercing Eye survey  
 My duteous Homage paid,  
 With ev'ry Morning's dawning Ray,  
 And ev'ry Ev'ning's Shade.
- 3 O may thy own celestial Fire  
 The Incense still inflame;  
 While my warm Vows to Thee aspire,  
 Thro' my Redeemer's Name.
- 4 So shall the Visits of thy Love  
 My Soul in secret bless;  
 So shalt Thou deign in World's above  
 Thy Suppliant to confess.

CLXXVIII. *Seeking first the Kingdom of GOD, &c.*  
 Matt. vi. 33.

- 1 NOW let a true Ambition rise,  
 And Ardour fire our Breast,  
 To reign in Worlds above the Skies,  
 In heav'nly Glories drest.
- 2 Behold JEHOVAH's royal Hand  
 A radiant Crown display,  
 Whose Gems with vivid Lustre shine,  
 While Stars and Suns decay.

3. Away,



- 3 Away, each grov'ling anxious Care,  
 Beneath a Christian's Thought ;  
 I spring to seize immortal Joys,  
 Which my Redeemer bought.
- 4 Ye Hearts with youthful Vigour warm,  
 The glorious Prize pursue ;  
 Nor shall ye want the Goods of Earth,  
 While Heav'n is kept in View.

CLXXIX. *Parâon spoken by CHRIST.* Matthew  
 ix. -2.

1. **M**Y Saviour, let me hear thy Voice,  
 Pronounce these Words of Peace ;  
 And all my warmest Pow'rs shall join  
 To celebrate the Grace.
- 2 With gentle Smiles call me thy Child,  
 And speak my Sins forgiv'n ;  
 The Accents mild shall charm mine Ear  
 All like the Harps of Heav'n.
- 3 Cheerful, where'er thy Hand shall lead,  
 The darkest Path I'll tread ;  
 Cheerful I'll quit these mortal Shores,  
 And mingle with the Dead.
- 4 When dreadful Guilt is done away,  
 No other Fears we know ;  
 That Hand, which scatters Pardons down,  
 Shall Crowns of Life bestow.

CLXXX. *The relapsing Demoniac.* Matt. xii.

43—45.

1 SOv'reign of Heav'n, thine Empire spreads  
O'er all the Worlds on high :  
And, at thy Frown, th' infernal Pow'rs  
In wild Confusion fly.

2 Like Lightning from his glitt'ring Throne  
The great Arch-Traitor fell,  
Driv'n with enormous Ruin down  
To Infamy and Hell.

3 Permitted now to range at large,  
And traverse \* Earth and Air,  
O'er captive human Souls he reigns,  
And boasts his Kingdom there.

4 Yet thence thy Grace can drive him out  
With one almighty Word ;  
O fend thy potent Sceptre forth,  
And reign victorious, LORD.

5 Let wretched Pris'ners be releas'd  
The smiling Light to view ;  
Nor let the vanquish'd Foe return  
Their Bondage to renew.

6 May Grace compleat that wond'rous Work,  
Which thy own Pow'r begun,  
And fill, from *Satan's* gloomy Realms,  
The Kingdom of thy Son.

\* *Wander thro'.*

CLXXXI. *The Faith of the Syrophenician Woman recommended. Matt. xv. 26, 27.*

- 1 ALL-conqu'ring Faith, how high it rose,  
When Heav'n itself might seem t' oppose!  
All-gracious LORD, who didst appear  
Most merciful, when most severe!
- 2 Thus at thy Feet our Souls would fall,  
And loudly thus for Mercy call;  
"Thou Son of *David*, Pity shew,  
"And save us from th' infernal Foe."
- 3 Tho' viler than the Brutes we be,  
Our longing Eyes would wait on Thee,  
Who dost to Dogs this Grace afford  
To taste the Crumbs beneath thy Board.
- 4 But Thou the humble Soul wilt raise,  
And all its Sorrows turn to Praise:  
Each self-abasing broken Heart  
Shall with thy Children share a Part.

CLXXXII. *The Church built on a Rock, and secured against the Gates of Hell. Matt. xvi. 18.*

- 1 NOW let the Gates of *Zion* sing,  
And challenge all her spiteful Foes:  
She triumphs in her Saviour-King,  
In Him, who from the Dead arose.
- 2 He is the Rock, on whom we rest,  
And firm on that Foundation stand;

Divine (

Divine Compassion fills his Breast,  
His Word is sure, and strong his Hand.

3 Hell and its Host may rage in vain ;  
Vain are their Counsels, and their Pow'r ;  
Grim Death may marshal all his Train,  
And boast the Conquest of an Hour.

4 Breathless and pale his Servants lie,  
And know their former Place no more ;  
Their Children raise his Praises high,  
And, o'er their Fathers Dust, adore.

3 Their Fathers Dust the LORD shall raise,  
And burst the Barriers' of the Grave ;  
Parents and Children join his Praise,  
Who thro' Eternity can save.

CLXXXIII. CHRIST'S *Transfiguration*. Matthew  
xvii. 4-

1 **WHEN** at this Distance, LORD, we trace  
The various Glories of thy Face,  
What Transport pours o'er all our Breast,  
And charms our Cares and Woes to Rest !

2 With Thee, in the obscurest Cell,  
On some bleak Mountain would I dwell,  
Rather than pompous Courts behold,  
And share their Grandeur and their Gold.

3 Away, ye Dreams of mortal Joy !  
Raptures divine my Thoughts employ :  
I see the King of Glory shine ;  
And feel his Love, and call him mine.

- 4 On *Tabor*\* thus his Servants view'd  
 His Lustre, when transform'd he stood;  
 And, bidding earthly Scenes farewell.  
 Cried, "LORD 'tis pleasant here to dwell."
- 5 Yet still our elevated Eyes  
 To nobler Visions long to rise;  
 That grand Assembly would we join,  
 Where all thy Saints around Thee shine.
- 6 That Mount how bright! those Forms how fair!  
 'Tis good to dwell for ever there:  
 Come, Death, dear Envoy † of my God,  
 And bear me to that blest Abode.

\* *The Mountain on which CHRIST was trans-  
 figured.* † *Messenger or Ambassador.*

CLXXXIV. *The Grace of CHRIST in ministering  
 to Men, and dying for them.* Matt. xx. 28.

- 1 S A V I O U R of Men, and Lord of Love,  
 How sweet thy gracious Name!  
 With Joy that Errand we review,  
 On which thy Mercy came.
- 2 While all thy own angelic Bands,  
 Stood waiting on the Wing,  
 Charm'd with the Honour to obey  
 The Word of such a King.
- 3 For us mean wretched sinful Men  
 Thou laid'st that Glory by,  
 First in our mortal Flesh to serve,  
 Then in that Flesh to die.

4 Bought with thy Service and thy Blood,  
 We doubly, LOR D, are Thine ;  
 To Thee our Lives we would devote,  
 To Thee our Death resign.

5 Blest Man, who in thy Cause consumes  
 His vig'rous Days with Zeal !  
 Then with a last slow Ebb of Blood  
 Is call'd thy Truth to seal.

CLXXXV. *CHRIST'S compassionate Readiness to  
 gather Souls. Matt. xxiii. 37, 38.*

1 **S** E E how the LOR D of Mercy spreads  
 His gentle Hands abroad ;  
 And warns us of the circling Foes,  
 That thirst to drink our Blood !

2 “ Fly to the Shelter of mine Arms,  
 “ And dwell secure from Fear ;  
 “ Nor Earth nor Hell shall pluck you thence,  
 “ Or reach, and wound you there. ”

3 With anxious Heart the Parent-Bird  
 Thus calls her Offspring round,  
 When horrid Vultures beat the Air,  
 And Slaughter stains the Ground.

4 The trembling Brood, by Nature taught,  
 Fly to the known Retreat ;  
 Beneath her downy Wings are safe,  
 And find the Shelter sweet.

5 But Men, alas ! more thoughtless Men,  
 Refuse to lend an Ear ;

Their

Their only Refuge madly fly  
And rather die, than hear.

- 6 They spurn the Saviour's offer'd Grace,  
Till they his Wrath inflame;  
Then Desolation lays them low  
In Agony and Shame.

CLXXXVI. *The Abounding of Iniquity, and Coldness  
of Christian Love. Matt. xxiv. 12.*

*For a Fast-Day.*

- 1 ALAS for *Britain*, and her Sons!  
What hath she not to fear?  
The Sins, that ruin'd *Salem* once,  
O how triumphant here!
- 2 Alas the strong o'erflowing Tide!  
How fiercely doth it rage!  
And each foreboding Symptom joins  
In terrible Prefage.
- 3 Yet who hath Eyes that can discern?  
Or who an Ear to hear?  
Whose Heart is trembling for the Ark?  
Or for his Country dear?
- 4 Cold is the Love of Christian Breasts,  
If Christian Breasts remain;  
And dying the last Sparks of Zeal,  
Or its last Efforts vain.
- 5 Of *Britain*, oft chastis'd and sav'd,  
What shall the End be found?

Shall

Shall not the Sword, that waves so long,  
 Inflict the deeper Wound ?

6 O stay thine Arm, All-gracious God ;  
 Thy Spirit largely pour ;  
 He can the Streams of Guilt restrain,  
 And dying Love restore.

CLXXXVII. *The final Sentence, and Happiness of  
 the Righteous.* Matt. xxv. 34.

1 **A**T T E N D mine Ear ; my heart rejoice ;  
 While *Jesus* from his Throne,  
 Begirt with all th' angelic Hosts  
 Makes his last Sentence known.

2 When Sinners, cursed from his Face,  
 To raging Flames are driv'n,  
 His Voice, with Melody divine,  
 Thus calls his Saints to Heav'n.

3 “ Blest of my Father, all draw near,  
 “ Receive the large Reward ;  
 “ And rise with Raptures to possess  
 “ The Kingdom Love prepared.

4 “ Ere Earth's Foundations first were laid,  
 “ This sov'reign Purpose wrought,  
 “ And rear'd those Palaces divine,  
 “ To which you now are brought,

5 “ There shall you reign unnumber'd Years,  
 “ Protected by my Pow'r,  
 “ While Sin and Hell, and Pains and Cares  
 “ Shall vex your Souls no more.”

6 Come,



5 Come, dear majestic Saviour, come,  
 'This *Jubilee* proclaim,  
 And teach us Accents fit to praise  
 So great, so dear a Name.

CLXXXVIII. *Relieving CHRIST in his poor  
 Saints. Matt. xxv. 40.*

1 J E S U S, my L O R D, how rich thy Grace!  
 J 'Thy Bounties how compleat!  
 How shall I count the matchless Sum?  
 How pay the matchless Debt?

2 High on a Throne of radiant Light  
 Dost Thou exalted shine:  
 What can my Poverty bestow,  
 When all the Worlds are Thine?

3 But thou hast Brethren here below,  
 The Partners of thy Grace,  
 And wilt confess their humble Names  
 Before thy Father's Face.

4 In them Thou may'st be cloath'd, and fed,  
 And visited, and chear'd;  
 And in their Accents of Distress  
 My Saviour's Voice is heard.

5 Thy Face with Rev'ence and with Love  
 I in thy Poor would see;  
 O rather let me beg my Bread,  
 Than hold it back from Thee.

CLXXXIX. *The final Sentence and Misery of the Wicked.* Matt. xxv. 41.

- 1    **A**ND will the Judge descend?  
       And must the Dead arise?  
 And not a single Soul escape  
       His all-discerning Eyes?
- 2    And from his righteous Lips  
       Shall such a Sentence sound?  
 And thro' the Millions of the Damn'd  
       Spread black Despair around?
- 3    “ Depart from me, Accurs'd,  
       “ To everlasting Flame,  
       “ For Rebel-Angels first prepar'd,  
       “ Where Mercy never came.”
- 4    How will my Heart endure  
       The Terrors of that Day,  
 When Earth and Heav'n before his Face  
       Astonish'd shrink away!
- 5    But ere that Trumpet shakes  
       The Mansions of the Dead,  
 Hark, from the Gospel's gentle Voice,  
       What joyful Tidings spread!
- 6    Ye Sinners, seek his Grace,  
       Whose Wrath ye cannot bear;  
 Fly to the Shelter of his Cross,  
       And find Salvation there.
- 7    So shall that Curse remove  
       By which the Saviour bled,

And the last awful Day shall pour  
His Blessings on your Head.

CXC. CHRIST'S Submission to his Father's Will.  
Matt. xxvi. 42.

1 FATHER divine," (the Saviour cried,  
While Horrors press'd on ev'ry Side,  
And prostrate on the Ground he lay)  
" Remove this bitter Cup away.

2 " But if these Pangs must still be borne,  
" Or helpless Man be left forlorn,  
" I bow my Soul before thy Throne,  
" And say, *Thy Will, not mine be done.*"

3 Thus our submissive Souls would bow,  
And, taught by *Jesus*, lie as low;  
Our Hearts, and not our Lips alone,  
Would say, *Thy Will, not ours be done.*

4 Then, tho' like him in Dust we lie,  
We'll view the blissful Moment nigh,  
Which, from our Portion in his Pains,  
Calls to the Joy in which He reigns.

CXCI. Reflections on the Disciples forsaking CHRIST,  
when he was betrayed. Matt. xxvi. -56.

1 BEHOLD the Son of God's Delight;  
His Smiles how sweet! His Rays how bright!  
A Friend of Tenderness unknown:  
To the last Breath He lov'd his own.

2 But

- 2 But lo, his Friends, his Brethren dear  
Fled, when they saw his Danger near;  
And not one gen'rous Heart remains  
To shield his Life, or share his Pains.
- 3 So frail is Man; so frail are we,  
When unsupported, LORD, by Thee;  
Thus shrinks our Faith; thus droops our Love,  
And thus our Vows abortive prove.
- 4 Blest *Jesus*, thy own Pow'r impart,  
And bind in Cords of Love my Heart:  
The Fugitive no more shall flee,  
But keep, thro' Death, its Hold on Thee.

CXCII. CHRIST'S Complaint of his Father's forsaking him on the Cross. Matt. xxvii. 46.

- 1 **W**HAT doleful Accents do I hear?  
What piercing Cry invades mine Ear?  
Loaded with Shame, and bath'd in Blood,  
Who calls to a forsaking GOD?
- 2 Amazing and Heart-rending Sight!  
'Tis his own Darling and Delight,  
Who once in his Embraces lay,  
Dearer than all the Sons of Day!
- 3 Yet when this *Jesus* died for me,  
Distended on the cursed Tree,  
God stood afar, nor would afford  
One pitying Look, one chearing Word.
- 4 What then, my Soul, must thou have felt,  
If press'd with all thy Load of Guilt,

- Beneath whose Weight the Saviour cries,  
 Who form'd the Earth, and built the Skies ?
- 5 But in that dark tremendous Hour  
 Unconquer'd Faith exerts its Pow'r ;  
*My GOD, my Father,* cried aloud,  
 And Heav'n th' endearing Name avow'd.
- 6 From Death, from Earth, he rais'd his Son,  
 And gave him for his Cross a Throne ;  
 Triumphant there the Suff'rer reigns,  
 And reaps the Harvest of his Pains.
- 7 Eternal Raptures there are known ;  
 Nor flows the Joy on Him alone :  
 But, for his Sake, the LORD hath swore  
 To leave the meanest Saint no more.

CXCIII. *The same.* Matt. xxvii. 46.

- 1 **M**Y Saviour, didst Thou die for me ?  
 For me send forth that bitter Cry ?  
 With bleeding Heart thy Wounds I see,  
 Prepar'd at thy Command to die.
- 2 By all thine Anguish on the Cross,  
 When God thy Father stood afar,  
 Rich in thy temporary Loss,  
 Thy Church is brought for ever near.
- 3 From far the Beamings of thy Throne  
 Reviv'd my sympathizing Heart ;  
 Thy Love made Sinners Grievs thy own,  
 Mine in thy Joys must take its Part.
- 4 'Midst all the Splendors of thy Reign,  
 Think on the Sorrows Thou hast felt ;

Nor let a Mourner weep in vain,  
For whom thy precious Blood was spilt.

5 While thro' Earth's darkest Gloom I tread,  
Dart to my Soul a chearing Ray ;  
And on the Confines of the Dead,  
Thy Pow'r, as LORD of Life, display.

CXCIV. *The Angel's Reply to the Women that sought CHRIST.* Matt. xxviii. 5, 6.

1 YE humble Souls, that seek the LORD,  
Chafe all your Fears away :  
And bow with Pleasure down to see  
The Place where *Jesus* lay.

2 Thus low the LORD of Life was brought ;  
Such Wonders Love can do ;  
Thus cold in Death that Bosom lay,  
Which throb'd, and bled for you.

3 A Moment give a Loose to Grief ;  
Let grateful Sorrows rise,  
And wash the bloody Stains away  
With Torrents from your Eyes.

4 Then raise your Eyes, and tune your Songs,  
The Saviour lives again ;  
Not all the Bolts and Bars of Death  
The Conqu'ror could detain.

5 High o'er th' angelic Band he rears  
His once dishonour'd Head ;  
And thro' unnumber'd Years He reigns,  
Who dwelt among the Dead.

6 With Joy like his shall ev'ry Saint  
 His empty Tomb survey ;  
 Then rise with his ascending LORD  
 Thro' all his shining Way.

CXCV. CHRIST *ever present with his Ministers and Churches.* Matt. xxviii. -20.

1 WIDE o'er all Worlds the Saviour reigns ;  
 Unmov'd his Pow'r and Love remains ;  
 And on his Arm his Church shall rest.

Fair *Zion*, joyful in her King,  
 'Thro' ev'ry changing Age shall sing,  
 With his perpetual Presence blest.

2 Tyrannic Death, in vain thy Rage,  
 Thy Triumphs new in ev'ry Age,  
 O'er the first Heroes of his Host ;  
 Conscious of more than mortal Aid,  
 Our bleeding Hearts are not dismay'd,  
 But an immortal Leader boast.

3 Tho' buried deep in Dust they lie,  
 Whose tuneful Voices, rais'd on high,  
 Led the sweet Anthems to his Name ;  
 The Children learn the Fathers Song,  
 And unform'd Tongues shall still prolong  
 The ever-present Saviour's Fame.

4 The present Saviour He shall give  
 Millions of future Saints to live,  
 And croud the Temples of his Grace :  
 The present Saviour, lo, He comes  
 To call whole Legions from their Tombs,  
 And teach their Dust sublimer Praise.

CXCVI. *Departed Saints asleep.* Mark v. 39.

- 1 “ **WHY** flow these Torrents of Distress ?”  
 (The gentle Saviour cries)  
 “ Why are my sleeping Saints survey’d  
 “ With unbelieving Eyes ?”
- 2 “ Death’s feeble Arm shall never boast,  
 “ A Friend of *Christ* is slain ;  
 “ Nor o’er their meaner Part in Dust  
 “ A lasting Pow’r retain.
- 3 “ I come, on Wings of Love I come,  
 “ The Slumb’ers to awake ;  
 “ My Voice shall reach the deepest Tomb,  
 “ And all its Bonds shall break.
- 4 “ Touch’d by my Hand, in Smiles they rise ;  
 “ They rise to sleep no more ;  
 “ But rob’d with Light, and crown’d with Joy,  
 “ To endless Day they soar.”
- 5 *Jesus*, our Faith receives thy Word ;  
 And, tho’ fond Nature weep,  
 Grace learns to hail the pious Dead,  
 And emulate their Sleep.
- 6 Our willing Souls thy Summons wait  
 With them to rest and praise ;  
 So let thy much-lov’d Presence cheer  
 These separating Days.



CXCVII. *The Struggle between Faith and Unbelief.*  
Mark ix. 24.

- 1 *J*ESUS, our Souls delightful Choice,  
In Thee believing we rejoice;  
Yet still our Joy is mix'd with Grief,  
While Faith contends with Unbelief.
- 2 Thy Promises our Hearts revive,  
And keep our fainting Hopes alive;  
But Guilt, and Fears, and Sorrows rise,  
And hide the Promise from our Eyes.
- 3 O let not Sin and *Satan* boast,  
While Saints lie mourning in the Dust;  
Nor see that Faith to Ruin brought,  
Which thy own gracious Hand hath wrought.
- 4 Do Thou the dying Spark inflame;  
Reveal the Glories of thy Name;  
And put all anxious Doubts to Flight,  
As Shades dispers'd by op'ning Light.

CXCVIII. *CHRIST'S condescending Regard to little Children.* Mark x. 14.

- 1 *S*EE *Israel's* gentle Shepherd stand  
With all-engaging Charms;  
Hark how he calls the tender Lambs,  
And folds them in his Arms!
- 2 " Permit them to approach (he cries)  
" Nor scorn their humble Name;  
" For 'twas to bless such Souls as these,  
" The Lord of Angels came."

3 We bring them, LORD, in thankful Hands,  
And yield them up to Thee;  
Joyful that we ourselves are thine,  
'Thine let our Offspring be.

4 Ye little Flock, with Pleasure hear:  
Ye Children, seek his Face;  
And fly with Transport to receive  
The Blessings of his Grace.

5 If Orphans they are left behind,  
Thy Guardian-Care we trust:  
That Care should heal our bleeding Hearts,  
If weeping o'er their Dust.

CXCIX. *Christian Watchfulness.* Mark xiii. 37.

1 A W A K E, my drowsy Soul, awake,  
And view the threat'ning Scene:  
Legions of Foes encamp around,  
And Treach'ry lurks within.

2 'Tis not this mortal Life alone  
These Enemies assail;  
All thine eternal Hopes are lost,  
If their Attempts prevail.

3 Now to the Work of God awake;  
Behold thy Master near;  
The various arduous Task pursue  
With Vigour and with Fear.

4 The awful Register goes on,  
Th' Account will surely come,  
And op'ning Day, or closing Night  
May bear me to my Doom.

5 Tremendous Thought! How deep it strikes!  
 Yet like a Dream it flies,  
 Till God's own Voice the Slumbers chase  
 From these deluded Eyes.

CC. *The Nativity of CHRIST.* Luke ii. 10—12.

1 HAIL, Progeny\* divine!  
 Hail, Virgin's wond'rous Son!  
 Who, for that humble Shrine,  
 Didst quit th' Almighty's Throne:  
 The Infant Lord  
 Our Voices sing,  
 And be the King  
 Of Grace ador'd.

2 Ye Princes, disappear,  
 And boast your Crowns no more;  
 Lay down your Sceptres here,  
 And in the Dust adore:  
 Where *Jesus* dwells,  
 The Manger bare  
 In Lustre far  
 Your Pomp excels.

3 With *Bethlem's* Shepherds mild  
 The Angels bow their Head;  
 And round the sacred Child  
 Their Guardian-Wings they spread;  
 They knew, that where  
 Their Sov'reign lies  
 In low Disguise,  
 Heav'n's Court is there.

\* *Offspring.*

4 Thither,

4 Thither, my Soul, repair,  
 And earthly Homage pay  
 To thy Redeemer fair,  
 As on his natal \* Day:  
     I kiss thy Feet;  
     And, LORD, would be  
     A Child like Thee,  
     Whom thus I greet.

\* *Birth-day.*

CCI. *The Angels Song at CHRIST's Birth.* Luke  
 ii. 13, 14.

1 HIGH let us swell our tuneful Notes,  
     And join th' angelic Throng;  
 For Angels no such Love have known  
     T' awake a chearful Song.

2 Good-Will to sinful Men is shewn,  
     And Peace on Earth is giv'n;  
 For lo, th' incarnate Saviour comes  
     With Messages from Heav'n.

3 Justice and Grace with sweet Accord  
     His rising Beams adorn;  
 Let Heav'n and Earth in Confort join,  
     Now such a Child is born.

4 Glory to God in highest Strains  
     In highest Worlds be paid;  
 His Glory by our Lips proclaim'd,  
     And by our Lives display'd.

5 When shall we reach those blisful Realms,  
     Where *Christ* exalted reigns,

And learn of the celestial Choir  
Their own immortal Strains ?

CCII. Simeon's Song and Declaration to the Virgin  
Mary. Luke ii. 30—35.

- 1    **O**UR Eyes Salvation see,  
      Prepar'd by Grace divine :  
How wide its Splendors are diffus'd !  
      How bright its Glories shine !
- 2    Thro' distant *Heathen* Lands  
      It darts a vivid \* Ray,  
And to the Realms, where *Satan* reign'd.  
      Imparts celestial Day.
- 3    The *Israel* of the LORD  
      In *Christ* their Glory boast,  
And on the Honours of his Name  
      Their whole Salvation trust.
- 4    By Him shall Millions rise  
      To an immortal Crown,  
And Millions, that his Grace despise,  
      Shall sink in Ruin down.
- 5    Our Reck'ning is begun,  
      And on th' Account will go,  
Till clos'd in everlasting Joy,  
      Or never-ending Woe.

\* *Lively.*

CCIII. CHRIST'S Message. Luke iv. 18, 19.

- 1    **H**ARK the glad Sound ! the Saviour comes !  
      The Saviour promis'd long !

Let

Let ev'ry Heart prepare a Throne,  
And ev'ry Voice a Song.

2 On Him the Spirit largely pour'd  
Exerts its sacred Fire ;  
Wisdom and Might, and Zeal and Love  
His holy Breast inspire.

3 He comes the Pris'ners to release,  
In *Satan's* Bondage held ;  
The Gates of Brass before him burst,  
The Iron Fetters yield.

4 He comes, from thickest Films of Vice  
To clear the mental Ray,  
And on the Eye-Balls of the Blind  
To pour celestial Day.

5 He comes the broken Heart to bind,  
The bleeding Soul to cure,  
And with the Treasures of his Grace  
T' enrich the humble Poor.

6 His Silver Trumpets publish loud  
The *Jub'lee* of the LORD\* ;  
Our Debts are all remitted now,  
Our Heritage restor'd.

7 Our glad *Hosannas*, Prince of Peace,  
Thy Welcome shall proclaim ;  
And Heav'n's eternal Arches ring  
With thy beloved Name.

\* *The acceptable Year of the Lord, i. e. the Year of Jubilee, Levit. xxv.*

CCIV. *The recovered Demoniac, an Emblem of a converted Sinner.* Luke viii. 35.

- 1 **J**ESUS, we own thy saving Pow'r,  
And thy victorious Hand ;  
Hell's Legions tremble at thy Feet,  
And fly at thy Command.
- 2 O'er Souls, by Passions Uproar fill'd  
With Anarchy\* unknown,  
The nobler Pow'rs, restor'd by Thee,  
Ascend their peaceful Throne.
- 3 No more they rend their Cloathing off,  
No more their Wounds repeat ;  
But gentle and compos'd they wait  
Attentive at thy Feet.
- 4 O'er thousands more, where *Satan* rules,  
May we such Triumphs see ;  
And be their rescu'd Souls and ours  
Devoted, LORD, to Thee.

\* *Confusion and Disorder.*

CCV. *The good Samaritan.* Luke x. 30—37.

- 1 **F**ATHER of Mercies, send thy Grace  
All-pow'rful from above,  
To form in our obedient Souls  
The Image of thy Love.
- 2 O may our sympathizing Breasts  
That gen'rous Pleasure know

Kindly

Kindly to share in others Joy,  
And weep for others Woe!

3 When the most helpless Sons of Grief  
In low Distress are laid,  
Soft be our Hearts their Pains to feel,  
And swift our Hands to aid.

4 So *Jesus* look'd on dying Men,  
When thron'd above the Skies,  
And, 'midst th' Embraces of his GOD,  
He felt Compassion rise.

5 On Wings of Love the Saviour flew  
To raise us from the Ground,  
And made the richest of his Blood  
A Balm for ev'ry Wound.

CCVI. *The Care of the Soul, the one Thing needful.*  
Luke x. 42-.

1 **WHY** will ye lavish out your Years  
Amidst a thousand trifling Cares?  
While in this various Range of Thought  
*The one Thing needful* is forgot?

2 Why will ye chase the fleeting Wind,  
And famish an immortal Mind;  
While Angels with Regret look down  
To see you spurn a heav'nly Crown?

3 Th' Eternal GOD calls from above,  
And *Jesus* pleads his bleeding Love;  
Awaken'd Conscience gives you Pain;  
And shall they join their Pleas in vain?

4 Not



- 4 Not so your dying Eyes shall view  
Those Objects, which ye now pursue ;  
Not so shall Heav'n and Hell appear,  
When the decisive Hour is near.
- 5 Almighty God, thy Pow'r impart  
To fix Convictions on the Heart ;  
Thy Pow'r unveils the blindest Eyes,  
And makes the haughtiest Scorners wise.

CCVII. *Mary's Choice of the better Part.* Luke

x. -42.

- 1 **B**ESET with Snares on ev'ry Hand,  
In Life's uncertain Path I stand :  
Saviour divine, diffuse thy Light  
To guide my doubtful Footsteps right.
- 2 Engage this roving treach'rous Heart  
To fix on *Mary's* better Part ;  
To scorn the Trifles of a Day  
For Joys that none can take away.
- 3 Then let the wildest Storms arise :  
Let Tempests mingle Earth and Skies ;  
No fatal Shipwreck shall I fear,  
But all my Treasures with me bear.
- 4 If Thou, my *Jesus*, still be nigh,  
Chearful I live, and joyful die :  
Secure, when mortal Comforts flee,  
To find ten thousand Worlds in Thee.

CCVIII.

CCVIII. *CHRIST's little Flock comforted with the Views of a Kingdom.* Luke xii. 32.

- 1 YE little Flock, whom *Jesus* feeds,  
Dismiss your anxious Cares ;  
Look to the Shepherd of your Souls,  
And smile away your Fears.
- 2 Tho' Wolves and Lions prowl around,  
His Staff is your Defence :  
'Midst Sands and Rocks your Shepherd's Voice  
Calls Streams and Pastures thence.
- 3 Your Father will a Kingdom give,  
And give it with Delight ;  
His feeblest Child his Lo'e shall call  
To triumph in his Sight.
- 4 Ten thousand Praises, Lord, we bring  
For sure Supports like these :  
And e'er the pious Dead we sing  
Thy living Promises.
- 5 For all we hope, and they enjoy,  
We bless a Saviour's Name ;  
Nor shall that Stroke disturb the Song,  
Which breaks this mortal Frame.

CCIX. *Providing Bags that wax not old, &c.*  
Luke xii. 33.

- 1 THESE mortal Joys, how soon they fade !  
How swift they pass away !  
The dying Flow'r reclines its Head,  
The Beauty of a Day !

2 The

- 2 The Bags are rent, the Treasures lost,  
We fondly call'd our own :  
Scarce could we the Possession boast,  
And strait we found it gone.
- 3 But there are Joys that cannot die,  
Which God laid up in Store ;  
Treasure beyond the changing Sky,  
Brighter than golden Ore.
- 4 To that my rising Heart aspires,  
Secure to find its Rest,  
And glories in such wide Desires  
Of all their Wish possess'd.
- 5 The Seeds, which Piety and Love  
Have scatter'd here below,  
In the fair fertile Fields above  
To ample Harvests grow.
- 6 The Mite my willing Hands can give  
At *Jesus'* Feet I lay ;  
Grace shall the humble Gift receive,  
And Heav'n at large repay.

CCX. *The active Christian.* Luke xii. 35—38.

- 1 YE Servants of the LORD,  
Each in his Office wait,  
Observant of his heav'nly Word,  
And watchful at his Gate.
- 2 Let all your Lamps be bright,  
And trim the golden Flame ;  
Gird up your Loins, as in his Sight,  
For awful is his Name.

3 Watch, 'tis your LORD's Command;  
 And while we speak, He's near:  
 Mark the first Signal of his Hand,  
 And ready all appear.

4 O happy Servant he  
 In such a Posture found!  
 He shall his LORD with Rapture see,  
 And be with Honour crown'd.

5 *Christ* shall the Banquet spread  
 With his own royal Hand,  
 And raise that fav'rite Servant's Head  
 Amidst th' angelic Band.

CCXI. *Room at the Gospel-Feast.* Luke xiv. -22.

1 THE King of Heav'n his Table spreads,  
 And Dainties crown the Board;  
 Not Paradise with all its Joys  
 Could such Delight afford.

2 Pardon and Peace to dying Men,  
 And endless Life are giv'n,  
 And the rich Blood, that *Jesus* shed  
 To raise the Soul to Heav'n.

3 Ye hungry Poor, that long have stray'd  
 In Sin's dark Mazes, come:  
 Come from the Hedges and Highways,  
 And Grace shall find you Room.

4 Millions of Souls, in Glory now  
 Were fed and feasted here;  
 And Millions more, still on the Way,  
 Around the Board appear.

5 Yet is his House and Heart so large,  
That Millions more may come ;  
Nor could the wide-assembling World  
O'erfill the spacious Room.

6 All Things are ready ; come away,  
Nor weak Excuses frame ;  
Croud to your Places at the Feast,  
And bless the Founder's Name.

CCXII. *The present and future State of the Saint and  
Sinner compared. Luke xvi. 25.*

1 IN what Confusion Earth appears !  
God's dearest Children bath'd in Tears ;  
While they, who Heav'n itself deride,  
Riot in Luxury and Pride.

2 But patient let my Soul attend,  
And, ere I censure, view the End :  
That End, how diff'rent, who can tell ?  
The wide Extremes of Heav'n and Hell.

3 See the red Flames around him twine,  
Who did in Gold and Purple shine !  
Nor can his Tongue one Drop obtain  
T' allay the Scorching of his Pain.

4 While round the Saint, so poor below,  
Full Rivers of Salvation flow ;  
On *Abram's* Breast he leans his Head,  
And banquets on celestial Bread.

5 *Jesus*, my Saviour, let me share  
The meanest of thy Servants Fare ;

May I at last approach to taste  
The Blessings of thy Marriage-Feast.

CCXIII. *Rebels against CHRIST executed.* Luke  
xix. 27.

- 1 HE comes ; the royal Conqu'ror comes ;  
His Legions fill the Sky ;  
Angelic Trumpets rend the Tombs,  
And loud proclaim him nigh.
- 2 Ye Rebel Hosts, how vain your Rage  
Against this sov'reign Lord ?  
What Madnefs bears you on t' engage  
The Terrors of his Sword ?
- 3 " Bring forth (he cries) those Sons of Pride,  
" That scorn'd my gentle Sway,  
" To prove the Arm they once defy'd  
" Omnipotent to slay."
- 4 Tremendous Scene of Wrath divine !  
How wide the Vengeance spreads !  
His pointed Darts of Lightning shine  
Round their defenceless Heads.
- 5 Now let the Rebels seek that Face,  
From which they cannot flee !  
And thou, my Soul, adore the Grace,  
That sweetly conquer'd thee.

CCXIV. *The Redeemer's Tears wept over lost Souls.*  
Luke xix. 41, 42.

- 1 WHAT venerable Sight appears ?  
The Son of God dissolv'd in Tears ?

Trace,

Trace, O my Soul, with sad Surprise,  
The Sorrows of a Saviour's Eyes.

2 From whom, blest *Jesus*, we would know,  
Doth such a sacred Torrent flow?

What Brother, or what Friend of Thine,  
Is grac'd and mourn'd with Drops divine?

3 Nor Brother there, nor Friend I see,  
But Sons of Pride and Cruelty;  
Who like rapacious Tigers stood  
Insatiate panting for thy Blood.

4 Dear LORD, and did thy gushing Eyes  
Thus stream o'er dying Enemies?  
And can thy Tenderneſs forget  
The Sinner humbled at thy Feet?

5 With deep Remorſe our Bowels move,  
'That we have wrong'd ſuch matchleſs Love;  
Thy gentle Pity, LORD, diſplay,  
And ſmile theſe trembling Fears away.

6 Give us to ſhine before thy Face,  
Eternal Trophies of thy Grace;  
Where Songs of Praise thy Saints employ,  
And mingle with a Saviour's Joy.

CCXV. *Departed Saints living to GOD.* Luke  
xx. -38.

1 **T**HRIſE happy State, where Saints ſhall live  
Around their Father's Throne,  
In ev'ry Joy, that Heav'n can give,  
And live to God alone!

2 Un.

- 2 Unnumber'd Bands of Kindred Minds,  
That dwelt in feeble Clay,  
Us and our Woes have left behind  
To reign in endless Day.
- 3 Immortal Vigour now they breathe,  
And all the Air is Peace;  
They chide our Tears, that mourn the Death,  
Which brought their Souls Release.
- 4 Thus shall the Grace of *Christ* prevail,  
Till all his Chosen meet;  
And not the meanest Servant fail  
His Household to compleat.
- 5 To that blest Goal \* with ardent Haste  
Our active Souls would tend;  
Nor feel their Sorrows as they pass'd  
To such a blisful End.

\* *The End of a Race, where the Prize was hung.*

CCXVI. CHRIST'S Admonition to, and Care of  
Peter, under approaching Trials. Luke xxii.  
31, 32.

- 1 HOW keen the Tempter's Malice is!  
How artful, and how great!  
Tho' not one Grain shall be destroy'd,  
Yet will he sift the Wheat.
- 2 But God can all his Pow'r controul,  
And gather in his Chain;  
And, where he seems to triumph most,  
The captive Soul regain.

3 There



Trace, O my Soul, with sad Surprize,  
The Sorrows of a Saviour's Eyes.

2 From whom, blest *Jesus*, we would know,  
Doth such a sacred Torrent flow?

What Brother, or what Friend of Thine,  
Is grac'd and mourn'd with Drops divine?

3 Nor Brother there, nor Friend I see,  
But Sons of Pride and Cruelty;  
Who like rapacious Tigers stood  
Insatiate panting for thy Blood.

4 Dear LORD, and did thy gushing Eyes  
Thus stream o'er dying Enemies?  
And can thy Tenderneſs forget  
The Sinner humbled at thy Feet?

5 With deep Remorſe our Bowels move,  
That we have wrong'd ſuch matchleſs Love;  
Thy gentle Pity, LORD, diſplay,  
And ſmile theſe trembling Fears away.

6 Give us to ſhine before thy Face,  
Eternal Trophies of thy Grace;  
Where Songs of Praise thy Saints employ,  
And mingle with a Saviour's Joy.

CCXV. *Departed Saints living to GOD.* Luke  
xx. -38.

1 **T**HRIſE happy State, where Saints ſhall live  
Around their Father's Throne,  
In ev'ry Joy, that Heav'n can give,  
And live to God alone!

2 Un-

- 2 Unnumber'd Bands of Kindred Minds,  
That dwelt in feeble Clay,  
Us and our Woes have left behind  
To reign in endless Day.
- 3 Immortal Vigour now they breathe,  
And all the Air is Peace;  
They chide our Tears, that mourn the Death,  
Which brought their Souls Release.
- 4 Thus shall the Grace of *Christ* prevail,  
Till all his Chosen meet;  
And not the meanest Servant fail  
His Household to compleat.
- 5 To that blest Goal\* with ardent Haste  
Our active Souls would tend;  
Nor feel their Sorrows as they pass'd  
To such a blisful End.

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Yet will he sift the Wheat.
- 2 But God can all his Pow'r controul,  
And gather in his Chain;  
And, where he seems to triumph most,  
The captive Soul regain.

3 There

- 3 There is a Shepherd kind and strong,  
 Still watchful for his Sheep ;  
 Nor shall th' infernal Lion rend,  
 Whom he vouchsafes to keep.
- 4 Blest *Jesus*, intercede for us,  
 That we may fall no more ;  
 O raise us, when we prostrate lie,  
 And Comfort lost restore.
- 5 Thy secret Energy impart,  
 That Faith may never fail ;  
 But, 'midst whole Show'rs of fiery Darts,  
 That temper'd Shield prevail.
- 6 Secur'd ourselves by Grace divine,  
 We'll guard our Brethren too ;  
 And, taught their Frailty by our own,  
 Our Care of them renew.

CCXVII. CHRIST'S Prayer for his Enemies.  
 Luke xxiii. 34.

- 1 **A**LOUD I sing the wond'rous Grace,  
*Christ* to his Murd'ers bare ;  
 Which made the tort'ring Cross its Throne,  
 And hung its Trophies there.
- 2 *Father*, forgive, his Mercy cried  
 With his expiring Breath,  
 And drew eternal Blessings down  
 On those, who wrought his Death.
- 3 Then may I hope for Pardon too,  
 Tho' I have pierc'd the Lord ;

Blest *Jesus*, in my Favour speak  
That all-prevailing Word.

4 I knew not what my Madness did,  
While I remain'd thy Foe :  
Soon as I saw the Wounds were thine,  
My Tears began to flow.

5 Melted by Goodness so divine,  
I would its Footsteps trace ;  
And, while beneath thy Cross I stand,  
My fiercest Foes embrace.

CCXVIII. *The Resurrection of CHRIST.*  
Luke xxiv. 34.

1 Y E S, the Redeemer rose ;  
The Saviour left the Dead ;  
And o'er our hellish Foes  
High-rais'd his conqu'ring Head :  
In wild Dismay  
The Guards around  
Fell to the Ground,  
And sunk away.

2 Lo, the angelic Bands  
In full Assembly meet,  
To wait his high Commands,  
And worship at his Feet :  
Joyful they come,  
And wing their Way  
From Realms of Day  
To such a Tomb.

3 Then back to Heav'n they fly,  
 And the glad Tidings bear:  
 Hark! as they soar on high,  
 What Music fills the Air!

Their Anthems say,

“ Jesus who bled

“ Hath left the Dead;

“ He rose To-day.”

4 Ye Mortals, catch the Sound,  
 Redeem'd by him from Hell;  
 And send the Echo round  
 The Globe on which you dwell;

Transported cry,

“ Jesus who bled,

“ Hath left the Dead,

“ No more to die.

5 All-hail, triumphant Lord,  
 Who sav'it us with thy Blood!  
 Wide be thy Name ador'd,  
 'Thou rising, reigning God!

With Thee we rise,

With Thee we reign,

And Empires gain

Beyond the Skies.

CCXIX. *The Gospel first preached at Jerufalem.*  
 Luke xxiv. -47.

1 “ GO (saith the Lord) proclaim my Grace  
 “ To all the Sons of *Adam's* Race,  
 “ Pardon for ev'ry Crimfon Sin,  
 “ And at *Jerufalem* begin.

2 “ There

2 “ There, where my Blood, not fully dry,  
 “ Stands warm upon Mount *Calvary* ;  
 “ That Blood shall purge away their Guilt,  
 “ By whom so lately it was spilt.

3 “ Now let the daring Rebels turn,  
 “ And o’er the bleeding Sov’rign mourn ;  
 “ Their bleeding Sov’rign shall forgive,  
 “ And bid the Rebels look and live.”

4 Is this thy Voice, All-gracious Lord ?  
 And did the Rebels hear thy Word ?  
 And did they fall beneath thy Feet,  
 And on their Knees Forgiveness meet ?

5 Then may I hope for Mercy too ;  
 Such Love can my hard Heart subdue,  
 And give this guilty Soul a Place  
 Among these Captives of thy Grace.

6 Here be it daily my Employ  
 To bathe thy Wounds with Tears of Joy,  
 Till, ’midst the New Jerusalem,  
 In one full Choir we sing thy Name.

CCXX. *G O D’s Love to the World in sending  
 CHRIST for its Redemption. John iii. 16.*

1 SING to the Lord a new melodious Song :  
 Assist the Choir, ye Tribes of ev’ry Tongue :  
 Wide as the World his sov’rign Mercy reigns ;  
 Wide as the World resound the rapt’rous Strains.  
 Ye Angels, join the joyful Acclamation,  
 And sing the Love, that brings to Men Salvation.

2 His gracious Eye beheld in full Survey  
 Where *Adam's* Race in mingled Ruin lay :  
 No human Aid the Danger could avert :  
 No Angel's Hand could soothe the raging Smart :  
 In his own Breast divine Compassion rises,  
 And the grand Scheme the Court of Heav'n surprises.

3 God's only Son with peerless \* Glories bright,  
 His Father's fairest Image and Delight,  
 Justice and Grace the Victim have decreed,  
 To wear our Flesh, and in that Flesh to bleed.  
 Prostrate in Dust, ye Sinners, all adore him,  
 And tremble, while your Hearts rejoice before him.

4 The wond'rous Work is done; the Cov'rant stood,  
 And *Jesus* expiates human Guilt with Blood ;  
 Nail'd to the Tree he bows his sacred Head ;  
 A mangied Corpse he sojourns with the Dead ;  
 Rising, the Gospel sends thro' ev'ry Nation ;  
 Sinners believe, and gain complete Salvation.

5 Father of Grace, accept our humble Praise ;  
 O let it run thro' everlasting Days !  
 And Thou, blest Saviour, spotless Lamb of God,  
 Accept the Souls dear-ransom'd with thy Blood ;  
 And to those Songs, form all our feeble Voices ;  
 In which the Choir round thy bright Throne rejoices.

\* *Unequall'd.*

CCXXI. *The Spirit's Influences compared to living  
 Water. John iv. 10.*

1 BLEST *Jesus*, Source of Grace divine,  
 What Soul-refreshing Streams are Thine ?  
 O bring

O bring these healing Waters nigh,  
Or we must droop, and fall, and die.

2 No Traveller thro' desert Lands,  
'Midst scorching Suns, and burning Sands,  
More eager longs for cooling Rain,  
Or pants the Current to obtain.

3 Our longing Souls aloud would sing,  
Spring up, celestial Fountain, spring ;  
'To a redundant River flow,  
And cheer this thirsty Land below.

4 May this blest Torrent, near my Side,  
Thro' all the Desert gently glide ;  
Then in *Emanuel's* Land above  
Spread to a Sea of Joy and Love.

CCXXII. *The Christian's secret Feast.* John iv. 32.

1 WE praise the Lord for heav'nly Bread,  
With which immortal Souls are fed ;  
We praise Thee for that heav'nly Feast,  
Which *Jesus* with Delight could taste.

2 He, while He sojourn'd here below,  
Had Meat, which Strangers could not know :  
That Meat He to his People gives,  
And he that tastes the Banquet lives.

2 So let me live, sustain'd by Grace,  
Regal'd with Fruits of Righteousness :  
Enter my Heart, All-gracious Lord,  
And sup with me, and deck thy Board.



- 4 Devotion, Faith, and zealous Love,  
And Hope, that bears the Soul above,  
Be these my Dainties, till I rise,  
And taste the Joys of Paradise.

CCXXIII. *The Paralytic at Bethesda.* John v. 6.

- 1 **B**EHOLD the great Physician stands,  
Whose Skill is ever sure ;  
And loud he calls to dying Men,  
And free he offers Cure.
- 2 And will ye hear his gracious Voice,  
While fore-diseas'd ye lie ?  
Or will ye all his Grace despise,  
And trifle till ye die ?
- 3 Blest *Jesus* speak the healing Word,  
And inward Vigour give ;  
'Then, rais'd by Energy divine,  
Shall helpless Mortals live.
- 4 With chearful Pace our trembling Feet  
In thy blest Paths shall run,  
Till *Zion's* healthful Hill they gain,  
Where no Complaint is known.

CCXXIV. *GOD's Purposes effectual and CHRIST's  
Invitations sincere.* John vi. 37.

- 1 **I**S there a Sight in Earth or Heav'n  
Can such Delight impart,  
As *Jesus'* wide-extended Arms  
And softly melting Heart ?

2 “ All that my heav’nly Father gives  
 “ Shall come (the Saviour cries)  
 “ And ev’ry weakeſt Soul, that comes  
 “ Find Favour in mine Eyes.

3 “ I’ll not reject him with Diſdain,  
 “ Nor hurl him down to Hell;  
 “ But, folded in my kind Embrace,  
 “ He ſafe and bleſt ſhall dwell.”

4 Hearken, ye dying Sinners all;  
 All haſten, while ye hear;  
 For Crouds of wretched Souls at once  
 May find their Refuge there.

5 I hear thy Voice, and I obey;  
 Low at thy Feet I fall;  
 Nor ſhall the Tempter’s Voice prevail  
 Againſt the Saviour’s Call.

CCXXV. CHRIST’S *Invitation to thirsty Souls.*  
 . John vii. 37.

1 THE Lord of Life exalted ſtands,  
 Aloud he cries, and ſpreads his Hands:  
 He calls ten thouſand Sinners round,  
 And ſends a Voice from ev’ry Wound.

2 “ Attend, ye thirsty Souls, draw near,  
 “ And ſatiate all your Wiſhes here:  
 “ Behold the living Fountain flows  
 “ In Streams as various as your Woes.

3 “ An ample Pardon here I give,  
 “ And bid the ſentenc’d Rebel live,

- “ Shew him my Father’s smiling Face,  
 “ And lodge him in his dear Embrace.  
 4 “ I purge from Sin’s detested Stain,  
 “ And make the Crimson white again,  
 “ Lead to celestial Joys refin’d,  
 “ And lasting as the deathless Mind.  
 5 “ Must I anew my Pity prove ?  
 “ Witness the Words of melting Love;  
 “ The gushing Tear, the lab’ring Breath,  
 “ And all these Scars of bleeding Death.”  
 6 Blest Saviour, I can doubt no more ;  
 I hear, and wonder, and adore :  
 Panting I seek that Fountain-head,  
 Whence Waters so divine proceed.  
 7 Clear Spring of Life flow on and roll,  
 With growing Swell from Pole to Pole,  
 Till Flow’rs and Fruits of Paradise  
 Round all the winding Current rise.  
 8 Still near thy Stream may I be found,  
 Long as I tread this earthly Ground ;  
 Chear with thy Wave Death’s gloomy Shade,  
 Then thro’ the Fields of *Canaan* spread.

CCXXVI. *True Liberty given by CHRIST.*  
 John viii. 36.

- 1 **H**ARK ! for ’tis GOD’S own Son that calls  
 To Life and Liberty ;  
 Transported fall before his Feet,  
 Who makes the Pris’ners free.

- 2 The curfcd Bonds of Sin He breaks,  
 'And breaks old *Satan's* Chain :  
 Smiling He deals thofè Pardons round,  
 Which free from endless Pain.
- 5 Into the captive Heart he pours  
 His Spirit from on high ;  
 We lofe the Terrors of the Slave,  
 And *Abba*, Father, cry.
- 4 Shake off your Bonds, and fing his Grace ;  
 The Sinner's Friend proclaim ;  
 And call on all around to feek  
 True Freedom by his Name.
- 5 Walk on at large, till you attain  
 Your Father's Houfe above ;  
 There fhall you wear immortal Crowns,  
 And fing redeeming Love.

CCXXVII. *The fame.* John viii. 36.

- 1 **A**ND fhall we ftill be Slaves,  
 And in our Fetters lie,  
 When fummon'd by a Voice divine  
 T' assert our Liberty ?
- 2 Did the great Saviour bleed  
 Our Freedom to obtain,  
 That we fhould trample on his Blood,  
 And glory in our Chain ?
- 3 Alas, the fordid Mind !  
 How all its Pow'rs are broke !  
 Proud of a Tyrant's haughty Sway,  
 And practis'd to the Yoke ;

4 Divine Redeemer, hear,  
 Thy sov'reign Pow'r impart,  
 And let thy gen'rous Spirit wake  
 True Ardour in our Heart.

5 Then shall the Sons of Death,  
 That in the Dungeon lie,  
 Spring to the Throne of pard'ning Grace,  
 And *Abba*, Father, cry.

CCXXVIII. CHRIST *the Door*. John x. 9.

1 **A** WAKE our Souls, and bless his Name  
 Whose Mercies never fail;  
 Who opens wide a Door of Hope  
 In *Achar's* gloomy Vale\*.

2 Behold the Portal wide display'd,  
 The Buildings strong and fair;  
 Within are Pastures fresh and green,  
 And living Streams are there.

3 Enter, my Soul, with chearful Haste,  
 For *Jesus* is the Door;  
 Nor fear the Serpent's wily Arts,  
 Nor fear the Lion's Roar.

4 O may thy Grace the Nations lead,  
 And *Jews* and *Gentiles* come,  
 All trav'ling thro' one beauteous Gate  
 To one eternal Home.

\* *Hosea* ii. 15.

CCXXIX. *Abundant Life by CHRIST our Shepherd.* John x. -10.

1 P R A I S E to our Shepherd's gracious Name,  
Who on so kind an Errand came;  
Came, that by him his Flock might live,  
And more abundant Life receive.

2 Hail, great *Emmanuel* from above,  
High seated on thy Throne of Love!  
O pour the vital Torrent down,  
Thy People's Joy, their Lord's Renown.

3 Scarce half alive we sigh and cry;  
Scarce raise to Thee our languid Eye;  
Kind Saviour, let our dying State  
Compassion in thy Heart create.

4 The Shepherd's Blood the Sheep must heal;  
O may we all its Influence feel;  
Till inward deep Experience shew,  
CHRIST can begin a Heav'n below.

CCXXX. *CHRIST'S Sheep described.* John x. 27.

1 T H Y Flock, with what a tender Care,  
Blest *Jesus*, dost Thou keep?  
Fain would my weak, my wand'ring Soul  
Be number'd with thy Sheep.

2 Gentle and tractable and plain  
My Heart would ever be,  
Averse to Harm, propense to help,  
And faithful still to Thee.

3 The gentle Accents of thy Voice:  
 My list'ning Soul would hear ;  
 And by the Signals of thy Will,  
 I all my Course would steer.

4 I follow where my Shepherd leads,  
 And mark the Path he drew ;  
 My Shepherd's Feet Mount *Zion* tread,  
 And I shall reach it too.

CCXXXI. *The Happiness and Security of CHRIST'S  
 Sheep.* John x. 28.

1 **M**Y Soul, with Joy attend,  
 While *Jesus* Silence breaks ;  
 No Angel's Harp such Music yields.  
 As what my Shepherd speaks.

2 “ I know my Sheep ( he cries ).  
 “ My Soul approve them well :  
 “ Vain is the treach'rous World's Disguise,  
 “ And vain the Rage of Hell.

3 “ I freely feed them now  
 “ With Tokens of my Love,  
 “ But richer Pastures I prepare,  
 “ And sweeter Streams above.

4 “ Unnumber'd Years of Bliss  
 “ I to my Sheep will give ;  
 “ And while my Throne unshaken stands,  
 “ Shall all my Chosen live.

5 “ This tried almighty Hand  
 “ Is rais'd for their Defence :

“Where

“ Where is the Pow’r shall reach them there ?  
 “ Or what shall force them thence ?

6 Enough, my Gracious Lord,  
 Let Faith triumphant cry ;  
 My Heart can on this Promise live,  
 Can on this Promise die.

CCXXXII. CHRIST’S *Sheep given by the Father*  
*and guarded by Omnipotence.* John x. 29, 30.

1 I N one harmonious chearful Song,  
 Ye happy Saints, combine ;  
 Loud let it sound from ev’ry ‘Tongue,  
 The Saviour is divine.

2 The least, the feeblest of the Sheep.  
 To Him the Father gave ?  
 Kind is his Heart the Charge to keep  
 And strong his Arm to save.

3 In *Christ* the Almighty Father dwells,  
 And *Christ* and He are One ;  
 The Rebel Pow’r, which *Christ* assails,  
 Attacks the eternal Throne.

4 That Hand, which Heav’n and Earth sustains,  
 And bars the Gates of Hell,  
 And rivets *Satan* down in Chains,  
 Shall guard his Chosen well.

5 Now let th’ infernal Lion roar,  
 How vain his Threats appear !  
 When he can match JEHOVAH’S Pow’r,  
 I will begin to fear.



CCXXXIII. *The attractive Influence of a crucified Saviour.* John xii. 32.

- 1 BEHOLD th' amazing Sight,  
The Saviour lifted high!  
Behold the Son of God's Delight  
Expire in Agony.
- 2 For whom, for whom, my Heart,  
Were all these Sorrows borne?  
Why did He feel that piercing Smart,  
And meet that various Scorn?
- 3 For Love of us He bled,  
And all in Torture died:  
'Twas Love, that bow'd his fainting Head,  
And op'd his gushing Side.
- 4 I see, and I adore  
In Sympathy of Love:  
I feel the strong attractive Pow'r  
To lift, my Soul above.
- 5 Drawn by such Cords as these  
Let all the Earth combine  
With chearful Ardour to confess  
The Energy divine.
- 6 In Thee our Hearts unite,  
Nor share thy Griefs alone,  
But from thy Cross pursue their Flight  
To thy triumphant Throne.

CCXXXIV. *CHRIST's mysterious Conduct to be unfolded hereafter* John xiii. 7.

- 1 JESUS, we own thy sov'reign Hand,  
Thy faithful Care we own;

Wis.

Wisdom and Love are all thy Ways,  
When most to us unknown.

2 By Thee the Springs of Life were form'd  
And by thy Breath are broke,  
And good is ev'ry awful Word,  
Our gracious Lord hath spoke.

3 To Thee we yield our Comforts up,  
To Thee our Lives resign ;  
In Straits and Dangers rich and safe,  
If we and ours are Thine.

4 Thy Saints in earlier Life remov'd,  
In sweeter Accents sing ;  
And bless the swiftnefs of their Flight  
That bore them to their King.

5 The Burdens of a lengthen'd Day  
With Patience we would bear ;  
Till Ev'ning's welcome Hour shall shew  
We were our Master's Care.

CCXXXV. CHRIST'S *Pity and Consolation for his troubled Disciples.* John xiv. 1—3.

1 PEACE, all ye Sorrows of the Heart,  
And all my Tears be dry ;  
That Christian ne'er can be forlorn,  
That views his *Jesus* nigh.

2 “ Let not your Bosoms throb (He says)  
“ Nor be your Souls afraid :  
“ Trust in your GOD's almighty Name,  
“ And trust your Saviour's Aid.

3 “ Fair

- 3 “ Fair Mansions in my Father’s House.  
 “ For all his Children wait ;  
 “ And I, your elder Brother, go.  
 “ To open wide the Gate.
- 4 “ And if I thither go before,  
 “ A Dwelling to prepare,  
 “ I surely shall return again,  
 “ That I may fix you there.
- 5 “ United in eternal Love,  
 “ My Chosen shall remain,  
 “ And with rejoicing Hearts shall share  
 “ The Honours of my Reign. ”
- 6 Yes, LORD ; thy gracious Words we hear,  
 And cordial Joys they bring :  
 Frail Nature may extort a Groan,  
 But Faith shall learn to sing.

CCXXXVI. *The Christian’s Life connected with  
 that of CHRIST.* John xxiv. -19.

1. **T**HE Cov’nant of a Saviour’s Love  
 Shall stand for ever good,  
 And thus his Life shall guard the Souls,  
 He purchas’d with his Blood.
2. “ I live for ever, ( faith the Lord )  
 “ And you shall therefore live :  
 “ Receive with Pleasure év’ry Pledge  
 “ My Pow’r and Love can give. ”
3. We own the Promise, Prince of Grace,  
 Tho’ earthly Helpers die ;

And:

And animate our fainting Hearts,  
While *Christ* our Friend is nigh.

- 4 The King of Fears can do no more  
Than stop our mortal Breath ;  
But *Jesus* gives a nobler Life,  
That cannot yield to Death.

CCXXXVII. *Abiding in CHRIST, necessary to our Fruitfulness.* John xv. 4.

- 1 LORD of the Vineyard, we adore  
That Pow'r and Grace divine,  
Which plants our wild, our barren Souls,  
In *Christ* the living Vine.

- 2 For ever may they there abide,  
And, from that vital Root,  
Be Influence spread thro' every Branch,  
To form and feed the Fruit.

- 3 Shine forth, my God, the Clusters warm  
With Rays of sacred Love ;  
'Till *Eden's* Soil, and *Zion's* Streams  
'The gen'rous Plant improve.

CCXXXVIII. *Our Prayers effectual, when we abide in CHRIST, and his Word abideth in us.* John xv. 8.

- 1 HAIL, Gracious Saviour, All-divine !  
Mysterious, ever-living Vine !  
To Thee united may we live,  
'And, nourish'd by thine Influence thrive.

2 Still

- 2 Still may our Souls in Thee abide,  
Torn by no Tempests from thy Side ;  
Nor from its Place within our Heart,  
Thy Promise, or thy Law depart.
- 3 Then shall our Pray'rs accepted rise,  
Thro' Thee a grateful Sacrifice ;  
And all our Sighs before thy Throne  
Descend in ample Blessings down.
- 4 In silent Hope our Souls shall wait  
Their Pension from thy Mercy's Gate ;  
Nor can our Lips or Hearts express  
A Wish proportion'd to thy Grace.

CCXXXIX. *Continuing in CHRIST'S Love.*

John xv. 9.

- 1 **T**O all his Flock, what wond'rous Love  
Doth our kind Shepherd bear ?  
As he to his great Father's Heart,  
So we to his are dear.
- 2 So sure, so constant, and so strong,  
Do his Endearments prove :  
O may their Energy prevail  
To fix us in his Love.
- 3 No more let my divided Heart  
From this blest Center turn ;  
But, fir'd by such all-potent Rays,  
With Flames immortal burn.
- 4 Descend, and all thy Pow'r display,  
And all thy Love reveal ;

That

That the warm Streams of *Jesus*' Blood  
This frozen Heart may feel.

CCXL. *The Apostles and Christians chosen by CHRIST  
to bring forth permanent Fruit. John xv. 16.*

1 I Own, my God, thy sov'reign Grace,  
And bring the Praise to Thee ;  
If Thou my chosen Portion art,  
Thou first hast chosen me.

2 My gracious Counsellor and Guide  
Will hear me when I pray ;  
Nor, while I urge a Saviour's Name,  
Will frown my Soul away.

3 Blest *Jesus* animate my Heart  
With Beams of heav'nly Love,  
And teach that cold unthankful Soil  
The heav'nly Seed t' improve.

4 In copious Show'rs thy Spirit send  
'T'o water all the Ground ;  
So, to the Honour of thy Name  
Shall lasting Fruit be found.

CCXLI. *Peace in CHRIST amidst Tribulation.  
John xvi. 33.*

1 HENCEFORTH let each believing Heart  
From anxious Sorrows cease :  
Tho' Storms of 'Trouble rage around,  
In *Jesus* we have Peace.

2 His Blood from Wrath to come redeems;  
 And his almighty Grace,  
 By bitt'rest Draughts of deep Distress,  
 Its healing Pow'r displays.

3 *Jesus*, our Captain, march'd before  
 To lead us to the Fight;  
 And now He reacheth out the Crown  
 With heav'nly Glories bright.

4 Lord, 'tis enough; thy Voice we hear;  
 That Crown by Faith we see:  
 No Sorrows shall o'erwhelm our Souls,  
 Since none divide from Thee.

CCXLII. CHRIST *sanctifying himself, that his  
 People may be sanctified.* John xvii. 19.

1 **B**EHOLD the bleeding Lamb of God,  
 Our spotless Sacrifice!  
 By Hands of barb'rous Sinners seiz'd,  
 Nail'd to the Cross He dies.

2 Blest *Jesus*, whence this streaming Blood?  
 And whence this foul Disgrace?  
 Whence all these pointed Thorns, that rend  
 Thy venerable Face?

3 " I sanctify Myself (He cries)  
 " That thou may'st holy be;  
 " Come, trace my Life; come, view my Death;  
 " And learn to copy Me."

4 Dear Lord, we pant for Holiness,  
 And inbred Sin we mourn:

To the bright Path of thy Commands  
Our wand'ring Footsteps turn.

- 5 Not more sincerely would we wish  
To climb the heav'nly Hill,  
Than here with all our utmost Pow'r  
Thy Model to fulfil.

CCXLIII. *Meditations on the Sepulchre in the  
Garden.* John xix. 41.

- 1 THE Sepulchres, how thick they stand  
Thro' all the Road on either Hand!  
And burst upon the starting Sight  
In ev'ry Garden of Delight!
- 2 Thither the winding Alleys tend;  
There all the flow'ry Borders end;  
And Forms, that charm'd the Eyes before,  
Fragrance and Music are no more.
- 3 Deep in that damp and silent Cell  
My Fathers and my Brethren dwell;  
Beneath its broad and gloomy Shade  
My Kindred and my Friends are laid.
- 4 But, while I tread the solem Way,  
My Faith that Saviour would survey,  
Who deign'd to sojourn in the Tomb,  
And left behind a rich Perfume.
- 5 My Thoughts with Extacy unknown,  
While from his Grave they view his Throne,  
Thro' my own Sepulchre can see  
A Paradise reserv'd for me.



CCXLIV. CHRIST *ascending to his Father and  
GOD, and ours.* John xx. 17.

1 IN Raptures let our Hearts ascend  
Our heav'nly Seats to view,  
And grateful trace that shining Path  
Our rising Saviour drew.

2 " Up to my Father, and my God,  
" I go ; (the Conqu'ror cries)  
" Up, to your Father, and your GOD,  
" My Brethren, lift your Eyes."

3 And doth the Lord of Glory call  
Such Worms his Brethren dear ?  
And doth he point to Heav'n's high Throne,  
And shew our Father there ?

4 And doth he teach my sinful Lips  
That tuneful Sound, *my GOD* ?  
And breathe his Spirit on my Heart  
To shed his Grace abroad ?

5 O World, produce a Good like this,  
And thou shalt have my Love ;  
Till then, my Father claims it all,  
And *Christ*, who dwells above.

6 Dear *Jesus*, call this willing Soul,  
That struggles with its Clay ;  
And fain would leave this weary Load  
To wing its airy Way.

CCXLV. *The Disciples Joy at CHRIST's Appearance to them after his Resurrection.* John xx. 19, 20.

- 1 COME, our indulgent Saviour, come,  
     Illustrious Conqu'ror o'er the Tomb:  
 Here thine assembled Servants blest,  
 And fill our Hearts with sacred Peace.
- 2 O come thyself, most gracious Lord,  
 With all the Joy thy Smiles afford;  
 Reveal the Lustre of thy Face,  
 And make us feel thy vital Grace.
- 3 With Rapture, kneeling round, we greet  
 Thy pierced Hands, thy wounded Feet;  
 And from the Scar, that marks thy Side,  
 We see our Life's warm Torrent glide.
- 4 Enter our Hearts, Redeemer blest;  
 Enter, thou ever-honour'd Guest,  
 Not for one transient Hour alone,  
 But there to fix thy lasting Throne.
- 5 Own this mean Dwelling as thy Home;  
 And, when our Life's last Hour is come,  
 Let us but die as in thy Sight,  
 And Death shall vanish in Delight.

CCXLVI. *Appeal to CHRIST for the Sincerity of Love to him.* John xxi. 15.

- 1 DO not I love Thee, O my Lord?  
     Behold my Heart and see;

And

- And turn each cursed Idol out,  
That dares to rival Thee.
- 2 Do not I love Thee from my Soul?  
Then let me nothing love?  
Dead be my Heart to ev'ry Joy,  
When *Jesus* cannot move.
- 3 Is not thy Name melodious still  
To mine attentive Ear?  
Doth not each Pulse with Pleasure bound  
My Saviour's Voice to hear?
- 4 Hast Thou a Lamb in all thy Flock  
I would disdain to feed?  
Hast Thou a Foe, before whose Face  
I fear thy Cause to plead?
- 5 Would not mine ardent Spirit vie\*  
With Angels round the Throne,  
To execute thy sacred Will,  
And make thy Glory known?
- 6 Would not my Heart pour forth its Blood  
In Honour of thy Name?  
And challenge the cold Hand of Death  
To damp th' immortal Flame.
- 7 Thou know'st I love thee, Dearest Lord:  
But O! I long to soar  
Far from the Sphere of mortal Joys,  
And learn to love Thee more.

\* *Endeavour to equal.*

CCXLVII. *Zeal for the Cause of CHRIST; or, Peter and John following their Master. John xxi. 18—20\*.*

1 BLESST Men, who stretch their willing Hands,  
 Submissive to their Lord's Commands,  
 And yield their Liberty and Breath  
 To Him, that lov'd their Souls in Death!

2 Lead me to suffer, and to die,  
 If Thou, my gracious Lord, art nigh:  
 One Smile from Thee my Heart shall fire,  
 And teach me smiling to expire.

3 If Nature at the Trial shake,  
 And from the Cross or Flames draw back,  
 Grace can its feeble Courage raise,  
 And turn its Tremblings into Praise.

4 While scarce I dare, with *Peter*, say,  
 "I'll boldly tread the bleeding Way;"  
 Yet in thy Steps, like *John*, I'd move  
 With humble Hope, and silent Love.

\* See Family Expositor *in Loco*.

CCXLVIII. *CHRIST exalted to be a Prince and a Saviour. Acts v. 31.*

1 EXALTED Prince of Life, we own  
 The royal Honours of thy Throne:  
 'Tis fix'd by God's Almighty Hand,  
 And *Seraphs* bow at thy Command.

- 2 Exalted Saviour, we confess  
The sov'reign Triumphs of thy Grace ;  
Where Beams of gentle Radiance shine,  
And temper Majesty divine.
- 3 Wide thy resistless Sceptre sway,  
Till all thine Enemies obey :  
Wide may thy Cross its Virtue prove,  
And conquer Millions by its Love.
- 4 Mighty to vanquish, and forgive !  
Thine *Israel* shall repent and live ;  
And loud proclaim thy healing Breath,  
Which works their Life, who wrought thy Death.

CCXLIX. *The Believer committing his departing Spirit to Jesus. Acts vii. -59.*

- 1 O Thou, that hast Redemption wrought,  
Patron of Souls thy Blood hath bought,  
To Thee our Spirits we commit,  
Mighty to rescue from the Pit.
- 2 Millions of blissful Souls above,  
In Realms of Purity and Love,  
With Songs of endless Praise proclaim  
The Honours of thy faithful Name.
- 3 When all the Pow'rs of Nature fail'd,  
Thy ever-constant Care prevail'd ;  
Courage and Joy thy Friendship spoke,  
When ev'ry mortal Bond was broke.
- 4 We on that Friendship, Lord, repose,  
The healing Balm of all our Woes ;

And

And we, when sinking in the Grave,  
Trust thine Omnipotence to save.

5 O may our Spirits by thy Hand  
Be gather'd to that happy Band,  
Who, 'midst the Blessings of thy Reign,  
Lose all Remembrance of their Pain.

6 In Raptures there divinely sweet  
Give us our Kindred-Souls to meet,  
And wait with them that brighter Day,  
Which all thy Triumph shall display.

CCL. *Peter's Admonition to Simon Magus.* Acts  
viii. 21—24.

1 SEARCHER of Hearts, before thy Face  
I all my Soul display ;  
And, conscious of its innate \* Arts,  
Intreat thy strict Survey.

2 If lurking in its inmost Folds  
I any Sin conceal,  
O let a Ray of Light divine  
The secret Guile reveal.

3 If tinctur'd with that odious Gall  
Unknowing I remain,  
Let Grace, like a pure Silver Stream,  
Wash out th' accursed Stain.

4 If in these fatal Fetters bound  
A wretched Slave I lie,  
Smite off my Chains, and wake my Soul  
To Light and Liberty.

\* *Natural.*

5 To humble Penitence and Pray'r  
 Be gentle Pity giv'n ;  
 Speak ample Pardon to my Heart,  
 And seal its Claim to Heav'n.

CCLI. *The Descent of the Spirit ; or, His Influence  
 desired. Acts x. 44.*

1 GREAT Father of each perfect Gift,  
 Behold thy Servants wait ;  
 With longing Eyes and lifted Hands,  
 We flock around thy Gate.

2 O shed abroad that royal Gift,  
 Thy Spirit from above,  
 To bless our Eyes with sacred Light,  
 And fire our Hearts with Love.

3 With speedy Flight may He descend,  
 And solid Comfort bring,  
 And o'er our languid Souls extend  
 His all-reviving Wing.

4 Blest Earnest of eternal Joy,  
 Declare our Sins forgiv'n ;  
 And bear with Energy divine  
 Our raptur'd Thoughts to Heav'n.

5 Diffuse, O God, these copious Show'rs,  
 That Earth its Fruit may yield,  
 And change this barren Wilderneſs  
 'To *Carmel's* flow'ry Field\*.

\* *Isaiab xxxv. 1, 2.*

CCLII. *The Word of Salvation sent to us.* Acts  
xiii. 26.

- 1 AND why do our admiring Eyes  
These Gospel-Glories see?  
And whence doth ev'ry Heart reply,  
Salvation's sent to me?
- 2 In fatal Shades of Midnight Gloom  
Ten thousand Wretches stray;  
And *Satan* blinds ten thousand more  
Amidst the Blaze of Day.
- 3 Millions of raging Souls beneath  
In endless Anguish hear  
Harmonious Sounds of Grace transform'd  
To Echoes of Despair.
- 4 And dost Thou, Lord, subdue my Heart,  
And shew my Sins forgiv'n,  
And bear thy Witness to my Part  
Amongst the Heirs of Heav'n?
- 5 As the Redeemed of the Lord,  
We sing the Saviour's Name;  
And, while the long Salvation lasts,  
Its sov'reign Grace proclaim.

CCLIII. *The unknown GOD.* Acts xvii. 23.

- 1 THOU, mighty Lord, art God alone,  
A King of Majesty unknown;  
And all thy dazzling Glories rise  
Beyond the Reach of Angels Eyes.



- 2 Yet thro' this Earth thy Works proclaim:  
Some Notice of thy rev'rend Name ;  
And, where thy gracious Gospel shines,  
We read it in the fairest Lines.
- 3 But O ! how few of *Adam's* Race  
Have learn'd thy Nature and thy Ways !  
While Thousands, e'en in Lands of Light,  
Are buried in *Egyptian* Night.
- 4 They tread thy Courts, thy Word they hear,  
And to thy solemn Rites draw near ;  
Yet, tho' Salvation seems so nigh,  
Because they know not God, they die.
- 5 Send thy victorious Gospel forth  
Wide from these Regions of the North ;  
And thro' thy Churches Grace impart  
To write thy Name on ev'ry Heart.

CCLIV. *G O D's* Command to all Men to repent.  
Acts xvii. 30.

- 1 **R**EPENT, the Voice celestial cries,  
Nor longer dare delay :  
The Wretch that scorns the Mandate \* dies,  
And meets a fiery Day.
- 2 No more the sov'reign Eye of God  
O'erlooks the Crimes of Men ;  
His Heralds are dispatch'd abroad  
To warn the World of Sin.
- 3 The Summons reach thro' all the Earth ;  
Let Earth attend and fear :

\* *Command.*

Listen,

Listen, ye Men of royal Birth,  
And let their Vassals \* hear.

4 Together in his Presence bow,  
And all your Guilt confess ;  
Accept the offer'd Saviour now,  
Nor trifle with the Grace.

5 Bow, ere the awful Trumpet sound,  
And call you to his Bar :  
For Mercy knows th' appointed Bound,  
And turns to Vengeance there.

6 Amazing Love, that yet will call,  
And yet prolong our Days !  
Our Hearts subdu'd by Goodness fall,  
And weep, and love, and praise.

CCLV. *Paul's Solitude to finish his Course with  
Joy. Acts xx. 24.*

1 ASSIST us, Lord, thy Name to praise  
For this rich Gospel of thy Grace ;  
And, that our Hearts may love it more,  
Teach them to feel its vital Pow'r.

2 With Joy may we our Course pursue,  
And keep the Crown of Life in View ;  
That Crown, which in one Hour repays  
The Labour of ten thousand Days.

3 Should Bonds or Death obstruct their Way,  
Unmov'd their Terrors we'll survey ;  
And the last Hour improve for Thee,  
The last of Life, or Liberty.

- 4 Welcome those Bonds, which may unite  
Our Souls to their supreme Delight !  
Welcome that Death, whose painful Strife  
Bears us to *Christ* our better Life !

CCLVI. Paul *preaching* and Felix *trembling*.  
Acts xxiv. 25.

- 1 GREAT Sov'reign of the human Heart,  
Thy mighty Energy impart,  
Which darts at once through Breasts of Steel,  
And makes the nether Millstone \* feel.
- 2 Let Sinners tremble at thy Word,  
Struck by the Terrors of the Lord ;  
And, while they tremble, let them flee,  
And seek their Help, their Life from Thee.
- 3 O let them seize the present Day,  
Nor risk Salvation by Delay :  
To-morrow, Lord, to Thee belongs ;  
This Night may vindicate thy Wrongs.
- 4 This Night may stop their fleeting Breath,  
And seal them to eternal Death,  
May veil Redemption from their Sight,  
And give them Flames instead of Light.
- 5 Or should succeeding Years remain,  
Years, with their Sabbaths, all in vain  
Before their darken'd Eyes may roll,  
And more obdurate leave the Soul.
- 6 Great Saviour, let thy Pity rise,  
And make the wretched Triflers wise ;

\* *The hardest Hearts.* Job xli. 24.

Left Pangs and Tremblings felt in vain  
Hasten and feed immortal Pain.

CCLVII. *Help obtained of GOD. Acts xxvi. 22.*

*For New-Year's Day.*

- 1 **G R E A T** God, we sing that mighty Hand,  
By which supported still we stand :  
The op'ning Year thy Mercy shews ;  
That Mercy crowns it, till it close.
- 2 By Day, by Night, at Home, Abroad,  
Still we are guarded by our God,  
By his incessant Bounty fed,  
By his unerring Counsel led.
- 3 With grateful Heart the Past we own ;  
The Future, all to us unknown,  
We to thy Guardian-Care commit,  
And peaceful leave before thy Feet.
- 4 In Scenes exalted or depress'd  
Thou art our Joy, and Thou our Rest :  
Thy Goodness all our Hopes shall raise,  
Ador'd thro' all our changing Days.
- 5 When Death shall interrupt these Songs.  
And seal in Silence mortal Tongues,  
*Our Helper-GOD*, in whom we trust,  
In better Worlds our Souls shall boast.

CCLVIII. *Treasuring up Wrath by despising Mercy.*  
Romans ii. 4, 5.

**U**Ngrateful Sinners, whence this Scorn  
Of long-extended Grace ?

And whence this Madness, that insults  
Th' Almighty to his Face ?

2 Is it because his Patience waits,  
And pitying Bowels move,  
You multiply audacious Crimes,  
And spurn his richest Love ?

3 Is all the treasur'd Wrath so small,  
You labour still for more,  
Tho' not eternal rolling Years  
Can e'er exhaust the Store ?

4 Swift doth the Day of Vengeance come,  
That must your Sentence seal ;  
And righteous Judgment now unknown,  
In all its Pomp reveal.

5 Alarm'd and melted at thy Voice,  
Our conquer'd Hearts would bow ;  
And, to escape the Thund'rer then,  
Embrace the Saviour now.

CCLIX. *The Love of GOD shed abroad in the  
Heart by the Spirit. Rom v. 5.*

1 **D**.ESCEND, immortal Dove ;  
Spread thy kind Wings abroad,  
And, wrapt in Flames of holy Love,  
Bear all my Soul to God.

2 *Jesus* my Lord reveal  
In Charms of Grace divine,  
And be thyself the sacred Seal,  
That Pearl of Price is mine.

3 Behold

- 3 Behold my Heart expands  
To catch the heav'nly Fire ;  
It longs to feel the gentle Bands,  
And groans with strong Desire.
- 4 Thy Love, my God, appears,  
And brings Salvation down,  
My Cordial thro' this Vale of Tears,  
In Paradise my Crown.

CCLX. *Christians quickened and raised by the Spirit.*  
Rom. viii. 11.

- 1 WHY should our mourning Thoughts delight,  
To grovel in the Dust ?  
Or why should Streams of Tears unite  
Around th' expiring Just ?
- 2 Did not the Lord our Saviour die,  
And triumph o'er the Grave ?  
Did not our Lord ascend on high,  
And prove his Pow'r to save ?
- 3 Doth not the sacred Spirit come,  
And dwell in all the Saints ?  
And should the Temples of his Grace  
Resound with long Complaints !
- 4 Awake, my Soul, and like the Sun  
Burst thro' each fable Cloud ;  
And thou, my Voice, tho' broke with Sighs,  
Tune forth thy Songs aloud.
- 5 The Spirit rais'd my Saviour up,  
When He had bled for me ;

And spite of Death and Hell shall raise  
Thy pious Friends and thee.

5 Awake, ye Saints, that dwell in Dust,  
Your Hymns of Vict'ry sing ;  
And let his dying Servants trust  
Their ever-living King.

CCLXI. *GOD's Readiness to give all Things argued from the Gift of his Son.* Rom. viii. 32.

1 **N**OW let my Soul with Transport rise  
And range thro' Earth, and mount the Skies,  
And view each various Form of Good,  
Where Angels hold their high Abode.

2 I give my Thoughts unbounded Scope ;  
On equal Pinions soars my Hope ;  
My Faith at noblest Objects aims,  
And what she sees, she humbly claims.

3 Hath not the bounteous King of Heav'n  
From his Embrace already giv'n  
That Son of his eternal Love,  
Who fill'd the brightest Throne above ?

4 Behold his Hand on *Jesus* laid !  
Behold that Lamb a Victim made !  
And what shall Mercy hold too good  
For Sinners, ransom'd with his Blood ?

5 My Soul, with heav'nly Faith embrace  
The sacred Cov'nant of his Grace ;  
Then in delightful Silence wait  
The Issues of a Love so great.

CCLXII. *Believing with the Heart, and confessing with the Mouth, necessary to Salvation.* Rom. x. 6—10.

- 1 **A**ND is Salvation brought so near,  
 Where sinful Men expiring lie?  
 Triumph, my Soul, the Sound to hear,  
 And shout it joyous to the Sky.
- 2 I ask not, who to Heav'n shall scale,  
 That *Christ* the Saviour thence may come;  
 Or who Earth's inmost Depths assail,  
 To bring Him from the dreary Tomb.
- 3 From Heav'n on Wings of Love He flew,  
 And Conqu'ror from the Tomb He sprung:  
 My Heart believes the Witnesses true,  
 And dictates to my faithful Tongue.
- 4 I sing Salvation brought so near,  
 No more on Earth expiring lie;  
 I teach the World my Joys to hear,  
 And shout them to the echoing Sky.

CCLXIII. *The living Sacrifice.* Rom. xii. 1.

- 1 **A**ND will th' Eternal King  
 So mean a Gift reward?  
 That Off'ring, Lord, with Joy we bring,  
 Which thy own Hand prepar'd.
- 2 We own thy various Claim,  
 And to thine Altar move,  
 The willing Victim of thy Grace,  
 And bound with Cords of Love.
- 3 Descend,



- 3 Descend, celestial Fire,  
The Sacrifice inflame ;  
So shall a grateful Odour rise  
Thro' our Redeemer's Name.

CCLXIV. *The near Approach of Salvation, an  
Encouragement to Diligence and Love. Rom. xiii.  
11.*

- 1 **A** WAKE ye Saints, and raise your Eyes,  
And raise your Voices high ;  
Awake, and praise that sov'reign Love,  
That shews Salvation nigh.
- 2 On all the Wings of Time it flies :  
Each Moment brings it near ;  
Then welcome each declining Day !  
Welcome each closing Year !
- 3 Not many Years their Round shall run,  
Nor many Mornings rise,  
Ere all its Glories stand reveal'd.  
To our admiring Eyes.
- 4 Ye Wheels of Nature, speed your Course !  
Ye mortal Pow'rs, decay ;  
Fast as ye bring the Night of Death,  
Ye bring eternal Day.

CCLXV. *The GOD of Peace bruising Satan.  
Rom. xvi. 20.*

- 1 **Y**E Armies of the living God,  
In his all-conqu'ring Name,

Lift up your Banners, and aloud  
Your Leader's Grace proclaim.

2 What tho' the Prince of Hell invade  
With Show'rs of fiery Darts,  
Andjoin, to the fierce Lion's Roar,  
The Serpent's wily Arts?

3 *Jesus*, who leads his Hosts to War,  
Shall tread the Monster down,  
And ev'ry faithful Soldier share  
The Triumph and the Crown.

4 So *Israel* on the haughty Necks  
Of *Canaan's* Tyrants trod,  
And sung their *Joshua's* conqu'ring Sword  
And sung their faithful God\*.

\* *Joshua* x. 24.

CCLXVI. CHRIST our *Wisdom, Righteousness,*  
*Sanctification, and Redemption.* 1 *Corinth.* i.  
30, 31.

1 MY God, assist me, while I raise  
An Anthem of harmonious Praise;  
My Heart thy Wonders shall proclaim  
And spread its Banners in thy Name.

2 In *Christ* I view a Store divine:  
My Father, all that Store is Thine;  
By Thee prepar'd, by Thee bestow'd:  
Hail to the Saviour, and the God!

3 When gloomy Shades my Soul o'erspread,  
"Let there be Light," th' Almighty said;

And.

And *Christ*, my Sun, his Beams displays  
And scatters round celestial Rays.

4 Condemn'd thy Criminal I stood,  
And awful Justice ask'd my Blood;  
That welcome Saviour from thy Throne  
Brought Righteousness and Pardon down.

5 My Soul was all o'erspread with Sin,  
And lo, his Grace hath made me clean:  
He rescues from th' infernal Foe,  
And full Redemption will bestow.

6 Ye Saints, assist my grateful Tongue;  
Ye Angels, warble back my Song:  
For Love like this demands the Praise  
Of heav'nly Harps, and endless Days.

CCLXVII. *Being joined to CHRIST, and one Spirit with him. 1 Cor. vi. 17.*

1 MY Saviour, I am Thine,  
By everlasting Bands;  
My Name, my Heart, I would resign,  
My Soul is in thy Hands.

2 To Thee I still would cleave  
With ever-growing Zeal;  
Let Millions tempt me *Christ* to leave,  
They never shall prevail.

3 His Spirit shall unite  
My Soul to Him, my Head;  
Shall form me to his Image bright,  
And teach his Path to tread.

4 Death may my Soul divide  
 From this Abode of Clay ;  
 But Love shall keep me near his Side  
 Thro' all the gloomy Way.

5 Since *Christ* and we are one,  
 What should remain to fear ?  
 If He in Heav'n hath fix'd his Throne,  
 He'll fix his Members there.

CCLXVII. *The transitory Nature of the World,  
 an Argument for Christian Moderation. 1 Cor.  
 vii. 29—31.*

1 SPRING up, my Soul, with ardent Flight,  
 Nor let this Earth delude thy Sight  
 With glitt'ring Trifles gay and vain :  
 Wisdom divine directs thy View  
 To Objects ever grand and new,  
 And Faith displays the shining Train.

2 Be dead, my Hopes, to all below ;  
 Nor let unbounded Torrents flow,  
 When mourning o'er my wither'd Joys :  
 So this deceitful World is known,  
 Possess'd, I call it not my own,  
 Nor glory in its painted Toys.

3 The empty Pageant rolls along ;  
 The giddy unexperienc'd Throng  
 Pursue it with enchanted Eyes ;

It passeth in swift March away,  
 Still more and more its Charms decay,  
 Till the last gaudy Colour dies\*.

4 My God, to Thee my Soul shall turn ;  
 For Thee my noblest Passions burn,  
 And drink in Bliss from Thee alone :  
 I fix on that unchanging Home,  
 Where never-fading Pleasures bloom,  
 Fresh springing round thy radiant Throne.

\* *Pageants, Images, or emblematical Figures in a Cavalcade or Procession, continually moving and quickly gone out of Sight. See Family Expositor in Loc.*

CCLXIX. GOD'S Fidelity in moderating Temptations. I Cor. x. 13.

1 NOW let the feeble all be strong,  
 And make JEHOVAH'S Arm their Song :  
 His Shield is spread o'er ev'ry Saint,  
 And thus supported, who shall faint ?

2 What tho' the Hosts of Hell engage  
 With mingled Cruelty and Rage ?  
 A faithful God restrains their Hands,  
 And chains them down in Iron Bands.

3 Bound by his Word, he will display  
 A Strength proportion'd to our Day ;  
 And, when united Trials meet,  
 Will shew a Path of safe Retreat.

4 Thus far we prove that Promise good,  
 Which Jesus ratified with Blood :

Still

Still is He gracious, wise, and just,  
And still in Him let *Israel* trust.

CCLXX. *Bearing the Image of the earthly and the heavenly Adam.* 1 Cor. xv. 49.

1 WITH flowing Eyes and bleeding Hearts  
A blasted World survey!

See the wide Ruin Sin hath wrought  
In one unhappy Day!

2 *Adam*, in God's own Image form'd,  
From God and Bliss estrang'd,  
And all the Joys of Paradise  
For Guilt and Horror chang'd!

3 Ages of Labour and of Grief  
He mourn'd his Glory lost;  
At length the goodliest Work of Heav'n  
Sunk down to common Dust.

4 O fatal Heritage, bequeath'd  
To all his helpless Race!  
Thro' the thick Maze of Sin and Woe  
Thus to the Grave we pass.

5 But, O my Soul, with Rapture hear  
The second *Adam's* Name;  
And the celestial Gifts, He brings  
To all his Seed, proclaim.

6 In Holiness and Joy compleat  
He reigns to endless Years,  
And each adopted chosen Child  
His splendid Image wears.

7 What

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7 What tho' in mortal Life they mourn?

What tho' by Death they fall?

*Jesus* in one triumphant Day

Transforms and crowns them all.

8 Praise to his rich mysterious Grace!

E'en by our Fall we rise;

And gain, for earthly *Eden* lost,

A heav'nly Paradise.

CCLXXI. *Ministers comforted, that they may comfort others. 2 Cor. i. 4.*

1 FOUNTAIN of Comfort and of Love,  
Thy Streams how free they flow!

First water all the World above,

Then visit us below!

2 From *Christ*, the Head, what Grace descends  
To cherish ev'ry Part!

He shares his Joys with all his Friends,

For all have shar'd his Heart.

3 What tho' the Sorrows here they feel  
Are manifold and great?

He brings new Consolations still,

As various and as sweet.

4 He shews our num'rous Sins forgiv'n,  
And shews our Cov'nant-God;

He witnesseth our Right to Heav'n,

The Purchase of his Blood.

3 Tho' Earth and Hell against us join,  
In Him we are secure;

Our Diadems shall brighter shine  
For all we now endure.

6 On ev'ry faithful Shepherd's Breast,  
Lord send these Comforts down ;  
That they may lead thy Flock to Rest  
Which their own Souls have known.

CCLXXII. *GOD's delivering Goodness acknowledged  
and trusted. 2 Cor. i. 10.*

*A Song for the 5th of November.*

1 PRAISE to the Lord, whose mighty Hand,  
So oft reveal'd, hath sav'd our Land ;  
And, when united Nations rose,  
Hath sham'd and scourg'd our haughtiest Foes.

2 When mighty Navies from afar,  
To *Britain* wafted floating War,  
His Breath dispers'd them all with Ease,  
And sunk their Terrors in the Seas \*.

3 While for our Princes they prepare,  
In Caverns deep, a burning Snare ;  
He shot from Heav'n a piercing Ray,  
And the dark Treach'ry brought to Day †.

4 Princes and Priests again combine  
New Chains to forge, new Snares to twine ;  
Again our gracious God appears,  
And breaks their Chains, and cuts their Snares.

\* *Referring to the Defeat of the Spanish Armada,*  
1588. † *Gunpowder Plot.*

5 Obedient



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- 5 Obedient Winds at his Command  
 Convey his *Hero* to our Land ;  
 The Sons of *Rome* with Terror view,  
 And speed their Flight, when none pursue\*.
- 6 Such great Deliv'rance God hath wrought,  
 And down to us Salvation brought ;  
 And still the Care of Guardian-Heav'n  
 Secures the Bliss itself hath giv'n.
- 7 In Thee we trust, Almighty Lord,  
 Continu'd Rescue to afford :  
 Still be thy pow'rful Arm made bare,  
 For all thy Servants Hopes are there.

\* *Revolution by King William, 1688.*

CCLXXIII. *Ministers a sweet Saviour, whether of  
 Life or Death. 2 Cor. ii. 15, 16.*

- 1 PRAISE to the Lord on high,  
 Who spreads his Triumphs wide !  
 While *Jesus'* fragrant Name  
 Is breath'd on ev'ry Side :  
     Balmy and rich  
     The Odours rise,  
     And fill the Earth  
     And reach the Skies.
- 2 Ten thousand dying Souls  
 Its Influence feel and live ;  
 Sweeter than vital Air  
 The Incense they receive :  
     They breathe anew,  
     And rise and sing  
     *Jesus* the Lord,  
     Their conqu'ring King.

3 But

3 But Sinners scorn the Grace,  
That brings Salvation nigh;  
They turn their Face away,  
And faint, and fall, and die.

So sad a Doom,  
Ye Saints, deplore,  
For O! they fall  
To rise no more.

4 Yet, wise and mighty GOD,  
Shall all thy Servants be,  
In those who live or die,  
A Saviour sweet to Thee:

Supremely bright  
Thy Grace shall shine,  
Guarded with Flames  
Of Wrath divine.

CCLXXIV. *GOD shining into the Heart.*  
2 Cor. iv. 6.

1 PRAISE to the Lord of boundless Might,  
With uncreated Glories bright!  
His Presence gilds the Worlds above;  
Th' unchanging Source of Light and Love.

2 Our rising Earth his Eye beheld,  
When in substantial Darknes veil'd;  
The shapeless *Chaos*, Nature's Womb,  
Lay buried in eternal Gloom\*.

3 *Let there be Light*, JEHOVAH said,  
And Light o'er all its Face was spread;

\* *Genesis i. 2, 3.*

Nature,

Nature array'd in Charms unknown,  
Gay with its new-born Lustre shone.

4 He sees the Mind, when lost it lies  
In Shades of Ignorance and Vice ;  
And darts from Heav'n a vivid \* Ray,  
And changes Midnight into Day.

5 Shine, mighty God, with Vigour shine  
On this benighted Heart of mine ;  
And let thy Glories stand reveal'd,  
As in the Saviour's Face beheld.

6 My Soul, reviv'd by Heav'n-born Day,  
Thy radiant Image shall display,  
While all my Faculties unite  
To praise the Lord, who gives me Light.

\* *Lively, sprightly.*

CCLXXV. *The Gospel Treasure in earthen Vessels.*  
2 Cor. iv. 7.

1 **H**OW rich thy Bounty, King of Kings !  
Thy Favours how divine !  
The Blessings which thy Gospel brings,  
How splendidly they shine !

2 Gold is but Dross, and Gems but Toys ;  
Should Gold and Gems compare ?  
How mean, when set against those Joys,  
Thy poorest Servants share !

3 Yet all these Treasures of thy Grace  
Are lodg'd in Urns † of Clay ;

† *Vessels or Jars.*

And

And the weak Sons of mortal Race  
Th' immortal Gifts convey.

4 Feebly they lisp thy Glories forth ;  
Yet Grace the Vict'ry gives :  
Quickly they moulder back to Earth ;  
Yet still thy Gospel lives.

5 Such Wonders Pow'r divine effects ;  
Such Trophies \* God can raise ;  
His Hand from cumbling Dust erects  
Long Monuments of Praise.

\* *Monuments or Tokens of Victory.*

CCLXXVI. *Living to him who died for us.*  
2 Cor. v. 14, 15.

1 MY Lord, didst Thou endure such Smart  
My Life, when forfeited, to save ?  
And didst Thou bear upon thy Heart  
My Name, when rising from the Grave ?

2 Am I in thy Remembrance still,  
'Midst all the Glories of thy Throne ?  
To form thy Servant to thy Will,  
And fix my Dwelling near thy own ?

3 What can a feeble Worm repay  
For Love so infinite as Thine ?  
'The Torrent bears my Soul away,  
Th' impetuous Stream of Grace divine †.

† *Referring to the Emphasis of the Original Word,*  
*viz. bears us away like a strong Torrent.*

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4 To Thee, my Lord, it bears me on ;  
Self shall be deify'd \* no more ;  
By Self betray'd, by Self undone,  
I live by thy recov'ring Pow'r.

5 Accept a Soul so dearly bought,  
Bought by thy Life upon the Tree ;  
A Soul which, by thy Spirit taught,  
Knows no Delight, but serving Thee.

\* *Made a God of.*

CCLXXVII. *GOD the Author of Consolation.*  
2 Cor. vii. 6.

1 **T**HE Lord, how rich his Comforts are !  
How wide they spread ! How high they rise !  
He pours in Balm to bleeding Hearts,  
And wipes the Tears from flowing Eyes.

2 *I have no Hope, my Spirit cry'd,*  
Just trembling on the Brink of Hell ;  
*I am thy Hope, the Lord reply'd,*  
*My Love secures its Fav'rites well.*

3 My grateful Soul shall speak its Praise,  
Who turns its Tremblings into Songs ;  
And those that mourn shall learn from me,  
Salvation to our God belongs.

CCLXXVIII. *Satan's Streng-Holds cast down by the*  
*Gospel.* 2 Cor. x. 4, 5.

1 **S**HOUT, for the Battlements are fall'n,  
Which Heav'n itself defy'd !

Th'

Th' aspiring Tow'rs, dismantled \* all,  
Now spread their Ruins wide!

2 Thy wond'rous Trumpets, Prince of Peace,  
Sent forth their mighty Sound;  
The Strength of *Jericho* was struck,  
And totter'd to the Ground †.

3 No more proud Reas'nings shall dispute  
What Truth divine declares;  
No more Self-Righteousness to plead  
Its own Perfections dares.

4 No Strength our ruin'd Pow'rs can boast  
Thy Precepts to fulfil;  
No Liberty we ask or wish  
For our rebellious Will.

5 The Gates we open to admit  
The Saviour's gentle Sway:  
Blest *Jesus*, 'tis thy Right to reign  
Our Pleasure to obey.

6 Each Thought in sweet Subjection held,  
Thy sov'reign Pow'r shall own;  
And ev'ry Traitor shall be slain,  
That dares dispute the Throne.

\* *Demolished, broke down.* † *Joshua vi. 20.*

CCLXXIX. *The Christian Farewel.* 2 Cor.  
. xiii. 11.

1 THY Presence, Everlasting God,  
Wide o'er all Nature spreads abroad;  
Thy watchful Eyes, which cannot sleep,  
In ev'ry Place thy Children keep.

2 While near each other we remain,  
 Thou dost our Lives and Souls sustain;  
 When absent, happy if we share  
 Thy Smiles, thy Counsels, and thy Care.

3 To Thee we all our Ways commit,  
 And seek our Comforts near thy Feet;  
 Still on our Souls vouchsafe to shine,  
 And guard and guide us still as thine.

4 Give us in thy beloved House  
 Again to pay our grateful Vows;  
 Or, if that Joy no more be known,  
 Give us to meet around thy Throne.

CCLXXX. *Living, while in the Flesh, by Faith in  
 CHRIST, who loved us, &c. Gal. ii. 20.*

1 MY *Jesus*, while in mortal Flesh  
 I hold my frail Abode,  
 Still would my Spirit rest on Thee,  
 Its Saviour, and its God.

2 By hourly Faith in Thee I live,  
 'Midst all my Grievs and Snares;  
 And Death, encounter'd in thy Sight,  
 No Form of Horror wears.

3 Yes, Thou hast lov'd this sinful Worm,  
 Hast giv'n Thyself for me;  
 Hast bought me from eternal Death,  
 Nail'd to the bloody Tree.

4 On thy dear Cross I fix mine Eyes,  
 Then raise them to thy Seat;  
 Till Love dissolves my inmost Soul,  
 At its Redeemer's Feet.

5 Be dead, my Heart, to worldly Charms ;  
 Be dead to ev'ry Sin ;  
 And tell the boldest Foes without,  
 That *Jesus* reigns within.

6 My Life with his connected stands,  
 Nor asks a surer Ground ;  
 He keeps me in his gracious Arms,  
 Where Heav'n itself is found.

CCLXXXI. *A filial Temper, the Work of the Spirit,  
 and a Proof of Adoption.* Gal. iv. 6.

1 SOV'REIGN of all the Worlds on high,  
 Allow my humble Claim ;  
 Nor, while a Worm would raise its Head,  
 Disdain a Father's Name.

2 *My Father-GOD!* How sweet the Sound !  
 How tender, and how dear !  
 Not all the Melody of Heav'n  
 Could so delight the Ear.

3 Come, sacred Spirit, seal the Name  
 On mine expanding Heart ;  
 And shew, that in *JEHOVAH's* Grace  
 I share a filial Part.

4 Chear'd by a Signal so divine,  
 Unwav'ring I believe ;  
 Thou know'st I *Abba*, Father, cry,  
 Nor can the Sign deceive.

5 On Wings of everlasting Love  
 The Comforter is come ;



All Terrors at his Voice disperse,  
And endless Pleasures bloom.

CCLXXXII. *Christian Sympathy.* Gal. vi. 2.

- 1 HAIL, everlasting Prince of Peace!  
Hail, Governor divine!  
How gracious is thy Scepter's Sway!  
What gentle Laws are thine!
- 2 His tender Heart with Love o'erflow'd,  
Love spoke in ev'ry Breath;  
Vig'rous it reign'd thro' all his Life,  
And triumph'd in his Death.
- 3 All these united Charms He shews  
Our frozen Souls to move;  
This Proof of Love to Him demands,  
That we each other love.
- 4 O be the sacred Law fulfill'd  
In ev'ry Act and Thought;  
Each angry Passion far remov'd,  
Each selfish View forgot.
- 5 Be thou, my Heart, dilated wide  
By thy Redeemer's Grace;  
And, in one Grasp of fervent Love,  
All Earth and Heav'n embrace.

CCLXXXIII. *Blessing GOD for spiritual Blessings in*  
CHRIST. Ephes. i. 3.

- 1 LOUD be thy Name ador'd,  
Thy Titles spread abroad,

Of *Christ*, our glorious Lord,  
The Father and the God!

Thro' such a Son,  
Thy Churches Head;  
Thine Honours spread  
O'er Worlds unknown.

2 Ten thousand Gifts of Love  
From Thee thro' Him descend;  
And bear our Souls above  
To Joys that never end:

To Heav'n they soar,  
Sustain'd by God,  
And thro' the Road  
His Arm adore.

3 Ten thousand Songs of Praise  
Shall by the Saviour rise,  
And thro' eternal Days  
Shall echo round the Skies.

New Shouts we'll give,  
And loud proclaim  
The honour'd Name,  
By which we live.

CLXXXIV. *The grand Scheme of the Gospel.*  
Eph. i. 9, 10, 11.

1 WE sing the deep mysterious Plan,  
Which God devis'd ere Time began;  
At length disclos'd in all its Light.  
We bless the wond'rous Birth of Love,  
Which beams around us from above,  
With Grace so free, and Hope so bright.

- 2 Here has the wise eternal Mind  
 In *Christ*, their common Head, conjoin'd  
*Gentiles* and *Jews*, and Earth and Heav'n :  
 Thro' Him, from the great Father's Throne,  
 Rivers of Blifs come rolling down,  
 And endless Peace and Life are giv'n.
- 3 No more the awful *Cherubs* guard  
 The Tree of Life with flaming Sword,  
 To drive afar Man's trembling Race ;  
 At *Salem's* pearly Gates they stand,  
 And smiling wait (a friendly Band !)  
 To welcome Strangers to the Place.
- 4 While we expect that glorious Sight,  
 Love shall our Hearts with theirs unite,  
 And ardent Hope our Bosoms raise :  
 From Earth's dark Vale, and Tongues of Clay,  
 To these resplendent Realms of Day,  
 We'll try to send the founding Praise.

CCLXXXV. *The heavenly Inheritance made known  
 by the Spirit. Ephes. i. 18.*

- 1 COME, Thou celestial Spirit, come,  
 And call my roving Passions home ;  
 To mine enlighten'd Eyes display  
 The Heritage of heav'nly Day.
- 2 My God, that Heritage is thine :  
 How rich, how glorious, how divine !  
 How far above all mortal Things,  
 The little Pride of Courts and Kings ?
- 3 Of endless Joy the unbounded Store,  
 Why is its Lustre known no more ?

Away,

Away ye Mists of envious Night,  
That veil Salvation from my Sight!

- 4 Shine forth, Almighty Saviour, shine;  
Shew the bright World, and shew it mine;  
Then Paradise on Earth shall spring,  
And mortal Worms like Angels sing.

CCLXXXVI. *Salvation by Grace.* Eph. ii. 5.

- 1 **G**RACE! 'tis a charming Sound,  
Harmonious to my Ear;  
Heav'n with the Echo shall resound,  
And all the Earth shall hear.

- 2 Grace first contriv'd a Way  
To save rebellious Man,  
And all the Steps that Grace display,  
Which drew the wond'rous Plan.

- 3 Grace taught my wand'ring Feet  
To tread the heav'nly Road,  
And new Supplies each Hour I meet,  
While pressing on to God.

- 4 Grace all the Work shall crown  
Thro' everlasting Days;  
It lays in Heav'n the topmost Stone,  
And well deserves the Praise.

CCLXXXVII. *Christians risen and exalted with  
CHRIST to heavenly Places.* Eph. ii. 5, 6.

- 1 **S**TUPENDOUS Grace! and can it be  
Design'd for Rebels such as we?

- O let our ardent Praises rise,  
High as our Hopes beyond the Skies!
- 2 This Flesh by righteous Vengeance slain,  
Might ever in the Dust remain;  
These guilty Spirits sent to dwell  
'Midst all the Flames and Fiends \* of Hell.
- 3 But lo, incarnate Love descends;  
Down to the Sepulchre it bends;  
Rising, it tears the Bars away,  
And springs to its own native Day.
- 4 Then was our Sepulchre unbar'd,  
Then was our Path to Glory clear'd;  
Then, if that Saviour be our own,  
Did we ascend a heav'nly Throne.
- 5 A Moment shall our Joy compleat,  
And fix us in that shining Seat,  
Bought by the Pangs our Lord endur'd,  
And by unchanging Truth secur'd.
- 6 O may that Love, in Strains sublime,  
Be sung to the last Hour of Time!  
And let Eternity confess,  
Thro' all its Rounds, the matchless Grace.

\* *Evil Spirits.*

CCLXXXVIII. *Nearness to GOD through*  
CHRIST. Eph. ii. 13.

- 1 **A**ND are we now brought near to God,  
Who once at Distance stood?  
And, to effect this glorious Change,  
Did Jesus shed his Blood.

- 2 O for a Song of ardent Praise  
 To bear our Souls above !  
 What should allay our lively Hope,  
 Or damp our flaming Love !
- 3 Draw us, O Lord, with quick'ning Grace,  
 And bring us yet more near ;  
 Here may we see thy Glories shine,  
 And taste thy Mercies here.
- 4 O may that Love, which spread thy Board  
 Dispose us for the Feast,  
 May Faith behold a smiling God  
 Thro' *Jesus*' bleeding Breast.
- 5 Fir'd with the View our Soul shall rise  
 In such a Scene as this,  
 And view the happy Moment near,  
 That shall compleat our Blifs.

CCLXXXIX. *The Institution of the Gospel-Ministry*  
*from CHRIST. Eph. iv. 11, 12.*

*For the Ordination or Settlement of a Minister.*

- 1 FATHER of Mercies, in thy House  
 Smile on our Homage, and our Vows ;  
 While with a grateful Heart we share  
 These Pledges of our Saviour's Care.
- 2 The Saviour, when to Heav'n He rose  
 In splendid Triumph o'er his Foes,  
 Scatter'd his Gifts on Men below,  
 And wide his royal Bounties flow.

- 3 Hence sprung th' *Apostles* honour'd Name,  
Sacred beyond heroic Fame ;  
Hence dictates the *Prophetic* Sage ;  
And hence the *Evangelic* Page.
- 4 In lowlier Forms, to bless our Eyes,  
*Pastors* from hence, and *Teachers* rise ;  
Who, tho' with feebler Rays they shine,  
Still gild a long-extended Line.
- 5 From *Christ* their varied Gifts derive,  
And fed by *Christ* their Graces live :  
While, guarded by his potent Hand,  
'Midst all the Rage of Hell they stand.
- 6 So shall the bright Succession run  
Thro' the last Courses of the Sun ;  
While unborn Churches by their Care  
Shall rise and flourish large and fair.
- 7 *Jesus*, our Lord, their Hearts shall know,  
The Spring, whence all these Blessings flow :  
*Pastors* and *People* shout his Praise  
Thro' the long Round of endless Days.

CCXC. CHRIST *the Head of the Church.*  
Eph. iv. 15, 16.

- 1 **J**ESUS, I sing thy matchless Grace,  
That calls a Worm thy own ;  
Gives me among thy Saints a Place  
To make their Glories known.
- 2 Allied to Thee, our vital Head,  
We act, and grow, and thrive :

From.

From Thee divided, each is dead,  
When most he seems alive.

3 Thy Saints on Earth, and those above  
Here join in sweet Accord;  
One Body all in mutual Love,  
And Thou, our common Lord.

4 O may my Faith each Hour derive  
Thy Spirit with Delight;  
While Death and Hell in vain shall strive  
This Bond to disunite.

5 Thou the whole Body wilt present  
Before thy Father's Face;  
Nor shall a Wrinkle or a Spot  
Its beauteous Form disgrace.

CCXCI. *Love to others urged from CHRIST'S Love,*  
*in giving himself a Sacrifice. Eph. v. 2.*

1 **N**OW be that Sacrifice survey'd,  
That Ransom which the Saviour paid;  
That Sight familiar to my View,  
Yet always wond'rous, always new.

2 The Lamb of God, that groan'd and bled,  
And gently bow'd his dying Head;  
While Love to Sinners fir'd his Heart,  
And conquer'd all the killing Smart.

3 Blest *Jesus*, while thy Grace I sing,  
What grateful Tribute shall I bring,  
That Earth and Heaven and Thou may'st see  
My Love to him, who died for me?

4. That



4 That Off'ring, Lord, thy Word hath taught,  
Nor be thy new Command forgot,  
That, if their Master's Death can move,  
Thy Servants should each other love.

5 When to thy sacred Cross we fly,  
There let each savage Passion die:  
While the warm Streams of Blood divine  
Melt our cold Hearts to Love like thine.

CCXCII. *The Wisdom of redeeming Time.* Eph. v.  
15, 16.

1 **G**OD of Eternity, from Thee  
Did Infant-Time his Being draw;  
Moments and Days, and Months and Years,  
Revolve by thine unvaried Law,

2 Silent and slow they glide away;  
Steady and strong the Current flows,  
Loft in Eternity's wild Sea,  
The boundless Gulf from whence it rose.

3 With it the thoughtless Sons of Men  
Before the rapid Streams are borne,  
On to that everlasting Home,  
Where not one Soul can e'er return.

4 Yet while the Shore, on either Side,  
Presents a gaudy flatt'ring Shew,  
We gaze, in fond Amusement lost,  
Nor think to what a World we go.

5 Great Source of Wisdom, teach my Heart  
To know the Price of ev'ry Hour;

That

That Time may bear me on to Joys  
Beyond its Measure and its Pow'r.

CCXCIII. *CHRIST'S Love to the Church in giving  
himself for it, &c. - Eph. v. 25—27.*

1 BRidegroom of Souls, how rich thy Love!  
How gen'rous, how divine!  
Our inmost Hearts it well may move,  
While thus our Voices join.

2 Deform'd and wretched once we lay,  
Worthy thy Hate and Scorn;  
Yet Love like thine could find a Way  
To rescue and adorn.

3 Thou art our Ransom; from thy Veins  
A wond'rous Fountain flows,  
To wash thy Bride from all her Stains,  
And heal our deepest Woes.

4 Transform'd by Thee, e'en here below:  
Thy Church is bright and fair:  
But O! how glorious shall she shew,  
When *Jesus* shall appear!

5 Thine Eye shall all her Form survey  
With infinite Delight,  
Confess'd, in that illustrious Day,  
Unblemish'd in thy Sight.

CCXCIV. *CHRIST'S Service, the Fruit of our  
Labours on Earth. Phil. i. 22.*

1 MY Gracious Lord, I own thy Right  
To ev'ry Service I can pay;

And

And call it my supreme Delight  
To hear thy Dictates and obey.

2 What is my Being, but for Thee,  
Its sure Support, its noblest End?  
Thy ever-smiling Face to see,  
And serve the Cause of such a Friend?

3 I would not breathe for worldly Joy,  
Or to encrease my worldly Good;  
Nor future Days or Pow'rs employ  
To spread a sounding Name abroad.

4 'Tis to my Saviour I would live;  
To Him who for my ransom died,  
Nor could untainted *Eden* give  
Such Blifs, as blossoms at his Side.

5 His Work my hoary Age shall bless,  
When youthful Vigour is no more:  
And my last Hour of Life confess  
His Love hath animating Pow'r.

CCXCV. *The Happiness of departing, and being  
with CHRIST. Phil. i. 23.*

1 **W**HILE on the Verge of Life I stand.  
And view the Scene on either Hand,  
My Spirit struggles with its Clay,  
And longs to wing its Flight away.

2 Where *Jesus* dwells my Soul would be;  
It fains my much-lov'd Lord to see:  
Earth, twine no more about my Heart,  
For 'tis far better to depart.

3. Come,

- 3 Come, ye angelic Envoys \*, come,  
 And lead the willing Pilgrim home :  
 Ye know the Way to *Jefus*' Throne,  
 Source of my Joys, and of your own.
- 4 That bleffed Interview, how sweet !  
 To fall transported at his Feet !  
 Rais'd in his Arms to view his Face,  
 Thro' the full Beamings of his Grace !
- 5 To fee Heav'ns fhining Courtiers round,  
 Each with immortal Glories crown'd !  
 And, while his Form in each I trace,  
 Belov'd, and loving, all t' embrace !
- 6 As with a *Seraph*'s Voice to fing !  
 To fly as on a *Cherub*'s Wing !  
 Performing, with unwearied Hands,  
 A present Saviour's high Commands !
- 7 Yet, with thefe Profpects full in Sight,  
 I'll wait thy Signal for my Flight ;  
 For, while thy Service I purfue,  
 I find my Heav'n begun below.

\* *Messengers, Ambassadors.*

CCXCVI. *Preffing on in the Christian Race.* Phil.  
 iii. 12—14.

1 **A**WAKE, my Soul, stretch ev'ry Nerve,  
 And prefs with Vigour on :  
 A heav'nly Race demands thy Zeal,  
 And an immortal Crown.

- 2 A Cloud of Witnesses around  
Hold thee in full Survey :  
Forget the Steps already trod,  
And onward urge thy Way.
- 3 'Tis God's all-animating Voice,  
That calls thee from on high ;  
'Tis his own Hand presents the Prize  
To thine aspiring Eye.
- 4 That Prize with peerless Glories bright,  
Which shall new Lustre boast,  
When Victors Wreaths \* and Monarchs Gems  
Shall blend in common Dust.
- 5 Blest Saviour, introduc'd by Thee,  
Have I my Race begun ;  
And crown'd with Vict'ry at thy Feet  
I'll lay my Honours down.

\* *Crowns or Garlands given to Conquerors.*

CCXCVII. *GOD supplying the Necessities of his People. Phil. iv. 19, 20.*

- 1 **M**Y GOD, how chearful is the Sound !  
How pleasant to repeat !  
Well may that Heart with Pleasure bound,  
Where GOD hath fix'd his Seat.
- 2 What Want shall not our GOD supply  
From his redundant Stores ?  
What Streams of Mercy from on high  
An Arm almighty pours ?
- 3 From *Christ*, the ever-living Spring,  
'These ample Blessings flow :

Prepare

Prepare, my Lips, his Name to sing,  
Whose Heart hath lov'd us so.

4 Now to our Father and our God  
Be endless Glory giv'n,  
Thro' all the Realms of Man's Abode,  
And thro' the highest Heav'n.

CCXCVIII. *Thankfulness for being made meet for  
the heavenly Inheritance. Coloss. i. 12.*

1 ALL-glorious God, what Hymns of Praise  
Shall our transported Voices raise?  
What flaming Love and Zeal is due,  
While Heav'n stands open to our View?

2 Once we were fall'n, and O! how low!  
Just on the Brink of endless Woe;  
Doom'd to a Heritage in Hell,  
Where Sinners all in Darkness dwell.

3 But lo, a Ray of chearful Light  
Scatters the horrid Shades of Night!  
Lo, what triumphant Grace is shewn  
To Souls improv'rish'd and undone!

4 Far, far beyond these mortal Shores  
A bright Inheritance is ours;  
Where Saints in Light our Coming wait,  
To share their holy blisful State.

5 If ready-drest for Heav'n we shine,  
Thine are the Robes, the Crown is Thine:  
May endless Years their Course prolong,  
While "Thine the Praise," is all our Song.

CCXCIX. *Angels and Christians united in CHRIST,*  
*as their common Head. Coloss. ii. 10.*

1 HAIL to *Emanuel's* ever-honour'd Name!  
 Spread it, ye Angels, thro' Heav'n's sacred  
 Flame.

Ye scepter'd *Cherubim*, before his Throne,  
 And flaming *Seraphim*, bow humbly down.  
 He is your Head; with prostrate Awe adore him,  
 And lay with Joy your radiant Crowns before him.

2 Array'd in his refulgent Beams ye thine,  
 And draw Existence \* from his Source divine;  
 Grateful ye wait the Signal of his Hand,  
 Honour'd too highly by his least Command:  
 In him th' indwelling Deity admiring,  
 And to his brighter Image still aspiring.

3 Mortals with you in chearful Homage join,  
 And bring their Anthems to *Emanuel's* Shrine;  
 Mean as we are, with Sins and Griefs beset,  
 We glory, that in him we are compleat.  
 He is our Head, and we with you adore him,  
 And pour our Wants, our Joys, our Hearts before  
 him.

4 We sing the Blood that ransom'd us from Hell;  
 We sing the Graces that in *Jesus* dwell;  
 Led by his Spirit, guarded by his Hand,  
 Our Hopes anticipate your goodly Land;  
 Still his incarnate Deity admiring,  
 And with Heav'n's Hierarchy † in Praise conspiring.

\* *Being, or Life.* † *The several Orders of Angels.*

CCC. *Christians, as risen with CHRIST, exhorted to seek Things above. Coloss. iii. 1.*

1 **H**EARKEN, ye Children of your God ;  
 Ye Heirs of Glory, hear ;  
 For Accents so divine as these  
 Might charm the dullest Ear.

2 Baptiz'd into your Saviour's Death,  
 Your Souls to Sin must die ;  
 With *Christ* our Lord ye live anew,  
 With *Christ* ascend on high.

3 There, at the Father's Hand, He sits,  
 Enthron'd divinely fair ;  
 Yet owns himself your Brother still,  
 And your Forerunner there.

4 Rise from these earthly Trifles, rise,  
 On Wings of Faith and Love ;  
*Jesus* your choicest Treasure lies,  
 And be your Hearts, above.

5 But Earth and Sin will drag us down,  
 When we attempt to fly ;  
 Lord, send thy strong attractive Force  
 To raise and fix us high.

CCCI. *The Prosperity of the Church, the Life of a faithful Minister. 1 Thess. iii. 8.*

1 **B**LEST *Jesus*, bow thine Ear,  
 While we intreat thy Love ;  
 O come, and all our Hearts possess,  
 And our best Passions move.



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- 2 May we stand fast in Thee,  
Tho' Storms and Tempests beat;  
And in thy Guardian-Arms obtain  
A calm and safe Retreat.
- 3 Still be thy Truth maintain'd,  
And still thy Word obey'd,  
And to the Merits of thy Blood  
A constant Homage paid.
- 4 So shall thy Shepherds live,  
And raise their chearful Head,  
And, in such Blessings on their Flock,  
Confess their Toils repaid.

CCCII. *Comfort on the Death of pious Friends.*

1 *Theff. iv. 17, 18.*

- 1 **T**Ransporting Tidings which we hear!  
What Music to the pious Ear!  
*Christ* loves each humble Saint so well,  
He with his Lord shall ever dwell.
- 2 Blest *Jesus*, Source of ev'ry Grace,  
From far to view thy smiling Face,  
While absent thus by Faith we live,  
Exceeds all Joys, that Earth can give.
- 3 But O! what Extacy unknown  
Fills the wide Circle round thy Throne,  
Where ev'ry rapt'rous Hour appears  
Nobler than Millions of our Years!
- 4 Millions by Millions multiplied  
Shall ne'er thy Saints from Thee divide;

But

But the bright Legions live and praise  
Thro' all thy own immortal Days.

- 5 O happy Dead in Thee that sleep,  
While o'er their mould'ring Dust we weep!  
O faithful Saviour, who shalt come  
That Dust to ransom from the Tomb!
- 6 While thine unerring Word imparts  
So rich a Cordial to our Hearts,  
Thro' Tears our Triumphs shall be shown,  
Tho' round their Graves, and near our own.

CCCIII. CHRIST glorified and admired in his Saints  
*at the great Day.* 2 Theff. i. 10.

- 1 YE Heav'ns, with Sounds of Triumph ring;  
Ye Angels burst into a Song;  
*Jesus* descends, victorious King,  
And leads his shining Train along.
- 2 Ye Saints that sleep in Dust, arise;  
Let Joy re-animate your Clay;  
Spring to your Saviour thro' the Skies,  
And round his Throne your Homage pay.
- 3 Then let the Sons of Heav'n draw nigh,  
While to th' astonish'd Host you tell,  
How feeble Mortals rose so high  
From Graves and Worms, from Sin and Hell.
- 4 Tell them, in Accents like their own,  
What an incarnate God could do,  
Then point to *Jesus* on the Throne,  
And boast, that *Jesus* died for you.

5 Transported, they no more can hear;  
 Their Voices catch the sacred Name;  
 Harmonious to his Father's Ear,  
*Jesus the God*, their Harps proclaim.

6 Sin hath its dire \* Incurfions made,  
 That Thou might'ft prove thy Pow'r to fave;  
 And Death its Enfigns wide display'd,  
 That Thou might'ft triumph o'er the Grave.

\* *Dreadful.*

CCCIV. CHRIST *feen of Angels.* 1 Tim. iii. -16.

1 O Ye immortal Throng  
 Of Angels round the Throne,  
 Join with our feeble Song  
 To make the Saviour known:

On Earth ye knew  
 His wond'rous Grace,  
 His beauteous Face  
 In Heav'n ye view.

2 Ye faw the Heav'n-born Child  
 In human Flefh array'd,  
 Benevolent and mild,  
 While in the Manger laid:

And Praise to God,  
 And Peace on Earth,  
 For fuch a Birth,  
 Proclaim'd aloud.

3 Ye in the Wildernefs  
 Beheld the Tempter fpoil'd,  
 Well known in ev'ry Drefs,  
 In-ev'ry Combat foil'd;

And

And joy'd to crown  
The Victor's Head,  
When *Satan* fled  
Before his Frown.

4 Around the Bloody Tree  
Ye prefs'd with strong Desire,  
That wond'rous Sight to see,  
The Lord of Life expire ;  
And, could your Eyes  
Have known a Tear,  
Had drop'd it there  
In sad Surprize.

5 Around his sacred Tomb  
A willing Watch ye keep ;  
Till the blest Moment come  
To rouse him from his Sleep :  
Then roll'd the Stone,  
And all ador'd  
Your rising Lord  
With Joy unknown.

6 When all array'd in Light  
The shining Conqu'ror rode,  
Ye hail'd his rapt'rous Flight  
Up to the Throne of God ;  
And wav'd around  
Your golden Wings,  
And struck your Strings  
Of sweetest Sound.

7 The warbling Notes pursue,  
And louder Anthems raise ;  
While Mortals sing with you  
Their own Redeemer's Praise :

And thou, my Heart,  
 With equal Flame,  
 And Joy the same,  
 Perform thy Part.

CCCV. *The Stability of the divine Foundation, and its double Inscription.* 2 Tim. ii. 19.

- 1 TO Thee, great Architect on high,  
 Immortal Thanks be paid,  
 Who, to support thy sinking Saints,  
 This firm Foundation laid.
- 2 Fix'd on a Rock thy Gospel stands,  
 And braves \* the Rage of Hell;  
 And, while the Saviour's Hand protects,  
 His Blood cements it well.
- 3 Here will I build my final Hope;  
 Here rest my weary Soul;  
 Majestic shall the Fabric † rise,  
 Till Glory crown the whole.
- 4 Deep on my Heart, All-gracious Lord,  
 Engrave its double Seal;  
 Which, while it speaks thy honour'd Name,  
 Its sacred Use may tell.
- 5 Dear by a thousand tender Bonds,  
 Thy Saints to Thee are known;  
 And, conscious what a Name they bear,  
 Iniquity they shun.

\* *Defies.* † *Building.*

CCCVI. *Persecution to be expected by every true Christian.* 2 Tim. iii. 12.

1 GREAT Leader of thine *Israel's* Host,  
We shout thy conqu'ring Name;  
Legions of Foes beset Thee round,  
And Legions fled with Shame.

2 A Vict'ry glorious and compleat  
Thou by thy Death didst gain;  
So in thy Cause may we contend,  
And Death itself sustain.

3 By our illustrious Gen'ral fir'd,  
We no Extremes would fear;  
Prepar'd to struggle and to bleed,  
If Thou, our Lord, be near.

4 We'll trace the Footsteps Thou hast drawn  
To Triumph and Renown;  
Nor shun thy Combat and thy Cross,  
May we but share thy Crown.

CCCVII. *The Christian Scheme of Salvation worthy of GOD.* Hebrews ii. 10.

1 IMMORTAL God, on Thee we call,  
The great Original of all;  
Thro' Thee we are, to Thee we tend,  
Our sure Support, our glorious End.

2 We praise that wise mysterious Grace,  
That pitied our revolted Race,  
And *Jesus*, our victorious Head,  
The Captain of Salvation made.

- 3 He, thine eternal Love decreed,  
Should many Sons to Glory lead ;  
And sinful Worms to him are giv'n,  
A Colony to people Heav'n.
- 4 *Jesus* for us, (O gracious Name !)  
Encounter'd Agony and Shame :  
*Jesus*, the Glorious and the Great,  
Was by dire \* Suff'rings made compleat.
- 5 A Scene of Wonders here we see,  
Worthy thy Son, and worthy Thee :  
And, while this Theme employs our Tongues,  
All Heav'n unites its sweetest Songs.

CCCVIII. *Satan and Death conquered by the Death  
of CHRIST.* Heb. ii. 14, 15.

- 1 *SATAN*, the dire \* Invader came  
Our new-made World t' annoy :  
And Death march'd dreadful in his Rear,  
His Captives to destroy.
- 2 Caught in his Snares our Father sunk ;  
With him his Children fell ;  
And Death his fatal Shaft † prepar'd  
To smite them down to Hell.
- 3 *Jesus* with pitying Eye beheld,  
And left his starry Crown ;  
Turn'd his own Weapons on the Foe,  
And mow'd his Legions down.

\* *Dreadful.*

† *Arrow.*

- 4 By Death the Saviour Death disarm'd,  
That we in Light may shine ;  
And fix'd this great mysterious Law,  
That Dust should Dust refine.
- 5 No more the pointed Shaft we fear,  
Nor dread the Monster's Boast ;  
No more the pious Dead we mourn,  
As Friends for ever lost.
- 6 Their Tongues, great Prince of Life, shall join  
With our recover'd Breath,  
And all th' immortal Hosts, t' ascribe  
Our Vict'ry to thy Death.

CCCIX. *An immediate Attention to GOD's Voice  
required. Heb. iii. 15.*

- 1 **T**HE Lord JEHOVAH calls,  
Be ev'ry Ear inclin'd ;  
May such a Voice awake each Heart,  
And captivate the Mind.
- 2 If He in Thunder speaks,  
Earth trembles at his Nod ;  
But gentle Accents here proclaim  
The condescending God.
- 3 O harden not your Hearts,  
But hear his Voice To-day ;  
Lest, ere To-morrow's earliest Dawn,  
He call your Souls away.
- 4 Almighty God, pronounce  
The Word of conqu'ring Grace ;



So shall the Flint dissolve to Tears,  
And Scorners seek thy Face.

CCCX. *The eternal Sabbath.* Heb. iv. 9.

- 1 LORD of the Sabbath, hear our Vows,  
On this thy Day, in this thy House :  
And own, as grateful Sacrifice,  
The Songs, which from the Desert rise.
- 2 Thine earthly Sabbaths, Lord, we love ;  
But there's a nobler Rest above ;  
To that our lab'ring Souls aspire  
With ardent Pangs of strong Desire.
- 3 No more Fatigue, no more Distress ;  
Nor Sin nor Hell shall reach the Place ;  
No Groans to mingle with the Songs,  
Which warble from immortal Tongues.
- 4 No rude Alarms of raging Foes ;  
No Cares to break the long Repose ;  
No Midnight Shade, no clouded Sun,  
But sacred, high, eternal Noon.
- 5 O long-expected Day begin ;  
Dawn on these Realms of Woe and Sin :  
Fain would we leave this weary Road,  
And sleep in Death to rest with God.

CCCXI. CHRIST *our Forerunner, and the Founda-  
tion of our Hope.* Heb. vi. 19, 20.

- 1 JESUS, the Lord our Souls adore,  
A painful Suff'rer now no more ;

High

High on his Father's Throne He reigns  
O'er Earth, and Heav'n's extensive Plains.

2 His Race for ever is compleat;  
For ever undisturb'd his Seat;  
Myriads of Angels round him fly,  
And sing his well-gain'd Victory.

3 Yet, 'midst the Honours of his Throne,  
He joys not for Himself alone;  
His meanest Servants share their Part,  
Share in that royal tender Heart.

4 Raise, raise my Soul, thy raptur'd Sight  
With sacred Wonder and Delight;  
*Jesus* thy own Forerunner see  
Enter'd beyond the Veil for thee.

5 Loud let the howling Tempest yell,  
And foaming Waves to Mountains swell,  
No Shipwreck can my Vessel fear,  
Since Hope hath fix'd its Anchor here.

CCCXII. *The evil Conscience purified by the Blood of  
Jesus. Heb. ix. 13, 14.*

1 BLEST be the Lamb, whose Blood was spilt  
To sprinkle Conscience from its Guilt;  
To ease its Pains, to calm its Fears,  
And purchase Grace for future Years.

2 Cleans'd by this all-atoning Blood,  
We joy in free Access to God,  
The living God, before whose Face  
Sinners in vain shall seek a Place.

- 3 Rouze thee, my Soul, to serve him still  
 With cordial Love, with active Zeal :  
 Serve him, like his own Son divine,  
 Who made his Life the Price of thine.
- 4 Blest *Jesus*, introduc'd by Thee,  
 The Father's smiling Face I see ;  
 And, strengthen'd by thy Grace alone,  
 These grateful Services are done.
- 5 Then must my Debt, from Day to Day,  
 Grow with each Service that I pay ;  
 So grows my Joy, dear Lord, to be  
 Thus more and more in Debt to 'Thee.

CCCXIII. *Death and Judgment appointed to all.*  
 Heb. ix. 27.

- 1 H E AV'N has confirm'd the great Decree,  
 That *Adam's* Race must die :  
 One gen'ral Ruin sweeps them down,  
 And low in Dust they lie.
- 2 Ye living Men, the Tomb survey,  
 Where you must quickly dwell ;  
 Hark how the awful Summons sounds  
 In ev'ry fun'ral Knell !
- 3 Once you must die, and once for all ;  
 The solemn Purport weigh ;  
 For know, that Heav'n and Hell are hung  
 On that important Day.
- 4 Those Eyes, so long in Darknes veil'd,  
 Must wake the Judge to see,

And

And ev'ry Word, and ev'ry Thought  
Must pass his Scrutiny.

5 O may I in the Judge behold  
My Saviour and my Friend,  
And far beyond the Reach of Death  
With all his Saints ascend.

CCCXIV. CHRIST' *second Appearance, &c.*  
Heb. ix. 28.

1 B E H O L D the Son of God appears,  
And in his Flesh our Sins he bears ;  
The Victim at God's Altar stood  
To expiate Guilt by Groans and Blood.

2 But lo, a second Time He comes  
To shake the Earth, and rend the Tombs ;  
These Heav'ns before Him melt away,  
And Sun and Stars in Smoke decay.

3 Yet 'midst this general Wreck and Dread,  
Ye Saints with Triumph lift the Head ;  
With glad surprize your Saviour meet,  
Who comes to make your Blifs compleat.

4 My Soul, an Happiness so great  
With pleasing Expectation wait ;  
And, while I dwell upon the Thought,  
Be Earth and all its Toys forgot.

5 My Saviour God, what Grace is thine  
Which gives a Prospect so divine !  
Come blessed Day, and teach our Tongues  
How Angels warble out their Songs.

CCCXV. *Liberty to enter through the Veil by the  
Blood of CHRIST. Heb. x. 19—22.*

1 **A**PPROACH, ye Children of your God ;  
Fav'rites of Heav'n draw near :  
Enter the Holiest with Delight,  
Tho' his own Ark be there.

2 Pass thro' the Veil, the Saviour's Flesh,  
That new and living Way ;  
And Majesty enshrin'd \* in Love  
Shall gentle Beams display.

3 *Jesus* with Sin-atonng Blood  
The Throne hath sprinkled o'er ;  
His fragrant Incense spreads its Cloud,  
And Justice flames no more.

4 Approach with Boldness and with Joy,  
But spotless all draw near ;  
Pure be your Lives from ev'ry Stain,  
And ev'ry Conscience clear.

5 So shall the Blessings of his Grace  
On all your Souls distill,  
Till each a royal Priest appears  
On his celestial Hill.

\* *Surrounded with and softened by.*

ECCXVI *GOD's Fidelity to his Promises.*  
Heb. x. -23.

1 **T**HE Promises I sing,  
Which sov'reign Love hath spoke ;

Nor will th' eternal King  
 His Words of Grace revoke ;  
 They stand secure,  
 And steadfast still ;  
 Not *Zion's* Hill  
 Abides so sure.

2 The Mountains melt away  
 When once the Judge appears,  
 And Sun and Moon decay,  
 'That measure Mortals Years ;  
 But still the same  
 In radiant Lines  
 The Promise shines  
 Thro' all the Flame.

3 Their Harmony shall sound  
 Thro' mine attentive Ears,  
 When Thunders cleave the Ground,  
 And dissipate the Spheres ;  
 'Midst all the Shock  
 Of that dread Scene,  
 I stand serene,  
 'Thy Word my Rock.

CCCXVII. *The Day approaching, a Motive to  
 Love and Worship.* Heb. x. 24, 25.

1 T H E Day approacheth, O my Soul,  
 The great decisive Day,  
 Which from the Verge of mortal Life  
 Shall bear thee far away.

2 Another Day more awful dawns ;  
 And lo, the Judge appears ;

Ye Heav'ns, retire before his Face,  
And sink, ye darken'd Stars.

3 Yet does one short preparing Hour,  
One precious Hour remain ;  
Rouze thee, my Soul, with all thy Pow'r,  
Nor let it pass in vain.

4 With me my Brethren soon must die,  
And at that Bar appear ;  
Now be our Intercourse improv'd  
To mutual Comfort here.

5 For this thy Temple, Lord, we throng ;  
For this, thy Board surround ;  
Here may our Service be approv'd,  
And in thy Presence crown'd.

CCCXVIII. *Abraham's Faith in leaving his Country at the divine Command.* Heb. xi, 8.

1 **N**OW let our Songs proclaim abroad  
Th' unchanging Name of *Abram's* GOD ;  
In Him let *Abram's* Children boast,  
Their Father's ever-living LORD,  
His Shield, his Friend, his great Reward,  
Who never can deceive their Trust.

2 Call'd by thy Voice, with joyful Speed  
He went, where Thou wast pleas'd to lead,  
Unknowing in the Path he trod ;  
His Land, his Kindred, strove in vain  
The pious Pilgrim to detain,  
Propt on the Promise of his GOD.

3 So at thy Word the Saint foregoes \*  
 Each tender Tie, which Nature knows,  
 And hears no other Voice but Thine;  
 Marches, where Thou shalt point the Way,  
 Where Thou shalt pitch his Tent, will stay,  
 And learns his *Isaac* to resign.

4 At length, still faithful to thy own,  
 Thou call'd'st him to a World unknown,  
 Thro' Paths untrod by mortal Feet;  
 Smiling he owns thy Voice in Death,  
 Gives to the Air his fleeting Breath,  
 And finds the Road to *Abram's* Seat.

\* *Breaks thro'.*

CCCXIX. *The GOD of the Patriarchs preparing them a City.* Heb. xi. 16.

- 1 *I am thy GOD,* JEHOVAH said,  
 To *Abram*, and his chosen Seed;  
 And still the same Relation owns  
 To each of *Abram's* faithful Sons.
- 2 Sov'reign of Heav'n, what Works of Love  
 So grand a Title shall approve?  
 What splendid Gifts will GOD bestow,  
 That all its high Import may know?
- 3 Not the rich Flocks and Herds that feed  
 Round *Abram's* Tents in *Mamre's* Mead;  
 Not *Joseph's* Chariot, or the Throne,  
 Iv'ry and Gold of *Solomon*.
- 4 Not *Canaan's* Plains a Lot can prove  
 Proportion'd to JEHOVAH's Love;

Not



Not *Zion's* sacred Mountain, where  
His Temple glitter'd like a Star.

5 O'er *Zion's* Mount, o'er *Canaan's* Plains,  
Oppression now, and Horror reigns ;  
And, where the Throne of *David* stood,  
His ruin'd Sepulchre is view'd.

6 'Tis in the Heav'n of Heav'ns alone  
Thou mak'st thy wond'rous Friendship known ;  
A City there thy Hand prepares,  
Fix'd as thy own eternal Years..

7 Long as they reign before thy Face,  
The blisful Nations shall confess,  
Thy sov'reign Love has there bestow'd  
Salvation worthy of a God.

CCCXX. *Moses's wise Choice.* Heb. xi. 26.

1: **M**Y Soul, with all thy waken'd Pow'rs  
Survey the heav'nly Prize ;  
Nor let these glitt'ring Toys of Earth  
Allure thy wand'ring Eyes.

2 The splendid Crown, which *Moses* fought,  
Still beams around his Brow ;  
Tho' soon great *Pharoah's* scepter'd Pride,  
Was taught by Death to bow.

3 The Joys and Treasures of a Day:  
I chearfully resign ;  
Rich in that large immortal Store,  
Secur'd by Grace divine.

- 4 Let Fools my wiser Choice deride,  
 Angels and God approve ;  
 Nor Scorn of Men, nor Rage of Hell  
 My stedfast Soul shall move.
- 5 With ardent Eye that bright Reward  
 I daily will survey ;  
 And in the blooming Prospect lose  
 The Sorrows of the Way.

CCCXXI *Acting, as seeing him, who is invisible.*  
 Heb. xi. -27.

- 1 E T E R N A L and immortal King,  
 Thy peerless \* Splendors none can bear,  
 But Darkness veils *Seraphic* Eyes,  
 When God with all his Lustre's there.
- 2 Yet Faith can pierce the awful Gloom,  
 The great *Invisible* can see ;  
 And with its Tremblings mingle Joy  
 In fix'd Regards, Great God, to Thee.
- 3 Then ev'ry tempting Form of Sin,  
 Sham'd in thy Presence disappears ;  
 And all the glowing raptur'd Soul  
 The Likeness it contemplates wears.
- 4 O Ever-conscious to my Heart,  
 Witness to its supreme Desire,  
 Behold it presseth on to Thee,  
 For it hath caught the heav'nly Fire.
- 5 This one Petition would it urge,  
 To bear Thee ever in its Sight ;  
 \* *Unequaled.*

In Life, in Death, in Worlds unknown,  
Its only Portion and Delight.

CCCXXII. *Subjection to GOD, the Father of us  
Spirits. Heb. xii. -9.*

- 1 **E**TERNAL Source of Life and Thought,  
Be all beneath Thyself forgot ;  
Whilst Thee, great Parent-Mind, we own  
In prostrate Homage round thy Throne.
- 2 Whilst in themselves our Souls survey  
Of Thee some faint reflected Ray,  
'They wond'ring to their Father rise ;  
His Pow'r how vast ! His Thoughts how wise !
- 3 Behold us as thine Offspring, LORD,  
And do not cast us off abhorr'd ;  
Nor let thy Hand, so long our Joy,  
Be rais'd in Vengeance to destroy.
- 4 O may we live before thy Face,  
The willing Subjects of thy Grace ;  
And thro' each Path of Duty move  
With filial Awe, and filial Love.

CCCXXIII. *The Immutability of CHRIST.  
Heb. xiii. 8.*

- 1 **W**ITH Transport, LORD, our Souls proclaim  
Th' immortal Honours of thy Name :  
Assembled round our Saviour's Throne,  
We make his ceaseless Glories known.

High on his Father's royal Seat  
 Our *Jesus* shone divinely great,  
 Ere *Adam's* Clay with Life was warm'd,  
 Or *Gabriel's* nobler Spirit form'd.

Thro' all succeeding Ages He  
 The same hath been, the same shall be:  
 Immortal Radiance gilds his Head,  
 While Stars and Suns wax old and fade.

The same his Pow'r his Flock to guard;  
 The same his Bounty to reward;  
 The same his Faithfulness and Love  
 To Saints on Earth, and Saints above.

Let Nature change and sink and die;  
*Jesus* shall raise his Chosen high,  
 And fix them near his stable Throne,  
 In Glory changeless as his own.

CCCXXIV. *Watching for Souls in the View of  
 the great Account.* Hebrews xiii. -17.

*For the Ordination of a Minister.*

LET *Zion's* Watchmen all awake,  
 And take th' Alarm they give;  
 Now let them from the Mouth of God  
 Their solemn Charge receive.

'Tis not a Cause of small Import  
 The *Pastor's* Care demands;  
 But what might fill an Angel's Heart,  
 And fill'd a Saviour's Hands.

- 3 They watch for Souls, for which the Lord  
 Did heav'nly Blifs forego \* ;  
 For Souls, which must for ever live  
 In Raptures or in Woe.
- 4 All to the great Tribunal haste,  
 Th' Account to render there ;  
 And shouldst thou strictly mark our Faults,  
 Lord, how should we appear ?
- 5 May they that *Jesus*, whom they preach,  
 Their own Redeemer see ;  
 And watch Thou daily o'er their Souls,  
 That they may watch for Thee.

\* *Forsake, lay aside.*

CCCXXV. *The Christian perfected by divine Grace through CHRIST.* Heb. xiii. 20, 21.

- 1 FATHER of Peace, and God of Love,  
 We own thy Pow'r to save ;  
 That Pow'r, by which our Shepherd rose  
 Victorious o'er the Grave.
- 2 We triumph in that Shepherd's Name,  
 Still watchful for our Good ;  
 Who brought th' eternal Cov'nant down,  
 And seal'd it with his Blood.
- 3 So may thy Spirit seal my Soul,  
 And mould it to thy Will ;  
 That my fond Heart no more may stray,  
 But keep thy Cov'nant still.

4 Still

4 Still may we gain superior Strength,  
 And press with Vigour on,  
 Till full Perfection crown our Hopes,  
 And fix us near thy Throne.

CCCXXVI. *Christians begotten to GOD, as the  
 First-Fruits of his Creatures. James i. 18.*

1 NOW to that sov'reign Grace,  
 Whence all our Comforts spring,  
 Let the whole new-begotten Race  
 Their chearful Praises bring.

2 His Will first made the Choice ;  
 His Word the Change hath wrought ;  
 In Him our Father we rejoice,  
 Nor be the Name forgot.

3 Lord, may this matchless Love,  
 Which thy own Children see,  
 Make us from all thy Creatures prove  
 As the First-Fruits to Thee.

4 Sacred to Thee alone  
 Be all these Pow'rs of mine,  
 Then in the noblest Sense my own,  
 When most entirely thine.

CCCXXVII. *Looking into the perfect Law of Liberty,  
 and continuing in it. James i. 25.*

1 BEHOLD the Glass the Gospel lends,  
 That Men themselves may view :

How

How free from Stain its Surface is !  
How polish'd, and how true !

2 Behold that wise, that perfect Law,  
Which noblest Freedom gives ;  
O may it all our Souls refine,  
And sanctify our Lives !

3 Not with a transient Glance survey'd,  
And in an Hour forgot,  
But deep inscrib'd on ev'ry Heart,  
To reign o'er ev'ry Thought.

4 Great Author of each perfect Gift,  
Thy sov'reign Grace display,  
That these rebellious roving Pow'rs  
May hearken and obey.

5 Inspir'd by Thee, our feeble Souls  
Shall pass victorious on ;  
As the faint dawning Light improves  
To all the Blaze of Noon.

CCCXXVIII. *James's Advice to Sinners.* James  
iv. 7, 8.

1 YE Sinners, bend your stubborn Necks  
Beneath the Yoke divine ;  
In low Submission bow ye down  
Before his sacred Shrine.

2 In pious Streams your Follies mourn,  
And seek his injur'd Grace ;  
And wait with broken bleeding Hearts  
The Op'nings of his Face.

3 Resist

- 3 Resist the Tempter's fierce Attacks,  
And he shall speed his Flight :  
Draw near to God, and his Embrace  
Shall fold you with Delight.
- 4 Ye Sinners, cleanse your spotted Hands,  
And purge your Hearts from Sin ;  
Here fix your long-divided Views,  
And Peace shall reign within.
- 5 Blest Saviour, draw us by thy Love,  
And fix us by thy Pow'r ;  
When we have felt these sweet Constraints,  
Our Souls shall rove no more.

CCCXXIX. *The Vanity of worldly Schemes in-  
ferred from the Uncertainty of Life.* James iv.  
13, 14, 15.

- 1 **T**O-MORROW, Lord, is thine,  
Lodg'd in thy sov'reign Hand ;  
And, if its Sun arise and shine,  
It shines by thy Command.
- 2 The present Moment flies,  
And bears our Life away ;  
O make thy Servants truly wise,  
That they may live To-day.
- 3 Since on this winged Hour  
Eternity is hung,  
Waken by thine Almighty Pow'r  
'The Aged and the Young.
- 4 One Thing demands our Care ;  
O be it still pursu'd !

Left,



Lest, slighted once, the Season fair  
Should never be renew'd.

- 5 To *Jesus* may we fly,  
Swift as the Morning Light,  
Lest Life's young golden Beams should die  
In sudden endless Night.

CCCXXX. *Rejoicing in an unseen Saviour.*  
1 Peter. i. 8.

- 1 **M**INE inward Joys, suppress'd too long,  
Extatic burst into a Song;  
From *Christ*, tho' now unseen, they rise  
And reach his Throne beyond the Skies.
- 2 His Glories strike the wond'ring Sight  
Of all the first-born Sons of Light;  
Beyond the *Seraphim* they shine,  
Unrivall'd all, and all divine.
- 3 Yet mortal Worms his Friendship boast,  
And make his saving Name their Trust:  
*Jesus*, my Lord, I know him well;  
He rescu'd me from Death and Hell.
- 4 This sinful Heart, from God estrang'd,  
His new-creating Pow'r hath chang'd;  
And, mingling with each secret Thought,  
Maintains the Work, which first it wrought.
- 5 He gives to see his Father's Face;  
He gives my Soul to thrive in Grace;  
And brings the Views of Glory down,  
The Beamings of my heav'nly Crown.

6 Thus entertain'd, while here below  
 Unspeakable my Transports grow ;  
 New Joys in swift Succession roll,  
 And Glory fills my silent Soul.

CCCXXXI. *The Heart purified to Love unfeigned  
 by the Spirit. 1 Peter i. 22.*

1 GREAT Spirit of immortal Love,  
 Vouchsafe our frozen Hearts to move ;  
 With Ardour strong these Breasts inflame  
 To all that own a Saviour's Name.

2 Still let the heav'nly Fire endure  
 Fervent and vig'rous, true and pure :  
 Let ev'ry Heart and ev'ry Hand  
 Join in the dear fraternal Band \*.

3 Celestial Dove, descend, and bring  
 The smiling Blessings on thy Wing ;  
 And make us taste those Sweets below,  
 Which in the blisful Mansions grow.

\* *Brotherly Union.*

CCCXXXII. *Tasting that the LORD is gracious.*  
 1 Peter ii. 3.

1 YES, it is sweet to taste his Grace,  
 Who bought us with his Blood ;  
 My Soul prefers the Relish still  
 To all created Good.

2 O how I love that vital Word,  
 Which taught me first to live !

Thirst

Thirst for that uncorrupted Milk,  
That I may grow and thrive!

3 All-gracious Lord, instruct us more  
Thy saving Gifts to know:  
And let our inmost Hearts rejoice,  
That Thou hast lov'd us so.

4 Open thy Stores with lib'ral Hand,  
That we may daily feast;  
And let each dying Soul around  
The sweet Salvation taste.

CCCXXXIII. *Coming to CHRIST as a living  
Stone. 1 Peter ii. 4, 5.*

1 **W**ITH Extacy of Joy  
Extol his glorious Name,  
Who rais'd the spacious Earth,  
And rais'd our ruin'd Frame:  
He built the Church  
Who built the Sky,  
Shout and exalt  
His Honours high.

2 See the Foundation laid  
By Pow'r and Love divine;  
*Jesus*, his First-born Son,  
How bright his Glories shine!  
Low he descends,  
In Dust he lies,  
That from his Tomb  
A Church might rise.

3 But He for ever lives,  
 Nor for himself alone ;  
 Each Saint new Life derives  
 From this mysterious Stone ;  
     His Influence darts  
     'Thro' ev'ry Soul,  
     And in one House  
     Unites the whole.

4 To him with Joy we move ;  
 In him cemented stand ;  
 The living Temple grows,  
 And owns the Founder's Hand :  
     That Structure, Lord,  
     Still higher raise,  
     Louder to sound  
     Its Builder's Praise.

Descend, and shed abroad  
 The Tokens of thy Grace,  
 And with more radiant Beams  
 Let Glory fill the Place ;  
     Our joyful Souls  
     Shall prostrate fall,  
     And own our GOD  
     Is All in All.

CCXXXIV. CHRIST *the Corner-Stone.* 1. Peter  
 ii. 6. compared with Isaiah xxviii. 16, 17.

LORD, dost Thou shew a Corner-Stone  
 For us to build our Hopes upon,  
 That the fair Edifice may rise  
 Sublime in Light beyond the Skies ?

- 2 We own the Work of sov'reign Love :  
Nor Death nor Hell those Hopes shall move,  
Which fix'd on this Foundation stand,  
Laid by thy own Almighty Hand.
- 3 Thy People long this Stone have tried,  
And all the Pow'rs of Hell defy'd ;  
Floods of Temptation beat in vain ;  
Well doth this Rock the House sustain.
- 4 When Storms of Wrath around prevail,  
Whirlwind and Thunder, Fire and Hail,  
'Tis here our trembling Souls shall hide,  
And here securely they abide.
- 5 While they that scorn this precious Stone,  
Fond of some Quicksand of their own,  
Borne down by weighty Vengeance die,  
And buried deep in Ruin lie.

CCCXXXV. CHRIST *precious to the Believer.*  
1 Peter ii. 7.

- 1 JESUS, I love thy charming Name ;  
'Tis Music to mine Ear ;  
Fain would I sound it out so loud,  
That Earth and Heav'n should hear.
- 2 Yes, Thou art precious to my Soul,  
My Transport, and my Trust :  
Jewels to Thee are gaudy Toys,  
And Gold is fordid Dust.
- 3 All my capacious Pow'rs can wish  
In Thee doth richly meet :

Nor to mine Eyes is Light so dear,  
Nor Friendship half so sweet.

4 Thy Grace still dwells upon my Heart,  
And sheds its Fragrance there ;  
The noblest Balm of all its Wounds,  
The Cordial of its Care.

5 I'll speak the Honours of thy Name  
With my last lab'ring Breath ;  
Then speechless clasp Thee in mine Arms,  
The Antidote of Death.

CCCXXXVI. Noah *preserved in the Ark, and the  
Believer in CHRIST.* 1 Pet. iii. 20, 21.

1 THE Deluge, at th' Almighty's Call,  
In what impetuous Streams it fell !  
Swallow'd the Mountain's in its Rage,  
And swept a guilty World to Hell.

2 In vain the tallest Son's of Pride  
Fled from the close-pursuing Wave ;  
Nor could their mightiest Tow'rs defend,  
Nor Swiftness 'scape, nor Courage save.

3 How dire the Wreck ! How loud the Roar !  
How thrill the universal Cry  
Of Millions in the last Despair,  
Re-echo'd from the low'ring Sky !

4 Yet *Noah*, humble happy Saint,  
Surrounded with the chosen Few,  
Sat in his Ark, secure from Fear,  
And sang the Grace that steer'd him thro'.

- 5 So I may sing, in *Jesus* safe,  
While Storms of Vengeance round me fall,  
Conscious how high my Hopes are fix'd,  
Beyond what shakes this earthly Ball.
- 6 Enter thine Ark, while Patience waits,  
Nor ever quit that sure Retreat:  
Then the wide Flood, which buries Earth,  
Shall waft thee to a fairer Seat.
- 7 Nor Wreck nor Ruin there is seen;  
There not a Wave of Trouble rolls;  
But the bright Rainbow round the Throne\*  
Seals endless Life to all their Souls.

\* *Rev. iv. 3.*

CCCXXXVII. *The Ungodly warned of their first Appearance. Peter iv. -18.*

- 1 **B**EHOLD God's great incarnate Son  
In Majesty comes flying down:  
Hark! for his Trumpet's awful Sound  
Awakes the Dead, and cleaves the Ground.
- 2 So solemn shall the Judgment be,  
And so severe the Scrutiny †,  
That, by his Merit tried alone,  
The Saint himself would be undone.
- 3 Where then, ye Sons of *Belial* ‡, where  
Will your astonish'd Souls appear?  
How will ye shun his piercing Sight?  
Or how resist his matchless Might?

† *Examination.*

‡ *Rebellious Men.*

4 Up to the pointed Mountains fly,  
 And gain the Confines \* of the Sky;  
 There shall ye meet celestial Fire,  
 While Mountains melt before his Ire †.

5 Call on the rending Earth to save,  
 And in its Center search a Grave;  
 The Judge shall well discern thee there,  
 And drag thee trembling to his Bar.

6 Deck thee around with Fraud and Lies,  
 And put on ev'ry fair Disguise;  
 Soon shall thy painted Form be known  
 Amidst ten thousand of his own.

7 Gird thee in Arms his Wrath t' oppose,  
 And league with Millions of his Foes;  
 Soon would the Rebel-Band expire,  
 Like crackling Thorns amidst the Fire.

8 One only Way may yet be found;  
 Submissive bow ye to the Ground;  
 His Cross a Refuge will afford  
 From all the Terrors of his Sword.

\* *Borders.*

† *Anger.*

CCCXXXVIII. *Humbling ourselves under GOD's  
 mighty Hand. 1 Peter v. 6.*

1 BENEATH thy mighty Hand, O God,  
 Our Souls we prostrate low;  
 Shine forth with gentle radiant Beams,  
 That we thy Name may know.

2 Thy Hand this various Frame produc'd,  
 And still supports it well;

O 3

That



That Hand with Justice and with Ease  
Might smite their Souls to Hell.

3 Conscious of Meanness and of Guilt,  
We in the Dust would lie ;  
Stretch forth thy condescending Arm,  
And lift the Humble high.

4 So in the Temples of thy Grace  
We'll sov'reign Mercy own,  
And, when we shine above the Stars,  
Extol thy Grace alone.

5 The more Thou raise such sinful Dust,  
The lower would it fall ;  
For less than nothing, Lord, are we,  
And Thou art All in All.

CCCXXXIX . *The same. For a Fast Day.*

1 O U R Souls with Rev'rence, Lord, bow down,  
Struck with the Splendors of thy Throne ;  
Humbled, while in thy House we stand,  
Beneath thy great tremendous Hand.

2 That Hand which bears the steady Pole,  
While Nature's Wheels unwearied roll :  
That Hand, which gives each Creature Food,  
And fills the World with various Good.

3 That Hand, which pierc'd thy darling Son  
To expiate Crimes that we had done :  
That Hand, which scatters Grace abroad  
To turn thy Foes to Sons of God.

4 But O ! with what distracted Rage  
Have we presum'd that Hand t' engage ?

And,

And, while long Patience hath been shewn,  
Struggled to force thy Vengeance down!

5 Here might thy Wrath begin to flame,  
And vindicate thine injur'd Name :  
Till the red Thunders of thy Hand  
Had dealt Destruction round our Land.

6 With humble Hearts our God we meet :  
O raise the Suppliants at thy Feet !  
And let that glorious Arm this Day  
Embrace the Rebels it might slay.

CCCXL. *G O D's Care a Remedy for ours.*  
1 Peter v. 7.

1 **H**OW gentle God's Commands !  
How kind his Precepts are !  
" Come, cast your Burdens on the Lord,  
" And trust his constant Care."

2 While Providence supports,  
Let Saints securely dwell ;  
That Hand which bears all Nature up,  
Shall guide his Children well.

3 Why should this anxious Load  
Press down your weary Mind ?  
Haite to your heavenly Father's Throne,  
And sweet Refreshment find.

4 His Goodness stands approv'd  
Down to the present Day ;  
I'll drop my Burden at his Feet,  
And bear a Song away.

CCCXLI. *Establishment in Religion from the GOD of all Grace.* 1 Peter v. 10, 11.

- 1 **H**OW rich thy Favours, God of Grace!  
How various and divine!  
Full as the Ocean they are pour'd,  
And bright as Heav'n they shine.
- 2 He to eternal Glory to calls,  
And leads the wond'rous Way  
To his own Palace, where He reigns  
In uncreated Day.
- 3 *Jesus*, the Herald of his Love,  
Displays the radiant Prize,  
And shews the Purchase of his Blood  
To our admiring Eyes.
- 4 He perfects what his Hand begins,  
And Stone on Stone he lays;  
Till firm and fair the Building rise,  
A Temple to his Praise.
- 5 The Songs of everlasting Years  
That Mercy shall attend,  
Which leads, thro' Suff'rings of an Hour,  
To Joys, that never end.

CCCXLII. *The Circumstances of CHRIST's second Appearing.* 2 Peter iii. 11, 12.

- 1 **M**Y waken'd Soul, extend thy Wings  
Beyond the Verge of mortal Things;  
See this vain World in Smoke decay,  
And Rocks and Mountains melt away.

2 Behold

- 2 Behold the fiery Deluge roll  
Tro' Heav'ns wide Arch, from Pole to Pole :  
Pale Sun no more thy Lustre boast ;  
Tremble and fall, ye starry Host.
- 3 This Wreck of Nature all around,  
The Angel's Shout, the Trumpet's Sound  
Loud the descending Judge proclaim,  
And echo his tremendous Name.
- 4 Children of *Adam*, all appear  
With Rev'ence round his awful Bar ;  
For, as his Lips pronounce, ye go  
To endless Blifs, or endless Woe.
- 5 Lord, to mine Eyes this Scene display  
Frequent thro' each revolving Day,  
And let thy Grace my Soul prepare  
To meet its full Redemption there.

CCCXLIII. *The Importance of being prepared for  
CHRIST'S second Appearing. 2 Peter iii. 14.*

- 1 **B**EHOLD I come, (the Saviour cries)  
“ With winged Speed I come :  
“ My Voice shall call your Souls away  
“ To their eternal Home.
- 2 “ Awake, ye Sons of Sloth, awake ;  
“ Your vain Amusements cease,  
“ And strive with your united Pow'rs  
“ That ye be found in Peace.
- 3 “ Seize the blest Hour with ardent Haste,  
“ Nor slight this peaceful Word,

- “ Lest your affrighted Souls in vain  
 “ Fly from my flaming Sword. . .  
 4 “ Happy the Man, whose ready Heart  
 “ Obeys the sacred Call;  
 “ And shelters in my Coy’nant Grace  
 “ His everlasting All.”  
 3 Blest *Jesus*, whose All-searching Eye  
 My inmost Pow’rs can see.  
 Dost Thou not know my willing Soul  
 Hath lodg’d that All with Thee?  
 6 These eager Eyes thy Signal wait;  
 My dear Redemmer, come;  
 I rove a weary Pilgrim here,  
 And long to be at Home.

CCCXLIV. *Growing in Grace, &c.* 2 Peter. iii. 18.

- 1 PRAISE to thy Name, Eternal God,  
 For all the Grace Thou shed’st abroad;  
 For all thine Influence from above  
 To warm our Souls with sacred Love.  
 2 Blest be thy Hand, which from the Skies  
 Brought down this Plant of Paradise,  
 And gave its heav’nly Glories Birth,  
 To deck this Wilderness of Earth.  
 3 But why does that celestial Flow’r  
 Open, and thrive, and shine no more?  
 Where are its balmy Odours fled;  
 And why reclines its beauteous Head?  
 4 Too plain alas! the Languor shews  
 Th’ unkindly Soil in which it grows

Where the black Frosts and beating Storm  
Wither and rend its tender Form.

5 Unchanging Sun, thy Beams display  
To drive the Frost and Storms away ;  
Make all thy potent Virtues known  
To cheer a Plant so much thy own.

6 And thou, blest Spirit, deign to blow  
Fresh Gales of Heav'n on Shrubs below ;  
So shall they grow, and breathe abroad  
A Fragrance grateful to our God.

CCCXLV. *Experimental Knowledge communicated.*

1 John i. 1—3.

1 **J**ESUS, mine Advocate above,  
Let me not hear of Thee alone.  
But make the Wonders of thy Love  
By deep Experience sweetly known:

2 On Thee my Soul would fix its Eye ;  
My Lips would taste thy heav'nly Grace ;  
Then would I raise thine Honours high,  
And teach a thousand Tongues thy Praise.

3 The sacred Flame from Heart to Heart  
Should with a rapid Progress run ;  
Till each in God cou'd boast his Part,  
'Thro' sweet Communion with his Son.

4 Thus may the Servants of the Lord,  
Feel the Salvation they proclaim ;  
And thus may Crouds receive the Word,  
And echo back the Saviour's Name.

CCCXLVI. *Communion with GOD and CHRIST.*

1 John i. -3.

1 O UR heav'nly Father calls,  
 And *Christ* invites us near ;  
 With both our Friendship shall be sweet,  
 And our Communion dear.

2 God pities all my Griefs ;  
 He pardons ev'ry Day ;  
 Almighty to protéct my Soul,  
 And wise to guide my Way.

3 How large his Bounties are !  
 What various Stores of Good,  
 Diffus'd from my Redeemer's Hand,  
 And purchas'd with his Blood !

4 *Jesus* my living Head,  
 I bless thy faithful Care ;  
 Mine Advocate before the Throne,  
 And my Forerunner there.

3 Here fix my roving Heart ;  
 Here wait, my warmest Love,  
 Till the Communion be compleat  
 In nobler Scenes above.

CCCXLVII. *The Privileges of Saints by the Blood of J E S U S.* 1 John i. 7.

1 M Y various Pow'rs, awake  
 To sound redeeming Grace ;  
 To Him, that wash'd us in his Blood,  
 Ascribe eternal Praise.

2 What

2 What tho' our Guilt appears  
 Dy'd in a Crimfon-Grain ?  
 The Stream, that flows from *Jesus*' Side,  
 Shall purge away the Stain.

3 'Midst all our various Forms  
 We in this Center meet ;  
 Our Hearts, cemented by his Blood,  
 Shall taste Communion sweet.

4 Then let us walk in Light,  
 Like *Christ* whose Name we wear ;  
 And as the Pledge of endless Blifs,  
 Our Father's Image bear.

CCCXLVIII. *The Blood of CHRIST cleansing  
 from all Sin. 1 John i. -7.*

1 **M**Y Sins, alas ! how foul the Stains !  
 How deep, and O ! how wide !  
 O'er my polluted Soul they spread,  
 In double Crimfon dy'd.

2 How shall I stand before that GOD,  
 In whose All-piercing Sight  
 Some Shades of Darkness seem to veil  
 The purest Sons of Light ?

3 Where shall I wash the Spots away,  
 And make my Nature clean,  
 Since Drops of penitential Grief  
 Are tinctur'd still with Sin ?

4 Behold a Torrent all divine  
 Flows from the Saviour's Side,

And



And strangely bears a crystal Stream  
Amidst the purple Tide\*.

5 Here will I bathe my spotted Soul,  
And make it pure and fair :  
Till not the Eye of God discern  
One foul Pollution there.

6 Then, drest in Robes of snowy White,  
I'll join the shining Band,  
And learn new Anthems to the Lamb,  
While round his Throne we stand.

\* Referring to the Blood and Water, that came out  
of Christ's wounded Side. John xx. 34

CCCXLIX. *Having the Son, and having Life in him*  
1 John v. 12.

1 O Happy Christian, who can boast,  
“ The Son of God is mine !”  
Happy, tho' humbled in the Dust ;  
Rich in this Gift divine.

2 He lives the Life of Heav'n below,  
And shall for ever live ;  
Eternal Streams from *Christ* shall flow,  
And endless Vigour give.

3 That Life we ask with bended Knees,  
Nor will the Lord deny ;  
Nor will celestial Mercy see  
Its humble Suppliants die.

3 That Life obtain'd, for Praise alone  
We wish continued Breath ;  
And taught by blest Experience own,  
That Praise can live in Death.

CCCL. *CHRIST the First and the Last, humbled to Death, and exalted to an eternal Triumph over it.*

Revelation i. 17, 18.

1 **W**HAT Myst'ries, Lord, in Thee combine !  
*Jesus*, once mortal, yet divine :  
 The First, the Last ; the End, the Head ;  
 The Source of Life among the Dead.

2 O Love, beyond the Stretch of Thought !  
 What matchless Wonders hath it wrought !  
 My Faith, while she the Grace declares,  
 Trembles beneath the Load she bears.

3 Hail, royal Conqu'ror o'er the Grave,  
 Tender to pity, strong to save !  
 For ever live, for ever reign,  
 And prosp'rous may thy Throne remain.

4 Thy Saints, obedient to thy Word,  
 With humble Joy surround thy Board ;  
 And, long as Time pursues its Race,  
 Proclaim thy Death, and shout thy Grace.

5 In the full Choir, where Angels join  
 Their Harps of Melody divine,  
 Thy Death inspires a Song of Praise  
 New thro' thy Life's eternal Days.

CCCLI. *The Keys of Death and the unseen World in CHRIST'S Hand. Rev. i. -18.*

1 **H**AIL to the Prince of Life and Peace,  
 Who holds the Keys of Death and Hell !

The

The spacious World unseen is His,  
And sov'reign Pow'r becomes Him well.

2 In Shame and Torment once He died,  
But now He lives for evermore :  
Bow down, ye Saints, around his Seat,  
And, all ye Angel-Bands, adore.

3 So live for ever, Glorious Lord,  
To crush thy Foes, and guard thy Friends ;  
While all thy chosen Tribes rejoice,  
That thy Dominion never ends.

4 Worthy thy Hand to hold the Keys,  
Guided by Wisdom, and by Love ;  
Worthy to rule o'er mortal Life,  
O'er Worlds below, and Worlds above.

5 When Death thy Servants shall invade,  
When Pow'rs of Hell thy Church annoy,  
Controul'd by Thee, their Rage shall help  
The Cause they labour'd to destroy.

3 For ever reign, Victorious King :  
Wide thro' the Earth thy Name be known :  
And call my longing Soul to sing  
Sublimer Anthems near thy Throne.

CCCLII. CHRIST'S *Care of Ministers and*  
*Churches.* Rev. ii. 1.

1 **W**E bless the eternal Source of Light,  
Who makes the Stars to shine ;  
And, thro' this dark beclouded World,  
Diffuseth Rays divine.

- 2 We bless the Churches sov'reign King,  
 Whose golden Lamps we are ;  
 Fix'd in the Temples of his Love  
 To shine with Radiance fair.
- 3 Still be our Purity preserv'd ;  
 Still fed with Oil the Flame ;  
 And in deep Characters inscrib'd  
 Our heav'nly Master's Name.
- 4 Then, while between our Ranks he walks,  
 And all our State surveys,  
 His Smiles shall with new Lustre deck  
 'The People of his Praise.

CCCLIII. *The Christian Warrior animated and crowned.* Rev. ii. -10.

- 1 **H**ARK! 'tis our heav'nly Leader's Voice  
 From his triumphant Seat :  
 'Midst all the War's tumultuous Noise,  
 How pow'rful and how sweet !
- 2 " Fight on, my faithful Band, (he cries)  
 " Nor fear the mortal Blow :  
 " Who first in such a Warfare dies  
 " Shall speediest Vict'ry know.
- 3 " I have my Days of Combat known,  
 " And in the Dust was laid ;  
 " But thence I mounted to my Throne,  
 " And Glory crowns my Head.
- 4 " That Throne, that Glory, you shall share ;  
 " My Hands the Crown shall give ;  
 " And

“ And you the sparkling Honours wear,  
 “ While God himself shall live.”

5 Lord, 'tis enough ; our Bosoms glow  
 With Courage, and with Love ;  
 Thy Hand shall bear thy Soldiers thro',  
 And raise their Heads above.

6 My Soul, while Deaths beset me round,  
 Erects her ardent Eyes,  
 And longs, thro' some illustrious Wound,  
 To rush and seize the Prize.

CCCLIV. *The Pillar in GOD's heavenly Temple,  
 with its Inscription. Rev. iii. 12.*

1. ALL-HAIL, Victorious Saviour, hail !  
 I bow to thy Command ;  
 And own, that *David's* royal Key  
 Well fits thy sov'reign Hand.

Open the Treasures of thy Love,  
 And shed thy Gifts abroad ;  
 Unveil to my rejoicing Eyes  
 The Temple of my GOD.

3 There as a Pillar let me stand  
 On an eternal Base \* ;  
 Up-rear'd by thine Almighty Hand,  
 And polish'd by thy Grace.

4 There, deep engraven, let me bear  
 The Title of my GOD ;  
 And mark the New Jerusalem,  
 As my secure Abode.

\* *Foundation.*

5 In lasting Characters inscribe  
 Thy own beloved Name,  
 That endless Ages there may read  
 The great *Emanuel's* Claim.

6 Lead on my Gen'ral; I defy  
 What Earth or Hell can do!  
 Thy Conduct, and this glorious Hope  
 Shall bear thy Soldier thro'.

CCCLV. *GOD's Covenant unchangeable; or, The Rainbow round about the Throne. Rev. iv. -3. compared with Gen. ix. 13—17.*

1 SUPREME of Beings, with Delight  
 Our Eyes survey this heav'nly Sight;  
 And trace with Admiration sweet  
 The beaming Splendors of thy Feet.

2 Jasper and Sapphire strive in vain  
 To paint the Glories of thy Train;  
 Thy Robes all stream eternal Light,  
 Too pow'rful for a *Cherub's* Sight.

3 Yet round thy Throne the Rainbow shines,  
 Fair Emblem of thy kind Designs;  
 Bright Pledge, that speaks thy Cov'nant sure  
 Long as thy Kingdom shall endure.

4 No more shall Deluges of Woe  
 Thy new-created World o'erflow;  
*Jesus*, our Sun, his Beams displays,  
 And gilds the Clouds with beauteous Rays.

5 No Gems so bright, no Forms so fair;  
 Mercy and Truth still triumph there:

Thy

Thy Saints shall bless the peaceful Sign,  
When Stars and Suns forget to shine.

6 E'en here, while Storms and gloomy Shade,  
And Horrors all the Scene o'erspread,  
Faith views the Throne with piercing Eye,  
And boasts the Rainbow still is nigh.

CCCLVI. *Victory over Satan by the Blood of the Lamb, and the Word of the Testimony of his Servants. Rev. xii. 11.*

- 1 SEE the old Dragon from his Throne  
Sink with enormous Ruin down!  
Banish'd from Heav'n, and doom'd to dwell  
Deep in the fiery Gloom of Hell!
- 2 Ye Heav'ns with all your Hosts, rejoice:  
Ye Saints, in Concert lend your Voice:  
Approach your Lord's victorious Seat,  
And tread the Foe beneath your Feet.
- 3 But whence a Conquest so divine  
Gain'd by such feeble Hands as mine?  
Or whence can sinful Mortals boast  
O'er *Satan* and his Rebel-Host?
- 4 'Twas from thy Blood, thou slaughter'd Lamb,  
That all our Palms and Triumphs came?  
Thy Cross, thy Spear, inflict the Stroke,  
By which the Monster's Head is broke.
- 5 Thy faithful Word our Hope maintains  
Thro' all our Combat and our Pains;  
The Accents of thy heav'nly Breath  
Thy Soldiers bear thro' Wounds and Death.

6 Triumphant Lamb, in Worlds unknown,  
With Transport round thy radiant Throne,  
Thy happy Legions, all compleat,  
Shall lay their Laurels at thy Feet.

CCCLVII. *The Song of Moses and the Lamb.*  
Rev. xv. 3.

1 *ISRAEL*, the Tribute bring  
To God's victorious Name;  
The Song of *Moses* sing,  
Of *Moses* and the Lamb:

Improve his Lays \* ;  
The Theme exceeds,  
And nobler Deeds  
Demand our Praise.

2 The Prince of Hell arose  
With impious Rage and Pride,  
And, 'midst our num'rous Foes,  
Our feeble Pow'r defy'd ;  
“ I will o'ertake,  
“ And I destroy,  
“ My Hand with Joy  
“ Shall force thee back.”

3 Thy Hand, Almighty Lord,  
Thy trembling *Israel* saves ;  
Thine unresisted Word  
Divides the threat'ning Waves :  
Thy Hosts pass o'er ;  
The Foe o'erthrown  
Sinks like a Stone  
To rise no more.

\* *Songs of Praise.*



4 Our Triumphs we prepare,  
 And chearful Anthems raise;  
 JEHOVAH'S Arm made bare  
 Demands immortal Praise;  
     And while we sing,  
     Ye Shores proclaim  
     His wond'rous Name,  
     Ye Defarts, ring.

5 Thro' all the Wilderness  
 Thy Prefence, Lord, shall lead;  
 And bring us to the Place,  
 Thy sov'reign Love decreed;  
     Those blisful Plains,  
     Where all around  
     Hosannas sound,  
     And Transport reigns.

CCCLVIII. *The Conquest of Death and Grief by  
 Views of the heavenly State.* Rev. xxi. 4.

1 **L**IFT up, ye Saints, your weeping Eyes,  
 Suspend your Sorrows and your Sighs;  
 Turn all your Groans to joyful Songs,  
 Which *Jesus* dictates to your Tongues.

2 Thus saith the Saviour from his Throne,  
 " Behold all former Things are gone,  
 " Past like an anxious Dream away,  
 " Chas'd by the golden Reins of Day.

3 " See in celestial Pomp array'd  
 " A new-created World display'd;  
 " Mark with what Lights its Prospects shine!  
 " How grand, how various, how divine!

4 " There

4 “ There my own gentle Hand shall dry  
 “ Each Tear from each o’erflowing Eye,  
 “ And open wide my friendly Breast  
 “ To lull the weary Soul to Rest.

5 “ No more shall Grief assail your Heart,  
 “ No boding Fear, no piercing Smart ;  
 “ For ever there my People dwell  
 “ Beyond the Rage of Death and Hell.”

6 Vain King of Terrors, boast no more  
 Thine ancient wide-extended Pow’r ;  
 Each Saint in Life with *Christ* his Head  
 Shall reign, when thou thyself art dead.

CCCLIX. CHRIST, *the Root and Offspring of David, and the Morning Star.* Rev. xxii. -16.

1 ALL-HAIL, mysterious King !  
 Hail, *David’s* ancient Root !  
 Thou righteous Branch, which thence didst spring  
 To give the Nations Fruit.

2 Our weary Souls shall rest  
 Beneath thy grateful Shade ;  
 Our thirsting Lips Salvation taste ;  
 Our fainting Hearts are glad.

3 Fair Morning-Star, arise,  
 With living Glories bright,  
 And pour on these awak’ning Eyes  
 A Flood of sacred Light.

4 ‘The horrid Gloom is fled,  
 Pierc’d by thy beauteous Ray ;

Shine,

Shine, and our wand'ring Footsteps lead  
To everlasting Day.

CCCLX. CHRIST'S *Invitations echoed back, &c.*  
Rev. xxii. 17.

1 HOW free the Fountain flows  
Of endless Life and Joy!  
That Spring, which no Confinement knows,  
Whose Waters never cloy!

2 How sweet the Accents sound  
From the Redeemer's Tongue!  
" Assemble, all ye Nations round,  
" In one obedient Throng.

3 " The Spirit bears the Call  
" To all the distant Lands;  
" The Church, the Bride, reflects it back,  
" While *Jesus* waiting stands.

4 " Ho, ev'ry thirsty Soul,  
" Approach the sacred Spring;  
" Drink, and your fainting Spirits chear;  
" Renew the Draught, and sing.

5 " Let all, that will, approach;  
" The Water freely take;  
" Free from my op'ning Heart it flows,  
" Your raging Thirst to slake."

6 With thankful Hearts we come  
To taste the offer'd Grace;  
And call on all that hear to join  
The Trial, and the Praise.

CCCLXI. *The Christian rejoicing in the Views of  
Death and Judgment. Rev. xii. 20.*

1 “ BEHOLD I come, (the Saviour cries)  
“ On Wings of Love I fly:”

So come, Dear Lord, (my Soul replies)  
And bring Salvation nigh.

2 Come, loose these Bonds of Flesh and Sin:  
Come, end my Pains and Cares;  
Bear me to thy serene Abode  
Beyond the Clouds and Stars.

3 I greet the Messengers of Death,  
By which Thou call’st me Home;  
But doubly greet that joyful Hour,  
When Thou thyself shalt come.

4 Come, plead thy Father’s injur’d Cause,  
And make thy Glory shine;  
Come, rouse thy Servants mould’ring Dust,  
And their whole Frame refine.

5 O come amidst th’ Angelic Hosts  
Their humble Name to own;  
And bear the full Assembly back  
To dwell around thy Throne.

6 With winged Speed, Redeemer dear,  
Bring on th’ illustrious Day:  
Come, lest our Spirits droop and faint  
Beneath thy long Delay.

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# H Y M N S

O N

PARTICULAR OCCASIONS

A N D I N

UNCOMMON MEASURES.

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## H Y M N CCCLXII.

*A Morning-HYMN, to be used at awaking and rising.*

- 1 **A** W A K E, my Soul, to meet the Day ;  
Unfold thy drowsy Eyes,  
And burst the pond'rous Chain that loads  
Thine active Faculties.
- 2 **G** O D's Guardian-Shield was round me spread  
In my defenceless Sleep :  
Let Him have all my waking Hours,  
Who doth my Slumbers keep.
- 3 [The Work of each immortal Soul  
Attentive Care demands ;

Think

Think then what painful Labours wait  
- The faithful Pastor's Hands.]

My Moments fly with winged Pace,  
And swift my Hours are hurl'd ;  
And Death with rapid March comes on  
T' unveil th' eternal World.

I for this Hour must give Account  
Before God's awful Throne :  
Let not this Hour neglected pass,  
As thousands more have done.

Pardon, O God, my former Sloth,  
And arm my Soul with Grace ;  
As, rising now, I seal my Vows  
To prosecute thy Ways.

Bright Sun of Righteousness arise ;  
Thy radiant Beams display,  
And guide my dark bewilder'd Soul  
To everlasting Day.

CCLXIII. *An Evening - HYMN, to be used :  
when composing one's Self to Sleep.*

## I.

INTERVAL of grateful Shade,  
Welcome to my weary Head !  
Welcome Slumbers to mine Eyes,  
Tir'd with glaring Vanities !  
My great Master still allows  
Needful Periods of Repose :  
By my heav'nly Father blest,  
'Thus I give my Pow'rs to Rest ;

Heav'nly Father! gracious Name!  
 Night and Day his Love the same:  
 Far be each suspicious Thought,  
 Ev'ry anxious Care forgot:  
 Thou, my ever-bounteous God,  
 Crown'st my Days with various Good:  
 Thy kind Eye, that cannot sleep,  
 These defenceless Hours shall keep:  
 Blest Vicissitude to me!  
 Day and Night I'm still with Thee.

## II.

What tho' downy Slumbers flee,  
 Strangers to my Couch and me?  
 Sleepless well I know to rest,  
 Lodg'd within my Father's Breast.  
 While the Empress of the Night  
 Scatters mild her Silver Light;  
 While the vivid Planets stray  
 Various thro' their mystic Way;  
 While the Stars unnumber'd roll  
 Round the ever-constant Pole;  
 Far above these spangled Skies  
 All my Soul to God shall rise;  
 'Midst the Silence of the Night  
 Mingling with those Angels bright,  
 Whose harmonious Voices raise  
 Ceaseless Love and ceaseless Praise:  
 Thro' the Throng his gentle Ear  
 Shall my tuneless Accents hear:  
 From on high doth He impart  
 Secret Comfort to my Heart.  
 He in these serenest Hours  
 Guides my intellectual Pow'rs,

And his Spirit doth diffuse,  
 Sweeter far than Midnight Dews ;  
 Lifting all my Thoughts above  
 On the Wings of Faith and Love.  
 Blest Alternative to me,  
 Thus to sleep, or wake, with Thee.

## III.

What if Death my Sleep invade ?  
 Should I be of Death afraid ?  
 Whilst encircled by thine Arm,  
 Death may strike, but cannot harm.  
 What if Beams of op'ning Day  
 Shine around my breathless Clay ?  
 Brighter Visions from on high  
 Shall regale my mental Eye.  
 Tender Friends a while may mourn  
 Me from their Embraces torn ;  
 Dearer better Friends I have  
 In the Realms beyond the Grave.  
 See the Guardian-Angels nigh  
 Wait to waft my Soul on high !  
 See the golden Gates display'd !  
 See the Crown to grace my Head !  
 See a Flood of sacred Light,  
 Which no more shall yield to Night !  
 Transitory World, farewell !  
*Jesus* calls with him to dwell.  
 With thy heav'nly Presence blest,  
 Death is Life, and Labour Rest.  
 Welcome Sleep, or Death, to me,  
 Still secure, for still with Thee.



CCCLXIV. *On Recovery from Sickness, during which much of the divine Favour had been experienced.*

- 1 **M**Y God, thy Service well demands  
The Remnant of my Days ;  
Why was this fleeting Breath renew'd,  
But to renew thy Praise ?
- 2 Thine Arms of everlasting Love  
Did this weak Frame sustain,  
When Life was hov'ring o'er the Grave,  
And Nature sunk with Pain.
- 3 Thou, when the Pains of Death were felt,  
Didst chase the Fears of Hell ;  
And teach my pale and quiv'ring Lips  
Thy matchless Grace to tell.
- 4 Calmly I bow'd my fainting Head  
- On thy dear faithful Breast ;  
Pleas'd to obey my Father's Call  
To his eternal Rest.
- 5 Into thy Hands, my Saviour-GOD,  
Did I my Soul resign,  
In firm Dependence on that Truth,  
Which made Salvation mine.
- 6 Back from the Borders of the Grave  
At thy Command I come :  
Nor would I urge a speedier Flight  
To my celestial Home.
- 7 Where Thou determin'st mine Abode,  
There would I chuse to be ;

For in thy Prefence Death is Life,  
And Earth is Heav'n with Thee.

CCCLXV. *The last Words of David.* 2 Sam.  
xxiii. 1—8\*.

1 THUS hath the Son of *Jesse* said,  
When *Israel's* God had rais'd his Head  
To high imperial Sway :  
Struck with his last poetic Fire,  
*Zion's* sweet Psalmist tun'd his Lyre  
To this harmonious Lay.

2 Thus dictates *Israel's* sacred Rock :  
Thus hath the God of *Jacob* spoke  
By my responsive Tongue :  
Behold the JUST ONE over Men  
Commencing his religious Reign,  
Great Subject of my Song !

3 So gently shines with genial Ray  
Th' unclouded Lamp of rising Day,  
And cheers the tender Flow'rs,  
When Midnight's soft diffusive Rain  
Hath bless'd the Gardens and the Plain  
With kind refreshing Show'rs.

4 Shall not my House this Honour boast ?  
My Soul th' eternal Cov'nant trust,  
Well-order'd still and sure ?  
There all my Hopes and Wishes meet :  
In Death I call its Blessings sweet,  
And feel its Bond secure.

\* Agreeable to the ingenious metrical Version of the  
learned Dr. Richard Grey.

5 The Sons of *Belial* shall not spring,  
 Who spurn at Heav'n's appointed King,  
 And scorn his high Command :  
 Tho' wide the Briars infest the Ground,  
 And the sharp-pointed Thorns around  
 Defy a tender Hand ;

6 A dreadful Warrior shall appear,  
 With Iron Arms and massy Spear,  
 And tear them from their Place :  
 Touch'd with the Lightning of his Ire,  
 At once they kindle into Fire,  
 And vanish in the Blaze.

CCCLXVI. A MILITARY ODE.  
 PSALM CXLIX.

*Probably composed by David, to be sung when his Army was marching out to War against the Remnant of the devoted Nations of Canaan, and first went up in solemn Procession to the House of God at Jerusalem, there, as it were, to consecrate the Arms, which he put into their Hands. The Beds referred to, ver. 5, were probably the Couches, on which they lay at the Banquet attending their Sacrifices ; which gives a noble Sense to a Passage, on any other Interpretation hardly intelligible.*

1 **G** Praise ye the Lord, prepare a new Song,  
 And let all his Saints in full Concert join :  
 Ye Tribes all assemble the Feast to prolong,  
 In solemn Procession with Music divine.

- 2 O *Israel*, in him that made thee rejoice ;  
 Let all *Zion's* Sons exult in their King ;  
 While to martial Dances you join a glad Voice,  
 Your Lutes Harps and Timbre's in Harmony  
 bring.
- 3 The Lord in his Saints still finds his Delight ;  
 Salvation from Him the Meek shall adorn ;  
 'They well may be joyful, sustain'd by his Might,  
 And crown'd by his Favour may lift up their Horn.
- 4 Let Carpets be spread, and Banquets prepar'd  
 Those Altars around, whence Incense ascends ;  
 Whilst Anthems of Glory thro' *Salem* are heard,  
 And God, whom we worship, indulgent attends.
- 5 Then as your Hearts bound with Music and Wine,  
 Inspir'd by the God, who reigns in the Place :  
 Unsheath all your Weapons, and bright let them  
 shine,  
 And brandish your Faulckions, while chaunting  
 his Praise.
- 6 Then march to the Field ; the Heathen defy ;  
 And scatter his Wrath on Nations around :  
 Like Angels of Vengeance your Swords lift on  
 high.  
 And boast that JEHOVAH commissions the Wound.
- 7 Their Gen'ral's subdu'd your Triumphs shall  
 grace,  
 And loaded with Chains their Kings shall be  
 brought ;  
 On the Necks shall ye trample of *Canaan's* proud  
 Race,  
 And all their last remnant for Slaughter be sought.

8 No Rage of your own such Rigour demands ;  
 A Sentence divine your Arms must fulfil :  
 Of old he this Vengeance consign'd to your Hands,  
 And in sacred Volumes recorded his Will.

9 This Honour, ye Saints, appointed for you,  
 All-grateful receive, and faithful obey ;  
 And, while this dread Pleasure resists ye do,  
 Still make his high Praises the Song of the Day.

CCCLXVII. *For the Thanksgiving-Day for the  
 Peace, April 25, 1749.*

1 NOW let our Songs address the God of Peace,  
 Who bids the Tumult of the Battle cease :  
 The pointed Spears to pruning-hooks he bends,  
 And the broad Faulchion in the Plow-share ends,  
 His pow'rful Word unites contending Nations  
 In kind Embrace, and friendly Salutations.

2 Britain, adore the Guardian of thy State ;  
 Who, high on his celestial Throne elate,  
 Still watchful o'er thy Safety and Repose,  
 Frown'd on the Counsel of thy haughtiest Foes ;  
 Thy Coast secur'd from ev'ry dire Invasion  
 Of Fire and Sword and spreading Desolation.

3 When Rebel-bands with desp'rate Madness join'd  
 He wafted o'er Deliv'rance with his Wind ;  
 Drove back the Tide, that delug'd half our Land,  
 And curb'd their Fury with his mightier Hand :  
 Till dreadful Slaughter, and the last Confusion  
 Taught these audacious Sinners their Delusion.

4 He gave our Fleets to triumph o'er the Main,  
 And scatter Terrors 'cross wide Ocean's Plain:  
 Opposing Leaders trembled at the Sight,  
 Nor found their Safety in th' attempted Flight;  
 Taught by their Bonds, how vainly they pretended  
 Those to distress, whom *Israel's* God defended.

5 Fierce Storms were summon'd up in *Britain's* Aid,  
 And meagre Famine hostile Lands o'erspread;  
 By Suff'rings bow'd their Conquests they release,  
 Nor scorn the Overtures of equal Peace:  
 Contending Pow'rs congratulate the Blessing,  
 Joint Hymns of Gratitude to Heav'n addressing.

6 While we beneath our Vines and Fig-trees sit,  
 Or thus within thy sacred Temple meet,  
 Accept, Great God, the Tribute of our Song,  
 And all the Mercies of this Day prolong.

Then spread thy peaceful Word thro' ev'ry Nation,  
 That all the Earth may hail thy great Salvation.

CCCLXVIII. *The Blessing pronounced upon Israel  
 by the Priests.* Numbers vi. 24—27

*For New-Year's Day.*

1 GUARDIAN of *Israel*, Source of Peace  
 Who hast ordain'd thy Priests to bless,  
 Shine forth as our propitious Lord,  
 And verify thy Servants Word.

2 Let thy own Pow'r defend us still  
 Thro' all the Year from ev'ry Ill;  
 And let the Splendor of thy Face  
 Clear all its bright or gloomy Days.

- 3 Thy Countenance our Souls would see,  
For all our Joys unite in Thee ;  
And Peace still waits at thy Command  
To calm our Hearts, and bless our Land.
- 4 Hear, while thy Priests address their Vows,  
And scatter Blessings thro' thy House ;  
And, while they fall, may *Israel* raise  
Its pious Songs of ardent Praise.

CCCLXIX. *A Hymn for a Fast-Day in Time of War.* Deut. xxiii. 6.

- 1 GREAT God of Heav'n and Nature, rise,  
And hear our loud united Cries :  
See Britain bow before thy Face  
'Thro' all her Coasts, and seek thy Grace.
- 2 No Arm of Flesh we make our Trust ;  
Nor Sword, nor Horse, nor Ships we boast :  
'Thine is the Land, and 'Thine the Main,  
And human Force and Skill is vain.
- 3 Our Guilt might draw thy Vengeance down  
On ev'ry Shore, on ev'ry 'Town ;  
But view us, Lord, with pitying Eye,  
And lay thy lifted Thunder by.
- 4 Forgive the Follies of our Times,  
And purge our Land from all its Crimes ;  
Reform'd and deck'd with Grace divine,  
Let Princes Priests and People shine.
- 5 O may no God-provoking Sin  
Thro' all our Camps and Navies reign ;

No foul Reproach, to drive from thence  
Our surest Glory and Defence.

6 So shall our God delight to bless,  
And crown our Arms with wide Success:  
Our Foes shall dread JEHOVAH'S Sword.  
And conqu'ring Britain shout the Lord.

CCCLXX Jabez's Prayer recommended to Youth.

1 Chron. iv. 9. 10.

1 THOU God of Jabez, hear,  
While we intreat thy Grace,  
And borrow that expressive Pray'r,  
With which he fought thy Face.

2 " O that the Lord indeed  
" Would me his Servant bless,  
" From ev'ry Evil shield my Head,  
" And crown my Paths with Peace!

3 " Be his Almighty Hand  
" My Helper and my Guide,  
" Till, with his Saints in *Canaan's* Land  
" My Portion He divide."

4 Thus pious Jabez pray'd,  
While God inclin'd his Ear;  
And all, by whom this Suit is made,  
Shall find the Blessing near.

5 Ye Youths, your Vows combine,  
With loud united Voice;  
So shall your Heads with Honour shine,  
And all your Hearts rejoice.



CCCLXXI. *Manasseh's Affliction, Penitence and Restoration.* 2 Chron. xxxiii. 10—12.

- 1 **G**OD of *Manasseh*, wilt Thou scorn  
To own that humble Name,  
While Sinners, so remote as we,  
Thy Grace to him proclaim?
- 2 High rais'd on *Judah's* Throne he seem'd,  
That Hell in him might reign;  
And taught thy sacred Word to know  
Its Honours to profane.
- 3 Yet Thou the royal Wretch didst view  
With Pity in thine Eyes:  
How strange a Cure thy Mercy wrought!  
How wond'rous, yet how wise!
- 4 Caught in the Thorns by hostile Hands,  
The Captive learn'd to reign;  
And *Babel's* Fetters fet him free  
From *Satan's* heavier Chain.
- 5 From the deep Dungeon where he lay,  
Thou heard'st his doleful Cry:  
Didst raise the Suppliant from the Dust,  
And bring Salvation nigh.
- 6 Our Souls, deprav'd and hard like his,  
May Grace exert its Pow'r;  
And they shall bless the wholesome Smart,  
That works the sov'reign Cure.

CCCLXXII. *A Church seeking Direction from GOD  
in the Choice of a Pastor. Ezra viii. 21.*

- 1 SHEPHERD of *Israel*, bend thine Ear,  
Thy Servants Groans indulgent hear ?  
Perplex'd, distress'd, to Thee we cry,  
And seek the Guidance of thine Eye.
- 2 Thy comprehensive View surveys  
Our wand'ring Paths, our trackless Ways ;  
Send forth, O Lord, thy Truth and Light,  
To guide our doubtful Footsteps right.
- 3 With longing Eyes, behold, we wait  
In suppliant Crouds at Mercy's Gate :  
Our drooping Hearts, O God, sustain :  
Shall *Israel* seek thy Face in vain ?
- 4 O Lord, in Ways of Peace return,  
Nor let thy Flock neglected mourn ;  
May our blest Eyes a Shepherd see,  
Dear to our Souls, and dear to Thee.
- 5 Fed by his Care, our Tongues shall raise  
A chearful Tribute to thy Praise ;  
Our children learn the grateful Song,  
And theirs the chearful Notes prolong.

CCCLXXIII. *Divine Condemnation deprecated, and  
Instruction desired, by the Afflicted. Job x. 2.*

- 1 TREMENDOUS Judge, before thy Bar,  
What human Creature can be clear ?

And

An Arm so strong, an Eye so pure,  
Who can escape, or who endure ?

2 “ Do not condemn us Lord”, we cry,  
As trembling in the Dust we lie ;  
But, while with Grief our Guilt we own,  
Let smiling Mercy take the Throne.

3 If Thou wilt smite, offended God,  
Sheath up thy Sword, and take thy Rod,  
And, 'midst the Anguish and the Smart,  
Open to discipline our Heart.

4 By Chast'ning if our Souls be taught,  
And cleans'd from ev'ry secret Fault,  
The wise Severity we'll bless,  
And mix our Groans with Songs of Praise.

CCCLXXIV. *Thanksgiving for National Deliverance, and Improvement of it.* Luke i. 74, 75.

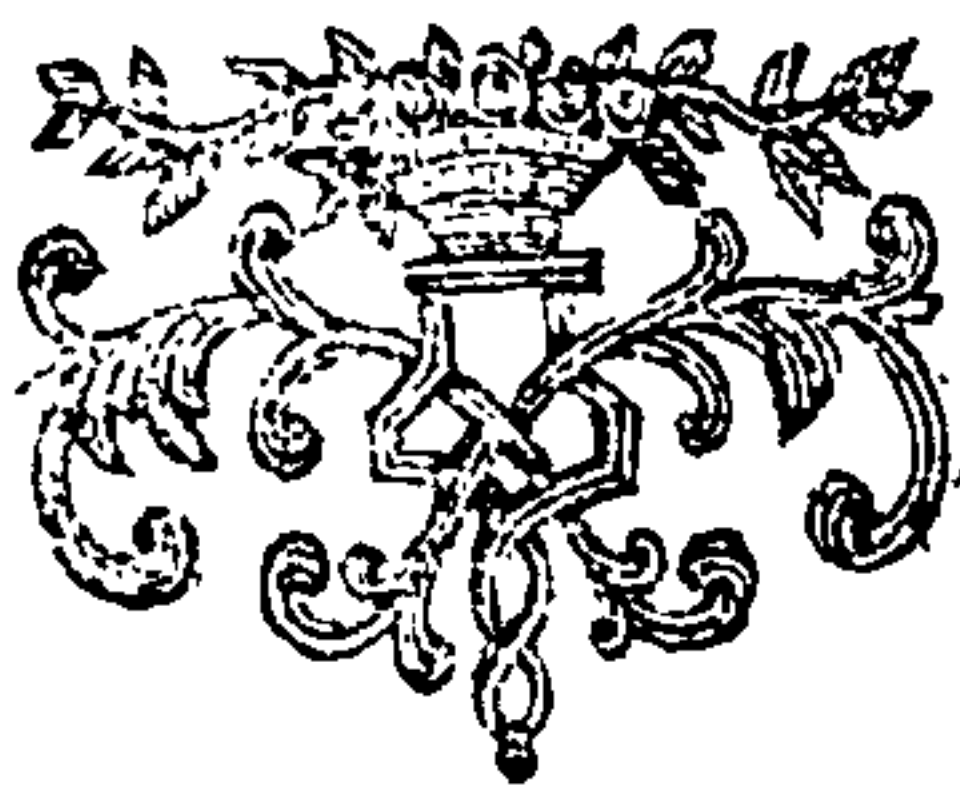
1 SALVATION doth to God belong ;  
His Pow'r and Grace shall be our Song ;  
His Hand hath dealt a secret Blow,  
And Terror strikes the haughty Foe.

2 Praise to the Lord, who bows his Ear  
Propitious to his People's Pray'r ;  
And, tho' Deliv'rance long delay,  
Answers in his well-chosen Day.

4 O may thy Grace our Land engage,  
(Rescu'd from fierce tyrannic Rage,)  
The Tribute of its Love to bring  
To Thee, Our Saviour, and our King ;

Our Temples guarded from the Flame,  
Shall echo thy triumphant Name ;  
And ev'ry peaceful private Home  
To Thee a Temple shall become.

Still be it our supreme Delight  
To walk as in thy honour'd Sight :  
Still in thy Precepts and thy Fear,  
To Life's last Hour to persevere.



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I N D E X,

O R

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or CONTENTS of it, or a HYMN suit-  
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