



H. Chapman inv.

C. Crigman sculp.

*We look not at the things which are seen —
 For the things which are not seen are Eternal.*
 2 Cor. 4. 18.

P O E M S

ON

S U B J E C T S

CHIEFLY

D E V O T I O N A L.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

By THEODOSIA.

*He tunes
 My voice (if tun'd); the nerve that writes sustains.
 Night-Thoughts.*

L O N D O N :

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P O E M S

ON

S U B J E C T S

CHIEFLY

D E V O T I O N A L .

V O L . II.

C O N T E N T S.

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To be corrected.

For *from* read *for*, page 46 line 8. For *this* read *the*, p. 48, l. 10. For *descend* read *descends*, p. 49, l. 7. For *For* read *While*, p. 52, l. 5. For *pleasures* read *errors*, p. 69 l. 12. For *sits* read *sit*, p. 83, l. 8. For *its* read *his*, p. 88, l. 19. For *wind* read *winds*, p. 96, l. 21. For *utmost* read *inmost*, p. 100, l. 10. For *the* read *my*, p. 104, l. 2. For *pleasure* read *pleasures*, p. 115, l. 13. For *sweet* read *weak*, p. 118, l. 6. For *here* read *there*, p. 123, line the last. For *warm* read *warn*, p. 146, l. 5. For *while the* read *while my*, p. 151, l. 15. For *thuy* read *thy*, p. 186, stanza xi. l. 1. For *In* read *It*, p. 207, l. 6. For *scenes* read *scene*, p. 208, stanza x. l. 3. For *glowing* read *growing*, p. 234, l. 12. For *the* read *my*, p. 235, l. 13.

N. B. The Verses to Mr. Hervey on Theron and Aspasio, which by mistake are placed after, should have been inserted before, those on Mr. Hervey's death.



OCCASIONAL POEMS.



The INVOCATION.

I.

SAY, gentle Muse, who oft hast deign'd
With humble solitude to dwell;
Whose chearing visits, in the lonely cell,
With tuneful numbers sooth'd my pain,
And bade the sadly-pleasing strain,
To ease my woe,
Harmonious flow;
And pensive care sat list'ning while my song complain'd,

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B

II. Say,

[2]

II.

Say, wilt thou ne'er return ?
And must I ever mourn ?
And must I ever tune in vain
The dull unanimated strain ?
O come, the languid notes inspire,
Once more awake the sacred lyre,
And teach my song on stronger wings to rise.
Unmindful of her heav'nly birth,
My grov'ling soul sinks down to earth ;
And while she tries
In vain to rise,
Clouds interpose, and veil the distant skies.

III.

Come, sweet URANIA, come, thy cheering pow'r
Once more impart,
To warm my heart :
To thee, I would devote this solemn, silent hour.
Retir'd from company and noise,
Amusement flies ; her idle flutt'ring train
Reflection, sighing, owns are empty, light and
vain,
And bids my heart aspire to nobler joys.

IV. To

[3]

IV.

To nobler joys than earth bestows,
Were earth, in all her fairest charms,
To lure my eyes, and tempt my arms,
And try to gain my heart.
My heart replies
In painful sighs,
Vain world, depart !
Thy soft allurements all are vain ;
Thy sweetest pleasures are but gilded woes,
Thy brightest scenes are clouded soon, and
dark'ning end in pain.

V.

Come, heav'n-born Faith, fair seraph come ;
How weak the muse's pow'r without thy aid !
Thy radiant eye can pierce the gloom,
Can guide her doubtful flight,
Beyond the seats of night,
And point afar
The Morning-star,
Which cheers with heav'n's sweet dawn this
mortal shade !

B 2

VI. Here

VI.

Here let my invocation end ;
 Or rather here begin !
 Bright-morning-star, thy blissful ray
 Can chase this mortal shade away,
 This night of death and sin.
 Before thy all-enliv'ning eye,
 Death, sin, and fear, and terror fly,
 And hope looks up and hails the rising day.
 Then comfort smiles, desire and faith ascend,
 Kind Messenger of life, on thee my hopes depend.

VII.

Bright morning-star, when wilt thou rise
 On this benighted heart ?
 Thou art my light, and thou my guide :
 O come, and bless my longing eyes,
 Dispel these gloomy clouds which hide
 Thy soul-reviving light ;
 Break with immortal radiance, thro' the night,
 And in thy healing beams, the dawn of heav'n
 impart.

VIII.

Thy beams alone can bring my day ;
 O shine with soul-attracting ray,

'Till

'Till darkness, sin, and doubt retire,
 And raise my languid heart, and bid my hope
 aspire
 To bliss unmingled and refin'd ;
 Bright scenes unknown below,
 Without a shade of woe,
 Immortal pleasures, worthy of the mind !
 Then shall the muse awake the sacred lyre ;
 Then shall her sweetest notes harmonious rise,
 And bear my thoughts enraptur'd to the skies,
 While love and thankful joy the votive song in-
 spire.

TO FLORIO.

I.

FOR blooming happiness, young Florio sighs ;
 And yonder, see, the lovely stranger wait !
 Desire, impatient, sparkles in his eyes,
 'Till wealth conduct her smiling to his gate.

II.

Here, Florio, take this glass *, and look again ;
 You'll find 'tis distance makes her seem so fair.
 She must be yours,—nor shall you sigh in vain---
 Not blooming happiness, but wrinkled care :

* The Bible.

III.

Companion of your life ; for heav'n ordains
That care, with riches is a constant Guest ;
Yet fond, mistaking mortals court her chains,
And think her tyrant sway will make them blest.

IV.

But upward point that glass of truth, and see
A fairer guest, descending from the sky,
Celestial hope ! 'tis she, my friend, 'tis she
Who never pains the heart, or cheats the eye.

V.

Kind hope, she rules the mind with sweet con-
troul,

Her voice is harmony ! propitious fair !
She calms, inspires, and animates the soul,
And wins a smile from gloomy frowning care.

VI.

Care plants a thorny forest on the plain,
And teasing, bids you trace that forest o'er
In search of happiness, but still in vain
Your weary steps the mazy wild explore.

VII. Ce-

VII.

Celestial Hope relieves your anxious mind,
While thro' the gloom the dear supporter guides
Your doubtful way, and whispers, " You shall find
(" Though distant far) where happiness resides.

VIII.

" See, the shades open !—now direct your eye,
" A beam of glory points her bright abode,
" Beyond the reach of care, above the sky :
" This glass, this faithful glass will shew the road.



TO BELINDA.

I.

BELINDA to her utmost wish is blest !
But stay, my friend---that hasty thought
review---

New wishes yet will rise to break your rest ;
And if not lasting, can your bliss be true ?

II.

True happiness is not the growth of earth,
The toil is fruitless if you seek it there ;
'Tis an exotic of celestial birth,
And never blooms, but in celestial air.

B 4

III. Sweet

III.

Sweet plant of paradise, its seeds are sown
 In here and there a mind of heav'nly mold ;
 It rises slow, and buds, but ne'er is known
 To blossom fair, the climate is too cold.

IV.

Ah no, Belinda, you have only found
 Some flow'r that charms your fancy, gayly dress'd
 In shining dyes, a native of the ground,
 And think you are of happiness possess'd.

V.

But mark its date, to-morrow you may find
 The colours fade, the lovely form decay :
 And can that pleasure satisfy the mind,
 Which blooms, and fades, the solace of a day ?

VI.

O may your erring wishes learn to rise
 Beyond the transient bliss which fancy knows !
 Search not on earth, explore its native skies ;
 There happiness in full perfection grows.

RE-

RESIGNATION.

I.

WEARY of these low scenes of night,
 My fainting heart grows sick of time,
 Sighs for the dawn of sweet delight,
 Sighs for a distant, happier clime !

II.

Ah why that sigh ?—peace, coward heart,
 And learn to bear thy lot of woe :
 Look round—how easy is thy part,
 To what thy fellow-suff'ers know.

III.

Are not the sorrows of the mind
 Entail'd on ev'ry mortal birth ?
 Convinc'd, hast thou not long resign'd
 The flatt'ring hope of bliss on earth ?

IV.

'Tis just, 'tis right ; thus He ordains,
 Who form'd this animated clod ;
 That needful cares, instructive pains,
 May bring the restless heart to God.

V. In

V.

In him, my soul, behold thy rest,
Nor hope for bliss below the sky :
Come Resignation to my breast,
And silence ev'ry plaintive sigh.

VI.

Come Faith, and Hope, celestial pair !
Calm Resignation waits on you ;
Beyond these gloomy scenes of care,
Point out a soul-enliv'ning view.

VII.

Parent of good, 'tis thine to give
These chearful graces to the mind :
Smile on my soul, and bid me live
Desiring, hoping, yet resign'd !

VIII.

Thy smile,---sweet dawn of endless day !
Can make my weary spirit blest ;
While on my Father's hand I stay,
And in his love securely rest.

IX.

My Father, dear, delightful name !
Replete with life, and joy sincere !
O wilt thou gracious, seal my claim,
And banish ev'ry anxious fear !

X. Then,

X.

Then, chearful shall my heart survey
The toils, and dangers of the road ;
And patient keep the heav'nly way,
Which leads me homewards to my God.



AN EVENING WALK.

I.

FROM the philosophic grove,
Where enlarg'd ideas rove,
In earth, or air, collecting sweets divine :
Or the lonely rural cell,
Where the humble virtues dwell,
Uneqv'd dwell ; and yet how fair they shine !

II.

Meditation, pleasing guest !
Come to this desiring breast,
And make it, like the ev'ning air, serene !
See, what chearful verdure spreads
O'er the fields, and o'er the meads,
And trace the beauties of the vernal scene.

III. Beau-

III.

Beauties, ah how short their boast !
 Now they bloom---and now they're lost,
 And all that looks so gay, shall cease to charm !
 —Melancholy thought—away—
 Not in vain is nature gay,
 She bids expectant hope the bosom warm.

IV.

Hope with ever-cheerful eye.
 O'er yon verdant fields can spy
 Fair plenty pour profuse the future bread :
 On the rosey-blossom'd trees,
 Smiling---fading---now she sees
 Autumnal fruits, their richer beauties spread.

V.

Meditation, come away,
 Hope attends thee, ever gay ;
 Come sweet companions, tune my artless lays !
 Nature's ev'ry various grace,
 While my thoughts with wonder trace,
 O may that wonder, wake my heart to praise !

VI.

Can I view with languid thought,
 All the scene with blessings fraught,

Nor

Nor own the bounteous hand from whence they
 flow ?

See, how wisdom, goodness, pow'r,
 Join to bid my heart adore,
 And pay the debt of praise I hourly owe !

VII.

Praise, a tribute ah how poor !
 Language, what is all thy store,
 My boundless obligations to display ?
 Bid the earth-born reptile try,
 Looking upward to the sky,
 To count the blessings of the fource of day.

VIII.

Faint are all the notes I raise,
 Lord, accept my wish to praise !
 To thee my heart, to thee my all belongs :
 Thy inspiring grace impart,
 Teach the breathings of my heart
 To praise thee better than my feeble songs !

The



The HUMBLE CLAIM.

MY God---important, glorious, blisful,
name!

Can I without a fear, assert my claim?
I fear, yet hope, I doubt, and yet desire,
Now tremble low on earth, and now aspire,
Aspire to love---ah vile, ungrateful heart!
Canst thou sincerely love, and yet depart,
So oft depart, entic'd by earthly toys,
In chase of dreams forsake substantial joys?

His word recalls my heart, invites my trust;
That word reveals him, merciful, and just:
Kind mercy, smiling pow'r, forbids despair;
But who, O justice, who thy frown can bear?
He bore the frown, the stroke of Justice, He
Who dy'd for man---O may I say, for me!
Then justice sheath'd her sword, and reconcil'd,
Own'd the full ransom paid---and mercy smil'd,
Triumphant mercy!---how divinely bright!
How angels gaz'd, and wonder'd at the sight!

Had

Had angels cause of wonder? Man has more;
Yes, dearest Lord, I wonder, love, adore!
My Saviour, O permit my humble trust,
Permit my soul, though mourning in the dust,
To look to thee, my hope, my only stay!
And sure, thou wilt not frown my soul away,
For thou art love; thou wilt not say, "Depart,"
But, "give me, trembling sinner, all thy heart."
To thee, my heart, dear Saviour, I resign;
Thy grace, with sweet constraint can make it
thine:

Vile wretched heart! thy pow'rful grace alone
Can cleanse, renew, and make it all thy own,
O let thy love, thy all-prevailing love,
Possess my heart, and ev'ry fear remove!
Then shall my soul assert her joyful claim,
Great Mediator, in thy worthy name!
Then shall I say, my God, with full delight,
While all his promises my trust invite!
My God, transporting accents! bliss divine!
Indulge the claim, O let me call thee mine!
O may my panting heart to thee aspire,
With restless wishes, with intense desire,
'Till full assurance of thy love impart
The dawn of heav'n to my enraptur'd heart!

Ah

Ah what is earth, with all her flatt'ring toys?
 Ye dreams begone—I seek substantial joys!
 Substantial joys those glorious words contain,
 My God!—let not my heart repeat in vain,
 My God! O seal my claim, and I am blest!
 Here my hope terminates, my wishes rest,
 Of full, unbounded happiness possess.

*****:*****:*****

The PROSPECT.

TO Melancholy, softly-pensive pow'r,
 As late I gave the solitary hour;
 Before my thoughts, in long succession, rose
 The sadly-varied train of human woes.
 To contemplation's mount, (serene retreat!)
 The muse indulgent led my willing feet;
 And while I view'd th' extended prospect round,
 She bade the soothing, plaintive lyre resound.

Here, on a verdant plain bespread with flow'rs,
 The sons of mirth indulge their sprightly pow'rs;
 With roses crown'd, how blithsome, light, and

gay,

They dance and sing the flying hours away!

x

Re-

Reflection, care, and foresight, all retreat,
 For here hath pleasure only fix'd her seat:
 Her wretched vot'ries court her silken chains
 For present joy, nor dream of future pains.
 Death ready arm'd attends, and marks unseen,
 His fated victims in the mirthful scene.
 Ha!—whence that groan?—from yonder gloomy
 cell:

So near the seats of joy, can anguish dwell?
 Yes keenest anguish there and terror reign:
 Oh, would the thoughtless, laughing, frolic
 train

Attend, nor let that warning groan be vain!

Unlike to these, yon restless tribe behold!
 Their lives, incessant toil; their idol, gold:
 Close at their heels attends corroding care,
 On either side, distrust and anxious fear.
 To friendship strangers, and to social joys;
 The wish of wealth their fordid souls employs.
 Their hopes, their cares, are lost in glitt'ring dust:
 The toil how fruitless! and how vain the trust!
 Insidious death prepares his ruthless dart,
 To rend the idol from the bleeding heart.

VOL. II.

C

And

And now a diff'rent scene my eye surveys,
 An eager throng, the candidates for praise:
 To gain the envy'd height, where fame bestows
 Her fairest wreath, each panting bosom glows.
 The glorious prize inspires their ardent toils,
 'Till on their brow the dear-bought laurel smiles.
 Behold the sons of valour, learning, wit ;
 High on an eminence sublime they sit,
 With crouds of flatt'ers fawning at their feet. }
 But see, malignant envy stealing nigh !
 She breathes—the tainted laurels droop and die.
 The changeful many mark the dire disgrace,
 And pluck the little pageants from their place.
 Surprizing change ! almost ador'd before,
 Now nam'd with infamy, or nam'd no more.

Such mournful scenes, what heart unmov'd
 could bear ?

Soft pity drop'd the unavailing tear.

“ Ah, wretched mortals ! a deluded train !

“ Their hopes, their joys, their busy cares, how
 vain ;”

Are gifts like these, O earth, thy proudest boast ?
 Thy fav'rites prove their value to their cost.

'Tis then their real estimate we know,
 When fame, wealth, pleasure, end in death or
 woe,

The view-how doleful, did there not appear
 A few of mien sedate, and chearful air.

A happy few, whom true religion guides,
 Points out their path, and o'er their steps presides !
 When griefs oppress, her gentle hand sustains ;
 Her chearing voice can soften all their pains.

Tho' arrows, wing'd with danger, fly around,
 She wards the stroke, or heals the smarting wound.

Her sacred dictates they with joy obey,
 Nor wish to leave the heav'n-directed way.

Nor fame allures, nor pleasure's silken chain,
 Nor glitt'ring dust, their nobler thoughts detain :
 Desire and hope sit smiling in their eyes,

With patience temper'd ; while the distant skies
 Attract their upward glance, and speak their care,
 And speak their joy and expectation there.

Hail heav'n-taught minds ! my heart your friend-
 ship claims ;

Be mine your cares, and hopes, your joys and aims.

O for a beam of glory from above,
 To bid the intervening clouds remove ;

From earth's low dregs to purge the visual ray,
 And clear my prospect to the realms of day.
 Dim is the eye of sense; but faith supplies
 (Inspir'd by heav'n) what feeble sense denies.
 In revelation's glass, celestial aid
 Applied by faith, what wonders are display'd!
 What boundless glories open to the view!
 And joys forever bright! forever new!
 Unfading honours! pleasures all refin'd!
 And riches lasting as th' immortal mind!
 There full delight, a boundless river, flows!
 There unforbid, the tree of knowledge grows!
 And there the tree of life invites the taste
 To fruits celestial, an immortal feast!
 There an unfading verdure cloaths the plains,
 And constant spring in perfect beauty reigns.
 A paradise with ev'ry joy replete!
 Nor pain, nor care invade the safe retreat:
 For there the living source of bliss displays,
 Without a cloud, his life-inspiring rays.
 No mortal ear has known, no mortal-eye,
 No stretch of human thought can e'er descry,
 Nor faith with heav'n-imparted ardour trace
 The endless glories of the blissful place.

Oh,

Oh, happy fav'rites of almighty love,
 Whose hopes, and cares, and hearts, are fix'd
 above!

Stern death, to these, no frown of terror wears;
 Kind envoy from their Father's court, he bears
 His blest commission, to dissolve the tie
 Which holds their longing spirits from the sky.

Now rise my wishes high to joys divine;
 O may this state, this blissful state, be mine!
 Great Spring of life, to thee my heart aspires,
 Forgive and animate these faint desires.
 Thou ever-gracious, potent, wise and just,
 Whose promis'd aid invites my humble trust;
 Instruct my feet to shun, with constant care,
 The path where pleasure spreads the tempting
 snare:

Teach me to scorn the joys of treasur'd earth:
 Ignoble aim, unworthy of my birth,
 Beneath my hopes; nor let deluding fame
 Allure me with the empty sound, a name.
 Thy favour is my wish; for this alone,
 Is honour, boundless pleasure, wealth unknown.
 My God, my guide, thy guardian care display,
 And let thy blissful presence cheer my way,

Thro' life's bewilder'd maze, in ev'ry scene,
 My light in darkness, my support in pain.
 At death's approach, O let thy smile impart
 Celestial consolation to my heart;
 Thy gracious smile shall banish ev'ry fear,
 And gentle death without a frown appear:
 Kind messenger, to bear me to my God,
 To dwell forever in thy bright abode!

Desiring to bid ADIEU to the WORLD.

I.

VEXATIOUS world, thy flatt'ring snares
 Too long have held my easy heart;
 And shalt thou still engross my cares?
 Vain world, depart.

II.

I want delights thou canst not give,
 Thy joys are bitterness and woe;
 My pining spirit cannot live
 On ought below.

III. En-

III.

Enchanting prospects court the eye,
 And gay alluring pleasures smile;
 But in the fond pursuit they die:
 Ah fruitless toil!

IV.

But grief, substantial grief is here,
 As gloomy as Egyptian night;
 When will the smiling dawn appear
 Of true delight?

V.

How oft convinc'd shall I complain
 That happiness cannot be found?
 Yet sighing, mourning, still in vain,
 Cleave to the ground.

VI.

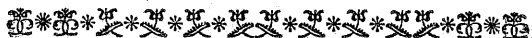
Look, Sov'reign Goodness, from the skies,
 Look down with gently-pitying eye;
 O bid my fainting spirit rise:
 To thee I sigh.

VII.

With beams of sweet celestial light,
 Dispel the dark oppressive gloom;
 Display the mansions of delight,
 And bid me come.

VIII.

Those shining realms of endless day
 Could I one happy moment view,
 Then should my soul with transport say,
 Vain world, adieu.



Occasion'd by reading Mr. GRAY'S
 HYMN to ADVERSITY.

I.

O Kind adversity, thou friend to truth !
 By thee to virtue form'd, the human mind
 Disdains the vanities of heedless youth ;
 How roving else, and ignorant and blind !

II.

When flatt'ring fortune shines with gaudy blaze,
 In fascinating chains she holds the eye ;
 The mind is lost in error's fatal maze,
 And dreams of lasting bliss below the sky.

III.

Thy friendly admonitions rouse the soul,
 Conviction rises strong to break the snare ;
 Truth, (heav'nly guide !) appears with kind
 controul,
 And fortune's painted scenes are lost in air.

IV. Tho

IV.

Tho' rough thy aspect, and thy frown severe,
 'Tis but to bend the proud, the stubborn heart ;
 A soft emollient, is thy briny tear,
 And thy corrosives pain with healing smart.

V.

The kindest, gentlest virtues form thy train ;
 Reflection comes with pensive musing eye,
 And humble penitence, that not in vain
 Presents to heav'n the supplicating sigh.

VI.

Meek patience looks unmov'd on pain and care ;
 While chearful hope with peace-inspiring smile,
 Points forward thro' the gloom, celestial fair !
 The woes of life, her whisper can beguile.

VII.

Beyond the woes of life she lifts her eyes,
 And often meditates a joyful flight ;
 By faith, her radiant sister, taught to rise,
 To distant prospects of immense delight.

VIII.

O kind adversity, without thy aid,
 How faintly would these virtues warm the breast !
 Why should I tremble at thy darksome shade ?
 For who without adversity is blest ?

IX. Thy

IX.

Thy wholesome cold, like winter, kills the weeds
 Which in th' uncultur'd mind luxuriant rise ;
 Then heav'nly wisdom sows her precious seeds,
 Nor shall they want the blessing of the skies.

X.

But O may heav'n thy rig'rous hand refrain,
 May'st thou correct and teach, but not destroy !
 Thy needful lessons then shall not be vain,
 And thy short sorrows work my lasting joy.



To a Friend, on the DEATH of a CHILD.

I.

LIFE is a span, a fleeting hour,
 How soon the vapour flies !
 Man is a tender transient flow'r,
 That ev'n in blooming dies !

II.

Death spreads like winter's frozen arms,
 And beauty smiles no more :
 Ah ! where are now those rising charms
 Which pleas'd our eyes before ?

III. The

III.

The once lov'd form now cold and dead,
 Each mournful thought employs ;
 And nature weeps her comforts fled,
 And wither'd all her joys.

IV.

But wait the interposing gloom,
 And lo, stern winter flies !
 And dress'd in beauty's fairest bloom,
 The flow'ry tribes arise.

V.

Hope looks beyond the bounds of time ;
 When what we now deplore,
 Shall rise in full immortal prime,
 And bloom to fade no more.

VI.

Then cease fond nature, cease thy tears,
 Religion points on high ;
 There everlasting spring appears,
 And joys that cannot die.

To

TO DELIA PENSIVE.

I.

SAY, Delia, whence these cares arise,
 These anxious cares which rack your breast?
 If heav'n is infinitely wise,
 What heav'n ordains, is right, is best.

II.

'Tis wisdom, mercy, love divine,
 Which mingles blessings with our cares;
 And shall our thankless hearts repine
 That we obtain not all our pray'rs?

III.

From diffidence our sorrows flow;
 Short-sighted mortals, weak and blind,
 Bend down their eyes to earth and woe,
 And doubt if providence is kind.

IV.

Should heav'n with ev'ry wish comply,
 Say would the grant relieve the care?
 Perhaps the good for which we sigh,
 Might change it's name, and prove a snare.

V. Were

V.

Were once our vain desires subdu'd;
 The will resign'd, the heart at rest;
 In ev'ry scene we should conclude,
 The will of heav'n is right, is best.



SPRING and AUTUMN.

I.

WHEN Spring displays her various sweets,
 And op'ning blossoms cheer the eyes,
 And fancy ev'ry beauty meets,
 Whence does the pleasing transport rise?

II.

Soon will their transient date expire,
 They fly and mock the fond pursuit;
 New pleasures then the thought inspire,
 And bounteous Autumn yields her fruit.

III.

Where smiling beauties charm'd the sight,
 Whose fragrance bless'd the vernal hours;
 Nectarious fruits the taste invite,
 And compensate for faded flow'rs.

IV. Thus,

IV.

Thus, when the spring of youth decays,
Tho' deck'd with blossoms sweet and fair,
Autumn a nobler scene displays,
If fruits of virtue flourish there.

V.

For this, the vernal buds arise;
But if no useful virtues grow,
Their worthless beauty quickly flies,
And blossoms only serv'd for show.



TO VARIO.

I.

GO, Vario, trace creation's ample round,
In search of happiness your cares employ;
And when the dear, important good is found,
Say is it permanent, or real joy?

II.

If real, why when distant pleasures rise,
Does glad expectance sparkle in your eye?
Say, why when near, the satisfaction flies,
And disappointment heaves the painful sigh?

III. Or

III.

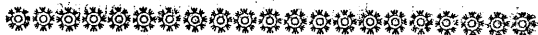
Or grant your heart should all it's wish possess,
How keen the fears of deprivation sting!
How can the present good have pow'r to bless,
Which hangs precarious on a moment's wing?

IV.

Be happy—what on earth! the thought how
vain!
Earth cannot give a permanent delight;
As sure must fleeting pleasure yield to pain,
As day retreats before approaching night.

V.

Yet is not heav'n unkind, which shades with woe
The chequer'd scene, to bid our wishes rise;
Could real, lasting bliss be found below,
Why should we seek for mansions in the skies?



TO AMIRA ON HER RECOVERY.

ONCE more has heav'n indulgent heard our
pray'rs,
And spar'd your life! O be the mercy wrote,
In lasting characters of duteous love,
On ev'ry heart; and may Amira be

A living monument of grateful praise.
 New mercies call for new returns of love
 And glad obedience, to the bounteous hand
 From whence they flow, thro' all our future lives.
 When sorrows rise, let sweet reflection call
 Past favours o'er; and while we wond'ring trace
 The steps of providence, adoring own
 Pow'r, wisdom, love and truth, display'd in all.
 And these can never change; here let our souls
 With humble trust, and chearful hope recline.
 May ev'ry pain be sweeten'd by content,
 And calm submission to a Father's hand.
 A father! O endearing, tender name!
 And will the Lord of angels condescend
 To call us children? Yes, almighty love
 With more than tenderness paternal, deigns
 To sooth our cares: how kind his gentle hand,
 Who while he chastens, pities, and supports
 Our fainting spirits! tho' an angry frown
 Becloud his face, how soon the gloom withdraws!
 How soon divine forgiveness smiles serene!
 O may his mercies be our constant theme,
 And warm our hearts, and tune our lips to praise,
 And heighten joy to transport, while we view

The

The boundless spring of bliss from whence they
 flow;
 Who bids our hope aspire to greater joys;
 To joys beyond the reach of time or care,
 Reserv'd for those who love him! may our hearts
 Rise often on the wings of faith and love
 To those divine abodes, where not a cloud
 Of pain or sorrow spreads a moment's gloom,
 To shade the blissful scene, for God unveils
 His radiant face, and spreads eternal day.



To the SAME on the DEATH of her
 CHILD.

SO fades the lovely, blooming flow'r
 Frail, smiling solace of an hour!
 So soon our transient comforts fly,
 And pleasure only blooms to die!
 To certain trouble we are born,
 Hope to rejoice, but sure to mourn.
 Ah wretched effort! sad relief,
 To plead necessity of grief!
 Is there no kind, no lenient art,
 To heal the anguish of the heart?

VOL. II.

D

To

To ease the heavy load of care,
 Which nature must, but cannot bear ?
 Can reason's dictates be obey'd ?
 Too weak, alas, her strongest aid !
 O let religion then be nigh,
 Her comforts were not made to die ;
 Her pow'rful aid supports the soul,
 And nature owns her kind controul ;
 While she unfolds the sacred page,
 Our fiercest griefs resign their rage.
 Then gentle patience smiles on pain,
 And dying hope revives again ;
 Hope wipes the tear from sorrows eye,
 And faith points upward to the sky ;
 The promise guides her ardent sight,
 And joys unknown to sense invite,
 Those blissful regions to explore,
 Where pleasure blooms to fade no more.

The



The COMFORTS of RELIGION.

I.

O blest religion, heav'nly fair !
 Thy kind, thy healing pow'r,
 Can sweeten pain, alleviate care,
 And gild each gloomy hour.

II.

When dismal thoughts, and boding fears
 The trembling heart invade ;
 And all the face of nature wears,
 A universal shade :

III.

Thy sacred dictates can assuage
 The tempest of the soul,
 And ev'ry fear shall lose it's rage
 At thy divine controul.

IV.

Thro' life's bewilder'd, darksome way,
 Thy hand unerring leads ;
 And o'er the path, thy heav'nly ray
 A cheering lustre sheds.

D 2

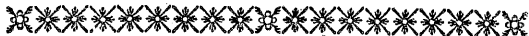
V. When

V.

When feeble reason, tir'd and blind,
Sinks helpless and afraid ;
Thou blest supporter of the mind,
How pow'rful is thy aid !

VI.

O let my heart confess thy pow'r,
And find thy sweet relief,
To brighten ev'ry gloomy hour,
And soften ev'ry grief.



The Desire of Knowledge a Proof of
Immortality.

WHAT is this thinking pow'r, this ac-
tive mind,
Which nought on earth can satiate, nought can
bound ?
Restless it roams the wide creation o'er
In search of something more, than sense can give.
Whate'er delights the senses, must decline ;
'Tis short-liv'd pleasure, momentary joy !

The

The senses soon are tir'd, and sink to rest.
The mind unsatisfy'd, looks onward still,
And asks delights, more noble and refin'd,
More permanent and full ; 'tis knowledge fires
It's ardent wish, and tempts the warm pursuit.
This is the food of minds ! 'tis angels food !
Those happy spirits feast with full delight,—
But here, we only taste, and long to feed.

Surely, the mind must be akin to heav'n ;
For heav'n, all-wise, and infinitely good,
Implants not these sublime desires in vain.
If nought, below immortal joys, can fill
The mind, the mind must be immortal too.
Inquisitive and restless, now she soars
Beyond the narrow bounds of earth, and time,
To reach the blissful seats, where knowledge
spreads

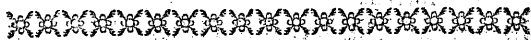
In rich variety, her boundless feast.
But soon she tires, and droops her feeble wing,
Oppress'd with heavy clay, and sinks to earth :
Yet here reluctant stays, tho' earth allure
With soothing arts and promises of joy.
The gay amusement for a moment smiles
In painted dreams ; again the mind awakes,

D 3

And

And starts disdainful from the couch of ease.
 Now with expanded wings, again she tempts
 The airy flight; but tempts, alas! in vain;
 Flutters in wild conjecture's giddy rounds,
 Sinks down amid the shades of mortal night,
 And mourns her fetters, and her feeble wings.

But hope, dear comforter, relieves her care,
 Celestial hope! her smiling presence cheers
 The fable gloom, and beams a healing ray;
 Her gentle, peace-inspiring whisper, bids
 Look forward to a nobler happier state;
 When minds releas'd from all the chains of flesh,
 And all the toys of sense, shall rise enlarg'd
 To perfect freedom, and unbounded bliss.



CORINTHIANS I Epist. 13. Chap.
 paraphras'd.

WERE all the pow'rs of elocution mine,
 An angel's voice, and harmony divine;
 The boasted gifts, with charity uncrown'd,
 Were like the tinkling cymbal's empty sound.

Endow'd with knowledge---tho' before my eye,
 Display'd the ample fields of science lie;
 The pow'r of miracles could I attain,
 If charity be wanting, all is vain!
 To feed the hungry, and relieve the poor,
 Should zeal mistaken lavish all my store;
 Nay should I give my body to the flame,
 And win the glory of a martyr's name:
 If charity be absent, all is lost,
 My zeal is but an empty, idle boast!

Sweet charity, long-suff'ring, meek and kind,
 Inspires with peace and joy the humble mind.
 Her heart no proud disdainful passion swells,
 Nor envy in her gentle bosom dwells:
 No unbecoming selfish care she knows,
 But ev'ry social virtue round her flows:
 Averse to take affronts her placid smile
 Looks down on malice, and suspects no guile.
 She finds no joy in sin's deceitful charms,
 For sacred truth with nobler pleasure warms.
 The num'rous ills of life she patient bears,
 While faith looks upward, and forbids her fears;
 Hope rises chearful, with expectant smiles,
 And all the tedious hours of pain beguiles.

Immortal charity improv'd shall shine,
 When prophecies and tongues their pow'r resign;
 When mortal knowledge fails, its glimm'ring ray
 Lost in the blaze of full etherial day.
 Imperfect, all we teach, and all we know,
 In this frail state, this little world below;
 But when we reach the worlds of heav'nly light,
 Then shall fair knowledge shine forever bright;
 Nor the least shade of imperfection rise,
 In all the blisful regions of the skies.

When reason dawns upon the infant mind,
 How low the thoughts! the knowledge how
 confin'd!
 But when th' increasing ray full vigour gains,
 What once the child admir'd, the man disdains.
 How weak, the best ideas form'd below!
 The fairest brightest views which mortals
 know,
 Like distant objects in perspective show.
 But when the bright meridian shall appear,
 Our eyes shall see the heav'nly glories near;
 These weak faint notions shall forgotten die,
 Amid the boundless wonders of the sky.

Faith,

Faith, hope and charity, on earth remain,
 To guide our steps, and sweeten mortal pain;
 But lovely charity, superior shines,
 'Till perfect blis the sacred flame refines.



To a FRIEND ON the BIRTH of a CHILD.

I.

COME friendship, tune the pleasing lyre,
 For harmony is thine;
 Philander's joys the song inspire,
 Philander's joys are mine.

II.

Our hearts, so late oppress'd with fear,
 Forget the anxious sigh;
 And dawning pleasures now appear,
 In ev'ry kindred eye.

III.

Propitious heav'n that smil'd before,
 To make Philander blest;
 Indulgent sends this blessing more,
 And sweetens all the rest.

IV. The

IV.

The dear-lov'd blessing while we view,
 And pleasing passions rise,
 Be love and praise, so justly due,
 Paid grateful to the skies,

V.

With love supreme be heav'n ador'd ;
 Still may our passions own,
 The bounteous giver as their Lord,
 Nor idolize the boon.



To the MOTHER.

I.

SAY, while you press, with growing love,
 The darling to your breast,
 And all a mother's pleasures prove,
 Are you entirely blest ?

II.

Ah, no ! a thousand tender cares
 By turns your thoughts employ,
 Now rising hopes, now anxious fears,
 And grief succeeds to joy.

Dear

III.

Dear innocent, her lovely smiles
 With what delight you view !
 But ev'ry pain the infant feels,
 The mother feels it too.

IV.

Then whispers busy cruel fear,
 The child, alas, may die !
 And nature prompts the ready tear,
 And heaves the rising sigh.

V.

Say, does not heav'n our comforts mix
 With more than equal pain ;
 To teach us if our hearts we fix
 On earth, we fix in vain ?

VI.

Then, be our earthly joys resign'd,
 Since here we cannot rest ;
 For earthly joys were ne'er design'd
 To make us fully blest.

The



The TULIP and the VIOLET.

I.

SEE yonder gaudy tulip rise,
 And to the sun her leaves display;
 My fancy gives her voice and eyes,
 And thus the boaster seems to say.

II.

“ Queen of the gay parterre I reign ;
 “ My glowing dyes, how bright they shine !
 “ The flow’rs unfold their bloom in vain ;
 “ No flow’r has charms to rival mine.

III.

“ By nature meant for regal sway,
 “ Tall and majestic I appear ;
 “ Ye subject tribes, your queen obey,
 “ My high command, submissive hear.

IV.

“ When I unfold my matchless bloom,
 “ And to the noon my beauties spread ;
 “ Let no aspiring flow’r presume,
 “ Near me, to lift her abject head.”

The

V.

The flow’rs are silent while she speaks,
 And only blush to hear her pride.
 The silence now a Violet breaks,
 That crept, unheeded, near her side.

VI.

“ Thy arrogance, imperious flow’r,
 “ To real worth hath made thee blind ;
 “ Thy vaunted beauties of an hour,
 “ Are charms of an inferior kind.

VII.

“ From thee no fragrant odours breathe
 “ No healing gift thy leaves bestow ;
 “ The flow’rs thou view’st with scorn beneath,
 “ Can more pretence to merit show.

VIII.

“ The cowslip’s virtues, and my own,
 “ Let man, let grateful man confess ;
 “ To him our real worth is known,
 “ Thee he admires but for thy dress.”

IX.

The friendly hint, ye list’ning fair,
 Reflection bids the muse apply ;
 Let useful virtues be your care,
 Nor boast your pow’r to please the eye.



CAPTIVITY.

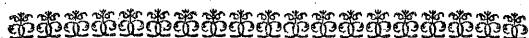
ANGELS, happy spirits, say,
 When you trace the airy way,
 Sent on messages of love,
 From the radiant courts above,
 Down to these abodes of night,
 Far from empyrean light;
 Say, can blest immortals know
 Sympathy from human woe,
 While you view the scenes of pain,
 Captives struggling with their chain?
 Hated chain, that binds to earth
 Spirits of ethereal birth;
 Birth at first to yours akin,
 Now enslav'd alas! by sin;
 Cursed sin, the source of woe,
 All the miseries below,
 From the hateful tyrant flow!
 Yet we bear the cruel chain,
 Only now and then complain;

Now

Now and then, with mournful eye
 Raise a wish, and breathe a sigh,
 Upward to our native sky,
 But how soon to liberty,
 Cold and negligent are we,
 Sink supine, and dream of ease!
 How, alas! can fetters please?
 Can we hope for crowns on high,
 Yet content in bondage lie,
 Exiles from the blest abode,
 Far from glory, far from God?
 Surely if the sons of bliss
 Feel a grief, it must be this.

O for one celestial ray
 From the shining seats of day!
 Sun of righteousness arise,
 Chase the slumbers from our eyes,
 Melt the chains with heav'nly fire:
 Fervent love and strong desire,
 From thy love alone begin;
 Thou canst break the pow'r of sin;
 Thou canst bid our spirits rise,
 Free and joyful, to the skies;
 Liberty and joy divine,
 Sun of righteousness, are thine.

A



A REFLECTION, occasion'd by the Death
of a NEIGHBOUR.

ANOTHER awful warning heav'n has sent
To rouse my slumb'ring soul;—Death is
abroad;

Close at my side he twangs his deadly bow.
Unerring flies the shaft, Sarissa falls:
In life's gay bloom she falls; yet I am spar'd!
But wherefore this indulgence? Gracious God,
By this new admonition, teach my heart,
How precious are the swiftly-flying hours
Which I supinely waste! arouse, my soul,
Why wilt thou sleep upon this sea-beat shore,
When the next wave may overwhelm thee in the deep,
Th' unfathom'd deep of vast eternity?

Eternity, to pure and holy souls
Joy's boundless ocean, ever calm and clear,
Where all the streams of lasting pleasure meet!
But to the sinner 'tis the dark abyss
Of black despair, where all the waves of horror,
Beyond what nature ever felt or fear'd,

In

Incessant beat; and not a ray of hope
Breaks through the tenfold night to cheer the
gloom,

But tempest, everlasting tempest, roars.

How my soul shudders at the view!—

Where am I? O for help, immediate help!

Some angel snatch me from the dreadful brink!

Some angel! no,—omnipotence descend

On mercy's wing: behold the Saviour God!

His arms are wide-extended; see, my soul,

Thy only refuge! his almighty love

Dispells my fears, while here I fix my trust.

Almighty love, thou art the fountain-head

Of all the joys, which swell th' unbounded sea

Of bliss immortal!—Jesus, am I safe?

And art thou mine, my Lord, my life, my all?

O speak th' assuring word, and I am blest!

Death shall resign his terrors; let him strike,

Encircled in thy arms I'm safe for ever,

For thy eternity of joy is mine.



On the DEATH of Mr. HERVEY.

I.

O Hervey, honour'd name, forgive the tear,
That mourns thy exit from a world like this;
Forgive the wish that would have kept thee here,
Fond wish! have kept thee from the seats of bliss.

II.

No more confin'd to these low scenes of night
Pent in a feeble tenement of clay;
Should we not rather hail thy glorious flight,
And trace thy journey to the realms of day.

III.

The blissful realms, where thy lov'd master
reigns,
Who taught thy pen its eloquence divine;
Whose presence now inspires to loftier strains,
While all unveil'd his boundless glories shine.

IV.

Now, the celestial flame that warm'd thy breast,
And through thy heav'n-taught page resplendent
shone,
Exalted, joins the transports of the blest,
In language, ev'n to thee, on earth unknown-

V. Yes,

V.

Yes, we resign thee to thy Saviour God;
O may his love, that taught thy feet the way,
Conduct our steps to that divine abode,
Where his full glories beam eternal day!

VI.

Yet its own loss must ev'ry heart deplore,
That feels the pow'r of Hervey's moving page,
That wish'd, (but ah, that wish avails no more!)
His life prolong'd to bless the rising age.

VII.

O lost to earth!—no, in his works he lives,
Here, shall the rising age his portrait view;
Here, his own pen, the mind's bright image gives,
In fairer tints than painting ever knew.

VIII.

His warm benevolence, his sacred zeal,
O may some blest, surviving Prophet find!
Like him who caught the mantle as it fell,
Heir to the graces of Elijah's mind.

IX.

While thus a stranger Muse presents the lay
To Hervey's mem'ry due, to grace his urn
Let friendship more distinguish'd honours pay
And teach the world, departed worth to mourn.



INGRATITUDE REPROVED.

I.

YE warblers of the vernal shade,
 Whose artless music charms my ear,
 Your lively songs, my heart upbraid,
 My languid heart how insincere !
 For all your little pow'rs collected, raise
 A tribute to your great Creator's praise.

II.

Ye lovely offspring of the ground,
 Flow'rs of a thousand beauteous dyes,
 You spread your Maker's glory round,
 And breathe your odours to the skies :
 Unfully'd, you display your lively bloom,
 Unmingled, you present your sweet perfume.

III.

Ye winds that waft the fragrant spring,
 You, whisp'ring, spread his name abroad,
 Or shake the air with founding wing
 And speak the awful pow'r of God :

His

His will, with swift obedience, you perform,
 Or in the gentle gale, or dreadful storm.

IV.

Ye radiant orbs that guide the day,
 Or deck the fable veil of night ;
 His wond'rous glory you display,
 Whose hand imparts your useful light :
 Your constant task, unwear'd, you pursue,
 Nor deviate from the path your Maker drew.

V.

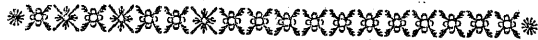
My God, shall ev'ry creature join
 In praises to thy glorious name,
 And this ungrateful heart of mine
 Refuse the universal theme ?
 Well may the stars and winds, the birds and flow'rs,
 Reprove the heart that brings not all its pow'rs.

VI.

Thy grace this languid heart can raise,
 These dissipated pow'rs unite,
 Can bid me pay my debt of praise
 With love sincere, and true delight ;
 O let thy grace inspire my heart, my tongue !
 Then shall I grateful join creation's song.

E 3

SUB.



SUBMISSION TO GOD under AFFLICTION
and desiring SUPPORT.

I.

GREAT God, I own thy justice, while
beneath
The stroke of thy chastising rod I bend ;
Nor dares this wretched, guilty heart repine.
Far less I feel than merit, ev'ry stroke
How gentle! smiling mercy breaks it's force,
And soft it lights, nor gives a fatal wound.
O let my soul the wond'rous pow'r confess
Of sov'reign mercy, and adore the hand,
Whose just rebukes, with kind indulgence mix'd,
Are meant to teach, reclaim, and guide my feet,
Too apt to rove, forgetful of the way,
Forgetful of the end. A crown of life,
Of life immortal, is the glorious prize
(Free gift of boundless grace !) which in the view
Of faith and humble love thy word displays ;
Obtain'd by suff'rings which amaz'd the world :
And shall I seek it coldly? gracious God,

Awake

Awake my languid pow'rs to active life,
Awake my faith and hope, and love, and zeal,
And make me ardent run the glorious race.
Pow'r to the faint, thy sacred word assures,
And strength increasing ; be that gracious word
Fulfill'd to me unworthy ! If thy hand,
O ever wise and good, should justly deal
Severer strokes, still let my soul behold thee,
Not as an angry judge, vindictive, frowning,
But as a tender father, who corrects
In mercy, list'ning to the humble moan
Of penitential sorrow. Were my fears
To measure suff'rings by my just desert,
Dreadful expectance ! what a scene of woe !
The dearest comfort, ev'ry joy of life,
Would quickly take its everlasting flight,
And leave me desolate, forlorn, undone.
But what are earthly joys ? has not my heart,
Ungrateful, forfeited far more than these ?
Should earthly joys forsake me, should my friends,
My much-lov'd friends, by death's resistless hand,
Rent from my bleeding, agonizing heart,
Leave me a miserable mourner here ;
Yet, O my God, if I may call thee mine ;
Amid the scene of terror, if my faith

E 4

Look

Look up, and say, My father, and my friend ;
 The blissful sounds will cheer my fainting soul
 With peace divine, and recompence the loss
 Of all that life can give, or death destroy.
 And was not once this heav'nly blessing mine,
 Diffusing comfort through my grateful heart
 Inspiring wonder, praise and humble love ?
 It was ; but soon the sacred ardour sunk
 To cold indiff'rence. Should heav'nly love,
 Offended, leave me to the punishment
 My guilt and vile ingratitude deserves,
 Despair would soon his gloomy curtains draw,
 Each distant beam of cheering hope exclude,
 And shade my soul in everlasting night,
 But Oh, th' amazing pow'r of love divine !
 Unlimited it pardons ! justice pleas'd,
 On mercy smiles ; for lo, the Saviour's blood
 Attones, and cleanses ev'ry guilty stain !
 'Tis this, O gracious God, dispels my fears,
 Revives my hopes ; in this unbounded sea,
 Let all my sins, and all my doubts be lost.
 Lord, when this roving heart again forgets
 It's duty, and its bliss, let grace reclaim ;
 And tho' thy awful hand chastising strike,
 Let love support me, and beneath thy frown

O may paternal tenderness appear.
 Then shall I patient bear thy just rebukes,
 And wait resign'd and penitent, in hope
 Of bliss returning in the smile of mercy.
 Then, tho' this mortal frame by slow degrees,
 In ling'ring years of pain should wear away ;
 Or pungent griefs, too mighty, burst at once
 The vital strings ; or fatal accident
 Wing, swift and unforwarn'd, the silent shaft
 To set my spirit free ; if I am thine,
 To thy blest will, my God, I would submit,
 Sure to be happy ! Time is but a point,
 And mortal pains, or joys, are light as air,
 When vast eternity is full in view.



PLEASURE.

I.

HOW vain a thought is bliss below !
 'Tis all an airy dream !
 How empty are the joys that flow
 On pleasure's smiling stream !

II. Now

II.

Now gayly-painted bubbles rife
 With varied colours bright ;
 They break, the short amusement flies—
 Can this be call'd delight ?

III.

Transparent now, and all serene
 The gentle current flows :
 While fancy draws the flatt'ring scene,
 How fair the landskip shows !

IV.

But soon its transient charms decay,
 When ruffling tempests blow ;
 The soft delusions fleet away,
 And pleasure ends in woe.

V.

Why do I here expect repose ?
 Or seek for bliss in vain ?
 Since every pleasure earth bestows,
 Is but dissembled pain.

VI.

O let my nobler wishes soar
 Beyond these seats of night ;
 In heav'n substantial bliss explore,
 And permanent delight !

VII. There

VII.

There pleasure flows forever clear ;
 And rising to the view
 Such dazzling scenes of joy appear,
 As fancy never drew.

VIII.

No fleeting landskip cheats the gaze,
 Nor airy form beguiles ;
 But everlasting bliss displays
 Her undissembled smiles.

IX.

Adieu to all below the skies,
 Celestial guardian come !
 On thy kind wing my soul would rise
 To her eternal home.

The PILGRIM.

IN this dark wilderness of pain and woe
 I wander mournful ; oft my upward glance
 Implores a chearing ray to guide my feet,
 Fearful, and trembling at furrounding snares
 Which lurk unseen : and oft I long for rest,
 But long in vain ; for ah, no safe repose

This

This land of danger yields ! Then let my eyes
 Look upward still to those divine abodes
 Of light and joy, whence danger is excluded.
 And thither let my panting heart aspire
 With ardent hope !---'Tis but to wait with pa-
 tience

A few sad hours, a few more painful steps,
 And life's fatiguing pilgrimage is o'er.
 Soon will my weary eyelids close in death,
 And these poor feeble limbs sink down to rest,
 In the cold bosom of the silent grave.

O could I with unshaken hope declare,
 Then shall my nobler pow'rs awake to life,
 To life and joy immortal ! happy hour !
 Transporting moment ! when eternal day
 First breaks upon my sight ! what sweet surprize !
 What boundless rapture ! darkness, pain and
 death

Banish'd at once ! and everlasting light
 In full meridian glory beaming round !
 Joys rising bright and new, in long succession,
 To set no more ! and shall my weary spirit
 (Which wanders now depress'd with sin and
 woe,)

Rise

Rise to this glory ? O my gracious God,
 Guide of my life, and guardian of my soul,
 To thee, I breathe my supplicating sigh :
 Brighten my glimm'ring hope, dispel the clouds
 Of gloomy fear, which hang upon my sight
 Heavy and sad ; let thy reviving smile,
 (Fair dawn of glory !) cheer my fainting heart ;
 'Till all the sorrows, all the pains of time,
 Appear as trifles in the blissful view
 Of immortality, of endless joys
 Incessant flowing from the throne of God,
 Then shall I wait serene, with steady faith
 And glad expectance, that auspicious hour,
 When death, (kind angel !) shall convey my soul
 To light and life, to happiness and God.



Wrote in an ILL STATE of HEALTH
 in the SPRING.

INCLEMENT winter now resigns his
 pow'r,
 And gentle spring begins her placid reign.
 The sun, with genial warmth, awakes to life

The

The herbs and flow'rs, while soft distilling rains
 His kindly influence aid, and cloath the fields
 With springing verdure; to the industrious swain
 The pleasing promise of a plenteous harvest.
 The trees, long stripp'd of all their leafy honours,
 Shoot out anew, and with the charming season
 Advancing still, unfold their annual beauties.
 All nature smiles!—But I, alas, am sad!

In vain, the woods and fields resume their
 charms!

In vain the feather'd warblers tune their songs!
 To me 'tis all a blank! untouch'd my soul
 With nature's harmony! my eyes, uncharm'd
 With all her beauties, cannot find a joy
 In the once lovely, once delightful scene!
 A gloom of sadness hangs upon my spirits,
 And prompts the frequent sigh, and silent tear.
 Depress'd by pain and sickness, all my pow'rs
 Are dull and languid, every joy is tasteless;
 All nature fades, and pleasure is no more!

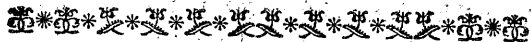
Ah! what is life, so lov'd, so dearly priz'd,
 If health be absent? 'tis a ling'ring night
 Of tedious expectation, spent in sighs,
 And restless wishes for the chearful dawn.

Thus melancholy tun'd the mourning lay:
 The chearful muse withdrawn, the gloomy pow'r,
 Ufurr'd her lyre, and chang'd its soothing notes
 For sounds of woe; dark clouds oppressive hung
 Around her seat, and spread their deep'ning shade
 Till ev'ry pleasing object sunk in night.
 Ah! where is faith? her heav'n-illumin'd eye
 Could pierce the mental night, could raise the
 mind

Which sinks dejected, and beyond the gloom
 Direct to fairer scenes: come, guest divine,
 O come, and in thy train, let fortitude
 Her useful succours bring, and meek-ey'd patience,
 And smiling hope, and sweet content appear.
 And let my heart with calm submission wait
 Heav'n's destin'd time, to hail the glad return
 Of health, the best and sweetest earthly blessing.

Then shall the muse her long-neglected strain
 Resume; and by each heav'n-born guest inspir'd,
 With grateful rapture tune the votive song,
 To that almighty goodness, which bestows
 It's gifts unmeasur'd, undeserv'd, on me.
 Nor let the grateful rapture be confin'd;

Since o'er the whole creation wide diffus'd,
 Divine beneficence unbounded smiles,
 And claims the tribute of unbounded praise.



RECOVERY FROM SICKNESS.

A WAKE my heart, arise my joyful pow'rs,
 In songs of gratitude, and love, and praise,
 To God, the great deliverer's holy name!
 To God, my strength, my all-sufficient refuge,
 Whose pow'rful hand sustain'd my feeble frame,
 Thro' all the tiresome scenes of pain and sickness,
 And rais'd me from the borders of the grave.

Death frown'd severe, and all the prospect
 round
 Was dark; with scarce a ray of glimm'ring light,
 To point my view beyond the sable veil!
 Almighty goodness saw, with pitying eye,
 My deep distress; my groans, and long complaints,
 And sorrows reach'd the ear of heav'nly mercy.
 My God attended to the humble pray'r,
 The mournful breathings of a helpless worm,

And

And sent divine supports.—
 The consolations of his sacred word
 Bore up my fainting spirit; rays of hope
 Broke thro' the shades of death, and bid my soul
 Look up, and view her heav'nly Father's hand,
 And bear his just rebukes and patient wait
 His sov'reign will! then smiling comfort dawn'd,
 And hush'd my sorrows to a peaceful calm.
 A Father's kind indulgent care appear'd,
 And while his rod chastis'd, his arm sustain'd.

At length fair health with chearful aspect comes:
 Hail long-desir'd, delightful, welcome guest!
 Gift of indulgent heav'n! inspir'd by thee
 Source of a thousand joys, my full heart pants
 To pour the transport in a song of praise,
 A grateful tribute to th' almighty donor.

But ah! my voice unequal to my wishes,
 Forbids th' attempt, and damps the rising ardour.
 Would the same pow'r which rais'd my sinking
 frame,
 Brought back declining health, and bid me live,
 Inspire the lay, and teach my song to flow
 Harmonious to his wond'rous healing mercy!
 Then should my tongue with joyful rapture fir'd,

Begin the pleasing theme, and sing unwearied
Thy mercy, and thy pow'r, all-bounteous Lord,
Forever good, beneficent and kind !

But oh ! what tongue can speak, what heart
conceive

Almighty goodness ? Infinitely short,
The highest notes a mortal voice can raise
Must fall ! As well I fondly might presume,
To count, the endless train of shining lamps
Which deck the azure canopy of heav'n,
My gracious God, as thy unnumber'd mercies.
O may thy goodness, thy indulgent love,
Forever dwell upon my thankful heart,
And teach my future life to speak thy praise.

A RURAL MEDITATION.

WHAT soft delight the peaceful bosom
warms,
When nature drest in all her vernal charms,
Around the beauteous landscape smiles serene,
And crowns with ev'ry gift the lovely scene !

In ev'ry gift the Donor shines confest,
And heav'nly bounty cheers the grateful breast.
Now lively verdure paints the laughing meads,
And o'er the fields wide-waving plenty spreads.
Here woodbines climb, dispensing odours round ;
There smiles the pink, with humble beauties
crown'd ;

And while the flow'rs their various charms disclose,
Queen of the garden, shines the blushing rose.
The fragrant tribes display their sweetest bloom,
And ev'ry breezy whisper breathes perfume.

But this delightful season must decay ;
The year rolls on, and steals it's charms away.
How swift the gayly transient pleasure flies !
Stern winter comes, and every beauty dies.
The fleeting bliss while pensive thought deplores,
The mind in search of nobler pleasure soars ;
And seeks a fairer paradise on high,
Where beauties rise and bloom, that never die.
There winter ne'er invades with hostile arms,
But everlasting spring displays her charms :
Celestial fragrance fills the blest retreats,
Unknown to earth in all her flow'ry sweets.

Enraptur'd there the mind unweari'd roves
 Thro' flow'ry paths, and ever-verdant groves ;
 Such blissful groves not happy Eden knew,
 Nor fancy's boldest pencil ever drew.
 No sun departing, leaves the scene to mourn
 In shades, and languish for his kind return ;
 Or with short visits cheers the wintry hours,
 And faintly smiles on nature's drooping pow'rs.
 But there the Deity himself displays
 The bright effulgence of his glorious rays ;
 Immortal life and joy his smile bestows,
 And boundless bliss forever, ever flows.

SOLITUDE.

SOFTLY-pleasing Solitude,
 Were thy blessings understood ;
 Soon would thoughtless mortals grow
 Tir'd of noise and pomp and show ;
 And with thee retreating, gain
 Pleasure crowds pursue in vain.
 True, the friendly social mind
 Joy in converse oft can find ;
 Not where empty mirth presides,
 But with those whom wisdom guides,

Yet

Yet the long-continued feast
 Sometimes palls upon the taste :
 Kind alternate, then to be
 Lost in thought awhile with thee.
 Intellectual pleasures here
 In their truest light appear ;
 Grave reflection, friendly pow'r,
 Waits the lonely silent hour :
 Spread before the mental eye,
 Actions past in order lie ;
 By reflection's needful aid,
 Latent pleasures are display'd :
 Thus humility is taught,
 Thus confirm'd the better thought.
 Friends and soothing praise apart,
 Solitude unveils the heart ;
 When the veil is thrown aside,
 Can we see a cause for pride ?
 Empty is the heart and poor,
 Stripp'd of all it's fancy'd store ;
 Conscious want awakes desire,
 Bids the restless wish aspire,
 Wish for riches never found
 Thro' the globe's capacious round !
 Contemplation, sacred guest,
 Now inspires the ardent breast,

F 3

Spreads

Spreads her wing, and bids the mind,
 Rise and leave the world behind.
 Now the mind enraptur'd soars;
 All the wealth of India's shores
 Is but dust beneath her eye;
 Nobler treasures kept on high,
 Treasures of eternal joy,
 Now her great pursuit employ.
 Mansions of immense delight!
 Language cannot say how bright!
 See! the op'ning gates display
 Beaming far, immortal day!
 See! inviting angels smile,
 And applaud the glorious toil!
 Hark! they tune the charming lyre;
 Who can hear and not desire?
 O the sweet, tho' distant strain!
 All the the joys of earth, how vain!
 Nearer fain the mind would rise,
 Fain would gaze with eager eyes
 On the glories of the skies;
 But mortality denies.
 Dusky vapours cloud her sight,
 Down she sinks to earth and night;
 Then to friendship calls again,
 Gentle solace of her pain!

Friend

Friendship, with thy pleasing pow'r,
 Come and cheer the mournful hour;
 Only solitude and thee
 Can afford a joy for me.



To Mr. HERVEY, On his THERON and
 ASPASIO.

I.

O Sent by heav'n, to teach the Saviour's praise,
 And bid our hearts with pure devotion
 glow!
 Truth shines around thee, with distinguish'd rays,
 And all the graces in thy language flow.

II.

Here beauteous landscapes spread their various
 charms,
 The mind inspiring with delight serene;
 With pleasing pow'r while sacred friendship
 warms,
 And blest religion crowns the lovely scene.

F 4

III. Now

III.

Now deeply humbled, self-abas'd, we read
The abject state of Adam's wretched race;
Now smiling hope lifts up her chearful head,
And faith adores immeasurable grace.

IV.

What glories in our great Immanuel shine!
How rich, how free, how full his merits rise!
The curse remov'd, fulfill'd the law divine;
For rebels he obeys, for traitors dies.

V.

His righteousness, (immortal robe!) he gives
To cloath the naked; while his flowing blood
Pours healing balm, the wounded sinner lives
To speak the honours of the Saviour God.

VI.

In him, what countless, endless wonders meet!
Truth, justice, mercy, reconcil'd appear:
His name, how precious! how divinely sweet!
Joy to the heart, and music to the ear.

VII.

O Hervey, be thy pleasing labours crown'd
With blifs beyond the low rewards of fame!
Such joy be thine, as thy Aspasio found,
While many a Theron owns the Saviour's name.

The

The PICTURE; to MARINDA.

MARINDA'S temper, open and sincere,
Despis'd the little, the dissembling arts
Which often smooth the supple fawner's brow
While hate and stormy mischief brood within.
In friendship honest—nor profess'd esteem,
But when her heart accorded with her tongue.
She knew, by reason and reflection taught,
How vain the pleasures which the gay admire;
Her judgment bade her prize intrinsic worth
Above the low parade of outward show.
But then a warmth, impatient of controul,
Would often rise and break her inward peace.
She knew, and call'd it, pride, and strove to mend
The fault acknowledg'd; but alas! in vain.
Though reason said, "Content is earthly blifs;
"And patience and humility prepare
"Her peaceful lodging in the human breast."
Yet to attain these graces reason fails;
Till blest religion, heav'nly form, appears!
A form no human pencil ever drew

In

In equal colours ! on her head a crown
 Emits a lustre like the rising morn !
 See in her hand the sacred book of truth !
 Which she unfolding, now with heav'n-taught
 skill

Points out the needful precept, now displays
 The chearing promise of almighty aid :
 Nor less than aid almighty can sustain
 The fainting mind ; for lo affliction comes !
 Nor comes undreaded ; though Marinda oft
 Had seen the frowning form, yet ne'er till now
 Array'd in half it's terrors ; now it spreads
 A more than midnight shade ; ten thousand fears
 Torment the restless scene ! Marinda sinks,
 O'erwhelm'd and fainting with extream distress,
 Yet struggling with her sorrows : " O for help"
 She sighs, nor sighs in vain to pitying heav'n.
 Two Nymphs Divine, of blest religion's train,
 Are sent to cheer the heart-oppressing gloom ;
 And these can cheer when human pity mourns,
 And sympathizing friendship weeps in vain.
 HOPE whispers comfort ; and a lucid ray
 Breaks thro' the solid night : Now FAITH applies
 The sacred optic, and Marinda's eye,
 Thro' the dark clouds of mortal grief, beholds

A

A pow'r omnipotent, and wise, and good,
 Dispensing, with parental tender care,
 Her needful pains, her salutary griefs,
 As kind preparatives for future joy.
 Her present woes, when weigh'd with future joy,
 How light ! when measur'd with eternal bliss,
 They seem contracted to a moment's point.
 Before the bright'ning prospect, proud impatience
 Retreats asham'd : and now the gentle pair
 Humility and patience, pleasing guests,
 Sure harbingers of sweet content, appear.
 O may the gentle pair propitious tarry,
 And may divine content, by them invited,
 Attend Marinda's dwelling, till this house
 Of feeble texture falls ; till heav'n unfolds
 It's shining gates to her transported eyes ;
 And angels, with triumphant songs, proclaim
 Her blissful welcome to the realms of joy.



RETIREMENT and MEDITATION.

KIND Solitude, I love thy friendly shade ;
 Reflection hither brings her needful aid.
 'Tis here, I trace past thoughts and errors o'er,
 And learn to know my weakness, and deplore.

(Ah !

Ah! would the serious, sad compunction last,
 And teach to mend the future by the past.)
 'Tis here, I see how empty, light, and vain,
 Is gay amusement with her idle train.
 And busy care, which fills the restless heart,
 With real, tho' with unavailing smart,
 Is no less vain; for still her toils renew,
 And still some farther task remains to do.
 Time, nor for trifling, nor for business stays;
 He shakes his glass, and counts the short'ning
 days.
 And see the ebbing sands, how fast they run!
 How soon the little remnant will be done!
 Shall vanity employ my precious hours?
 Or earth's low cares engross my active pow'rs?
 For robb'd ends, my time and pow'rs are giv'n,
 Nor cares nor pleasures fit the soul for heav'n.
 And can I hope to reach that blissful place?
 Yet sleep supine, or linger in the race.
 Alas my heedless heart, how apt to stray,
 When earthly trifles tempt my thoughts away!

All my celestial hopes on God depend;
 His smile my life, his favour is my end.

How

How little do I know, or love his name!
 And yet to spirits of immortal frame,
 Knowledge is food, and love the vital flame. }

What is the business and the joy above,
 But this, to know, to worship, and to love?
 For this, my pow'rs were giv'n; this great employ
 Should be my ardent wish, my constant joy.
 How shall I know him? all his works declare
 Their Maker's name; heav'n, earth, and sea, and
 air,

Confess the great, the wise, the pow'rful God;
 And nature joins to spread his praise abroad.
 But yet at awful distance I adore,
 For he is holy: his tremendous pow'r,
 His dreadful justice—oh, how fierce they blaze!
 And prostrate sinners tremble, while they praise.
 How shall I know and love him? In his word
 Appears the gracious, kind, forgiving Lord!
 O let me trace the heav'nly transcript o'er,
 And learn to know and serve, and love him more.
 'Tis here, his brightest, sweetest glories shine,
 In Jesus' face, how lovely! how divine!
 Here mercy smiles, and with resistless charms
 Invites the sinner to the Saviour's arms.

Here

Here wonders rise, which all my thoughts transcend,
 Justice appeas'd, almighty pow'r my friend ;

Forgiveness, peace, and free access to God,
 And life, and glory, thro' a Saviour's blood !

Lord, when these blissful wonders I explore,
 I long to know, and love, and praise thee more.
 In these blest moments fain my thoughts would
 rise,

Lose this dull earth, nor rest below the skies ;
 Those happy seats of knowledge, love and joy,
 Where every pleasing pow'r finds sweet employ ;
 Where praise and love, in everlasting songs,
 Rise ardent from ten thousand thousand tongues.
 For Jesus and salvation, (charming theme !)
 Inspires the strain, and feeds th' immortal flame.
 O how my panting spirit longs to join
 The sacred choir in extasies divine !

But ah ! this load of clay, retards my flight :
 When shall I reach those mansions of delight ?
 Short is the transport, soon my fears arise,
 And snatch the lovely prospect from my eyes.
 Should I be banish'd from that blest abode,
 And never, never see my Saviour God,

(My

(My saviour God ! for O my trembling heart—
 From those reviving accents cannot part :)
 Banish'd from thee, my hope, my life, my light,
 To death, despair, and everlasting night—
 The thought is horror !—No, my heart shall stay
 Here at thy feet, and wait thy healing ray,
 To chase the dismal gloom ; one smile of thine,
 One sweet forgiving smile, is bliss divine.
 O let me hear thy soul-reviving voice,
 To heal my sorrows, and renew my joys :
 Reveal, confirm my int'rest in thy love,
 And guilt, and fear, and darkness shall remove.
 So fly the mournful shades of gloomy night,
 When radiant morn displays her cheering light.

Jesus, let thy almighty love inspire
 My heart, my voice, and tune the sacred lyre.
 Let thy unbounded grace be all my theme,
 And songs of joy resound thy lovely name ;
 'Till I forsake this dark abode of clay,
 And death unfolds the gates of endless day.
 Then shall I learn the blissful strains above,
 And all my soul be harmony and love.

No



NO TRUE HAPPINESS BELOW.

BY daily observation are we taught
(Experience too confirms the mournful
truth,)

That perfect bliss on earth is never found.
When roses, gay and blooming, strew the path,
Sharp thorns intrude among them, scatter'd thick;
Nor can we 'scape unwounded; sense of pain
Forbids delight; and all we ask is ease.
We taste a moment's ease; our wishes rise
In vain for happiness, the restless sigh
Still heaves, the painful vacancy remains.
If pleasure laughs a moment, is the joy,
Or is the sigh which follows, most sincere?
When sweet content serenely smiles around,
Like a fair summer ev'ning; ah, how soon
The charming scene is lost! the deep'ning shades
Prevail, and night approaches dark and sad,
'Till the last beam faint-glimm'ring dies away.

Father

Father of spirits, who hast form'd my soul
Capacious of immortal happiness,
O send a beam of heav'n, dispel the gloom;
Direct my upward view, and point my path
To thee, in whom alone my soul can find
That perfect bliss I seek in vain below.

TRUE PLEASURE in DIVINE
MEDITATION.

COME, sacred contemplation, heav'nly guest,
And bring the muse to bless the lonely hour.
Unbind my fetter'd thoughts, and bid them rise
Above these low, dull, tiresome, empty scenes,
To nobler objects; spread the mental feast,
A rich variety. The heav'n-born mind
Should never meanly stoop to feed on trash,
Nor mingle with the appetites of sense.
The heav'n-born mind requires immortal food,
Such food as earth, with all her fancy'd sweets,
Can never furnish; all her fancy'd sweets
Are bitterness; her most substantial food
Is airy chaff, and only starves the mind.
Ye happy spirits, blest inhabitants

VOL. II.

G*

OF

Of paradise, Oh ! could you aid my flight
 To your abodes, or bring a blissful taste
 Of your divine enjoyments down to earth ;
 How would my soul disdain the joys of sense,
 And look on all the good below the skies
 Unworthy of her care !—alas, in vain
 My thoughts extend their feeble flutt'ring wings ;
 A misty gloom hangs heavy all around ;
 I sink to earth—which yet my soul disclaims,
 Unworthy of her birth !—see while I gaze
 Intent, its scenes in quick succession pass ;
 Each gay delusive form, which seem'd to please,
 Is gone ; and nought remains but sad reflection.

And is there nothing permanent, but grief ?
 No real good in all the varied scenes,
 Which tire and pain the disappointed heart ?
 Yes, sad reflection, tho' in sable robe
 Array'd, with mournful aspect, is my friend,
 And brings me real good ; else my fond heart
 Might still pursue, in vain, these empty shews,
 Nor stay to ask for pleasures more sincere.

Then let me listen to her friendly voice,
 And learn the just, the real estimate

Of all below the skies.—But O let faith,
 And hope, celestial visitants, be here ;
 And cheer my soul with some delightful views
 Of true, substantial, undecaying good
 In fair perspective ; distant scenes of bliss
 Immortal, far beyond the reach of sense.
 Let faith ascend with heav'n-directed flight,
 And smiling hope sits fast upon her wings,
 And bear my thoughts, and bear my heart on high.

O thou supreme, eternal source of good !
 Of good, which knows no shadow of decay !
 Wilt thou, all-gracious, beam one heav'nly smile,
 Break thro' the gloom, and raise my grov'ling soul ;
 And with resistless, sweet attraction, draw
 To thee, the center of immortal joys !
 O bid my faith, and bid my hope ascend ;
 For on thy vital smile alone, they live.
 Thy favour is the food, the life of souls ;
 This only can afford sincere delight,
 And give a relish to inferior sweets :
 Without it, all creation is a blank !
 A dreary void !—O could my spirit dwell
 Beneath thy cheering smiles, feast on thy love,
 And in full view adore thy bright perfections ;

This would be life indeed, a heav'n below !
 This only can refine the joys of earth,
 And sweeten all it's cares ; thus nature's charms
 Would wear a pleasing aspect, while my soul
 Should trace the radiant footsteps of her Lord
 In ev'ry lovely scene which nature yields ;
 And all that charms the eye, the ear, or taste,
 Be fairer, sweeter, as it flows from thee.



The FAITHFULNESS of GOD.
 Isaiah, LIV. 10.

I.

ALMIGHTY Sov'reign, gracious Lord,
 How full, how firm, thy royal word !
 Thy love, how condescending and how kind !
 Nor can the pow'r of language more,
 With all its force, with all its store,
 Confirm the sacred deed, or more securely bind.

II.

Sooner the mountains shall depart,
 And from their firm foundations start,

Than

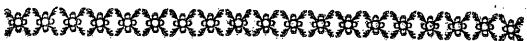
Than thy eternal kindness shall remove !
 Or I be shaken from thy heart,
 If ever there I had a part,
 If ever I possess an int'rest in thy love.

III.

Yes, Lord, thy promises are clear,
 Thy pow'r and faithfulness appear ;
 Nor can I doubt omnipotence and grace :
 But ah ! myself, my sins I fear,
 These springs of doubt are ever near,
 These gloomy clouds which rise and hide thy
 lovely face.

IV.

O let thy mercy's healing ray
 Arise, and chase these clouds away ;
 Thy spirit's witness (evidence divine !)
 Beam o'er my soul with sacred light ;
 Then shall my joys all pure and bright,
 Unclouded and serene, with pleasing lustre shine:



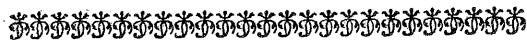
LOVE TO CHRIST. John xxi. 17.

OMNISCIENT Lord, before whose awful eye,

All undisguis'd, thy creatures actions lie ;
 Thou see'st my heart thro' ev'ry winding maze,
 Each secret thought thy piercing glance surveys.
 My Saviour God—and can I call thee mine ?
 Can I each idol-vanity resign ?
 Can I to thee appeal without a fear,
 Thou know'st I love thee with a flame sincere ?
 Alas ! I doubt my vile deceitful heart ;
 Back from my lips the half-form'd accents start ;
 A thousand meaner objects share my love,
 From thee, from thee my foolish passions rove ;
 My conscious soul shrinks at the solemn test,
 And yet I fain would hope, I love thee best !
 I fain would hope ! unworthy, base return !
 Can it be love, and yet so faintly burn ?
 Didst thou forsake thy radiant courts on high ?
 And freely lay thy dazzling glories by ?

Al-

Affume the human form, and wear the chains
 Of guilty rebels doom'd to endless pains ?
 Bear all our sins, remove the pond'rous load
 Of vengeance due from an incens'd God ?
 And bleeding, dying on the cross, atone
 For mortal crimes in agonies unknown ?
 Touch'd with the melting pow'r of love divine,
 Can I refuse this worthless heart of mine ?
 See, dearest Lord, obedient to thy call,
 Asham'd, repentant, at thy feet I fall,
 And would resign myself, my soul, my all ! }
 O let this stubborn heart, this flinty rock,
 Soften'd by heav'nly love, with sorrow broke,
 Bath'd in the fountain of thy bleeding veins,
 Be fully cleans'd from all its guilty stains ;
 'Till I can say, without a rising fear,
 Thou, who know'st all things, know'st my love
 sincere.



DEVOTION.

HAPPY the mind, where true devotion
 glows !
 Immortal flame, enkindled from above,

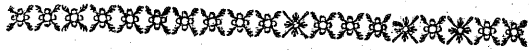
It upward rises, and to God alone
 (It's sacred source, it's everlasting center,)

Aspiring, trembling, points; attraction sweet,
 And pow'rful, tho' unseen, directs its aim.
 But ah! too oft its force abated sinks,
 Damp'd with the gloomy fogs of sin and fear :
 The last faint spark scarce glimm'ring to the fight,
 And near expiring seems, 'till wak'd to life
 By that all-pow'rful word which gave it birth.
 But thus inspir'd, devotion flames anew,
 And bears the soul above those heavy clouds,
 Which frequent rise and clog its feeble wings.
 Unfetter'd thus, when thought expatiates free,
 What sweet incitements nature's charms afford
 To her Creator's praise, whose hand bestows
 Unnumber'd gifts, in fair variety
 Dispens'd, where'er the gazing eye can reach,
 Or pleasing meditation lead the thought.
 Life and it's joys depend upon its smile ;
 Blest with his smile, the soul can see his hand
 In ev'ry varying scene, and taste his love
 In ev'ry good his bounteous hand bestows.
 Inspir'd by him, the mind enraptur'd views
 His bright perfections in his wond'rous works,
 The wise, the pow'rful, and the gracious God !

Wide

Wide o'er the fruitful fields and verdant meads
 His bounty smiles ! amid the blooming flow'rs
 Almighty skill appears, the breezy gale
 Wafts on its wing, his goodness in their sweets !
 On the clear winding rill his goodness flows !
 Descends in kindly show'rs to bless the earth,
 Or silent falls in soft refreshing dews !
 In yon bright orb, the source of light and heat,
 His glory shines with dazzling fervid ray !
 And mildly beams in ev'ry twinkling star !
 In all the God appears ! the father smiles !
 Omnipotent and wise, and good, and kind !
 His works all beautiful ! all harmonious join !
 And charm the eye, and entertain the soul ;
 Bid silent wonder mingle with delight,
 And flow in adoration, love, and praise.

EN-



ENCOURAGEMENT TO TRUST IN GOD.

“ Casting all your care upon him, for he
 “ careth for you. 1 Pet. v. 7.”

I.

ENGAGING argument ! here let me rest
 With humble confidence and faith intire :
 What, less than this, can calm my troubled breast ?
 What more can my distrustful heart desire ?

II.

Encouraged by so full, so sweet a word,
 Fain would my soul forbid intruding fears :
 To thee, almighty Father, gracious Lord !
 Fain would I bring my load of anxious cares.

III.

But can a vile, a guilty creature dare
 Aspire to hope for favours so divine ?
 Aspire to claim an int'rest in thy care,
 Or boldly call the glorious blessing mine ?

IV. O

IV.

O let thy spirit's sacred influence sea!
 The kind assurance to my doubting soul,
 Thy pard'ning love, thy tender care reveal ;
 The blissful view shall all my fears controul.



The W I S H.

SHOULD lavish wealth display her shining
 stores,
 Or smiling fame her noblest wreaths present ;
 Should pleasure, drest in all her soothing charms,
 Approach, their proffer'd joys were all in vain
 To tempt my better hopes. There's nothing here
 To feed th' immortal mind ; no earthly good
 Can fill my large desires, sublime they soar
 Beyond this narrow scene of transient joy,
 To God, the spring of life, the source of bliss,
 Of perfect bliss, and everlasting life !

Low at thy glorious feet, eternal God,
 I prostrate fall, and humbly breathe my wish.
 I ask not riches, 'tis but gilded care,
 Nor fame, nor pleasure, fleeting shadows all,

And

And vain delusive dreams of happiness!
 No, 'tis thy gracious presence, Lord, I ask,
 The cheering beams of thy almighty love:
 To these, earth's brightest charms appear no
 more,

Than glow-worms lost amid the blaze of noon.
 An int'rest in thy favour, O my God,
 Is all my wish--for this alone contains
 Full happiness.—One ray of solid hope
 That thou art mine, is worth a thousand worlds.
 Thy presence, Lord, can gild the shades of death,
 And turn the darkness to celestial day.
 At thy approach, black doubt and gloomy fear
 Retreat like mists before the rising sun.
 While joys immortal dawning o'er the soul,
 Diffuse new life, and give a taste of heav'n.
 O could I see, on thy dear hand impress
 In lasting characters, my worthless name;
 Could I without a wav'ring doubt behold
 Thy blissful face, and say, thou art my God!
 Not earth with all the charms it has in store,
 Should bribe my love, or draw my heart from
 thee.

DI.



DIVINE CONTEMPLATION.

I.

HOW blest the minds, which daily rise
 To worlds unseen beyond the skies,
 And lose this vale of tears!
 On heav'n-taught pinions while they soar,
 And joys unknown to sense explore,
 How low the cares of mortal life! how mean it's
 bliss appears!

II.

O for the wings of faith and love,
 To bear my thoughts and hopes above
 These little scenes of care!
 Above these gloomy mists which rise,
 And pain my heart, and cloud my eyes,
 To see the dawn of heav'nly day, and breathe
 celestial air.

III.

Yet higher would I stretch my flight,
 And reach the sacred courts of light

Where

Where my Redeemer reigns :
 Far-beaming from his radiant throne
 Immortal splendours, joys unknown,
 With never-fading lustre shine, o'er all the bliss-
 ful plains.

IV.

Ten thousand times ten thousand tongues
 There join in rapture-breathing songs,
 And tune the golden lyre
 To Jesus their exalted Lord ;
 Dear name, how lov'd ! and how ador'd !
 His charms awake the heav'nly strain, and ev'ry
 note inspire.

V.

No short-liv'd pleasure there beguiles,
 But perfect bliss for ever smiles,
 With undeclining ray :
 Thither my thoughts would fain ascend,
 But ah ! to dust and earth they bend,
 Fetter'd with empty vanities, and chain'd to life-
 less clay.

VI.

Dear Lord, and shall I ever be
 So far from bliss, so far from thee,

Am

An exile from the sky ?
 O break these chains, my wishes fire,
 And upward bid my heart aspire ;
 Without thy aid I cannot rise, O give me wings
 to fly.



REFUGE IN DISTRESS.

IN a frail, shatter'd bark I trembling ride ;
 Beneath me sin a boundless ocean spreads.
 Amid the dreadful waves, or swell'd with tempest,
 Loud threat'ning ruin, and immediate death ;
 Or smiling with a smooth deceitful calm,
 But hiding rocks and sands and sure destruction,
 A helpless voyager ! nor skill nor strength,
 'To 'scape the danger, or outlive the storm.
 Tempestuous winds with direful fury rise,
 And waves, with terror fraught, incessant rage,
 To plunge me in the fathomless abyss.
 Thick clouds and darkness hide the face of heav'n ;
 No friendly star appears to point my course
 To the wish'd hav'n of rest, the seats of bliss.
 Ah ! must I sink, forever lost ?——

See !

See ! thro' the dreadful gloom a chearing ray
 With heav'nly radiance break ! a glimpse of hope,
 A smile of pity from the Saviour's face !
 To him, I lift my suppliant hands and eyes,
 To him my voice with trembling accent raise,
 Lord save me or I perish !——
 O thou, my refuge, and my only hope,
 Draw near to my assistance ; let thy arm,
 Thy potent arm of mercy, oft extended
 To sinking dying wretches, be my stay.

Thy sov'reign voice can still the raging sea,
 Can hush the warring winds and waves to peace,
 And bid the clouded sky be all serene :
 O speak, and smiling comfort shall attend
 The charming sound, and drive my fears away.

Thou art my star : O let thy beams impart
 Light to my eyes, and comfort to my soul.
 Direct my course and let thy gracious arm
 Be ever near, my all-sufficient guard.
 Then shall I never sink, tho' storms should rise,
 And wind and waves in all their fury rage ;
 But o'er the swelling surge securely ride,
 Thy cross my anchor, and thy word my guide:

'Til

Till death shall land me on the blissful shore,
 Where sins, and fears, and dangers are no more.

HOPE reviving in the Contemplation
 of DIVINE MERCY.

YE restless, dark, distracting fears, be gone ;
 For mercy, kind inviting mercy, smiles :
 No more, my trembling soul, indulge no more,
 These gloomy doubts ; shall diffidence prescribe
 Limits to sov'reign, free, unbounded mercy ?
 With transport let me hear, with joy obey
 The blissful word, which bids my soul approach
 The throne of grace, and ask, nor ask in vain
 For pardon, life and peace ; a full supply
 For all my wants : divine beneficence !
 The object, how unworthy ! Gracious God,
 Increase my rising hope to thankful joy,
 And bid my heart with pleasing rapture trace
 The wonders of thy love : amazing theme !
 The song of angels, and the bliss of heav'n !
 How shall my heart receive the vast idea,
 Or feeble words express it ? Scanty pow'r
 Of human thought---the force of language fails,

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H

And

And soaring wishes flag their strongest wing !
 The starry heav'ns, immeasurably high
 Are rais'd above the globe ; but higher far
 Thy thoughts, thy ways, above my utmost
 reach.

What finite pow'r can ever comprehend
 The infinite extent of love divine ?
 Launch'd on the boundless ocean, ev'ry thought
 Is lost in pleasing wonder ! love divine !
 Created wisdom's most exalted pitch,
 Angelic force, can never sound the depth,
 Th' unfathomable depth ! can never reach
 Th' immeasurable height !—

Yet may I meditate, adoring low
 It's countless glories, in the sacred word
 Display'd, and shining all serene and mild.
 And while I meditate, O may I feel
 It's quick'ning, healing, life-diffusing ray,
 And all my soul subdu'd by love and mercy ;
 Mercy, which in th' eternal purpose dwelt
 For man, (lost, guilty, miserable man !)
 Long e'er the worlds arose, or man was form'd.
 Mercy, which mov'd the Son of God to leave
 Th' immortal splendors of his glorious throne,

For

For this low world, array'd in mortal flesh,
 To suffer all the sorrows, pains, and woes
 Of human nature, in it's lowest form ;
 A servant ! Oh, what miracles can mercy,
 What wonders can almighty love perform !
 Almighty love, which bore the cruel scoffs,
 The restless spite, and persecuting rage
 Of impious harden'd wretches !—patient bore !
 When with a single frown, he might have sunk
 them
 Quick to the caverns of eternal death.

But, Oh ! yet farther, let my soul pursue
 The wond'rous labyrinth of love divine,
 And follow my Redeemer to the cross ;
 Nail'd to the cross, his hands and feet all torn
 With agonizing torture !—Can my heart
 Behold those wounds, and not weep tears of
 blood ?

His blood was shed for sin, his sacred side
 Deep pierc'd, pour'd forth the vital crimson flood,
 Ordain'd to cleanse and expiate mortal crimes.
 For mortal crimes, what loads of wrath unknown
 Were due ! Almighty justice, arm'd with terrors,
 Pour'd the full vial on his guiltless head,

H 2

Of

Of vengeance for the infinite offence
 Of guilty man, against it's sacred laws.
 He bore it all! he in the sinner's stead
 Sustain'd the dreadful storm, and by his death
 Th' immortal work was finish'd! full atonement,
 Full satisfaction made; amazing scene!
 Stupendous sacrifice! mysterious love!
 He died!--the Lord of life, the Saviour died!
 All nature sympathizing felt the shock!
 Earth groan'd, and trembled to her utmost
 center!

The sun withdrew his beams, and wrapt his face
 In sable clouds, and midnight's deepest shade;
 To mourn the absence of a brighter sun,
 The sun of righteousness eclips'd in death!
 A short eclipse! for soon he rose again
 All-glorious, and resum'd his native skies!
 There, with full brightness and unclouded ray
 Forever shines, dispensing light and bliss
 Thro' the bright worlds of uncreated day:

His rays far-beaming, visit this dark world;
 And thro' the clouds of guilt, the shades of
 death,
 Breathe the fair glimm'rings of ethereal morn:

O may they reach this dark, cold, lifeless heart,
 And kindle light divine, and vital warmth
 Thro' all my pow'rs! Arise, O blissful Sun,
 Dispel the clouds of sin, and doubt, and sorrow:
 Shine with all-potent and resistless beams,
 And in the sweet assurance of thy love,
 Spread the bright dawn of heav'n around my
 foul.

And when this mortal part, this feeble frame,
 Sinks down, and mingles with its native dust;
 Let my free, joyful soul, exulting rise
 On angel-wings, to those divine abodes,
 Where thy bright presence in full glory shines;
 Transform'd to thy fair image, cloath'd in light,
 Mix with the tuneful choir, thy love redeem'd,
 In endless praise:—O bliss beyond conception!
 In silent rapture all my soul adores.



EUSEBIA and URANIA, OR DEVOTION
and the MUSE.

EUSEBIA.

SAY, dear Urania, silent why so long?
I languish for thy sweet reviving song.
Wilt thou unkind, neglect a Sister's moan,
And leave me wretched to complain alone?
Oft has thy lyre my sacred joys express'd,
And breath'd the ardent wishes of my breast.
Oft have thy sympathizing strings complain'd,
And gently sooth'd my heart with anguish pain'd.
Once more, Urania, try thy pleasing pow'r,
And animate this dull, this languid hour.

URANIA.

Thy active life must wake the silent strings;
For when Eusebia breathes, Urania sings.
But fainting efforts, and unmeaning sighs
Can never teach the feeble notes to rise.
'Tis gratitude and love, 'tis warm desire,
Or grief sincere attunes the heav'n-taught lyre.

When thy heart labours with the sense of pain,
In sympathizing accents I complain:
And when from earth thy soaring thoughts arise,
My kindred notes attend them to the skies.
Ah! where is now the heart-oppressing sigh?
Or where the ardent wish that pierc'd the sky?
Does not Eusebia sleep supine on earth,
Almost forgetful of her heav'nly birth?

EUSEBIA.

No more, my friend—at length, alas! I see
The change, the mournful change, is all in me.
My heav'nly birth!—the thought awakes my
 pain;
And shall I sleep regardless of the chain,
The hateful chain, which holds me from the skies?
Nor once look upward with desiring eyes?
Ah! wretched state! yet dear Urania say,
Extinguish'd is the joy-inspiring ray?
Lost is that heav'nly flame, in mortal night,
Which once, attractive, led our upward flight?
It's vital warmth these fetters could unbind,
And earth no more detain the heav'n-born mind.

URANIA.

Extinguish'd ! No—immortal is the flame
 Which animates the dear Eusebia's frame.
 Tho' late with such a sickly beam it shone,
 When fainting accents breath'd thy languid moan;
 Celestial love can never, never die,
 It will revive, and seek its native sky;
 To it's divine Original it tends,
 And on almighty pow'r it's life depends.
 Tho' earth-born vapours gloomy intervene,
 And cloud, with night's dark shade, the mournful
 scene;
 If love's unchanging source his beams display,
 The intercepting gloom shall fleet away,
 And grateful transport hail the rising day. }

EUSEBIA.

Thou friendly pow'r, how kind thy chearing
 frain !
 This blissful hope will mitigate my pain.
 Arise, O Sun of righteousness, arise,
 With sweet attraction draw me to the skies.
 Thy healing beams my ev'ry grief can chase,
 Great Spring of life, unveil thy radiant face.
 Awake desire, and hope, and love, and joy,
 'Till heav'n alone my raptur'd soul employ !

U R A

URANIA.

And heav'n alone deserves Eusebia's care ;
 The loveliest scenes on earth no more are fair
 When Jesus is withdrawn ; his smiles bestow
 A glimpse of heav'n, a paradise below.
 Then Oh, what splendour fills those happy plains,
 Where in full glory our Immanuel reigns !
 Diffusing life, and love, and joys unknown
 Thro' all the blissful myriads round his throne.
 Ten thousand thousand tuneful voices raise
 Their sweetest, loftiest notes to sing his praise ;
 While all the golden harps of heav'n resound
 Triumphant love with endless glory crown'd.

EUSEBIA.

Transporting view ! O for a seraph's wing
 To bear me to thy courts, my Lord, my King !
 O happy state ! how sweet, divinely sweet,
 To bend adoring at thy glorious feet !
 How should I wonder that my pow'rs could be
 So languid here, so cold to heav'n and thee !
 Blest hour of liberty, when we shall rise,
 Urania, to those ever-smiling skies !
 Where not a cloud shall spread its transient gloom,
 But undeclining joys immortal bloom.

There

There shall thy soothing lyre no more complain,
 But tun'd to rapture breathe a nobler strain.
 Extatic praise and boundless joy inspire
 The meanest voice in that immortal choir.
 Come, my Urania, aid my rising thought;
 In the bright hope be ev'ry care forgot.

URANIA.

Hail, glorious hope! how sweet the distant view!
 Ye little cares of earth and time adieu.
 Fain would I stretch my willing, joyful flight,
 With my Eusebia, to those worlds of light;
 Where praise and harmony, unknown below,
 Forever with unwear'd ardour flow.
 But e'er we reach the blissful seats of day,
 Eusebia's earthly mansion must decay;
 Then death, (kind friend,) shall bid the pris'ner
 rise,
 And join the raptur'd consort of the skies.
 Mean while Urania joins her sister's cares,
 Partakes her joy, and in her sorrow shares.
 And if thy smile inspire the humble song,
 Thy name, dear Saviour, shall employ her tongue;
 And Jesus, and Salvation shall resound,
 In echoes of delight the groves around.

Di-

Divine employ, to sing thy lovely name,
 While list'ning angels join the glorious theme!

AMBITION.

I.

LET Fame the shining annals spread,
 Where she records her mighty dead,
 And boasting, promise an immortal name!
 Vain is her boast, her proud parade
 Sinks in oblivion's dreary shade;
 Time, all-destroying time, forbids the claim.

II.

Let her employ her utmost pow'r,
 With radiance gild the present hour,
 ('Tis all she can) her fairest wreaths display;
 What is the envy'd prize, decreed
 The living Conqueror's glorious meed?
 At best, the fading triumph of a day.

III.

The Christian seeks a nobler prize,
 A fairer wreath attracts his eyes,

Di-

Divine ambition in his bosom glows ;
 His hopes a crown immortal fires ;
 Jesus, the Lord of his desires,
 On faith, and humble love, the crown bestows.

IV.

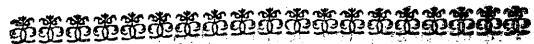
Honours, unconscious of decay,
 While ages rise and roll away,
 Secur'd by perfect truth's unchanging word ;
 The victor's palm, the robe of state,
 Laid up in heav'n, the christian wait,
 Triumphant, through his dying, rising Lord.

V.

His name, enroll'd among the just,
 When sculptur'd monuments are dust,
 And mortal glory sinks in endless night ;
 Shall with immortal lustre shine,
 Wrote by the hand of love divine
 In life's fair book, in characters of light.

VI.

Such is the Christian's glorious prize ;
 Thus high, his hopes, his wishes rise
 Inspir'd by blest ambition, heav'n-born flame !
 O thou, the source of bliss divine,
 My heart renew, exalt, refine !
 Nor let me bear, in vain, the Christian's name.



CHRIST the CHRISTIAN'S LIFE.

I.

O For the animating fire
 That tun'd harmonious Watts's lyre,
 To sweet seraphic strains !
 Celestial fire, that bore his mind
 (Earth's vain allurements left behind)
 To yonder blissful plains.

II.

There, Jesus lives, (transporting name !)
 Jesus inspir'd the sacred flame,
 And gave devotion wings ;
 With heav'n-attracted flight she soar'd,
 The realms of happiness explor'd,
 And smil'd, and pity'd kings.

III.

Come sacred flame, and warm my heart,
 Thy animating pow'r impart,
 Sweet dawn of life divine !
 Jesus, thy love alone can give
 The pow'r to rise, the pow'r to live ;
 Eternal life is thine.

IV.

If in my heart, thy heav'nly day
Has e'er diffus'd its vital ray,

I bless the smiling dawn ;
But Oh, when gloomy clouds arise,
And veil thy glory from mine eyes,
I mourn my joys withdrawn.

V.

Then, faith, and hope, and love decay ;
Without thy life-inspiring ray,
Each chearful grace declines ;
Yet, I must live on thee, my Lord
For still in thy unchanging word
A beam of comfort shines.

VI.

The vital principle within,
Though oft depress'd with fear and sin,
Can never cease to be ;
Though doubt prevails, and grief complains,
Thy hand omnipotent, sustains
The life deriv'd from thee.

VII.

O come, thou life of ev'ry grace,
Reveal, reveal thy lovely face,

These

These gloomy clouds remove !
And bid my fainting hope arise
To thy fair mansions in the skies,
On wings of faith and love.

VIII.

There, life divine no languor knows,
But with immortal vigor glows,
By joys immortal fed :
No cloud can spread a moments night,
For there, thy smiles immense delight
And boundless glory shed.



The COMPLAINT and RELIEF.

WHEN pensive thought recalls the scenes
of life,
And full in view the varied landskip rises ;
While mem'ry draws the lines, and fancy paints
The mingled light and shade, in due proportion ;
Intruding melancholy often blends
Her sable dye, and deepens ev'ry shade,
Till all appears a mourning piece of woe ;
And my impatient heart at length exclaims,

Ah,

Ah, what is life ! what glimpse of real joy,
 Has ever smil'd to bless the gloomy scene !
 Anxieties, and fears, and pains, and sorrows,
 Thick interwoven, rise in every part,
 Through all the dreary wild : If e'er delights
 Seem'd budding, here and there, amid the thorns ;
 Touch'd by the wasting canker, soon they fell ;
 Or nipp'd by chilling wintry blasts, declin'd ;
 Nor one fair blossom ever cheer'd my sight.

So withers all my bloom of life away !
 So pain and sickness waste this sinking frame !
 The ling'ring hours roll heavily along,
 All dark and sad ; save where some transient gleam
 Lights a short blaze, and vanishes away,
 Birth of a moment !—Such is mortal bliss !—
 Is mortal bliss no more ? is this the all
 Of happiness that earth can e'er bestow ?
 A momentary ray ! a short-liv'd meteor !
 Let me reflect again—were blooming health,
 That best, that dearest earthly blessing mine ;
 Were pleasure mine, and all its tempting charms
 Still brighten'd with unfulfill'd innocence ;
 Should fortune smile auspicious on my life,
 And lavish, pour her gifts beneath my feet ;

Could

Could all the gifts of fortune, health or pleasure,
 Give permanent delight, or solid bliss ?
 Ah no ! they all are empty, vain, and fleeting !
 Earth's fairest gifts united, can't bestow
 One happy hour of real satisfaction.
 Can air suffice the craving appetite,
 Or empty shadows yield substantial good ?

Man has desires, capacious as his soul,
 Desires, which earthly joys can never fill.
 Can mortal food sustain th' immortal mind,
 Or her unbounded wishes fix on ought
 Below the skies, as equal happiness ?

No, were the brightest scenes of mortal bliss
 Display'd before me, crown'd with young de-
 lights ;
 Should smiling pleasure rise in fair succession,
 The earth all blooming, all serene the sky ;
 The thoughts of death would cloud the gay
 meridian
 With midnight shades !—And see, the tyrant
 comes !
 His arrow flies !—Down sinks the golden scene
 In everlasting darkness !—

I

But

But Oh! the soul, that never dying part,
Survives the ruin! then her vast concerns
Appear in all their infinite importance.
On worlds unknown, amaz'd the stranger enters,
Heir to eternity of bliss, or woe.
Eternity---delightful, dreadful name!
What mind can grasp the infinite idea?

Eternity of woe! tremendous sound,
Fraught with despair! unutterable horror!
What heart can bear the distant apprehension
Of the ten thousandth part of half its terrors?

Eternity of bliss! transporting thought!
But thought can never reach the faintest shadow
Of joys forever bright, forever full!

What awful infinite concerns depend
On this poor, slender, trembling thread of life!
Time—how inestimable is the treasure!
How precious ev'ry day, and every hour!
And could my foolish, my repining heart
Complain, they move too heavy? Gracious God,
Forgive the rash complaint, the guilty folly!
By thee instructed, O may I employ
The fleeting remnant of my precious time
In that important work for which 'tis giv'n,

In

In preparation for eternity.
Confiding still in thy almighty arm,
My God, my strength, (all impotence myself,)
On thee I lean: O make me persevere,
And ardent striving grasp the blessed hope
Thy sacred word displays—the blessed hope
Of life eternal through a Saviour's death!
Be this my refuge, my unfailling comfort,
In ev'ry painful hour! O may thy spirit
Apply that healing balm for ev'ry wound,
A dying Saviour's blood! that full atonement
For all my guilt! that source of purity
To sinful souls! that antidote for death!
That fountain of immortal happiness!
And nought below immortal happiness
Can satiate the desires, the vast desires,
Which animate the soul, which bid it rise
Above this dying globe, this nest of worms.

And may a worm, a little particle
Of breathing dust, (for such the frame that holds
This soul, this vital spark of heav'nly flame,)
Aspire to mix with angels? Yes, for man,
For sinful man renew'd, hath heav'n decreed
A place amongst those spotless sons of light.

I 2

The

The rebel-angels from their glory fell,
 Whelm'd in the depth of everlasting woe,
 Without one ray of mercy; while for man—
 Here let me pause and wonder—while for man,
 For guilty rebel man, the Saviour bled!
 For traitors doom'd to never-ending torture,
 He bled to purchase life, and happiness!
 Redeeming love and mercy is the source,
 The boundless-ocean of immense delight,
 Where all our thoughts are lost in vast amazement.
 Redeeming love is the delightful theme
 Which tunes the golden harps of paradise
 To notes of extasy! to endless rapture!
 This can irradiate all the gloomy scenes
 Of mortal life, and tune the jarring strings
 Of nature!—This can change the deepest groans
 Of pain and sorrow, all to harmony,
 And joy and praise!—O may its sacred pow'r
 Reach this poor languid heart, enkindle life
 Thro' all my fainting frame, and raise my soul
 To join with angels in the strains of heav'n!

My Saviour God, O loveliest, dearest name
 That e'er my ear receiv'd, or tongue pronounc'd!
 While hoping, yet almost afraid to hope

That

That thou art mine, I breathe the charming
 sounds
 In fault'ring accents; wilt thou, gracious, seal
 My humble claim, exalt my trembling hope
 To full assurance? let thy holy spirit
 With pow'rful and convincing attestation
 Confirm my wav'ring faith, reveal my name,
 My worthless name, in thy fair book of life,
 In everlasting characters engraved.
 Disperse my fears, and fill my inmost soul
 With joy unspeakable and full of glory.

O blissful state! on earth my wish supreme!
 Sweet prelibation of immortal joys!
 Possess'd of this, I could resign the world,
 Nor heave a sigh, nor shed one parting tear.
 Then, death were welcome, and the frowning
 aspect
 Of nature's foe would change to heav'nly smiles.
 Then would I spurn the globe, and rise attended
 By guards celestial to the realms of bliss:
 To thy bright presence, O my Saviour God;
 To dwell forever in the vast delights
 Thy smiles bestow! there in transporting strains
 To join the heav'nly chorus; all my pow'rs
 Uniting in immortal praise, and honours,

I 3

T

o

To thy ador'd, to thy exalted name.
 There Jesus and salvation, boundless theme,
 Shall swell the boundless song; and tune the notes
 To extasy! the rapture-breathing strain
 Unmeasur'd, but by vast eternity.

A THOUGHT IN SICKNESS.

I.

HOW sweet, how languid is th' immortal
 mind!

Prison'd in clay! ah, how unlike her birth!
 These noble pow'rs for active life design'd,
 Depress'd with pain and grief, sink down to earth.

II.

Unworthy dwelling of a heav'n-born guest!
 Ah no!—for sin, the cause of grief and pain,
 Taints her first purity, forbids her rest;
 And justly is she doom'd to wear the chain.

III.

To wear the chain—how long? 'till grace divine
 By griefs and pains shall wean from earthly toys;
 'Till grace convince, invigorate, refine,
 And thus prepare the mind for heav'nly joys.

IV. Then,

IV.

Then, O my God, let this reviving thought
 To all thy dispensations reconcile;
 Be present pains with future blessings fraught,
 And let my chearful hope look up and smile.

V.

Look up, and smile, to hail the glorious day,
 (Jesus, to thee this blissful hope I owe,)
 When I shall leave this tenement of clay,
 With all its frailties, all its pains below.

VI.

Jesus, in thee, in thee I trust, to raise,
 Renew'd, refin'd, and fair, this frail abode;
 Then my whole frame shall speak thy wond'rous
 praise,
 Forever consecrated to my God.

A REFLECTION ON A WINTER-EVENING.

I.

NOW faintly smile day's hasty hours,
 The fields and gardens mourn,
 Nor ruddy fruits, nor blooming flow'rs
 Stern winters brow adorn.

I 4

II. Stern

II.

Stern winter throws his icy chains
 Encircling nature round :
 How bleak, how comfortless the plains!
 Late with gay verdure crown'd.

III.

The sun withdraws his vital beams,
 And light and warmth depart,
 And drooping, lifeless, nature seems
 An emblem of my heart.

IV.

My heart, where mental winter reigns,
 In night's dark mantle clad,
 Confin'd in cold inactive chains,
 How desolate and sad !

V.

E'er long the sun with genial ray,
 Shall cheer the mourning earth,
 And blooming flow'rs and verdure gay
 Renew their annual birth.

VI.

So, if my soul's bright sun impart
 His all-enliv'ning smile,
 The vital ray shall cheer my heart ;
 'Till then, a frozen soil.

VII. Then

VII.

Then faith, and hope, and love shall rise
 Renew'd to lively bloom,
 And breathe accepted to the skies,
 Their humble, sweet perfume.

VIII.

Return, O blissful sun, and bring
 Thy soul-reviving ray ;
 This mental winter shall be spring,
 This darkness chearful day.

IX.

But while to this low world confin'd
 Where changeful seasons roll,
 My blooming pleasures will decline,
 And winter pain my soul.

X.

O happy state, divine abode,
 Where spring eternal reigns ;
 And perfect day, the smile of God,
 Fills all the heav'nly plains !

XI.

Great source of light, thy beams display,
 My drooping joys restore,
 And guide me to the seats of day,
 Where winter frowns no more.

The



The ELEVATION.

I.

WHILE I survey the azure sky
 With wonder and delight,
 A thousand beauties meet my eye,
 A thousand lambent glories deck the night.
 I do not ask to know their names,
 Nor their magnitude enquire ;
 What avails it me to prove
 Which are fix'd and which remove ?
 Let the sons of science rove
 Thro' the boundless fields of space,
 And amazing wonders trace ;
 Bright worlds beyond those starry flames,
 My nobler curiosity inspire.

II.

When o'er the shining plain,
 Thought ranges unconfin'd,
 Night with her sparkling train
 Awhile may entertain,
 But cannot fix the mind.

The

The restless mind insatiate still,
 (Which all creation cannot fill,
 Fain would rise,
 Beyond the skies,
 And leave their glitt'ring wonders far behind.
 Beyond them brighter wonders dwell,
 By mortal eyes unseen ;
 Not angel eloquence can tell
 The endless glories of the blissful scene.
 Wonders, all to sense unknown !
 Glories, seen by faith alone !
 Come, faith, with heav'n-illumin'd ray,
 Arise, and lead the shining way,
 And teach my longing mind
 The path of life to find ;
 A path proud science never found
 In all her wide unwearied round ;
 A path by bold philosophy untry'd :
 Nor will I ask the twinkling eyes of night ;
 The sacred word alone directs my flight,
 Nor can I miss my way with this unerring guide.

III.

From awful Calvary the flight begins ;
 For there the burthen'd mind
 Divine relief can find ;
 'Tis here she drops her load of sins ;

Ac-

Accursed load, which held her from the skies !
 'Tis love, almighty love,

Which bids the load remove,

And shews the heav'nly way, and bids my soul arise :

Jesus, the true, the living way

To, the blissful realms of day !

Come, dearest Lord, my heart inspire

With faith, and love, and warm desire ;

And bear me, raptur'd, to the blest abode,

Thy glorious dwelling, O my Saviour God !

IV.

In those happy worlds are giv'n

To the favourites of heav'n,

Mansions brighter far

Than the brightest stars,

Which gilds the fair ethereal plains.

Stars must resign their temporary ray,

These shine resplendent with immortal day,

Nor cloud, nor shade, their spotless glory stains.

Radiant mansions, all divine !

They shall forever, ever shine

With undecaying light ;

When stars no more shall set and rise,

And all these fair expanded skies

Are roll'd away and lost in everlasting night.

Adieu,

V.

Adieu, ye shining fields of air,

Ye spangled heav'ns, that look so fair,

And smiling court the eye ;

Your fading beauties charm no more,

While contemplation lost in sweet amaze,

Dwells on the splendors of a brighter sky :

But, O my soul, at humble distance gaze,

With trembling joy adore.

There reigns th' eternal source of light,

Full-beaming from his awful throne

Dazling glories---Oh, how bright !

To thought unknown.

Too strong th' unsufferable day

For the strongest angels eye !

Seraphs viel'd and prostrate lie

Adoring at his feet ;

But love attempts ev'ry ray,

And mingles holy awe with bliss divinely sweet.

VI.

Extatic joy ! immense delight !

Here fainting contemplation dies,

The glory overwhelms her sight ;

Nor faith can look with steadfast eyes.

No more, my soul, attempt no more
 Those awful glories to explore,
 From frail mortality conceal'd.
 Yet in the sacred word,
 I may behold my Lord ;
 In those celestial lines
 A ray of glory shines,
 Pointing upward to the skies ;
 Scenes of joy, tho' distant, rise,
 To faith, and hope, and humble love reveal'd.

VII.

Jesus, whom my soul adores,
 O let thy reviving ray,
 (Sweet dawn of everlasting day,)
 With heav'nly radiance cheer my fainting pow'rs ;
 And when I drop this mortal load,
 Free and joyful to the sky
 Let my raptur'd spirit fly,
 With unknown swiftneſs wing the aerial road,
 And find a mansion in thy bright abode.
 Transporting thought — and shall I see
 The heav'nly friend who died for me ?
 While seraphs tune the golden lyre,
 Jesus, to thy charming name,
 Let me join the blissful choir,
 Thy love the everlasting theme !

But

But not the joy-refounding lay,
 Harmonious o'er the worlds above,
 Thro' endless ages can display,
 Dear Saviour, half the glories of thy love.



SOME



S O M E P A R T S

O F T H E

B O O K o f P S A L M S,

Attempted in V E R S E.



Vol. II.

K

P S A L M S

Attempted in V E R S E.



P S A L M I.

HAPPY the man, whose heav'n-directed
feet
Avoid the crouded path where finners meet ;
Who shuns the lofty feat of impious pride ;
Of men, who dare Jehovah's law deride.
He in that sacred, venerable law,
(Inspiring holy thoughts and pious awe,)
Continual meditates with new delight ;
Guide of his day, and solace of his night !
Beneath heav'n's kindest influence he shall grow,
Like a fair tree where cheering waters flow ;
Whose grateful boughs confess the happy soil,
And crown'd with autumn's richest bounty smile.

Unfading and secure his hope shall stand,
And prosperous be the labours of his hand.

Not so the sinner's hope ; he soon shall find,
It flies like chaff before the driving wind.
How will the guilty tribes their sentence bear,
When God in awful judgment shall appear ?
Then shall no sinner stand before his face,
Or in the blest assembly find a place.
The Lord looks down, and guides his children's
way,
Safe to the regions of eternal day.
But oh, the flow'ry paths which sinners tread,
To darkness and to sure perdition lead.



P S A L M II.

I.

WHY do the heathen nations rise
With unavailing rage ?
Why thus to dare th' avenging skies,
In impious plots engage ?

II. Proud

II.

Proud monarchs meet, and breathing war,
Raise their vain threatenings high
Against the Lord, and boldly dare
His chosen king defy.

III.

“ Shall we submit to his commands,
“ And bend the suppliant knee ?
“ No, let us break the servile bands,
“ We are, and will be free.”

IV.

Heav'n's awful sov'reign, thron'd on high,
Surveys their airy dreams,
He smiles contempt ; in ruin lie
Their vainly labour'd schemes.

V.

His dreadful anger now awakes ;
Their hearts what terrors wound !
Almighty pow'r affronted speaks,
And wrath attends the sound !

VI.

“ My chosen king exalted see,
“ On Zion's sacred hill !
“ Attend the solemn fix'd decree,
“ And learn Jehovah's will !

K 3

VII. “ Thou

VII.

“ Thou art my fon, thee I proclaim
 “ Earth’s univerfal Lord ;
 “ Of pow’rs and potentates fupreme,
 “ Thy name fhall be ador’d.

VIII.

“ Ask, and I give to thee alone,
 “ The heathens wide domain ;
 “ And earth’s remotefl ends fhall own
 “ Thy uncontefled reign.

IX.

“ Who will not to thy fcepter bow,
 “ Shall feel thy iron rod ;
 “ And crush’d in helpiefs ruin, fhew
 “ The vengeance of a God.

X.

Be wife, ye monarchs, learn to fear
 The pow’r, of pow’rs fupreme ;
 With awful, trembling joy revere
 The Lord’s exalted name.

XI.

While mercy, with inviting rays,
 Shines radiant in his eyes,
 Approach ; for fhould his anger blaze,
 Th’ unpardon’d rebel dies.

3.

XII. When

XII.

When fury kindling in his eye,
 Each guilty breaft alarms ;
 Happy the fouls who gladly fly
 For refuge to his arms.



P S A L M III.

I.

LORD, how my num’rous foes increafe !
 How faft my troubles rife !
 To thee, the facred fpring of peace,
 My wearied fpirit flies.

II.

My num’rous foes awake my fears,
 While they exulting boaft,
 “ No heav’nly aid for him appears,
 “ And all his hopes are loft.”

III.

But thou, my glory, and my fhield,
 Wilt all my fears controul ;
 A ftrong defence thy arm fhall yield,
 And raife my drooping foul.

K 4

V. To

IV.

To God I breath'd my ardent cry,
 He, gracious heard my pray'r;
 It reach'd his sacred throne on high,
 And he remov'd my care.

V.

I laid me down and slept secure,
 I wak'd, for God was nigh;
 Sustain'd by his almighty pow'r,
 My guard his watchful eye.

VI.

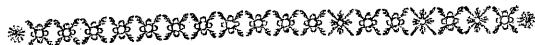
What tho' ten thousand foes in arms
 Against me should appear;
 And war resound its dire alarms,
 I will not yield to fear.

VII.

Arise, O Lord, with saving pow'r
 In my defence engage;
 As oft thy potent arm before
 Has crush'd their impious rage.

VIII.

Salvation, Lord, is thine alone,
 And all thy saints shall find
 The bliss my thankful heart has known,
 A God forever kind.



P S A L M IV.

I.

O LORD, my strength, my righteousness,
 Attend my humble pray'r;
 Oft thou hast heard me in distress,
 Renew thy ancient care.

II.

How long shall scoffers turn with lies
 My glory into shame?
 Ah cease these envious vanities,
 Nor wound my injur'd name.

III.

For know, the man of upright heart,
 As his peculiar care,
 The Lord himself has set apart,
 And when I call will hear.

IV.

With trembling awe your heart survey,
 And ev'ry sin repent;
 Let true contrition close the day,
 And future guilt prevent.

V.

The sacrifice the Lord will own,
 If thus you seek his face,
 Thus humbly bow before his throne,
 And trust his pard'ning grace.

VI.

Vain is the toilsome search of good
 In all things here below ;
 Thy smile alone, my gracious God,
 Can real bliss bestow.

VII.

Thy smile, whence all my comfort springs,
 With gladness fills my heart ;
 No joy increasing affluence brings,
 Such pleasure can impart.

VIII.

My days by thy kind presence blest,
 From thee my safety flows ;
 Thy favour guards my nightly rest,
 And gives me sweet repose.

P S A L M

P S A L M VIII.

I.

O LORD, how glorious is thy name
 Thro' the wide earth's extended frame !
 Majestic glories form thy seat,
 And heav'n adores beneath thy feet.

II.

Thy pow'r from tender babes can raise
 A monument of wondrous praise :
 At thy command, the infant tongue
 Shall still the proud blasphemer's tongue.

III.

When all thy shining works on high
 I meditate with raptur'd eye,
 The silver moon, the starry train
 Which gild the fair ethereal plain :

IV.

Lord, what is man, that he should share
 Thy notice, thy indulgent care ?
 That man, frail child of earth, should be
 The fav'rite of the Deity ?

V. His

V.

His place thy forming hand assign'd
 But just below th' angelic kind ;
 With noblest favours circled round,
 And with distinguish'd honours crown'd :

VI.

Invested him with pow'r and sway,
 And bid the subject brutes obey ;
 Sov'reign of all thy works below,
 To him the meaner creatures bow :

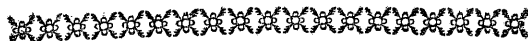
VII.

The bleating flocks, the lowing herds,
 The gliding fish, the flying birds ;
 All that the earth's wide circuit yields,
 Natives of air, or seas, or fields.

VIII.

But still let man adoring own,
 That thou, O Lord, art King alone ;
 And thro' the earth's extended frame,
 Declare the glories of thy name.

P S A L M



P S A L M XIII.

I.

HOW long wilt thou, O God of grace,
 Forget thy wonted love ?
 How long conceal thy shining face,
 Nor bid the cloud remove ?

II.

How long shall my dejected soul,
 (Thus pond'ring o'er her woes,)
 In vain endeavour to controul
 The pow'r of inward foes ?

III.

Lord, hear my pray'r, and heal my woes,
 Arise with chearing light ;
 Or soon these wretched eyes will close
 In everlasting night.

IV.

The pow'rs of darkness will rejoice
 To see my life decay,
 And triumph with insulting voice
 Around their trembling prey.

V. But,

V.

But, Lord, thy mercy hitherto
Has been my only trust;
Let mercy now my joys renew,
And raise me from the dust.

VI.

Then shall my heart and tongue proclaim
The bounties of my God,
My songs with grateful rapture flame,
And spread thy praise abroad.



P S A L M XVI.

PRESERVE me, O my God; on thee
alone
With humble confidence my soul relies.
By thee encourag'd, oft with holy pleasure,
Yet mix'd with trembling, I have made my claim
To thy regard, and said, Thou art my God.
But oh, to thee my best, and noblest service
Is poor and worthless! yet their good who love
thee.
I would consult; where'er thy image dwells

My

My soul delights, and I would show thy saints
How much my heart reveres that excellence
Which bears the blest resemblance of my God.

Unnumber'd woes shall be their fatal lot,
Who follow Idol-Gods; their impious rites
I will not join, nor shall my faithful lips
But with abhorrence e'er pronounce their names.

The Lord is mine, the portion of my choice,
My sure support, my blest inheritance.
Thy favour, (O my God, my happy lot
Continue still,) is all my wish, my joy.
Thy gracious hand has, with indulgent care,
Mark'd out my lines; my prospects all serene;
A pleasant heritage, an ample share
Of ev'ry good! O let me bless the Lord,
Whose heav'nly counsel guides my doubting soul,
While in the silent watches of the night
Instructive meditation warms my heart.
The Lord is ever near, my guard, my guide:
Blest with his presence, what can e'er remove
The lasting basis of my sacred joys?
Exulting gladness fills my grateful heart,
And bids my tongue and all my pow'rs rejoice.
This flesh, this dying frame shall rest in hope

To

To rise, and join anew the parting soul;
 For thou wilt never leave me in the grave,
 Nor can a pure refin'd ethereal spirit
 E'er mingle with the dust and foul corruption.
 Thy hand shall guide me in the path of life:
 The path of life to thy bright presence leads,
 The boundless ocean of immortal joy;
 To thy right hand, where pleasures all divine
 Triumphant smile in everlasting bloom.



P S A L M XIX.

THE heav'ns declare their Maker's glorious
 name;
 The spacious firmament's extended frame,
 And all the shining wonders it displays,
 Proclaim the God, and teach the world his praise.
 Each rising day repeats instructive songs,
 And closing night the wond'rous theme pro-
 longs:
 Nor speech nor language wants the sacred strain;
 'Tis nature's harmony, nor tun'd in vain.
 Delightful musick! here the heav'n-taught mind
 Sweetness beyond the reach of sounds can find.

Thro'

Thro' all the world the sacred lines are spread,
 And earth's remotest ends may wond'ring read.
 From hence the rising sun his light displays,
 And glads all nature with his chearful rays.
 So the young bridegroom on his nuptial day
 Exulting smiles, and all the scene is gay.
 Like sportive youth contending in the race,
 When joyful ardour paints the glowing face,
 With rapid speed, now from the radiant east
 His race begins, now gains the distant west;
 Each deep recess his piercing beams explore,
 And nature owns his all-enliv'ning pow'r.

But with diviner beams, the sacred word
 Shines o'er the soul, and guides it to the Lord.
 Unerring guide, which heav'nly light supplies,
 Transforms the heart, and makes the simple wise!
 In God's commands see truth and goodness join!
 Immortal rectitude is ev'ry line.
 'Tis here celestial light and knowledge flows,
 And nobler joy than all creation knows.
 That pure devotion which his fear inspires,
 To him its sacred source directs its fires.
 His precepts with eternal splendour shine,
 All spotless truth, and righteousness divine.

VOL. II.

L

Im-

Immortal treasure ! all the glitt'ring store
 Of golden mines, compar'd to these, how poor !
 Here heav'nly food abounds, divine repast !
 More sweet than honey to the longing taste :
 Here gentle admonitions warm my heart,
 When my frail steps would from thy way depart,
 Obedience to thy laws, my sov'reign Lord,
 Brings peace and joy, an ample rich reward.
 The errors of the heart, ah, who can trace ?
 Lord, I implore thy purifying grace ;
 Preserve thy servant from each wilful stain,
 From sin's destructive pow'r and hateful reign :
 Then shall my life be right, my heart sincere,
 And free from deadly guilt, adore thy care.

Let these petitions of my lips arise,
 Warm from my heart, accepted in thine eyes ;
 Propitious hear the humble suit I bring,
 O Lord, my strength, my Saviour and my king.

P S A L M



P S A L M XXIII.

I.

THE Lord, my shepherd and my guide,
 Will all my wants supply ;
 In safety I shall still abide
 Beneath his watchful eye.

II.

Amid the verdant flow'ry meads,
 He makes my sweet repose ;
 When pain'd with thirst, he gently leads
 Where living water flows.

III.

If from his fold I thoughtless stray,
 He leads the wand'rer home ;
 And shews my erring feet the way
 Where dangers cannot come.

IV.

Tho' hast'ning to the silent tomb,
 And death's dark shades appear ;
 Thy presence, Lord, shall cheer the gloom,
 And banish ev'ry fear.

L 2

V. No

V.

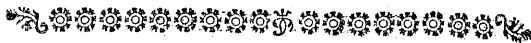
No evil can my soul dismay,
 While I am near my God ;
 My comfort, my support and stay,
 Thy staff and guiding rod.

VI.

Thy constant bounties me surround,
 Amid my envious foes ;
 My favour'd head with gladness crown'd,
 My cup with blessings flows.

VII.

Thus shall thy goodness, love and care
 Attend my future days ;
 And I shall dwell forever near
 My God, and sing his praise.



P S A L M XXIV.

THE earth thro' all her wide dominion owns
 Her maker ; his are all her ample stores ;
 Her num'rous tribes, dependent on his hand,
 Partake his bounty and confess his care.
 His potent hand has founded on the seas

The

The wond'rous fabrick, rising firm and fair
 In just proportion, 'midst the swelling floods.

But who, of all his creatures, may aspire
 To lift their eyes to his divine abode ?
 Who of the guilty race of man can hope
 To stand before his holy seat undaunted ?
 Or bear the glance of that all-piercing eye,
 Which beams immortal purity and truth ?
 He, whom almighty grace has cleans'd from guilt,
 Whose heart and life confess the sacred change ;
 Who dares not in the purpose of his soul
 Consent to sin, or harbour secret guile.
 He shall be crown'd with blessing from the Lord,
 Shall stand with joy before his Saviour God,
 In his eternal righteousness array'd.

These are the happy souls that seek the Lord,
 That humbly seek thy face, O God of Jacob.

Lift up your heads, O ye celestial gates !
 Unfold your leaves, ye everlasting doors !
 With conquest crown'd, the king of glory comes !
 Who is this king of glory ? 'tis the Lord
 Strong in the field, victorious in the fight.

L 3

Lift

IX.

When thou with condescending grace
Has bid me seek thy smiling face,
My heart replied to thy kind word,
Thee will I seek, all-gracious Lord.

X.

Hide not from me thy blisful ray,
Nor angry frown my hopes away ;
Thy saving help has still been near,
God of my life, renew thy care.

XI.

Should ev'ry earthly friend depart,
And nature leave a parent's heart ;
My God, on whom my hopes depend,
Will be my father and my friend.

XII.

O teach me, Lord, thy sacred way,
Uphold my steps, nor let me stray ;
While enemies and fears alarm,
Extend thy kind, thy guardian arm.

XIII.

Leave not my life to impious foes,
Whose rage no sense of justice knows ;
Against my innocence they rise,
And breathe out cruelty and lies.

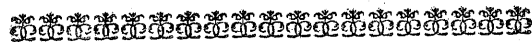
XIV. My

XIV.

My hope was ready to depart,
But faith sustain'd my fainting heart ;
I trusted in a gracious God,
And live to spread his praise abroad.

XV.

Ye humble souls, in ev'ry strait
On God with sacred courage wait ;
His hand shall life and strength afford,
O wait continual on the Lord.



P S A L M XXIX.

GIVE to the Lord, ye potentates of earth,
Sons of renown, who glory in your might,
Give to the Lord immortal pow'r and praise !
Confess the awful glories of his name,
To whom alone immortal praise is due.
Amid his sacred courts, where holiness
Resplendent shines, your adorations pay.
Hark ! how his voice tremendous breaks the
clouds ;
The God of glory thunders ; dreadful found !

O'er

O'er the wide ocean storm and terror spread—
 'Tis God amid the storm and terror speaks !
 Resistless pow'r dwells in that awful voice ;
 In ev'ry accent majesty divine.
 See Lebanon with all his honours bend !
 And tow'ring cedars broken spread the ground,
 A stately ruin ! 'tis the breath of God
 Which shakes the solid hills, unmov'd before ;
 And Lebanon and Sirion start alarm'd.
 So bounds the wanton heifer o'er the mead ;
 So starts the unicorn arous'd to flight.
 Etherial flames attendant wait his voice,
 Dividing, blaze along the vaulted skies,
 And flash bright horrors o'er a guilty world.
 The wilderness thro' all her wide extent,
 Astonish'd hears her mighty Maker's voice ;
 And Kadesh trembles thro' her deepest glooms.
 The frighted hinds in pangs confess his pow'r ;
 The forest haunts disclos'd, each deep recess
 Appears, and wonders at the sudden day.
 While in his temple, ev'ry praiseful tongue
 Resounds with loud acclaim his glorious deeds.
 On the wild tempest, and the rolling flood,
 The God of nature sits, he reigns supreme,
 Forever reigns, when nature is no more.

The

The Lord, the fountain of immortal pow'r,
 With strength divine his people will sustain ;
 On these, while storms and tempests shake the
 world,
 He smiles serene, and calms their rising fears,
 With the sweet earnest of eternal peace.

P S A L M XXX.

I.

THREE, Lord, my thankful soul would
 bless,
 Thee all my pow'rs adore ;
 Thy hand has rais'd me from distress,
 My foes rejoice no more.

II.

O Lord, my God, oppress'd with grief,
 To thee I breath'd my cry ;
 Thy mercy brought divine relief,
 And wip'd my tearful eye.

III. Thy

III.

Thy mercy chas'd the shades of death,
 And snatch'd me from the grave ;
 O may thy praise employ that breath
 Which mercy deigns to save.

IV.

Come, O ye faints, your voices raise
 To God in grateful songs ;
 And let the mem'ry of his grace,
 Inspire your hearts and tongues.

V.

His frown, what mortal can sustain ?
 But soon his anger dies ;
 His life-restoring smile again
 Returns, and sorrow flies.

VI.

Her deepest gloom when sorrow spreads,
 And light and hope depart,
 His smile celestial morning sheds,
 And joy revives the heart.

VII.

Beneath thy kind protecting arm
 How did my soul rejoice !
 And fondly hop'd no future harm
 Should ever shock my joys.

VIII.

Lord, 'twas thy favour fix'd my rest ;
 Thy shining face withdrew,
 And troubles fill'd my anxious breast,
 And pain'd my soul anew.

IX.

Again to thee, O gracious God,
 I rais'd my mournful eyes ;
 To thee I spread my woes abroad,
 With supplicating cries.

X.

What glory can my death afford ?
 In the dark grave confin'd,
 Shall senseless dust adore the Lord,
 Or call thy truth to mind ?

XI.

Hear, O my God, in mercy hear,
 Attend my plaintive cry ;
 Be thou, my gracious helper, near,
 And bid my sorrows fly.

XII.

Again I hear thy voice divine,
 New joys exulting bound ;
 My robes of mourning I resign,
 And gladness girds me round.

XIII.

Then let my utmost glory be
 To raise thy honours high ;
 Nor let my gratitude to thee
 In guilty silence die.

XIV.

To thee, my gracious God, I raise
 My thankful heart and tongue ;
 O be thy goodness and thy praise
 My everlasting song.



PSALM XXXI.

I.

LORD, in thy great, thy glorious name,
 I place my hope, my only trust ;
 Save me from sorrow, guilt and shame,
 Thou ever-gracious, ever-just.

II.

Attentive bow thy pitying ear,
 Let mercy fly to my relief,
 Be thou my refuge, ever near,
 A sure defence from all my grief.

III. Thou

III.

Thou art my rock, thy name alone
 The fortress where my hopes retreat ;
 O make thy pow'r and mercy known,
 To safety guide my trembling feet.

IV.

Preserve me from the fatal snare
 Of secret foes, who plot my fall ;
 And make my life thy tender care,
 My God, my strength, my hope, my all.

V.

To thy kind hand, O gracious Lord,
 My soul I cheerfully resign ;
 My Saviour God, I trust thy word,
 For truth, immortal truth, is thine.

VI.

I hate their works, I hate their ways,
 Who follow vanity and lies ;
 But to the Lord my hopes I raise,
 And trust his pow'r who built the skies.

VII.

In thee, my God, I will rejoice,
 While mercy makes my soul her care ;
 For thou hast heard my mournful voice,
 In all my sorrows God was near.

VIII. Thou

VIII.

Thou hast not left my life to groan,
Where chains and tyrant foes opprefs ;
Enlarg'd by thee, my feet have known
The sweets of liberty and peace.

IX.

Thy wonted mercy, Lord, renew,
See how my inward troubles rife ;
My melting soul with pity view,
And these dejected weeping eyes.

X.

My life is spent in grief and tears,
In sighs my hours roll slow away,
My strength decays, while sins and fears
Sink all my frame in deep decay.

XI.

While black reproaches blot my fame,
And neighbours join with cruel foes,
My friends who now forget the name,
With horror fly, and shun my woes :

XII.

'Till from their memory I slide,
And sink in dark oblivion's shade,
A broken vessel thrown aside,
And mix unheeded with the dead.

XIII. I

XIII.

I heard the cruel slander rise,
While foes and fears beset me round ;
I heard the murd'rous bands devise
To crush me helpless to the ground.

XIV.

But I have trusted in thy name,
O Lord, my hope, my fix'd abode ;
And still avow'd my humble claim,
(O sweet support !) thou art my God.

XV.

My life, my all, is in thy hand ;
Let thy almighty pow'r controul
The rage of this remorseless band,
And save my persecuted soul.

XVI.

O let thy favour, blifs divine !
Thy smile with heav'nly radiance break,
And round thy fainting servant shine ;
O save me for thy mercy's sake.

XVII.

Leave not my hope to sink in shame,
God of my pray'r, in whom I trust ;
Let wicked men, who hate thy name,
Lose all their glory in the dust.

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M

XVIII. Deep

XVIII.

Deep in the grave be lying tongues
 In everlasting silence laid,
 Whose proud disdain, and stand'rous wrongs,
 The injur'd innocent invade.

XIX.

What endless bliss, O bounteous Lord,
 (Immensely great, divinely free !)
 Hast thou reserv'd for their reward,
 Who fear thy name, and trust in thee ?

XX.

Thy gracious hand shall near thee hide
 These happy fav'rites of thy care ;
 Safe at thy feet they shall abide,
 Nor pride, nor slander reach them there.

XXI.

Blest be the Lord, forever blest,
 Whose mercy bids my fears remove ;
 The sacred walls which guard my rest,
 Are his almighty pow'r and love.

XXII.

I rashly said, I sink, I die,
 Cut off, abandon'd to despair ;
 Yet thou, my God, hast heard my cry,
 And gracious answer'd all my pray'r.

XXIII. Ye

XXIII.

Ye faints, to whom his mercy flows,
 O love, for ever love the Lord ;
 While on the proud his hand bestows,
 A dreadful, and a just reward.

XXIV.

Ye humble souls, who seek his face,
 Let sacred courage fill your heart ;
 Hope in the Lord, and trust his grace,
 And he shall heav'nly strength impart.



P S A L M XXXII.

BLEST is the man, whose crimes are all
 remov'd
 By grace divine, whose trembling guilty soul
 Kind mercy covers with her spotless robe.
 How blest, when awful justice frowns no more !
 Acquitted at the throne supreme, and cleans'd
 His inmost heart from ev'ry guileful thought.

When deep suppress'd my inward anguish lay,
 Nor found the solace of complaining speech ;

M 2

Heart-

Heart-breaking groans were all my griefs could
know,

And this weak frame sunk down in swift decay.

Thy awful hand vindictive press'd my soul,

And day and night my unremitting pains

Dry'd up the springs of life with parching thirst.

At length, low prostrate at thy throne of grace,

(My heart dissolv'd in penitential woe,)

I mourn'd my sins, and told my sorrows there.

'Twas then, my God, thy kind forgiving smile

Remov'd my griefs, and cancel'd all my guilt.

For this, shall ev'ry pious mourning soul

Before thy throne present his humble pray'rs,

And find a God of sov'reign mercy there.

When floods of sorrow roll their swelling waves,

Sure they can never reach him near his God.

Thou art my refuge, Thou, my safe defence;

Here will I hide, whene'er my troubles rise,

And trust thy pow'r, thy faithfulness and love;

'Till thy preserving, thy deliver'ing hand,

To grateful transport tunes my raptur'd song.

Come, while I teach, ye uninstructed, hear
The voice of one by long experience wise;
My watchful care shall guide your dubious way.
Bend unresisting to the hand of heav'n;

Nor

Nor like the brute, whom reason never taught,

Impatient of restraint, with heedless rage,

Pursue the path ungovern'd passion leads.

Unnumber'd sorrows wait the sons of guilt,

Their just reward; but he whose humble trust,

Fix'd on the Lord, inspires obedient love,

Shall be secure; for heav'nly mercy spreads

Her everlasting arms, his sure defence.

Rejoice, ye pious souls, for God is yours,

Guard of your lives, and center of your joys.

Let shouts of praise the heart-felt rapture speak,

Sincere and boundless as the bliss you share.



PSALM XXXIII.

REJOICE, ye righteous, in the Lord re-
joice;

For praise is lovely when a heart sincere
Inspires the lips, and tunes the grateful strain.

Awake the harp! awake the founding lyre!

Let ev'ry string awake its tuneful pow'r,

To aid the voice, and raise the sacred hymn!

M 3

Begin

Begin the song! th' exalted theme demands
New strains of joy; let ev'ry charming sound
That art or nature knows awake to praise!

The word of God is sacred, just and right,
Inviolably firm, and all his works
With glorious evidence attest his truth.
In holiness and justice he delights,
And perfect rectitude is his alone.
Earth, fill'd with blessings from his bounteous
hand,
Declares the boundless goodness of the Lord.

His potent word spread the wide arch of
heav'n;
The starry host obey'd the voice divine,
And instant kindled thro' the fair expanse.
He leads the waters thro' their sandy beds;
The waters own his hand, and to the sea
Obedient bring their congregated stores.
Let universal nature fear the Lord,
Let all th' inhabitants of earth adore,
With awful reverence their Creator's name.
He spake! the sov'reign mandate was obey'd;
Fix'd on his firm decree all nature stands.

The

The heathen nations, strangers to the Lord,
In vain their impious counsels would pursue;
In vain their deep contrivances are laid:
He sees and disappoints their idle schemes,
Which e'er they take effect, are lost in air.
The counsel of the Lord shall stand for ever,
His sacred purposes be all fulfill'd,
And future ages witness to his truth.

How blest the nation who can call the Lord
Their God, their guardian-friend! his chosen
people,
His own inheritance; distinguish'd lot!

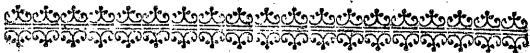
From heav'n, where in eternal majesty
He sits enthron'd, his awful eye beholds
The sons of men; from his supreme abode
He views th' inhabitants of this low world:
He made their hearts, he sees their ev'ry thought,
And weighs the various actions of their lives.
No pow'rful monarch by his num'rous host
Surrounded, is preserv'd, if God withdraw
His kind protection; mortal strength is weak
In all its pride, and impotent to save.
In vain the warlike horse his aid supplies,

M 4

To

To speed his helpless, trembling master's flight;
Nor strength nor speed eludes pursuing fate.

But Oh, with watchful eye, and tender care,
The Lord regards the souls that fear his name,
And on his sov'reign mercy fix their hope:
He guards their lives from ev'ry deathful stroke.
Nor war shall hurt them, nor shall famine waste,
On him we wait, our God, our help, our shield;
On him with humble confidence depend:
In him our souls for ever shall rejoice;
For we have trusted in his holy name.
O be thy mercy, Lord, our constant trust,
Our blissful portion, mercy large and full,
Unbounded and immortal as our hopes!



PSALM XXXIX.

I.

WHEN I resolv'd to watch my thoughts,
To watch my words and all my ways,
Lest I should with unwary faults
Offend the God my life should praise;

II. In

II.

In mournful silence long restrain'd,
My thoughts were press'd with secret grief;
My heart with sad reflection pain'd,
In silence found no kind relief.

III.

While thus the inward anguish burn'd,
My straiten'd speech at length found way;
My tongue in broken accents mourn'd
Before my God, and try'd to pray.

IV.

Almighty Maker of my frame,
Teach me the measure of my days,
Teach me to know how frail I am,
And spend the remnant to thy praise.

V.

My days are shorter than a span,
A little point my life appears;
How frail at best is dying man!
How vain are all his hopes and fears!

VI.

Vain his ambition, noise and show!
Vain are the cares which rack his mind!
He heaps up treasures mix'd with woe;
And dies, and leaves them all behind:

VII. O

VII.

O be a nobler portion mine :
My God, I bow before thy throne,
Earth's fleeting treasures I resign,
And fix my hope on thee alone.

VIII.

Save me, by thy almighty arm,
From all my sins, and cleanse my faults ;
Then guilt nor folly shall alarm
My soul, or vex my peaceful thoughts.

IX.

Beneath the chast'ning of thy hand,
Let not my heart or tongue repine ;
But silent and submissive bend,
And bear the stroke because 'tis thine.

X.

But O let mercy soon prevail,
Thy awful anger to remove ;
The stroke is just, but I am frail,
Thy sparing goodness let me prove.

XI.

Frail man, how soon his beauty flies !
He sins, and God afflicts with pain ;
Crush'd like the feeble moth he dies ;
His strength, how impotent and vain !

XII. Lord,

XII.

Lord, wilt thou gracious hear my cry,
Pity my tears and heal my woe ?
As were my fathers, so am I,
A wretched stranger here below.

XIII.

O spare me, and my strength restore,
E'er my few hasty minutes flee ;
And when my days on earth are o'er,
Let me for ever dwell with thee.



P S A L M XLII.

I.

AS the poor hart, tir'd in the chase,
Pants for the cool refreshing flood,
So pants my soul for streams of grace,
Thy cheering visits, O my God.

II.

For God my thirsty spirit longs,
The sacred spring of living joy ;
When shall I come with thankful songs,
Before my God ? divine employ !

III. Thro'

III.

Thro' the sad night and mournful day
 My flowing tears have been my food,
 While taunting foes continual say,
 "And where is now thy Saviour God?"

IV.

My melting soul in grief is spent,
 When I revolve my happier days;
 When with the joyful throng I went
 To thy abode with songs of praise.

V.

Why, O my soul, thus sunk in woe?
 Why thus with restless sorrows torn?
 Hope thou in God; my song shall flow,
 For his bright presence will return.

VI.

My heart sinks down oppress'd with grief;
 Yet, O my God, I'll call to mind
 Those seasons past, for my relief,
 When I was blest, and thou wast kind.

VII.

Thy terrors overwhelm my soul,
 Wave after wave, with dreadful roar;
 So stormy seas like mountains roll
 And swelling billows drown the shore.

VIII. Yet

VIII.

Yet will the Lord command his care,
 His love (sweet morn!) shall cheer mine eyes;
 And mix'd with praise my nightly pray'r,
 God of my life, to thee shall rise.

IX.

To thee, I'll cry, my God, my rock;
 Ah, why hast thou forgot thy care?
 Why mourn I thus beneath the stroke
 Of foes, who drive me near despair?

X.

Their sharp reproaches pierce my heart
 With daily anguish, while they say
 (The thought is like a pointed dart,)
 Where is thy God, thy boasted stay?

XI.

Why sinks my fainting spirit down?
 Why do my restless passions mourn?
 What, tho' my God a moment frown,
 His blissful smile will yet return.

XII.

Then shall I spread his pow'r abroad,
 His smile my drooping hope shall raise;
 My light, my health, my Saviour God,
 Shall tune my sighs to songs of praise.

PSALM

PSALM XLVI.

GOD is our strength, omnipotence our stay,
Our refuge, present still when troubles
rise.

Safe in his care, no fear shall reach our souls,
Tho' earth be from her firm foundations mov'd,
And mountains with tremendous shock are torn,
Deep from their antient basis torn, and hurl'd
With dreadful dash, amidst the roaring waves;
Tho' the waves roar and boil with restless rage,
And threat with hideous swell the trembling
world.

There is a river of immortal peace,
Clear springing from the high eternal throne,
Which flows in blissful streams thro' all the groves
Of paradise,—from this eternal spring
Some little rivulets descend, to cheer
The city of our God, the sacred place
Of his abode on earth; tho' all around
Be discord and commotion, she shall dwell
Unmov'd, serene, and safe, for God is there:

His arm omnipotent is ever near
Her present help, her all-sufficient guard.

The heathen rag'd with war, the empires
shook,
And all was uproar, noise and wild confusion!
His awful voice was heard, and all was hush'd,
And earth dissolv'd in silence!
The Lord of hosts is with us; Israel's God
Is our defence, our everlasting refuge.
The Lord! behold the wonders of his hand!
The mourning nations, desolate and waste,
Confess the pow'r of his tremendous frown.
Thro' the wide earth he bids stern war to cease,
The earth obeys, and war is heard no more.
With one light touch he breaks the useless bow,
Shivers the spear, and burns the warlike chariot.
He speaks!—the world in deep attention held,
Awaits the sacred sounds! “Be still and know
“That I am God, among the heathen tribes
“I will be honour'd; thro' the spacious earth
“My name shall be exalted and ador'd!”
The Lord of hosts is with us; Israel's God
Is our defence, our everlasting refuge.

PSALM XLVII.

YE happy tribes, proclaim your sacred joys;
Let shouts of triumph to the heav'ns ascend!

The Lord most high with awful pow'r presides,
And rules the earth with universal sway!
Subdu'd by him, our haughty foes shall sink,
And conquer'd nations bend beneath our feet.
He shall select our blest inheritance;
The favour'd sons of Jacob shall enjoy
The same almighty love their father shar'd.

Hark the glad shout! our God to conquest
leads,

And warlike sounds proclaim his glorious name!
Join ev'ry voice in hymns of joyful praise;
Our God, our king demands the sacred song;
Repeat his praises in immortal strains.
For God is king supreme, o'er all the earth
With uncontested pow'r his scepter rules.
And while his praise employs the tuneful voice,
Let all your hearts adore the name you sing.
Sole monarch of the world, Jehovah reigns!

The

The heathen empires trembling own his pow'r,
And holiness surrounds his awful throne.
Assembling princes lead the praiseful throng.
To Abra'm's God their grateful homage pay,
And leave their votive shields beneath his feet.
Great is the Lord! his high exalted name
Forever with unrival'd glory shines!

PSALM LI.

I.

LORD, let thy mercy, full and free,
Vile as I am, extend to me;
And bid my num'rous crimes remove,
All cancell'd by thy sov'reign love.

II.

O wash this guilty heart of mine,
For cleansing grace is only thine;
I own my sins, and still they rise
With recent horror to my eyes.

III.

Against the God I love and fear,
My aggravated crimes appear;
'Tis this alone awakes my smart,
And fills with grief my fainting heart.

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N

IV. While

IV.

While humbly prostrate in the dust,
I owe thy awful sentence just ;
My soul adores thy sacred word,
Forever righteous is the Lord.

V.

Soon as my infant life began,
And nature fram'd the future man,
So soon did sin its taint impart,
The dire contagion seiz'd my heart.

VI.

Since inward truth thy laws require,
That inward truth, O Lord, inspire ;
Thro' all my soul let wisdom shine,
And give me purity divine.

VII.

O let the sacred hyssop prove,
Blest emblem of thy cleansing love ;
Thy sov'reign mercy can bestow,
A heart more pure than falling snow.

VIII.

Let thy reviving word impart
Peace, joy and pardon, to my heart ;
Then shall this broken frame rejoice,
And bless thy kind, thy healing voice.

IX.

Let all my sins, (tho' deep their dye,)
For ever in oblivion lie ;
For ever blot the dreadful score,
And view the long account no more.

X.

Create my inmost pow'rs anew,
Make all my heart sincere and true ;
O cast me not in wrath away,
Nor hide thy soul-enliv'ning ray.

XI.

Restore thy favour, bliss divine !
Those heav'nly joys that once were mine ;
Let thy own spirit, kind and free,
Uphold and guide my steps to thee.

XII.

Then will I teach thy sacred ways,
With holy zeal proclaim thy praise ;
'Till sinners leave the dang'rous road,
Forfake their sins and turn to God.

XIII.

O cleanse my guilt, and heal my pain,
Remove the blood-polluted stain ;
Then shall my heart adoring trace,
My Saviour God, thy boundless grace.

XIV.

Then shall my joyful tongue proclaim
 In grateful strains, thy glorious name;
 Inspir'd by thee, my song shall flow,
 And all thy wond'rous mercy show.

XV.

If sacrifice would please my God,
 My off'rings should thy altars load;
 But vain were all my offer'd store,
 For blazing altars please no more.

XVI.

This is the gift I would impart,
 A humble, broken, contrite heart;
 A broken heart, repentant sighs,
 O God, thou never wilt despise.

XVII.

O let thy goodness, Lord, appear,
 To Zion, once thy chosen care;
 Sustain'd and built by pow'r divine,
 Let Salem's walls distinguish'd shine.

XVIII.

To thee, the pious sacrifice
 Accepted then shall daily rise;
 Again the grateful off'rings flame,
 And glad devotion blest thy name.

P S A L M

P S A L M LXV.

I.

BEFORE thy throne, O God of grace,
 Thy Zion would her vows perform;
 Her ardent vows in deep distress—
 O be her grateful praise as warm.

II.

O thou who hear'st our humble cry,
 Our God, our refuge and our stay;
 To thee, shall mourning sinners fly,
 To thee, shall ev'ry nation pray.

III.

Tho' sin prevails with dreadful sway,
 And hope almost expiring lies,
 Thy grace shall purge our sins away,
 And bid our dying hopes arise.

IV.

Happy the man approv'd by thee,
 Near to his God, thy chosen care;
 Thy constant goodness he shall see,
 The bounties of thy table share.

N 3

V. When

V.

When'er thy injur'd people's cries
Ascend before thy awful throne,
All dreadful bright thy terrors rise,
And make thy grace and justice known.

VI.

Thou art the confidence and stay
Of the wide earth's remotest ends;
And those who try the dang'rous sea,
On thee their hope, their all depends.

VII.

Thy awful word, with potent sound
Firm bade the solid mountains stand;
Thy pow'r encircles nature round;
All nature rests upon thy hand.

VIII.

That word which stills the raging seas,
When the loud waves tempestuous roar,
Commands the warring world to peace;
And noise and tumult are no more.

IX.

Thy dreadful signs display'd abroad,
Fill trembling nations with surprize;
The trembling nations own the God,
And lift their supplicating eyes.

X. The

X.

The rising morn, the closing day,
Repeat thy praise with grateful voice;
Each in their turns thy pow'r display,
And laden with thy gifts rejoice.

XI.

Earth's wide-extended varying scenes,
All smiling round thy bounty show;
From seas or clouds, full magazines,
Thy rich diffusive blessings flow.

XII.

Now earth receives the precious seed,
Which thy indulgent hand prepares;
And nourishes the future bread,
And answers all the sower's cares.

XIII.

Thy sweet refreshing show'rs attend,
And thro' the ridges gently flow,
Soft on the springing corn descend;
And thy kind blessing makes it grow.

XIV.

Thy goodness crowns the circling year,
Thy paths drop fatness all around;
Ev'n barren wilds thy praise declare,
And echoing hills return the sound.

N 4

XV. Here

XV.

Here spreading flocks adorn the plain,
 There plenty ev'ry charm displays ;
 Thy bounty cloaths each lovely scene,
 And joyful nature shouts thy praise.



P S A L M LXXVII.

I.

TO God, I rais'd my earnest cries,
 To God, who rules the earth and skies ;
 His sov'reign mercy deign'd to hear
 My loud complaints, with pitying ear.

II.

The tedious day was spent in grief,
 In humble prayer I sought relief ;
 But day and night the restless smart
 Deny'd sweet comfort to my heart.

III.

I thought on God with terrors arm'd ;
 New troubles then my soul alarm'd ;
 Then over-whelming sorrows rose,
 Nor could complaining ease my woes.

IV. Thy

IV.

Thy terrors, Lord, forbid my rest,
 And silent anguish fills my breast ;
 And now in sad reflection rise
 Past days and years before my eyes.

V.

My nightly songs I call to mind,
 And try some gleam of joy to find ;
 But search this wretched heart in vain,
 For all is darkness, grief and pain.

VI.

Will God for ever leave his care ?
 Must I no more his favour share ?
 Shall long-lost mercy ne'er prevail ?
 And can his word for ever fail ?

VII.

Array'd in frowns his angry face,
 Has God forgot his wonted grace ?
 And clos'd the full, the boundless store
 Of mercy, ne'er to open more ?

VIII.

But I rebuke my drooping heart,
 Far hence ye guilty fears depart ;
 Still will I call past comforts o'er,
 And trust almighty love and pow'r.

IX. This

IX.

This drooping heart again shall trace
 The ancient wonders of thy grace ;
 The mighty works my God has wrought,
 Shall still employ my voice, my thought.

X.

Thy way, O God, thy wond'rous way,
 While in thy temple I survey,
 Struck with astonishment, I cry,
 Where is a pow'r so great, so high ?

XI.

Whoe'er surveys thuy works must own
 That thou art God, and thou alone ;
 Thy favours to thy chosen care
 The wonders of thy pow'r declare.

XII.

Thy potent arm, for ever near,
 Controul'd their foes, controul'd their fear ;
 And Jacob's sons, (distinguish'd race !)
 Confess'd thy kind deliv'ring grace.

XIII.

The waters with thy presence aw'd,
 Beheld, and own'd their maker God ;
 The ocean shook with all its waves,
 And trembled thro' it's deepest caves.

XIV. The

XIV.

The full clouds pour'd their wat'ry store ;
 Amid the storm's impetuous roar,
 Thy dreadful arrows flew abroad,
 And sounding skies proclaim'd the God !

XV.

Thy awful voice in thunder broke,
 Heav'n listen'd while th' almighty spoke !
 While o'er the world keen light'nings spread,
 Earth trembled with unusual dread !

XVI.

Thy path, O Lord, thy tractless way
 Lies in the deep unfathom'd sea ;
 No mortal thought can ever trace
 Thy steps of wisdom, pow'r and grace.

XVII.

Thy people found thy guardian care ;
 Where'er they wander'd, God was there ;
 'Till guided by thy prophet's hand,
 They reach'd secure the promis'd land.



P S A L M LXXXIV.

I.

HOW lovely, how divinely sweet,
O Lord, thy sacred courts appear !
Fain would my longing passions meet
The glories of thy presence there.

II.

With strong desire my spirit faints,
I languish for thy blest abode ;
This throbbing heart, oh, how it pants !
And all my pow'rs cry out for God.

III.

The sparrows near thy altar live,
And swallows there a nest obtain ;
My God, my King, and wilt thou give
To birds, what I desire in vain ?

IV.

Oh, blest the men, blest their employ,
Whom thy indulgent favours raise
To dwell in these abodes of joy,
And sing thy never-ceasing praise.

V.

Happy the men, whom strength divine
With ardent love and zeal inspires ;
Whose steps to thy blest way incline,
With willing hearts and warm desires.

VI.

Thro' Baca's thirsty vale they go ;
But God commands, and springs arise,
And show'rs descend with copious flow,
To yield the pilgrim full supplies.

VII.

Still they pursue the painful road,
Increasing strength surmounts their fear ;
'Till all at length before their God,
In Sion's glorious courts appear.

VIII.

O Lord of hosts, attend my pray'r,
Our fathers' God, thy ear incline ;
Shield of our lives, reveal thy care,
And on thy own anointed shine.

IX.

One day within thy sacred gate,
Affords more real joy to me,
Than thousands in the tents of state ;
The meanest place is bliss with thee.

God is a sun ; our brightest day
From his reviving presence flows ;
God is a shield, thro' all the way,
To guard us from furrounding foes.

XI.

He pours his kindest blessings down,
Profusely down on souls sincere ;
And grace shall guide, and glory crown
The happy fav'rites of his care.

XII.

O Lord of hosts, thou God of grace,
How blest, divinely blest, is he,
Who trusts thy love and seeks thy face,
And fixes all his hopes on thee !



P S A L M LXXXVIII.

I.

O Lord, my life, my Saviour God,
Hear, while I spread my woes abroad ;
While day and night my mournful cries
Before thy throne incessant rise.

II. Let

II.

Let thy indulgent pitying ear
Incline to my distressful pray'r ;
With sorrow my full heart o'erflows,
And o'er me soon the grave will close.

III.

My Strength is lost, my life resign'd,
Among the dead my place assign'd ;
Cut off from life, from hope and thee,
Scarce are the slain more lost than me.

IV.

Low in the grave my hopes are laid,
And darkness spreads it's deepest shade ;
Thy dreadful wrath afflicts my soul,
Like whelming waves thy terrors roll.

V.

Far from these wretched eyes remov'd,
Are all the friends whom once I lov'd ;
They fly my sorrows, while I moan,
Confin'd, unpity'd, and alone.

VI.

In vain to ease my hopeless woe,
The streaming tears incessant flow ;
To thee, O Lord, I breathe my cries,
And stretch my hands and lift my eyes.

VII. Wilt

VII.

Wilt thou from dust thy wonders raise?
 And shall the dead awake to praise?
 Thy kindness shall the grave record?
 Or life destroy'd adore thy word?

VIII.

Where ne'er one chearing ray of light
 Breaks thro' the deep, the solid night,
 Shall thy almighty pow'r be known?
 Thy truth, shall dark oblivion own?

IX.

Yet still to thee my cries ascend;
 My earnest cries, O Lord, attend;
 My nightly groans, my morning pray'r,
 Shall seek thee still with restless care.

X.

Why, Lord, wilt thou reject my soul?
 Thy smile can all my cares controul;
 Why wilt thou hide thy blissful face,
 While I in vain implore thy grace?

XI.

Afflicted long have I complain'd,
 And long a dying life sustain'd;
 Expressless pain thy frowns impart,
 Distracting horrors wound my heart.

XII, Thy

XII.

Thy fierce displeasure who can bear?
 'Tis death array'd in black despair;
 Like swelling floods thy terrors rise,
 O'erwhelm my heart, and comfort dies.

XIII.

My dearest friends who shar'd my heart,
 Far from those mournful scenes depart;
 While o'er my solitary head
 Dark shades and dismal silence spread.



P S A L M XC.

I.

LORD, thou hast been thy children's God,
 All-pow'rful, wise, and good, and just,
 In ev'ry age their safe abode,
 Their hope, their refuge, and their trust.

II.

Before thy word gave nature birth,
 Or spread the starry heav'ns abroad,
 Or form'd the varied face of earth,
 From everlasting thou art God.

VOL. II.

O

III. De-

III.

Deſtruction waits thy awful word,
While mortal hope expiring mourns ;
Obedient nature owns her Lord,
And dying man to duſt returns.

IV.

Great Father of eternity,
How ſhort are ages in thy fight !
A thouſand years, how ſwift they fly,
Like one ſhort, ſilent watch of night !

V.

Thy anger, like a ſwelling flood,
Comes o'er the world with dreadful ſway ;
The tempeſt ſpeaks th' offended God,
And ſweeps the guilty race away.

VI.

Uncertain life, how ſoon it flies !
Dream of an hour, how ſhort our bloom !
Like ſpring's gay verdure now we riſe,
Cut down e'er night to fill the tomb.

VII.

Conſum'd by thy vindictive frown,
Our bleſſings and our lives decay ;
Our ſpirits ſink deſpairing down,
And ev'ry comfort dies away.

VIII. Full

VIII.

Full in thy view our crimes appear,
Thy eye beholds each ſecret fault,
And marks, in holineſs ſevere,
The ſins of ev'ry inmoſt thought.

IX.

Our days, alas, how ſhort their bound !
Tho' ſlow and ſad they ſeem to run,
Revolving years roll ſwiftly round,
A mournful tale, but quickly done.

X.

Perhaps to threſcore years and ten
Protracted ; or if longer ſtill,
Ah, what can more, but lengthen'd pain,
The laſt ſad tedious period fill ?

XI.

What mortal thought can comprehend
The awful glories of thy throne ?
Not all the terrors fear can lend,
Can make thy dreadful vengeance known.

XII.

Teach us to count our ſhort'ning days,
And with true diligence apply
Our hearts to wiſdom's ſacred ways,
That we may learn to live and die.

O 2

XIII. O

XIII.

O may thy favour, Lord, return,
Nor thy bright presence long delay ;
Nor let thy servants vainly mourn,
And weep their wretched lives away.

XIV.

Soon let thy mercy cheer our hearts,
And tune our grateful songs of praise ;
*And let the joy thy smile imparts,
Enliven all our future days.

XV.

O make our sacred pleasures rise,
In sweet proportion to our pains,
'Till ev'n the sad remembrance dies,
Nor one uneasy thought complains.

XVI.

Let thy almighty work appear,
With pow'r and evidence divine ;
And may the bliss thy servants share,
Continued to their children shine.

XVII.

Thy glorious image fair impress,
Let all our hearts and lives declare ;
Beneath thy kind protection blest,
May all our labours own thy care.



P S A L M XCIII.

I.

THE Lord, the God of glory, reigns,
In robes of majesty array'd ;
His rule omnipotence sustains,
And guides the worlds his hands have made.

II.

E'er rolling worlds began to move,
Or e'er the heav'ns were stretch'd abroad,
Thy awful throne was fix'd above ;
From everlasting thou art God.

III.

The swelling floods tumultuous rise,
Aloud the angry tempests roar,
Lift their proud billows to the skies,
And foam and lash the trembling shore.

IV.

The Lord, the mighty God, on high,
Controuls the fiercely raging seas ;
He speaks ! and noise and tempest fly,
The waves sink down in gentle peace.

V.

Thy sov'reign laws are ever sure,
Eternal holiness is thine;

And, Lord, thy people should be pure,
And in thy blest resemblance shine.



P S A L M XCVII.

THE Lord, the mighty God exalted reigns !
Rejoice, O earth, ye num'rous isles adore !
Around his seat are clouds and darkness spread,
Too strong it's splendors for created eyes.
His throne, on holiness and justice fix'd,
Eternal stands ! before his awful face
Bright, yet devouring flames, tremendous blaze,
And with resistless fury blast his foes !
His light'nings flash'd bright horrors o'er the
world ;

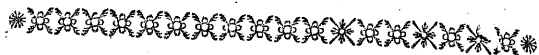
Earth saw and trembled to her inmost center !
While conscious of their Maker's awful presence,
The solid hills like wax dissolv'd away,
And all creation own'd the present God !
The heav'ns in shining characters display
The wonders of his pow'r, and bid the world

Behold

Behold them and adore their mighty Former.
Confusion waits on those who blindly serve
The Gods their hands have made ; deluded
mortals !

How weak their idols, and how vain their boast !
Let all the highest names, in earth and heav'n,
With reverence bow before the Lord alone.
Sion with rapture all his wonders heard,
And Judah's daughters triumph'd in his name ;
His righteous judgments are his people's joy.
Thou, Lord, art high exalted o'er the earth,
Far above all the shining thrones of heav'n.

Ye fav'rites of the Lord, who love his name,
O fly, abhorrent fly, from ev'ry sin :
So shall your souls by his almighty care
Be still preserv'd, and sav'd from all your foes.
Bright scenes of happiness await the righteous ;
And springing joys in future prospect rise,
To crown the upright soul with endless bliss.
Rejoice in God, ye saints, and grateful raise
Your hearts, your tongues, in praises to his name,
His holy name, your everlasting joy.



P S A L M CII.

I.

LORD, hear thy servant's humble pray'r,
 And let my mournful cry
 Ascend, and reach thy gracious ear,
 And move thy pitying eye.

II.

O do not hide thy blissful face,
 When fears and sorrows rise ;
 But hear, and let thy sov'reign grace
 Return with quick supplies.

III.

My days like smoke consume away,
 And this poor dying frame
 Sinks down to ruin and decay,
 Scorch'd with affliction's flame.

IV.

My spirit fails; my hopes decline,
 Like with'ring grass they fade ;
 And while beneath thy stroke I pine,
 How tasteless is my bread !

V. My

V.

My strength, with oft-repeated groans,
 Is wasting fast away,
 And leaves this skin, these feeble bones,
 To wrinkles and decay.

VI.

Like a poor solitary fowl
 Which in the desert roves,
 Or like the melancholy owl
 That nightly haunts the groves ;

VII.

I spend the watchful night alone,
 Slow moves the tiresome shade,
 While like the plaintive bird, I moan,
 All desolate and sad.

VIII.

While all the day my cruel foes
 In sharp reproaches join,
 And more to aggravate my woes,
 Against my life combine.

IX.

My taste no food with comfort cheers,
 'Tis ashes mix'd with woe ;
 And mingling with my drink, my tears
 In briny torrents flow.

X. What

X.

What comfort e'er can cheer my taste,
 Beneath thy angry frown?
 Rais'd by thy smile, I once was blest,
 But thou hast cast me down.

XI.

I sink with hope's departing ray,
 And life expiring fails;
 So the faint shadow dies away,
 When gloomy night prevails.

XII.

But thou, O Lord, shalt still endure,
 Thy truth shall ne'er decay;
 Thy love unalterably sure,
 While ages roll away.

XIII.

In Sion's cause thou wilt arise,
 Thy mercy dawns around;
 The time is come, her sorrow flies,
 And all her hopes are crown'd.

XIV.

That Sion, which thy servants love,
 Each heart her mem'ry wears;
 Their passions o'er her ruins move,
 In sadly pleasing tears.

XV. So.

XV.

So shall the heathen nations fear
 The Lord's exalted name;
 Earth's haughty monarchs low revere
 Thy majesty supreme.

XVI.

When Sion's God, with pow'r array'd,
 Shall build her frame anew,
 Then shall his glory be display'd
 To our admiring view.

XVII.

O let the humble destitute
 Ne'er sink in sad despair;
 The Lord will hear their mournful suit,
 And answer all their pray'r.

XVIII.

His truth, his mercy, and his pow'r
 Shall fill the blest record;
 And future ages shall adore,
 And love and praise the Lord.

XIX.

From heav'n, his high eternal throne,
 (O condescending grace!)
 Th' almighty looks with pity down
 On earth's low worthless race.

XX. He

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XX.

He sees the groaning prisoner's pain,
And brings a kind reprieve;
His hand shall loose the fatal chain,
And bid the victim live :

XXI.

Live to declare his glorious name,
And spread his praise abroad,
And in his sacred courts proclaim
The mercy of his God,

XXII.

Assembled there his saints attend,
And songs of praise repeat ;
And there united nations bend,
And worship at his feet.

XXIII.

In life's mid-way my strength declin'd,
But 'twas my father's hand ;
My short'ning days flew swift as wind,
At his supreme command.

XXIV.

I said, to thee my God I pray,
Whose years for ever last ;
O take me not so soon away,
E'er half my days are past.

XXV. Earth's

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XXV.

Earth's old foundations thou hast laid ;
The heav'ns, (a glorious frame !)
By thy almighty hand were spread,
And speak their Maker's name.

XXVI.

Their shining wonders all shall fade ;
By thy controuling pow'r,
Chang'd like a vesture quite decay'd ;
But thou shalt still endure.

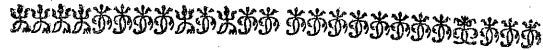
XXVII.

Thy bright perfections, all divine,
Eternal as thy days,
Thro' everlasting ages shine,
With undiminish'd rays.

XXVIII.

Thy servant's children, still thy care,
Shall own their fathers God ;
To latest times thy favour share,
And spread thy praise abroad.

PSALM



P S A L M CIII.

I.

A WAKE my soul, awake my tongue,
 My God demands the grateful song ;
 Let all my inmost pow'rs record
 The wond'rous mercy of the Lord.

II.

Divinely free, his mercy flows,
 Forgives my crimes, allays my woes,
 And bids approaching death remove,
 And crowns me with indulgent love.

III.

He fills my longing soul with good,
 Substantial bliss ! immortal food !
 Youth smiles renew'd in active prime,
 And triumphs o'er the pow'r of time.

IV.

In him the poor oppress'd shall find
 A friend almighty, just and kind ;
 His glorious acts, his wond'rous ways,
 By Moses taught, proclaim his praise.

V. How

V.

How free his plenteous mercies flow !
 But his reluctant wrath how slow !
 He chides, but soon his smile returns,
 Nor long his dreadful anger burns.

VI.

How far beyond our vile deserts,
 In ev'ry gift, his hand imparts !
 High as the bright expanded skies,
 His vast unbounded mercies rise.

VII.

As distant as creating pow'r
 Has fix'd the east and western shore ;
 So far our num'rous crimes remove,
 At the sweet voice of pard'ning love.

VIII.

The tend'rest yearning nature knows,
 A father's love too faintly shows
 The ever-kind, indulgent care
 Which God's own happy children share.

IX.

He knows our frame, surveys our birth,
 Compos'd of dust, frail sons of earth ;
 Man like a fair, but short-liv'd flow'r,
 Springs up and blooms one smiling hour.

X. But

X.

But if a noxious blast arise,
Sudden it's transient glory flies;
Those charms which made the scenes so gay,
Steal from the sight and die away.

XI.

But mercy with unchanging rays
Forever shines, while time decays;
And children's children shall record
The truth and goodness of the Lord,

XII.

To those, who with delightful awe,
Love and obey his sacred law,
Whose hearts with warm devotion glow,
Whose lives their grateful duty show.

XIII.

The Lord is king, his hand alone
Has fix'd in heav'n his radiant throne;
He sends his sov'reign laws abroad,
And heav'n and earth confess the God.

XIV.

Immortal form'd by pow'r divine,
Attending angels round him shine,
Observant wait his sacred will,
And his commands with joy fulfil.

XV. Ye

XV.

Ye heav'nly hosts, adore the Lord,
Who form'd you to obey his word;
Let everlasting praises rise
Thro' the bright armies of the skies.

XVI.

While all his works his praise proclaim,
And men and angels bless his name;
O let my heart, my life, my tongue,
Attend and join the blissful song.



P S A L M CIV.

A WAKE my soul, attune the hallow'd lyre
To thy Creator's name; while all my
powers
Low at his feet present their prostrate homage,
And deepest rev'rence mingles with the praise.
Thou, O Jehovah, art the king supreme,
In robes of awful majesty array'd;
In robes of light, which dazzle angel-eyes,
And shade thy glories from their fainting view:
While far beneath thy feet, a wide expanse,

V O L. II.

P

A

A radiant curtain of celestial blue,
 Adorn'd with stars and suns, thy hand has spread :
 That potent hand which in the watry stores
 Of heav'n, hath firmly laid with wond'rous skill,
 The stable beams of God's imperial feat.
 Clouds form his chariot, the impetuous wind,
 Rein'd in its full career, obeys his word ;
 And on its rapid wing he walks serene.
 His angels form'd of pure ethereal flame,
 All spirit, zeal, activity and fire,
 Bright ministers, fulfil his high command
 With swift obedience and unceasing ardour.

Earth's old foundations by his word were fix'd,
 Immoveable, 'till that almighty word
 Commands, and time and nature are no more.
 Thy forming word, O God of nature, spread,
 Wide o'er the surface of the infant world,
 The fluid wave, an universal robe ;
 And o'er the mountain tops the waters rose.
 At thy rebuke they fled, thy awful voice
 In thunder spoke, and swift they roll'd away ;
 Nor hills obstruct their course, nor vales confine.
 Obedient to thy word they seek the place.
 Thy hand has form'd, their copious reservoir ;
 Nor dare presume to rise beyond the bounds

Their

Their maker set, nor cover earth again.
 He sends refreshing springs to bless the vales ;
 In silver streams among the hills they rove,
 Adorn the scene, and cheer a thousand lives.
 Here flocks and herds partake the cooling
 draught ;
 And here wild beasts their raging thirst allay.
 Hither the feather'd tribes of various wing
 Resort, and on the trees near waving build
 Their airy nests, and tune their cheerful songs,
 Amid the verdure of the leafy shade,
 To the soft cadence of the winding rill.

By their Creator's hand the thirsty hills,
 Are water'd from the deep ; whose stores in clouds
 Exhal'd and shed in soft'ning show'rs, the earth
 Teems with rich fruits the product of his bounty.
 For cattle here appears the springing grass,
 And there for man the healthful herbage grows ;
 Earth yields her plenteous stores of food for all.
 Here the rich vintage flows in purple streams,
 To glad the heart ; and there the olive drops
 It's shining fatness for the use of man.
 Full harvests in extended prospect rise,
 Of strength-restoring, life-sustaining bread.
 The trees, supplied with sap, confess his care,

P 2

And

And Lebanon's tall cedars own their Lord.
 On the tall cedar, and the spiry fir,
 The birds erect their nests, and dwell secure.
 Accessless hills and craggy rocks afford
 To creatures of the weak and tim'rous kind,
 (Whom nature has not arm'd,) a safe retreat.
 The changing moon obeys her Maker's word,
 As with full orb or waning light she leads
 The seasons on, alternate with the sun ;
 Who knows his task, pursues his radiant course,
 And sets obedient at th' appointed hour.
 Then night ordain'd by thee, kind Lord of all,
 Her friendly veil extends ; the beasts of prey
 In search of food, their gloomy coverts leave,
 And roaring lions ask their meat from God.
 All night they roam, till at the sun's approach
 Assembling, they retire and seek their dens.
 Then man in safety rises, and pursues
 His daily work, protected by thy care,
 And labours chearful 'till the close of day.

Lord, how astonishing, how vast thy works,
 Creation speaks ! and providence confirms !
 In all the num'rous wonders of thy hand,
 Infinite pow'r and wisdom shine confest.

Great source of good, from thy all-bounteous
 hand

The earth is fill'd with riches, and the sea
 Thro' all her vast dominions, spreads abroad
 Thy large munificence ; there myriads live
 Dependent on thy hand ; there ships pursue
 Their vent'rous way, by providence preserv'd,
 Amid the countless perils of the deep.
 Leviathan, proud tyrant of the main,
 Rejoices in thy care, and sportive rolls
 His bulk enormous thro' the troubled wave.
 All wait on thee, thro' earth and air and seas ;
 From thee, great Father of the universe,
 Thy family expectant ask their food.
 With open hand thy sov'reign bounty gives,
 And all receive a full supply from thee.
 Thy care withheld, they droop ; the breath of
 life,

Receiv'd from thee, then animates no more ;
 They die and mingle with their native dust.
 Again thy all-creating spirit breathes,
 And creatures live and people earth anew.

Jehovah's boundless glory shall endure,
 And shine unchanging through eternal years.

His eye complacent views his num'rous works ;
For all is fair, and good, and just, and wise.

When his almighty pow'r appears alone,
Nor mercy softens its tremendous rays ;
Earth trembles at his awful glance, the hills
Smoke at his touch, and nature shrinks away.

To him, all-glorious Lord, my song is due ;
The praises of my God, shall be my theme ;
While he prolongs my life, (that life is his !)
Still let me meditate his wond'rous works,
And trace in them, his infinite perfections.
Divine employ, when I can humbly hope
He is my God, and gladness fills my heart !
While sinners, who nor fear, nor love his name,
Consume away, and all their hopes are lost.
Bless thou the Lord, my soul ; with sacred awe,
Yet mingled with delight, adore and praise.
Ye saints, who know the wonders of his hand,
Assist the grateful song, and praise the Lord.

P S A L M



P S A L M CV.

YE grateful tribes, approach Jehovah's
throne,

Adoring low ; his sacred name invoke
To aid the song, and spread his praise abroad,
In strains of joy recount his glorious deeds,
And talk with rapture of his wond'rous works.
With transport glory in his holy name,
With triumph own your privilege divine,
Near to approach, and worship at his feet.
O seek the Lord, implore his potent aid,
For ever with unwearied ardour seek
The favour of your God, your bliss, your all.
Recall his miracles of pow'r and grace,
The wonders his almighty arm has wrought,
The sacred truth of his unchanging word.
Ye children of his favourite servant, come,
Ye sons of Jacob, own your father's God,
And speak his wond'rous grace fulfill'd to you.
Yes, we assert with joy the glorious claim,
For Jacob's God is ours ; his sov'reign power
O'er all the world his righteous acts declare.

P 4

But

But his eternal faithfulneſs and love,
 In his own cov'nant ſhall for ever ſhine
 Inviolatè, while ages roll away.
 His gracious cov'nant firſt with Abra'm made,
 His ſacred, ſolemn oath, to Iſaac given,
 Confirm'd to Jacob an eternal law,
 Fix'd and immoveable ſhall ever ſtand.
 He ſpoke! " To thee my ſov'reign hand ſhall
 give,
 " And to thy race, the ſure inheritance,
 " And Canaan's fruitful country ſhall be yours."

While yet their numbers and their ſtrength
 were ſmall,
 A few poor wand'ring ſtrangers, weak and low,
 From land to land, obedient to their God,
 Removing ſtill; his kind proteſting arm
 Preſerv'd from wrongs, the fav'rites of his care;
 And kings, reprov'd, rever'd the awful word,
 Which ſaid, " Untouch'd be my anointed ſons,
 " In peace, uninjur'd, let my prophets live.

Obedient to his word, pale famine came;
 The pining nations felt her meagre frown,
 And ſinking life it's broken ſtaff deplor'd.
 Then his peculiar people to preſerve,

And

And lead their ſteps where chearing plenty ſmil'd,
 Was Joſeph ſent, the meſſenger of heav'n;
 Tho' ſold a ſlave, by his perfidious friends,
 Tho' in a priſon's gloomy cell confin'd,
 With fetters loaded, and ſeverer ſtill,
 With infamy, more cruel than his chains.
 Myſterious providence! that try'd his ſoul
 With deep adverſity, and thus prepar'd
 For future honours his unſhaken mind.
 The word of God with awful evidence
 Appear'd, to try his injur'd ſervant's cauſe,
 And prov'd his innocence, and clear'd his fame.
 By Egypt's monarch freed, the royal ſmile
 Gave, with the chearful ſweets of liberty,
 The envy'd honours of unbounded power:
 Lord of his houſe, and ruler of his ſtores!
 Attendant princes waited on his eye
 To read their fate, and liſt'ning ſenates learn'd
 Superior wiſdom from his charming tongue.

To ſhare the pleaſures of his happy ſtate,
 Now Jacob and his ſons rejoicing came;
 To them her richeſt paſtures Egypt gave;
 In Goſhen's fair ſequeſter'd vale retir'd,
 They unmoleſted fed their fleecy care.
 Favour'd by providence, the people grew

To

To great increase ; their haughty masters saw
 Their envied strength superior to their own.
 The sov'reign Pow'r who rules the thoughts of
 men,
 Permitted deadly hate to fill the hearts
 Of Egypt's sons, protectors now no more,
 But jealous enemies and cruel lords.

Then Moses by divine command was sent,
 And Aaron, chosen messengers of God.
 Surprizing signs their embassy confirm'd,
 And dreadful wonders spoke the hand of heav'n.
 Ham's wretched sons in gloomy darkness mourn'd ;
 Substantial night around their dwellings spread,
 And struck resistless terror to their hearts.
 Where healthful waters roll'd their crystal waves,
 Now streams of blood (dire prodigy!) appear'd,
 And gasping fishes on the banks expir'd,
 And spread contagion round the frighted shores.

Then croaking frogs spontaneous rose to life,
 A num'rous host, infesting every place ;
 Nor could the humble cot, or stately palace
 Exclude the hateful guests !—The potent word
 Again was utter'd ; and the coasts were spread
 With noxious vermin ; insects now appall'd

The

The pride of Egypt, and her haughty Lord.
 But heav'n had greater vengeance yet in store ;
 The angry clouds pour'd down in dreadful storms
 Of hail, and flaming fire, and o'er the land
 Wide-wasting death and desolation spread.
 Scorch'd with etherial flames, no more the vine
 Her purple cluster boasts ; no more the fig
 Crowns the luxuriant feast with luscious sweets ;
 Nor lofty trees, the glory of the plains,
 Resist the furious tempest ; now they spread
 In shatter'd fragments o'er the scene of ruin.

Again th' almighty gave the dreadful word,
 And countless armies of invaders came,
 Infatiate locusts, black'ning all the plains,
 Devouring all the greedy flames had spar'd,
 Of herbs, or fruits, or grain ; and thro' the land
 Fell devastation triumph'd uncontroul'd.

At length, to fill the measure of their woes ;
 The last, the dreadful stroke of heav'n descends.
 One fatal night the pride of Egypt fell ;
 The eldest-born from Pharoah's royal house,
 Down to the meanest cottage : shrieks of horror
 Burst thro' the midnight silence ; and the parent
 Was rous'd from short repose to wild distraction.

Then

Then crown'd with honours and enrich'd with
spoils,
The God of Israel brought his people forth.
Fresh-blooming health spread thro' the vig'rous
tribes,
And welcome liberty exulting smil'd.
While, trembling at her heav'n-protected guests,
Pale Egypt felt a gleam of joy revive,
Soon as she saw them from her coasts retire.
In safety Israel journied; for their God,
Their guardian, and their guide, was ever near.
A wond'rous cloud by day proclaim'd his pre-
sence,
At once their kind direction and defence.
By night a flaming pillar, beaming far
With heav'nly splendor, cheer'd the sable shades;
And darkness and her gloomy terrors fled.
His bounteous hand was open to their wants;
They ask'd, and all their wishes were supply'd.
He gave them bread from heav'n, delicious
manna!
And fowls on ready wing commission'd came
To spread their table with a plenteous feast.
They thirsted, and the flinty rock obey'd
Heav'n's high command; while from the op'ning
cleft

Pour'd

Pour'd forth a wondrous stream, the desert smil'd,
And rivers flow'd amid the sandy waste.

Thus ever mindful of his sacred word,
The God of truth, his gracious promise (made
Long since to faithful Abra'm) now accomplish'd
With wondrous goodness to his happy race.
Thus his almighty arm conducted safe
His chosen tribes to liberty and joy.
To them the forfeit heathen lands he gave,
A fair inheritance! and plenty fill'd
Their ample stores, unknown, and unacquir'd.
On them, the toil of strangers heav'n bestow'd,
That they his favour'd people, might observe
His righteous laws, and grateful on their hearts
For ever keep his precepts deep impress'd,
And own his favours with obedient love.
Oh! let your hearts and lives adore the Lord,
And ev'ry joyful tongue resound his praise.

PSALM CXVI.

I.

I Love the Lord, his gracious ear
Inclin'd to my distressful pray'r ;
He heard my supplicating voice,
And bade my fainting heart rejoice.

II.

For this, when future sorrows rise,
To him I'll breathe my humble cries ;
For this, thro' all my future days,
Adore his name and sing his praise.

III.

Death spread around his fatal chains,
To dragg' me to infernal pains ;
I felt the agonizing dart,
And horror seiz'd my trembling heart.

IV.

'Twas then, in my extreme distress,
I call'd upon the God of grace,
Whose pow'r can death and hell controul ;
Lord, I beseech thee, save my soul.

V. For

V.

For ever gracious is the Lord,
For ever faithful to his word ;
By sweet experience now I prove
His mercy, his unchanging love.

VI.

The Lord preserves, with tender care,
The weak, the humble, and sincere ;
Low in the dust my hopes were laid,
But God appear'd with timely aid.

VII.

Return my soul, and sweetly rest
On thy almighty Father's breast ;
The bounties of his grace adore,
And count his wond'rous mercies o'er.

VIII.

Thy mercy, Lord, preserv'd my breath,
And snatch'd my fainting soul from death,
Remov'd my sorrows, dry'd my tears.
And sav'd me from surrounding snares:

IX.

Now will I walk before the Lord,
A living witness to his word ;
With faith and pray'r I fought his face,
My griefs were great, and great his grace.

I

X. No

X.

No meaner help, no mortal art,
 Could ease the anguish of my heart;
 My hasty tongue, in rash replies,
 Pronounc'd the words of men but lies.

XI.

What shall I render to the Lord?
 Or how his wond'rous grace record?
 To him my grateful voice I'll raise,
 And pour libations to his praise.

XII.

His croud'd courts shall see me pay
 The vows of my distressful day;
 In life and death the faints shall find
 Their guardian God for ever kind.

XIII.

Thy servant, Lord, is wholly thine,
 By nature's ties, and bonds divine;
 From deep distress and sorrow free,
 Anew I give myself to thee.

XIV.

To thee, with sacrifice of praise,
 My invocations I will raise;
 To thee my vows shall warm ascend,
 While crowds the solemn rites attend.

XV. O

XV.

O Salem, in thy sacred courts,
 Where glory dwells and joy resorts,
 To notes divine I'll tune the song,
 And praise shall flow from ev'ry tongue.



P S A L M CXXX.

I.

FROM the dark borders of despair
 To thee, my God, I cry;
 O wilt thou pitying hear my pray'r,
 And ev'ry plaintive sigh.

II.

Lord, who shall stand before thy face,
 If thou should'st mark our faults
 With eye severe? what hope of grace
 Could cheer my mournful thoughts?

III.

But sov'reign mercy dwells with thee,
 Hope dawns amid my fears;
 Divine forgiveness, large and free,
 Shall stay my flowing tears.

VOL. II.

Q

IV. On

IV.

On God alone my soul would wait,
 His sacred word my stay;
 His sacred word can light create,
 And turn my night to day.

V.

As those who wait with longing eyes
 To see the chearful morn,
 So shall my ardent wishes rise,
 'Till thou, my God, return.

VI.

Let fainting Israel on the Lord
 With chearful hope recline,
 For pow'r and mercy in his word
 With boundless glory shine.

VII.

Unnumber'd tho' their sins appear,
 And fill their hearts with pain,
 His saving love dispels their fear,
 And cleanses ev'ry stain.

P S A L M

P S A L M CXXXIII.

I.

HOW pleasing is the scene, how sweet!
 When kindred souls in friendship join;
 Whose joys and cares united meet,
 In bands of amity divine.

II.

Less fragrant was the ointment pour'd
 On Aaron's consecrated head,
 When balmy sweets profusely shower'd,
 Down to his sacred vesture spread.

III.

Not flow'ry Hermon e'er display'd,
 (Impearl'd with dew,) a fairer sight;
 Nor Sion's beauteous hills, array'd
 In golden beams of morning light.

IV.

'Tis here the Lord indulgent sheds
 His kindest gifts, a heav'nly store;
 With life immortal crowns their heads,
 When earth's frail comforts please no more.

Q 2

P S A L M

PSALM CXXXVII.

I.

WHERE Babel's rivers winding stray,
A silent, cool retreat we chose;
There lost in thoughtful sadness lay,
And pondering o'er our mighty woes.

II.

Our mighty woes increasing rise,
Revolving Sion's hapless fate;
And louder griefs, and streaming eyes,
Deplore her wretched, ruin'd state.

III.

No more could music sooth our cares;
Our harps neglected, and unstrung,
(Vanish'd their once delightful airs,)
All silent, on the willows hung.

IV.

Our barb'rous masters mock'd our pains,
While with insulting haughty tongues,
They bade us tune the charming strains,
And give them one of Sion's songs.

V. Ah,

V.

Ah, no; shall Sion's sacred airs,
Inspir'd by heav'n, be thus prophan'd?
Be sung to please such ears as theirs,
Whose impious arms destroy'd our land?

VI.

Far from our dear-lov'd native soil,
Shall we resume the pleasing lay?
Can rugged bondage wear a smile,
Or ever-wasting grief be gay?

VII.

If I forget thy ruin'd state,
Jerusalem, my heart's desire;
Then let my useless hand forget
Her skill to strike the sounding lyre.

VIII.

If I indulge a mirthful song,
Or thy dear name my mem'ry leave;
All silent, let my faithless tongue
Fast to my mouth forever cleave.

IX.

Jerusalem, lamented name!
Shall still my mournful voice employ;
And I the sadly pleasing theme
Prefer to ev'ry thought of joy.

Q 3

X. Re-

X.

Remember, Lord, proud Edom's sons,
Who cruel, urg'd the conqu'ring foe,
To raze her beauteous tow'rs at once,
And lay her lofty structures low.

XI.

Such ruin, Babel, thou shalt share,
And sure reward awaits thy guilt ;
Then shall thy heart untaught to spare,
Repay the blood thy hand has spilt,

XII.

Happy the man who then shall rise,
(While heav'n the righteous vengeance owns,)
And dash with unrelenting eyes,
Thy bleeding babes against the stones.



PSALM CXXXVIII.

I.

TO thee, my God, my heart shall bring
The lively grateful song ;
Attending kings shall hear me sing,
With rapture on my tongue.

II. Before

II.

Before thy throne with prostrate joy,
I will adore thy name ;
Thy praise shall be my blest employ,
Thy love and truth my theme.

III.

Amid the glories of thy name,
Thy truth exalted shines ;
A faithful God thy words proclaim
In everlasting lines.

IV.

When in the day of deep distress,
To thee, my God, I cry'd,
With strength divine thy pow'rful grace
My fainting soul supply'd.

V.

The monarchs of the earth shall hear,
And join my sacred lays ;
Thy glorious name with joy revere,
And sing thy wond'rous praise.

VI.

Th' eternal God looks kindly down,
And smiles on humble souls ;
But from afar his piercing frown
The sons of pride controuls.

Q 4

VII. What

VII.

What tho' around my painful way
 Continual trouble grows ;
 Thy saving hand shall be my stay,
 And crush my wrathful foes.

VIII.

Thou, Lord, wilt all my hopes fulfill,
 To thee the work belongs ;
 Let endless mercy guide me still,
 And tune my grateful songs.

P S A L M CXXXIX.

O Lord, thy awful searching eye has trac'd
 My heart thro' ev'ry secret winding fold,
 And all it's inmost pow'rs to thee are known.
 Thou see'st my rising and my resting hours,
 And ev'ry latent thought within my breast
 Is bared to thee ; my path by thee surrounded,
 My bed encircled ; God is ever near.
 My steps are all before thee, not a word
 Can steal in softest whisper from my tongue,
 But thou can'st hear and mark its whole intent.

If

If I look back, thy awful steps I see ;
 Before me, thou art there ; thy potent hand
 Restrains and guards, upholds and guides my
 feet.

Infinite knowledge ! my astonish'd mind
 Sinks down with awe, and wonders and adores.
 Imagination droops her trembling wing,
 Nor vainly tempts the height and depth stupen-
 dous.

To shun thy spirit whither shall I fly ?
 Where shall I hide me from a present God ?
 Could I ascend to heav'n, thy throne is there,
 And thy full rays would meet my dazled sight.
 Or if to hell I force my desp'rate way,
 Thy dreadful presence there for ever frowns.
 If mounted on the morning's lightfome wings,
 Swift to creation's utmost bounds I fly,
 Thy hand alone sustains and guides my flight.
 Shall I, to shun the terrors of thine eye,
 In midnight's sable mantle wrap me round ?
 Vain thought ! at one tremendous glance of
 thine,
 The midnight shade shall blaze with sudden day.
 From thee no darkness hides ; at thy command,

Night's

Night's deepest gloom shall spread meridian
beams;
And light and darkness are alike to thee.

E'er the first dawn of life this frame was thine,
Thy guardian pow'r preserv'd me yet unborn.
My first formation, (work of skill divine!)
Demands my wonder, adoration, praise.
Stupendous are thy works! my conscious soul
With solemn dread, attests the awful pow'r
Whose endless miracles thro' nature shine.
My substance, when my being first began,
Was thy attentive care; thy sov'reign hand
Wrought with almighty art the glowing frame,
In just proportion fashion'd ev'ry limb,
(All drawn before unerring in thy book,)
Till fair and perfect rose the human form.

But oh! how precious, how divinely sweet,
My God, to meditate thy thoughts of love!
Shall I attempt to state their mighty sum!
Impossible; for not the countless sands
Which spread the shore can equal half the
number.
Whene'er I wake from sleep's inactive bands,
With pleasure I pursue the blest employ;

Still

Still near my God, and wond'ring at his love.
Yet tho' thy mercies rise unknown, unnumber'd,
O God of glory, with resistless power
Eternal justice guards thy holy law:
So shall the wretches find, who dare thy sword.
To sure destruction, hence, ye guilty tribes,
Far hence, ye sons of cruelty, depart.
Against my God they speak with impious tongues,
Vile foes to thee, unconscious of thy fear,
And sport profanely with thy awful name.
Do I not view them with abhorrent eye?
Their fix'd aversion to thy righteous laws
Moves all the painful passions of the soul.
Am I not fill'd with grief when sinners rise
Rebellious, to dispute thy sacred will?
With perfect hatred I detest their ways,
And count thy enemies my worst of foes.
Search me, O God, my inmost heart explore,
And try, oh try the secret springs within me:
Should one perverse, rebellious wish remain,
Expel the lurking poison from my heart;
And let thy gracious hand, (unerring guide,)
Conduct me safe to everlasting bliss.

PSALM



P S A L M CXLII.

I.

TO God, the refuge of his faints,
I humbly breath'd my ardent pray'r,
And pour'd out all my long complaints,
And spread before him ev'ry care.

II.

My spirit overwhelm'd with grief,
Surrounding snares beset my way;
Of thee, O Lord, I fought relief,
Whose eyes my devious path survey.

III.

All other helps I found were vain,
And hope, and friends, and comfort fail'd;
To thee alone I told my pain,
While yet my potent fears prevail'd.

IV.

To thee, my God, I breath'd my cries,
Dear refuge of my fainting heart;
Thou all on whom my hope relies,
I am undone if thou depart.

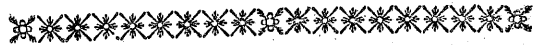
V. Thou

V.

Thou see'st me wretched, weak and low;
O Lord, attend my plaintive cry,
And save me from my ev'ry foe:
My foes how strong! how weak am I!

VI.

O free my soul, dissolve the chain,
Then shall I spread thy praise abroad;
Thy faints shall join the grateful strain,
And speak the bounties of my God.



P S A L M CXLIII.

I.

HE A R, O my God, with pity hear
My humble supplicating moan;
In mercy answer all my pray'r,
And make thy truth and goodness known.

II.

And O let mercy still be nigh;
Should awful justice frown severe,
Before the terrors of thy eye,
What trembling mortal can appear?

III. My

III.

My persecuting foes prevail,
 Almost I yield my struggling breath;
 The chearful rays of comfort fail,
 And sink me to the shades of death.

IV.

While thus oppressive sorrows flow,
 Unintermitting o'er my head;
 My inmost pow'rs are whelm'd in woe,
 And all my hopes and joys are fled.

V.

I call to mind the former days;
 Thy ancient works declare thy name,
 Thy truth, thy goodness, and thy grace;
 And these, O Lord, are still the same.

VI.

To thee, I stretch my suppliant hands,
 To thee my longing soul aspires;
 As chearing show'rs to thirsty lands,
 Come, Lord, and fill these strong desires.

VII.

Come, Lord, on wings of mercy fly,
 My spirit fails at thy delay;
 Hide not thy face; I faint, I die,
 Without thy blissful healing ray.

VIII. Speak

VIII.

Speak to my heart; the gloomy night
 Shall vanish, and sweet morning break;
 In thee I trust, my guide, my light;
 Teach me the way my feet should take.

IX.

My soul's desires ascend to thee,
 O save me from my num'rous foes;
 To thy kind-guardian wing I flee,
 For safe defence and sweet repose.

X.

Teach me to do thy sacred will;
 Thou art my God, my hope, my stay;
 Let thy good spirit lead me still,
 And point the safe, the upright way.

XI.

Thy name, thy righteousness I plead,
 O Lord, revive my drooping heart;
 Let these distressing fears recede,
 And bid my troubles all depart.

XII.

Those unrelenting foes destroy,
 Which thus against my peace combine;
 Then shall thy service be my joy,
 And all my active pow'rs be thine.

PSALM



P S A L M CXLIV.

I.

BLEST be the Lord, my strength, my shield,
Amid the dangers of the field ;
'Tis he instructs me for the fight,
And arms me with resistless might.

II.

His constant love, his saving pow'r,
Is my defence, my sacred tow'r ;
Rebellion hears his potent word,
And my glad people own their Lord.

III.

Lord, what is man, that he should share
Thy kind regard, thy constant care ?
Can all the weak, the wretched race,
Deserve such condescending grace ?

IV.

Man's short existence, frail at best,
Is empty vanity confess'd ;
His life, a shadow, fleets away,
And leaves no traces of its stay.

V. De

V.

Descend from heav'n, almighty Lord,
And earth shall tremble at thy word ;
The smoking hills with conscious fear,
Shall own their awful Maker near.

VI.

While thy keen-pointed lightnings fly,
Like flaming arrows thro' the sky,
My foes dispers'd shall rise no more,
Nor dare the terrors of thy pow'r.

VII.

O let thy potent arm controul
These threat'ning waves that round me roll,
These sons of vanity that rise,
With fraudulent hands and impious lies.

VIII.

Then shall thy name new songs inspire,
And wake to joy the sounding lyre,
And ev'ry tuneful string shall raise
In various notes, my grateful praise.

IX.

'Tis pow'r divine, 'tis God alone,
Whom kings preserv'd in dangers, own ;
Who saves, in war's tumultuous strife,
From raging swords his servant's life.

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R

X. O

X.

© Lord, thy saving pow'r oppose
 To these invading threat'ning foes;
 These strangers to thy sacred laws,
 Whose boast is vain, and false their cause.

XI.

Then shall our sons beneath thy care,
 Grow up like plants erect and fair;
 Our daughters shall like pillars rise,
 Where royal buildings charm the eyes.

XII.

Then plenty shall our stores increase,
 Plenty, the lovely child of peace;
 The fold it's fleecy wealth shall yield,
 And pour it's thousands o'er the field.

XIII.

The well-fed ox shall then afford
 His chearful labours to his lord;
 No more shall cruel plunder reign,
 Nor want nor misery complain.

XIV.

O happy people! favour'd state!
 Whom such peculiar blessings wait;
 Happy! who on the Lord depend,
 Their God, their guardian, and their friend.



P S A L M CXLV.

I.

MY God, my king, to thee I'll raise
 My voice, and all my pow'rs;
 Unwearied songs of sacred praise
 Shall fill the circling hours.

II.

Thy name shall dwell upon my tongue,
 While suns shall set and rise,
 And tune my everlasting song,
 When time and nature dies.

III.

Great is the Lord! our souls adore,
 We wonder whilst we praise!
 His pow'r what creature can explore,
 Or equal honours raise?

IV.

Yet shall thy works, almighty Lord,
 Our noblest songs adorn;
 Thy glorious acts we will record,
 For ages yet unborn.

V.

Thy praise shall be my awful theme,
 The wonders of thy pow'r ;
 I'll speak the honours of thy name,
 And bid the world adore.

VI.

The men that hear my sacred lyre,
 Shall spread thy praises round ;
 While thy tremendous deeds inspire
 To notes of solemn found :

VII.

But sweetly flowing strains shall tell
 The riches of thy grace ;
 And songs of grateful joy reveal
 Thy spotless righteousness.

VIII.

How full the Lord's compassions flow !
 His wrath, how slow to rise !
 Swift pardon smiles upon his brow,
 And guilt and terror dies.

IX.

How large his tender mercies are !
 How wide his pow'r extends !
 On his beneficence and care
 The universe depends.

X. Great

X.

Great God, whilst nature speaks thy praise,
 With all her num'rous tongues,
 Thy saints shall tune diviner lays,
 And love inspire their songs.

XI.

Thy pow'r and grandeur they shall sing,
 The glories of thy reign ;
 Thy wond'rous deeds, almighty King,
 Shall fill the raptur'd strain.

XII.

Thy kingdom, Lord, for ever stands,
 While earthly thrones decay ;
 And time submits to thy commands,
 While ages roll away.

XIII.

The falling faint, with pow'ful grace,
 The God of love will raise ;
 The humble, bending with distress,
 Shall rise and speak his praise.

XIV.

To thee, O Lord, for daily meat,
 Thy creatures lift their eyes ;
 On thee, their common Father, wait,
 From thee, receive supplies.

R 3

XV. Thy

XV.

Thy sov'reign bounty freely gives
 It's inexhausted store ;
 And univerfal nature lives
 On thy sustaining pow'r.

XVI.

Holy and just in all it's ways,
 Is providence divine ;
 In all it's works, immortal rays
 Of pow'r and mercy shine.

XVII.

Whoe'er invokes the God of grace,
 Shall find him ever near ;
 To all that humbly seek his face
 He lends a pitying ear.

XVIII.

His pitying ear attends the cry
 Of those who fear his name ;
 Their ev'ry want he will supply,
 And raise their sinking frame.

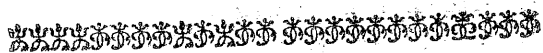
XIX.

How blest in his protecting care,
 The souls who love the Lord !
 While impious men his vengeance dare,
 And die beneath his sword.

XX. The

XX.

The praise of God, delightful theme !
 Shall fill my heart and tongue ;
 Let all creation bless his name,
 In one eternal song.



P S A L M CXLVI.

I.

YE fons of Zion, praise the Lord,
 Come tune your songs in sweet accord ;
 Awake my soul, awake and join
 The sacred hymn, in notes divine.

II.

The praises of my God, my king,
 (While I have life or breath to sing,)
 Shall fill my heart, and tune my tongue,
 'Till heav'n improve the blisful song.

III.

No more in princes vainly trust,
 Frail fons of earth ; man is but dust !
 With all his pride, with all his pow'r,
 The helpless creature of an hour.

R 4

IV. He

IV.

He breathes, he thinks, but ah, he dies
 No more the potent, or the wise ;
 The scheme his morning thoughts begun,
 Sinks down before the setting sun.

V.

Happy the man, whose hopes divine
 On Israel's guardian God recline !
 Who can with sacred transport say,
 This God is mine, my help, my stay.

VI.

Heav'n, earth and sea declare his name ;
 He built and fill'd their spacious frame ;
 But o'er creation's fairest lines
 His stedfast truth unchanging shines.

VII.

His justice favours those who mourn,
 Beneath the proud oppressor's scorn ;
 The hungry poor his hand sustains,
 And breaks the wretched captive's chains.

VIII.

To sightless eyes, long clos'd in night,
 His touch restores the joys of light ;
 Poor mourners rais'd confess his care,
 He loves the humble and sincere.

IX. If

IX.

If wand'ring strangers friendless roam,
 Divine protection is their home ;
 The Lord relieves the widow's cares,
 And dries the weeping orphan's tears.

X.

But vengeance waits the impious race
 Who hate his laws, and scorn his grace ;
 Their ways to sure destruction tend,
 And all their hopes in ruin end.

XI.

The Lord shall reign for ever king,
 And age to age his glory sing ;
 Thy God, O happy Zion, reigns,
 Resound his praise in joyful strains.



P S A L M CXLVII.

I.

PRAISE ye the Lord : Oh blissful theme,
 To sing the honours of his name !
 'Tis pleasure, 'tis divine delight,
 And praise is lovely in his sight !

II. His

II.

His Salem now the Lord restores ;
 No more her ruin she deplors ;
 Again the scatter'd tribes return,
 And Israel's sons no longer mourn.

III.

No more their breaking hearts despair,
 He binds their wounds with tender care ;
 His healing hand removes their pain,
 And chearful comfort smiles again.

IV.

He counts the host of starry flames,
 Knows all their natures and their names ;
 Great is our God ! his wond'rous pow'r,
 And boundless wisdom we adore.

V.

How gracious is the Lord ! how kind !
 To raise the meek dejected mind ;
 But awful terrors in his frown,
 Shall cast rebellious sinners down.

VI.

Sing to the Lord, let praise inspire
 The grateful voice, the tuneful lyre ;
 In strains of joy, proclaim abroad
 The endless glories of our God.

VII. He

VII.

He veils the sky with treasur'd show'rs ;
 On earth the plenteous blessing pours ;
 The mountains smile in lively green,
 And fairer blooms the flow'ry scene.

VIII.

His bounteous hand, (great spring of good !) ^{provides}
 Provides the brute creation food ;
 He feeds the ravens when they cry ;
 All nature lives beneath his eye.

IX.

In nature what can him delight,
 Most lovely in it's Maker's sight ?
 Not active strength his favour moves,
 Nor comely form he best approves.

X.

Dear to the Lord, for ever dear,
 The heart where he implants his fear ;
 The souls who on his grace rely,
 These, these are lovely in his eye.

XI.

Jerusalem, his honours raise ;
 Thy God, O Sion, claims thy praise ;
 His mighty arm defends thy gates,
 His blessing on thy children waits.

XII. Sweet

XII.

Sweet peace, to crown the happy scene,
O'er thy fair border smiles serene;
The finest wheat luxuriant grows,
And joyful plenty round thee flows.

XIII.

He speaks! and swiftly from the skies
To earth the sov'reign mandate flies;
Observant nature hears his word,
And bows obedient to her Lord.

XIV.

Now thick descending flakes of snow,
O'er earth a fleecy mantle throw;
Now glitt'ring frost o'er all the plains
Extends it's universal chains.

XV.

At his fierce storms of icy hail
The shiv'ring pow'rs of nature fail;
Before his cold what life can stand,
Unshelter'd by his guardian hand?

XVI.

He speaks! the ice and snows obey,
And nature's fetters melt away;
Now vernal gales soft rising blow,
And murm'ring waters gently flow.

XVII. But

XVII.

But nobler works his grace record,
To Israel he reveals his word;
To Jacob's happy sons alone
He makes his sacred precepts known.

XVIII.

Such bliss no other nation shares,
The laws of heav'n are only theirs;
Ye favour'd tribes your voices raise,
And bless your God in songs of praise.



P S A L M CXLVIII.

JEHOVAH's praise, in high immortal strains
Resound, ye heav'ns, thro' all your blissful
plains.

Bright with the splendor of his dazzling rays,
Exalted realms of joy reflect his praise.
Ye glorious angels, tune the raptur'd lay,
Thro' the fair mansions of eternal day:
His praise let all your shining ranks proclaim,
And teach the distant worlds your Maker's name.

His

His glorious pow'r, O radiant sun, display,
 Far as thy vital beams diffuse the day.
 Thou silver moon, array'd in softer light,
 Recount his wonders to the list'ning night :
 Let all thy glitt'ring train attendant wait,
 And ev'ry star his Maker's name repeat.

Ye heav'ns supreme, where his full glories
 shine,
 Declare his praise, with eloquence divine.
 Ye watry clouds, as round the skies you move,
 Convey his wond'rous name where'er you rove.
 His pow'r, ye fair expanded skies, proclaim,
 Whose word produc'd the vast stupendous frame.
 On his decree the heav'nly orbs depend,
 Nor change their course 'till time and nature end.

Let earth and seas their Maker's honour raise,
 And monsters shout his name in dreadful praise.

Ethereal fires which blaze along the skies,
 Convey his name to earth in swift surprize.

Let changeful vapour rise his pow'r to show,
 And in soft praise descend the fleecy snow.

Let

Let hail impetuous rattling on the ground,
 In rougher cadence spread his wonders round.
 Whilst stormy winds that bear his awful word,
 Compel the trembling world to own her Lord.

Ye rocky mountains, sound his praise on high ;
 In joyful notes. ye verdant hills, reply.
 Ye fruitful trees, your Maker's bounty show,
 And smile his praise on ev'ry loaded bough :
 While stately cedars, with the cluster'd vine,
 And lowly plants the silent worship join.

Ye beasts of prey, who wild in forests roam,
 Ye gentle herds, who know your peaceful home,
 Declare his praise, whose ample stores maintain
 The countless tenants of his wide domain.

Ye birds, that high in trackless ether rove,
 Or with soft music charm the vocal grove,
 In ev'ry note your Maker's praise resound,
 While humble reptiles whisper from the ground.

Ye monarchs of the earth, your Lord adore ;
 From him you hold your delegated pow'r.

Ye judges, his impartial laws revere,
 Be ev'ry sentence guided by his fear :

Let

Let senate, prince and people join, to raise
The grateful tribute of obedient praise.

In life's unfolding bloom, ye young and gay,
While flow'ry pleasures strew your verdant way,
Adore the bounteous hand, which largely pours
It's sweetest blessings on your vernal hours ;
In your Creator's praise, with duteous joy,
Your bloom of life, your active pow'rs employ.
Let age-declining to the gates of death,
In praise respire their feebly-panting breath :
And infants in their dawn of reason join,
Their lisping voice, and learn the song divine.

Let heav'n, and earth, and time, and nature,
sing
The glorious name of their almighty king :
But equal honours, earth nor heav'n can raise,
His glory far transcends creation's praise.
Yet while creation owns his guardian care,
Superior bliss his happy children share ;
To him they gain a near access, and prove
The wonders of his condescending love.
Let Israel with peculiar joy proclaim
The boundless glories of Jehovah's name.

P S A L M

P S A L M CXLIX.

I.

COME praise the Lord, ye tuneful bands,
Ye saints assembled in his name ;
New streams of joy your God demands,
New mercies all your praises claim.

II.

Let Israel's tribes, with blessings crown'd,
Their God, their mighty Maker sing ;
And Sion's sons with joy resound
The endless glories of their king.

III.

His name the measur'd dance shall guide,
And joy and sacred mirth inspire ;
His name shall o'er the song preside,
And tune the sweet, the charming lyre.

IV.

He bends complacent to your praise,
Your God approves the blest employ ;
The thankful meek, his love will raise
To crowns of everlasting joy.

VOL. II.

S

V. O

V.

O let the faints aloud rejoice,
 And founds of glory fill the song;
 All day let rapture tune their voice,
 And night the blissful strain prolong.

VI.

Let ev'ry mouth be fill'd with praise,
 The God of heav'n their awful theme;
 Whilst his resistless sword displays,
 In heav'n-taught hands, his dreadful name.

VII.

Bright terrors wait his high commands,
 When justice waves the flaming sword,
 Vindictive o'er the heathen lands,
 Which hate his faints and scorn his word.

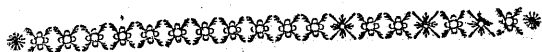
VIII.

While haughty princes bound in chains,
 Confess the just, the pow'ful God;
 Let awful joy in warlike strains,
 Proclaim his glorious acts abroad.

IX.

His hand, thus righteously severe,
 Fulfills the threat'nings of his word;
 Thus honour'd shall the faints appear;
 Adore the great, the glorious Lord.

P S A L M



P S A L M CL.

I.

PRAISE ye the Lord; let praise employ
 In his own courts, your songs of joy;
 The spacious firmament around,
 Shall echo back the joyful sound.

II.

Recount his works in strains divine;
 His wond'rous works how bright they shine!
 Praise him for his almighty deeds,
 Whose greatness all your praise exceeds.

III.

Awake the trumpet's piercing sound,
 To spread your sacred pleasures round;
 While sweeter music tunes the lute,
 The warbling harp, and breathing flute.

IV.

Ye virgin train with joy advance
 To praise him in the graceful dance;
 To praise awake each tuneful string,
 And to the solemn organ sing.

V. Let

V.

Let the loud cymbal sounding high,
 To softer deeper notes reply;
 Harmonious let the concert rise,
 And bear the rapture to the skies.

VI.

Let all whom life and breath inspire,
 Attend, and join the blissful choir;
 But chiefly you who know his word,
 Adore, and love, and praise the Lord.

THE END.

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 “ Oft seeks to sweet retired Solitude,
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 “ That in the various Bustle of Mankind
 “ Were all too ruffled, and sometimes impaired.”

MILTON.

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