

H Y M N S

Hymns

FOR THE

NATIONAL FAST,

Feb. 8, 1782.



L O N D O N:

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H Y M N I.

1 **L**ET every prophet cry aloud,
Lift up the voice, the trumpet blow,
Shew their transgression to the crowd,
The nation's sin to Britons show,
That sin which marks the worst of times,
Which Heaven with most displeasure sees,
Which fills the measure of our crimes,
Profane, extreme **UNGODLINESS!**

2 Thro' every rank and order spread :
The poor and rich, the low and high,
Alike disdain their God to dread,
And Him throughout their lives deny :
His laws, thro' ignorance of Him,
His Providence they dare disown,
Neglect, despise, insult, blaspheme,
And all defy the God unknown.

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

Justice and us He stands between ;
 His blood hath quench'd the wrath of Heaven,
 His blood—which cleanses from all sin,
 And speaks a guilty world forgiven.

H Y M N II.

- 1 **G**OD of tremendous power,
 Our evils we confess,
 And prostrate in the dust, adore
 Thy sov'reign Righteousness,
 Which cuts our Israel short,
 Which lays our Nation low,
 And gives us up the scorn and sport
 Of every taunting foe.
- 2 Stricken so oft, we mourn,
 But fear to ask thy aid,
 By vile, intestine vipers torn,
 By faithless friends betray'd,
 By factions fierce and bold,
 Rebellion's sworn allies,
 Traitors, who have their Country sold,
 And on its ruins rise.
- 3 'Gainst our Anointed Lord
 The Parricides conspire,
 With lies and calumnies abhorr'd
 Th' unthinking people fire,
 From all restraint set free,
 Fit instruments of ill,
 And mad with rage of liberty
 To do whate'er they will.
- 4 Of sense Thou dost bereave
 The slaves of every vice,
 And to our own confusions leave,
 And sin by sin chastise ;

While from one wickedness
 We to another fall,
 Till the dark, bottomless abyfs
 Yawns, and receives us all.

5 Alas, what shall we do,
 T' escape our instant doom?
 If Thou art just, if Thou art true,
 The threat'ned curse *must* come ;
 On such a land as this
 Thy soul must vengeance take,
 Nor can thy plagues and judgments cease,
 Till we our sins forsake.

6 O were the work begun,
 O were our hearts inclin'd
 The dire Destroyer's paths to shun,
 The way of peace to find !
 Casting our sins away,
 Might all our nation grieve,
 To-day, while it is call'd to-day,
 Return, repent, and live !

7 Father, if still we have
 An Advocate with Thee,
 Who can ev'n to the utmost save
 From sin and misery,
 Let Justice strike, or spare,
 We leave it to thy Son,
 And only offer up *his* prayer,
 Father, thy will be done !

H Y M N III.

1 **T**HOU awful God of righteousness,
 Whose heavy chastisements we bear,
 We mournfully our sins confess,
 Which would not suffer thee to spare,
 But urg'd the lingring ruin on,
 And forc'd thy heaviest judgments down.

- 2 Year after year, thy patient grace
 Hath waited our return to Thee,
 With mercies bless'd a thankless race,
 With wide-extended victory,
 And forc'd the nations to submit,
 And bruis'd our foes beneath our feet.
- 3 But drunk with insolence of power,
 And surfeited with every good,
 We thought not in our prosperous hour,
 How soon thou couldst abase the proud,
 The victors crush, the vanquish'd raise,
 And crown our en'mies with success.
- 4 Therefore a sad reverse we find,
 So suddenly of late brought low,
 Scourg'd by the basest of mankind,
 Who aim'd by one destructive blow
 Our plunder'd Cities to consume,
 And seal a sinful nation's doom.
- 5 Therefore the sword abroad bereaves,
 And thousands and ten thousands fall;
 America the yoke receives
 Of Rebels, and perfidious Gaul;
 We weep our friends in pieces torn,
 And the dismember'd Empire mourn.
- 6 Thou hast an evil spirit sent,
 Brethren from brethren to divide,
 Our land is into parties rent,
 And discord storms on every side,
 And Britain's sons, her curse and shame,
 Throw oil on the outrageous flame.
- 7 Britain Thou hast to Traitors sold,
 To Faction's and Rebellion's friends,
 Who having quench'd their thirst of gold,
 And serv'd their own flagitious ends,
 For shelter to a Party fly,
 And laws, and King, and God defy.
8. Wild;

- 8 Wild, independent anarchy,
 Sad preface of a nation's fall,
 And every order and degree
 Corrupt, profane, for vengeance call,
 The noble and ignoble crowd,
 Whose lives declare There is no God.
- 9 Yet hast thou, Lord, a remnant still,
 Who for their guilty brethren plead,
 And wait the counsels of thy will,
 Th' event by sov'reign love decreed,
 Whether thou wilt no longer spare,
 Or give us to thy people's prayer.
- 10 Father of everlasting love,
 In Jesu's Name and Spirit we cry,
 Thy judgments with their cause remove,
 Who wouldst not have one sinner die,
 Millions in Christ accepted see,
 And bid us live, restor'd, to Thee.

H Y M N IV.

Habbakuk i.

- 1 **H**OW long, to Thee, O God, shall I
 Of violence and oppression cry,
 And Thou refuse to hear?
 Fresh scenes of wickedness I see,
 Of bloody strife and cruelty,
 But no deliverance near.
- 2 Why dost thou to thy servants show
 Spoiling, and waste, and grievous woe,
 Which force me to complain :
 Tyrants and demagogues arise,
 Where'er I turn my blasted eyes,
 And fill my heart with pain.

3 The silent laws have lost their force,
 Where Rebels arm'd obstruct their course,
 And grasp at sov'reign power,
 Their law their own despotic will,
 Their whole delight to slay and kill,
 To murder and devour.

4 Suffer'd by Thee, their swift allies,
 Whom treach'rous Babylon supplies,
 To their assistance haste,
 March thro' a land that is not theirs,
 Impatient to demand their shares,
 And seize the whole at last.

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

6 O Lord, my God, my holy One,
 High on thine everlasting Throne,
 Whom Britain's crimes offend,
 Thou wilt not give our nation up
 To the Destroyer's will, but hope
 And peace is in our end.

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

8 Thy purer eyes abhor to see,
 Or look upon iniquity,
 Nor wilt Thou always bear
 With treach'rous and blood thirsty men,
 Who have their juster brethren slain,
 And all thy judgments dare.

- 9 Fishers of men, by Satan sent,
 They hunt them thro' the continent,
 And catch them in their toils,
 As reptiles vile they tread them down,
 And then proclaim their own renown,
 And glory in their wiles.
- 10 But soon their evil day shall come,
 And Thou, the righteous God, consume
 The weapons of thine ire :
 Yet merciful when once severe,
 O let them have their chast'ning here,
 And 'scape th' eternal fire !

H Y M N V.

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

In whom Thou dost delight,
The men who tremble at thy word?
Or shall not the great Judge and Lord
Of all the earth do right?

5 Wouldst Thou for Fifty righteous men,
Wouldst Thou for the sake of Ten
Have spar'd the wicked place?
And wilt Thou not Ten thousand hear,
Who ceaseless advocates appear
For our abandon'd Race?

6 Ten thousand now unite their cries
Mingled with that Sacrifice
Which did for all atone;
Thy church, in one request agreed,
For mercy ask, and only plead
The Death of Abraham's Son.

7 The Son of Abraham, and thine,
Just with righteousness divine,
Doth in his members pray:
Our powerful Advocate and Head,
He ever lives to intercede,
And turn thy wrath away.

8 Thou always hear'st thy favourite Son:
Make in Him thy mercy known,
That all again may see
Britannia pluck'd out of the flame,
And glorify our Saviour's Name,
For ever One with Thee.

H Y M N VI.

Mal. iv. 1.

1 **O** Lord of hosts, to whom are known
Thy works of judgment and of grace,
If thy great day is now begun,
And doth as a fierce furnace blaze,
The sons of pride shall be cast in,
And all the harden'd slaves of sin.

- 2 Expos'd to thy vindictive ire
 The workers of iniquity,
 As fuel for the quenchless fire,
 As stubble, all burnt up shall be,
 (So doth thy righteous will ordain)
 And neither root nor branch remain.
- 3 But we who truly fear thy name,
 And languish to attain thy love,
 May we not now thy promise claim,
 The Light to bless us from above,
 The Sun of Righteousness to rise,
 The Glory both of earth and skies.
- 4 O Sun of Righteousness, appear,
 Appear with healing in thy wings,
 With grace which doth the mourners cheer,
 Which pardon and salvation brings;
 Which strong immortal health imparts,
 And fills with love the fearful hearts.
- 5 Then shall we all go forth in peace,
 And up to full perfection grow,
 And strong in finish'd holiness
 Trample on our infernal foe,
 Till call'd the Saviour's throne to share,
 We mount, and reign for ever there!

H Y M N VII.

- 1 **R**IGHTEOUS, O Lord, thy judgments are,
 Yet let us plead with Thee,
 Thy mercies manifold declare,
 To stop thy stern decree;
 Before the word bring forth the woe,
 And thy uplifted hand
 By sword and pestilence o'erthrow
 Our execrated land.
- 2 If fully purpos'd to destroy
 Thou art in vengeance come,
 Why dost Thou instruments employ
 To bring thy wand'ers home?

Why doth thy grace its work revive,
 Converting us from sin?
 And still we find thy Spirit strive
 Our worthless hearts to win.

3 Thy messengers run to and fro,
 Believers are increas'd,
 And thousands their Redeemer know,
 With life eternal blest'd;
 Lost sheep for half a century
 Have flock'd into thy fold;
 And more are daily call'd by Thee,
 And in thy book enroll'd.

4 But didst Thou, Lord, thy kingdom send,
 Thy kingdom to remove,
 To make of sinners a full end
 Excluded from thy love?
 Corrected, and chastis'd, we trust,
 Thou wilt not give us o'er,
 But spare the wicked for the Just,
 And curse our land no more.

5 Out of the deep thy call we wait
 To bid our Nation rise,
 Aspiring to our first estate,
 And by affliction wise;
 That following after righteousness,
 We may thy grace retrieve,
 Repent, believe, and go in peace,
 And for thy glory live.

6 For this ten thousand faithful souls
 Are weeping round thy throne,
 And while thy angry thunder rolls,
 They in thy Spirit groan:
 We join the heaven-invading cry,
 And mercy, mercy claim,
 O let thy bowels, Lord, reply:
 We ask in Jesu's Name!

H Y M N VIII.

1 **H**OW happy, Lord, are we
 Who have a part in Thee!
 Following after righteousness,
 Hidden in thine anger's day,
 We enjoy an heart-felt peace,
 Peace which none can take away.

2 When plagues the land o'erflow,
 We share the common woe:
 But our patriotic love
 Is not selfish, or confin'd,
 But our yearning bowels move
 Tow'rd the whole afflicted kind.

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

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

5 With deepest sympathy,
 Saviour, we cry to Thee:
 Listening to thy chosen Race,
 Come, thou universal Friend,
 Shorten these vindictive days,
 Bring the joy which ne'er shall end.

6 Ev'n now with eagle's eye
 We see thee in the sky;

Soon

Soon with eagles' wings we soar,
 Our descending Lord to meet :
 Then the cup of bliss runs o'er,
 Then the rapture is compleat !

H Y M N IX.

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

But blefs the mild Immanuel's fway,
And count it heav'n on earth t' obey.

- 6 Come, O thou common Lord,
Thou univerfal King,
In every foul reftor'd
Thy peaceful kingdom bring,
The forces of the fea receive,
And bid the heathen world believe.
- 7 Haften the promis'd hour
Of Monarchy divine,
And exercife thy power
Thro' endless ages thine,
Again thine ancient Israel call,
And change their hearts, and fave them all.
- 8 Not one of Adam's race
Shall then unfav'd be found,
But peace and righteoufnefs
Throughout the earth abound,
The thrones fhall to thy faints be given,
And the New Earth be turn'd to heaven.

H Y M N X.

- 1 **C**AN the difciples of our Lord
With unconcern their Country fee
Deftruy'd by Parricides abhorr'd,
And not complain, O God, to Thee?
The little flock, the pious few,
Whofe number *we* aspire t' increafe,
When finners reign, what can we do,
But pray againft their wickednefs?
- 2 Snatch'd from the flames by grace divine,
We fee the dire affaffin-band
Purfuing ftill their curft design,
To fpread confufion through the land,

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

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

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

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

H Y M N XI.

Part the Firſt.

1 **L**ORD of hoſts, and God moſt high,
 Canſt Thou a nation bleſs,
 Who thy Providence deny,
 And rob thee of thy praiſe,

Of their fleets and armies boast,
 For sure success and victory
 In themselves entirely trust,
 And never look to Thee?

- 2 Thee the Christian-Infidels
 From thy own world exclude,
 "Skill and stratagem prevails
 "And strength, and multitude:"
 'They on these alone depend;
 And if Thou make thy mercy known,
 If thine Arm deliverance send,
 They cry, "'Tis all their own!"
- 3 Fifty thousand Britons brave
 To the New World pass o'er,
 Never yet th' Atlantic wave
 So huge a burthen bore:
 Who the prowess can withstand
 Of fleets and hosts invincible?
 Lo! they fly, they reach the land,
 They see, and conquer all!
- 4 But if Thou in anger frown,
 No longer on their side,
 O how suddenly cast down,
 They suffer for their pride!
 Let but One* his trust betray,
 A sad reverse their Legions know,
 Yield—and waste—and sink away
 Before a conquer'd Foe!
- 5 Yet th' infatuated crowd
 Will not thy hand confess,
 When Thou dost abase the proud,
 And when the abject raise;
 When they pass beneath the yoke,
 Thy scourge the *chance of war* they call;
 In the instruments o'erlook
 The sovereign Cause of all.

* Sir W. H.

- 6 But the men who fear thy Name,
 Thy power and wisdom own ;
 Now as yesterday the same,
 Thou fitteſt on the throne :
 Good, the creature of thy will,
 Thou only doſt to mortals ſend,
 Only 'Thou permitteſt ill,
 Which all in good ſhall end.
- 7 In this laſt tremendous blow †
 Thy righteousneſs we ſee,
 Thouſands taken by the foe,
 Tho' ſluſh'd with victory :
 Scandal of the Britiſh name,
 Their brethren they no more oppreſs :
 Let their glory end in ſhame,
 And let their Rapines ceaſe.
- 8 Such their Country's Cauſe to fight,
 Thou wilt not, Lord, employ,
 Without human power or might
 Who canſt our foes deſtroy ;
 When the conquerors come, prepar'd
 To execute their furious boaſts,
 Then thy mighty arm is bar'd,
 And ſcatters all their hoſts.
- 9 Vapours, fire, and hail, and ſnow
 Are ſervants of our Lord,
 Winds by thy direction blow,
 And ſtorms fulfil thy word ;
 Storms go forth at thy command,
 And with reſiſtleſs fury ſweep,
 Daſh our foes againſt the ſtrand,
 Or plunge them in the deep.
- 10 This the Lord himſelf hath done,
 Which, wondrous in our eyes,
 Fills us, who thy love have known,
 With rapturous ſurpriſe :
 Jeſus, at whoſe throne we bow,
 In thee we full aſſurance have :
 Surely 'Thou haſt ſav'd us now,
 And ſhalt for ever ſave !

H Y M N XII.

Part the Second.

- 1 **F**OOLISH world, thy vain reply
 Is to the Faithful known,
 “ If we must on God rely,
 “ And God doth all alone,
 “ Rust our arms, our useless bands
 “ And navies be dispers’d abroad,
 “ Let us idly fold our hands,
 “ And leave it all to God.”
- 2 God who doth appoint the end
 The proper means bestows,
 Wills us bravely to defend
 Our country from her foes:
 “ Fight with Amalek,” He cries,
 While Moses on the mountain prays,
 Brings assistance from the skies,
 And ascertains success.
- 3 Still the battle is the Lord’s,
 Who doth the vict’ry send:
 Bring forth all your spears and swords,
 Yet still on God depend:
 Courage, strength, and skill exert,
 Every nerve and sinew strain,
 Yet unless he takes your part
 Your utmost effort’s vain.
- 4 Did we in our evil day
 Low at thy footstool mourn,
 Cast our daring sins away,
 And to our Smiter turn,
 Then Thou wouldst for us appear,
 As a wall of brass surround,
 Put our vaunting foes in fear,
 And all their force confound.
- 5 Did we, Lord, in every step
 Look up to Thee for aid,
 Us thou wouldst in safety keep
 Beneath th’ almighty shade;

While

While our weapons we employ,
 And in thine only Name confide,
 None cou'd hurt us, or annoy,
 With Jesus on our side.

6 Britain Thou again wouldst chuse,
 And call our nation thine,
 Teach us means, as means to use,
 And answer thy Design,
 Wouldst our sins, not us, destroy,
 Us out of the dunghill raise,
 Turn our sorrow into joy,
 And nature into grace.

7 Rise, the Lord of armies, rise
 In thy appointed hour,
 Scattering evil with thine eyes,
 And every adverse power:
 Then let earth and hell engage,
 Lodg'd in thine arms to pluck us thence,
 Raging against us, they rage
 Against Omnipotence.

8 Crush'd by thine almighty hand,
 Do Thou our foes suppress,
 Then throughout the earth command
 Infernal wars to cease,
 Bid the ransom'd World be still
 And know that Thou art God alone,
 Seated on thy holy hill,
 On thy millennial Throne!

H Y M N XIII.

1 **J**ESUS, thy flaming eyes
 Full on the wicked dart,
 Who in Rebellion's Cause arise,
 And take the murderer's part,
 Their bloody path pursue,
 A Congress from beneath,
 A daring, dark, and desperate Crew,
 In league with Hell and Death.

- 2 Posselt of lawless power,
Of absolute command,
The beasts with iron teeth devour
A sad distracted land:
Traitors with Gaul combin'd
Their cruel sway maintain,
The scum and refuse of mankind
As sovereign lords they reign.
- 3 Their heart, O Lord, thou know'st
Elated with success,
Who triumph now, and make their boast
Of prosperous wickedness,
Who blasphemously claim
Divine authority,
As acting treasons in thy name,
And countenanc'd by Thee.
- 4 How long, O God, how long
Wilt Thou their crimes pass by,
And suffer their oppressive wrong
Who all thy plagues defy?
Blast the aspiring Fiend,
Avenge us of the foe,
Confound his sworn Allies, and end
Their Empire at a blow.
- 5 So shall thy people sing
The Power that sets us free,
The Arm that doth deliverance bring
From hellish tyranny;
The same in heart and mind
- With loyal Britons prove,
In strictest bonds fraternal join'd,
In everlasting love.
- 6 Then, when the work is done
Which fiends in vain withstand,
America and Britain, One
In thy all-healing Hand,
The Lord's Redeem'd shall come,
And crown'd with joy arise
To Sion's heights, their long-sought home,
Their Country in the skies!

HYMN XIV.

For Peace.

- 1 **C**OME, thou choicest gift of heaven,
 Far from earth by sinners driven,
 While we for thy absence mourn,
 Lovely, lasting Peace return.
- 2 Forfeited by Britain's sin,
 Lost to us thou long hast been,
 Us for our iniquity,
 Punish'd with the want of Thee.
- 3 Never can we know thy way,
 While we from our Maker stray:
 But we now our sin deplore;
 Come, and never leave us more.
- 4 Prince of Peace, and Israel's King,
 With Thyself the blessing bring:
 Peace divine thy Spirit imparts;
 Plant thy kingdom in our hearts.
- 5 Every stubborn spirit bow,
 Turn us, Lord, and turn us now,
 Thou who hear'st thy people's prayer,
 End this dire intestine war.
- 6 Sprinkling us with thy own blood,
 Reconcile us first to God,
 Then let all the British race
 Kindly, cordially embrace.
- 7 Concord, on a distant shore,
 To our Countrymen restore,
 Every obstacle remove
 Melt our hatred into love.
- 8 Gospel-grace to each extend,
 Every foe, and every friend,
 Then in Thee we sweetly find
 Peace with God, and all mankind.

H Y M N XV.

Another.

1 **W**ITH tender affection inspir'd,
 With pity for mountains of slain,
 My soul is of murtherers tir'd,
 And bitterly forc'd to complain;
 Heavy-laden, and weary of life,
 Whose sorrows and troubles increase,
 I pine for an end of the strife,
 I sigh for the blessing of Peace.

2 O Peace, thou art banish'd and fled!
 The cause of our evils I see:
 By sin such a havock is made;
 By sin we have forfeited Thee:
 No peace for the wicked there is,
 Unless we our wickedness mourn,
 No good for a Nation like this,
 Unless to our God we return.

3 O God, who art always the same,
 Whose nature is still to forgive,
 Permit us in Jesus's name
 To cry for a farther reprieve:
 Our sins let us fully confess,
 Our sins let us deeply deplore;
 And when from offending we cease,
 Thou wilt to thy favor restore.

4 When once reconcil'd to our God,
 We shall with each other agree,
 Possess of the blessing bestow'd,
 And one with our Lord on the tree:
 His blood the alliance hath seal'd,
 The blessing his Spirit imparts,
 And peace with its Author reveal'd
 Eternally reigns in our hearts!

5 OC 57**F I N I S.**