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H Y M N S

ADAPTED TO

DIVINE WORSHIP:

IN TWO BOOKS.

BOOK I.

Derived from select Passages of the
HOLY SCRIPTURES.

BOOK II.

Written on sacred SUBJECTS, and
particular Occasions.

Partly collected from various AUTHORS,
but principally composed by

THOMAS GIBBONS, D.D.

Ut quisquis de Scripturis sanctis vel de proprio Ingenio
potest provocatur in medium Deo canere.

TERTUL. Apologet. § 39.

L O N D O N :

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T H E

P R E F A C E.

TH E Person, whose Name appears in the Title-Page as in Part the Compiler, but chiefly the Author of the following Collection, has nothing to observe as to the Hymns which are to be ascribed to himself, but that they were occasional Productions during the many Years of his Ministry, just as Leisure allowed, or Inclination prompted him; and that he promises himself that the Publication of them may in some,

however

however small, Degree, be serviceable to the great Interests of Religion, to which by his sacred Profession he has been for more than five and twenty Years devoted.

He has taken no Hymns from Dr WATTS's well known, and well esteemed Volume. The Pieces of that most ingenious and devout Writer inserted in the following Sheets are taken from his *Miscellanies*, or *his Remnants of Time employed in Prose and Verse*; the last of which Compositions was not printed till after the Doctor's Decease. The Editor was obliged to take some Liberty with two or three of them, either to adapt them to Public Worship, or to the general Use of Christians.

Mr ADDISON's Poems are indeed well known, but the Editor cannot remember that he ever saw them all collected,

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collected, and making Part of a Volume of Hymns for Divine Service.

The sacred Odes from Sir RICHARD BLACKMORE are extracted from a Collection of his Poems on various Subjects, printed 1718.

A Quarto Volume of Mr SAY'S Poetical and Prose Compositions was published in the Year 1745, and thence are borrowed the Hymns prefixed with his Name.

For the Contribution to this Volume from Mr CRUTTENDEN'S Poems the Editor is indebted to the Appendix to his Funeral Discourse by the Rev. Mr WILLIAM PORTER, printed 1763.

The two Hymns by the Reverend Mr STODDON were taken from a Pamphlet published after his Decease, intituled, Poems and Letters of the late Reverend

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Rev. Mr HUBERT STOGDON, collected from his original Papers, printed 1729.

The Pieces in the following Miscellany ascribed to the **Rev. Mr DAVIES**, were found in his Manuscripts intrusted with the Editor, from which, if he may be allowed the Digression, he has already printed Three Volumes of Discourses, and has proposed to the Public to publish Two more Volumes for the Benefit of **Mr DAVIES's** Family.

The remaining Hymns, one by the Reverend **Mr SOWDEN**, and the rest by unknown Hands, recommended themselves by their Merit to a Place in the Collection.

Upon the whole, the Editor has employed himself to gather up and bind together in one Sheaf some golden Ears which lay scattered up and down in
the

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the Fields of Religion and Genius. If what he has added of his own should not prove so valuable as he could wish, yet he hopes he has done some Service by the rich Collection he has made from others, and that his own Part in the Miscellany will not be entirely vain and useless. If only the plainest Christians should be assisted by him in their private or public Devotions, and quickened in their Progress to a better World, he shall esteem his Attempts highly honoured, and amply rewarded.

T H E



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H Y M N S

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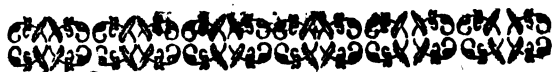
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O

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P

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R

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A. T. A. B. L. E., &c.

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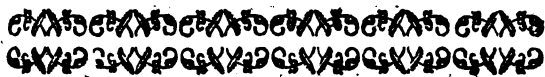
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Page	3,	Line	17.	after <i>the Blessed Man</i> , add Psalm i.
	17,		19.	for Psalm lxii. read Psalm lxxv.
	228,		21.	for <i>The</i> read <i>To</i> fair and fruitful Meads.

HYMNS.



H Y M N S.

B O O K I.

I. *The Saint waiting for his great Change.*

JOB xiv. 14, 15. Short Metre.

I.

THROUGH all the Days of Time
That Heav'n allots to me,
With Patience I will wait the Change,
Fixt by supreme Decree :

II.

That Change, that gives my Flesh
To dwell with Earth and Night,
That Change, that gives my Soul to soar
Away to Worlds of Light.

III.

Thou, LORD, shalt sound the Call
In intermitting Breath,
In icy Cold, and mortal Dews,
The Harbingers of Death ;

B

IV. That

IV.

That Call will I obey,
 And answer, "LORD, I come;
 "O take my longing Soul away!
 "O take a Pilgrim Home!"

V.

The Work of thine own Hands,
 The Characters divine,
 Impres'd, inwrought thro' all my Pow'rs,
 Thou wilt avouch as thine.

VI.

With their rich Lustres crown'd,
 In their full Beauties dress'd,
 My Spirit shall ascend to Thee
 To be for ever blest.

VII.

[Thou wilt receive thy Child
 Into thy kind Embrace,
 T' enjoy without a Cloud or Frown
 The Visions of thy Face;

VIII.

While the forsaken Clay
 Shall lumber in the Ground,
 In sun-like Glories to arise
 At the last Trumpet's Sound.]

II. *The Saints Triumph over Death in the Views of a glorious Resurrection.*

JOB xix. 25—27. Long Metre.

I.

THO' noisom Sores corrode my Flesh,
 And cruel Slanders blast my Fame,
 Yet my divine Redeemer lives,
 And he will own my injur'd Name.

II.

Ere long the LORD of all shall rise
 With full Dominion o'er the Dust * ;
 What Millions then shall start to Life,
 While Lands and Seas resign their Trust ?

III.

What tho' insulting Worms devour
 This Skin, these Vitals, and this Flesh,
 Yet in this Body I shall see
 My God, upbuilt by him afresh ?

IV.

I shall behold Him for my Self ;
 Him, not a Stranger, I shall view ;
 Tho' first to Rottenss the Grave
 My Reins within me shall subdue.

V.

Hence springs my Patience, hence my Hope
 In Weakness, Pains, and swift Decay :
 Faith sees beyond the Gloom of Death
 The Glories of eternal Day.

III. *The Blessed Man.* Long Metre.

I.

BLEST is the Man, who never walks
 Where Sinners would entice his Feet,
 Who stands not in their crooked Ways,
 Nor dares ascend the Scoffer's Seat ;

II.

But in the Statutes of the LORD
 Enjoys a Fountain of Delight :
 With these he consecrates his Day,
 With these his waking Hours at Night.

* Instead of *he shall stand upon the Earth*, the Passage may be rendered, *he shall rise with Dominion over the Dust.*

III.

His Soul shall flourish like a Tree,
That on some River's Margin thrives,
And from the inexhausted Streams
An undecaying Life derives :

IV.

[When in the Circle of the Year
Autumn returns, its Boughs are seen
Bending with Fruit ; its ample Leaves
Are drest with never-fading Green.]

V.

But, Sinners, diff'rent is your Lot,
Who GOD and his good Ways despise :
How will your Souls be swept away,
Like scatt'ring Chaff, when Whirlwinds rise?

VI.

[Know that th' Ungodly shall not stand,
When GOD his Judgment-seat ascends,
Nor take their Place at his right Hand
Among his Servants and his Friends.]

VII.

The GOD of Righteousness approves
The Path, where Saints their Progress bend,
But Sinners Ways, tho' strew'd with Flow'rs,
In Horror and Perdition end.

*IV. The Divine Glories displayed in Children,
and the best Desires of pious Parents for
their young Offspring.*

PSAL. viii. 1, 2. Long Metre.

I.

O LORD, our LORD, thy Glory fills
The Earth, and all the heav'nly Hills ;
Beyond all Bounds its Reign extends,
Beyond all Height its Blaze ascends.

II.

Ev'n Babes and Sucklings join to raise
 Their Songs to their Creator's Praise :
 Intcrib'd on all their mortal Frame
 We read the Wonders of thy Name.

III.

[Their Eyes, their Hands, their Bones, and
 The amazing Springs of Life within, (Skin,
 The branching Veins, the beating Heart,
 Are Triumphs of th' Almighty's Art.]

IV.

Still more illustrious the Display
 Of Deity in Reason's Ray :
 Souls a divine Extraction show,
 And with their Father's Image glow.

V.

But, while with wond'ring Eyes we trace
 The God of Nature in our Race,
 O may he send his Spirit down
 In sov'reign Pow'r, and Grace unknown !

VI.

His holy Lineaments be theirs !
 For these we pour our daily Pray'rs ;
 For Love, for Truth, and Righteousness,
 All that can consecrate and bless.

VII.

Thus shall we leave a Race behind
 To live for God, and for Mankind ;
 Or, if our Children first shall die,
 They first shall mount the blissful Sky.

VIII.

[O LORD, our LORD, while Life remains,
 Our Lips shall lisp at Zion's Strains,
 But, when in Heav'n the Song we raise,
 Sublime as Heav'n shall be the Praise.]

V. *The Saints Happiness, or
God their Salvation.*

PSAL. xviii. 46. Short Metre.

I.

THE great JEHOVAH reigns
Upon a Throne sublime,
And from his own Eternity
Sees the wide Wastes of Time.

II.

“ This great JEHOVAH’s mine,”
The Saint in Rapture cries,
“ And to this everlasting Rock
“ My joyful Spirit flies :

III.

“ From this immortal Spring
“ Immense Salvation flows,
“ And with the Wonders of his Love
“ My grateful Bosom glows :

IV.

“ His Name shall be my Song,
“ While Life and Breath are giv’n,
“ And his unceasing Praise shall run
“ Thro’ all the Days of Heav’n.”

VI. *The Divine Glories display’d in the Works
of Creation and Providence.*

PSALM xix. 1—7.

By JOSEPH ADDISON, *Esq;*

I.

THE spacious Firmament on high,
With all the blue ethereal Sky,
The spangled Heav’ns, a shining Frame,
Their great Original proclaim,

H Y M N VII.

Th' unwearied Sun from Day to Day
Does his Creator's Pow'r display,
And publishes to ev'ry Land
The Work of an Almighty Hand.

II.

Soon as the Ev'ning Shades prevail
The Moon takes up the wondrous Tale,
And nightly to the lift'ning Earth
Repeats the Story of her Birth:
While all the Stars, that round her burn,
And all the Planets in their Turn,
Confirm the Tidings as they roll,
And spread the Truth from Pole to Pole.

III.

What tho' in solemn Silence all
Move round the dark terrestrial Ball,
What tho' no real Voice nor Sound
Amidst their radiant Orbs be found;
In Reason's Ear they all rejoice,
And utter forth a glorious Voice,
For ever singing as they shine,
"The Hand that made us is divine."

VII. *God our Shepherd.*

PSALM, XXIII.

By JOSEPH ADDISON, Esq;

THE LORD my Pasture shall prepare,
And feed me with a Shepherd's Care;
His Presence shall my Wants supply,
And guard me with a watchful Eye:
My Noon-day Walks he shall attend,
And all my Mid-night Hours defend.

II. When

6 H Y M N VIII.

II.

When in the sultry Glebe I faint,
 Or on the thirsty Mountain pant,
 To fertile Vales, and dewy Meads
 My weary wand'ring Steps he leads,
 Where peaceful Rivers, soft and slow,
 Amidst the verdant Landscape flow.

III.

Tho' in the Paths of Death I tread,
 With gloomy Horrors overspread,
 My stedfast Heart shall fear no Ill,
 For thou, O LORD, art with me still;
 Thy friendly Crook shall give me Aid,
 And guide me thro' the dreadful Shade.

IV.

Tho' in a bare and rugged Way
 Thro' devious lonely Wilds I stray,
 Thy Bounty shall my Pains beguile,
 The barren Wilderness shall smile,
 With sudden Greens and Herbage crown'd,
 And Streams shall murmur all around.

VIII. *Paternal Advices, or Rules for an
 holy and happy Life.*

PSALM XXXIV. 11—22. Common Metre.

I.

YE Children, hearken to my Voice,
 For good Advice I give;
 My Lips shall teach the Fear of God,
 ; By which your Souls shall live.

II.

Do you desire a Length of Life,
 And that your Days may roll
 In unmolested Peace and Joys
 ; Till you have reach'd your Goal?

III.

From pois'nous Slander guard your Tongue,
 From hypocritic Art,
 From Murder, Robbery, and Wrong
 In ev'ry Form depart.

IV.

Let your Munificence on all
 Descend, like Ev'ning Dew,
 And Peace, that dear Delight of Heav'n,
 With all your Pow'rs pursue.

V.

[The righteous LORD his Saints beholds
 With a propitious Eye,
 And ever open is his Ear
 T' attend their softest Sigh.

VI

Against Transgressors he has bent
 In gloomy Frowns his Face,
 Resolv'd in Vengeance for their Crimes
 Their Mem'ry to erase.

VII.

The Righteous cry, nor cry in vain,
 Heav'n bows to their Complaint;
 Mercy on swiftest Pinions flies
 To succour every Saint.

VIII.

To Penitents, that mourn their Crimes,
 The LORD is ever near;
 And to the Groans of broken Hearts
 He lends a gracious Ear.

IX.

Tho' Trouble, like a Deluge, roars,
 And o'er the Righteous rolls,
 The LORD, omnipotent to save,
 Sustains and cheers their Sou's.

X.

Nor are their Souls alone his Care,
 Their Bodies he respects,
 Their Limbs unbroken bless his Pow'r,
 His Pow'r their Limbs protects.]

XI.

Vengeance shall smite the Rebels dead,
 That dare their God disown,
 And they that hate his Saints shall die
 Beneath his angry Frown.

XII.

God is the Refuge of his Saints,
 And they that trust his Pow'r
 Shall see Him in Salvation rise,
 And hail the blissful Hour.

IX. *The Glories of the Redeemer's
 Person and Kingdom.*

PSALM xlv. 1—7.

Long Metre.

I.

MY Thoughts on glorious Subjects roll :
 Sublime Conceptions fill my Soul :
 The Honours long-prepar'd. I'll sing,
 The Honours of my God and King.

II.

None of the Sons of *Adam's* Line
 Like thee in heav'nly Beauties shine :
 Grace from thy Lips divinely flows ;
 Immortal Bliss thy God bestows.

III. Ar-

III.

Array'd in Armour, mighty LORD*,
Gird on thy Thigh thy conqu'ring Sword,
Thy Chariot of Salvation climb,
And ride in Majesty sublime,

IV.

Thron'd on thy Word; that, as it flies,
Shall the rejoicing World surprize,
With Meekness, Truth, and Righteousness,
All that can beautify and bless.

V.

Thine Hand, out-stretch'd in Strength divine,
Shall in illustrious Wonders shine;
And ev'ry pointed Shaft it throws
Is sure to pierce thy stubborn Foes;

VI.

Stubborn no more, they humbly bend
Their Knees, their suppliant Hands extend:
Thy Grace extracts the rankling Darts,
Binds up, and heals their wounded Hearts.

VII.

They feel the strong Constraints of Love,
And with a swift Delight they move
To execute thine whole Commands:
Thine are their Hearts, and Tongues, and
Hands.

* The Author has versified the 3d, 4th, and 5th Verses of the Psalm according to the following View of the Original. "Gird thy Sword upon thy Thigh, O mighty. In Honour ascend; ride upon the Word of Truth, Meekness, and Righteousness. Thy right Hand, shall teach thee wonderful Things. Thine Arrows are sharp, so that the People may fall under thee. The Enemies of the King cordially submit themselves."

VIII. [Great

VIII.

[Great God, thy Throne of Glory stands,
Not built on Time's precarious Sands,
Than Rocks or Mountains more secure,
And shall thro' endless Years endure.

IX.

The Sceptre of thy Majesty
In Rectitude is sway'd by Thee;
Thy fixt Abhorrence Sin excites;
In Sanctity thy Soul delights.

X.

Hence God, thy God, for ever thine
In Bonds of Union most divine,
O'er all thy Brethren rais'd thine Head,
And there his richest Unction shed.]

X. *The Church's Safety and Happiness amidst
general Calamity and Terror.*

PSALM xlv. 1—5. Common Metre.

I.

GOD is the Refuge, God the Strength
Of ev'ry pious Soul;
God is the Anchor of our Hope,
When threaten'g Billows roll.

II.

Should Earth remove, should Rocks be rent
And whelm'd beneath the Deep,
Yet shall our Minds secure from Fear,
Their peaceful Tenor keep.

III.

What tho' the Sea in Thunder roars,
And hurls against the Skies
Defiance in ten thousand Waves,
That like the Mountains rise:

IV.

What tho' Surge rushing upon Surge
 All Banks and Bounds bursts o'er,
 While Rocks to their Foundations quake
 Amidst th' immense Uproar :

V.

There is a River all Divine,
 That, gliding soft and slow,
 Delights the City of our God,
 His sacred Seat below.

VI.

JEHOVAH in his *Zion* dwells ;
 Her Centre is his Throne :
 How can she fear who knows, and feels
 Omnipotence her own ?

XI. *Pardoning Mercy.*

PSALM li. 9. Common Metre.

I.

FORGIVENESS!—Blessing most divine!
 It cancels all our Guilt,
 T' obtain whose Grace the Lamb of God
 His Blood on *Calv'ry* spilt.

II.

Freely it flows on Rebels down
 Upon a crimson Flood :
 Pris'ners of Death, and Heirs of Hell
 Are reconcil'd to God.

III.

How wide the mighty Mercy spreads?
 Sins of enormous Size,
 And countless as the Ocean's Sands,
 Forgiveness nullifies.

IV.

Irrevocable is the Grace,
 And when the direful Doom
 Is once revers'd bright Prospects rise
 Of endless Life to come.

V.

O let our Crimes, all-gracious God,
 By Thee be all forgiv'n,
 Chase their tremendous Glooms away,
 And grant a Glimpse of Heav'n!

XII. *The Loving-kindness of God better
 than Life.*

PSALM lxxiii. 3. Long Metre.

I.

THY Favours, gracious God, appear
 Thro' all the Circle of the Year,
 And Night to Day, and Day to Night
 Repeat thy Mercies with Delight.

II.

The Sinner with the Saint receives
 What thine unbounded Bounty gives,
 And all without Distinction share
 Thine Earth, and Rain, and Sun, and Air:

III.

But, LORD, besides thy gen'ral Love,
 Let me thy special Mercy prove;
 Mercy thou bearest to thine own,
 The Mercy of thine Heart and Throne.

IV.

This shall sustain and cheer the Soul,
 When Waves of huge Affliction roll,
 And kindle Day thro' all its Powers,
 When Darkness all around it low'rs.

XIII. *The Divine Benignity.*

P S A L M lxxv. Long Metre.

I.

AT Zion's highly favour'd Gates,
 O GOD, a Shout of Praises waits :
 That Vow, which in Distress we made,
 Shall in harmonious Songs be paid.

II.

To Thee, O LORD who hearest Pray'r,
 All Tribes, all Nations shall repair,
 And offer, with Delight unknown,
 Their Supplications at thy Throne.

III.

Against our Souls our Sins prevail ;
 Our Hearts despond, our Spirits fail ;
 But Thou wilt all our Crimes forgive,
 And bid the mourning Rebels, "Live."

IV.

Immeasurably blest is he,
 Who separated, LORD, by Thee,
 May worship at thy sacred Feet,
 And in thy Palace fix his Seat.

V.

By Streams of heav'nly Grace supply'd
 We shall be amply satisfy'd ;
 The Streams that from thy Temple flow,
 And water all thy Courts below.

VI.

[By Deeds of awful Righteousness
 Thou wilt thy kind' Regard express
 To us, thy chosen Heritage,
 O Thou our Strength from Age to Age !

VII. The

VII.

The Lands beneath the utmost Sky
 Upon thy Providence rely,
 And Isles, that distant Seas embrace,
 In Thee their Hopes securely place.

VIII.

Up-rais'd and settled by thine Hand,
 On their broad Base the Mountains stand.
 Strength without Rival, without Bound,
 Girds Thee, O dread JEHOVAH! round.

IX.

Thine Orders lay the Storm to sleep,
 Appease the Roarings of the Deep,
 And with superior Pow'r assuage
 The People's more tumultuous Rage.

X.

The Realms at Nature's farthest Bound
 Thy Tokens own with Awe profound;
 And at thy Call the Morn and Ev'n
 Roll round, and bless the Earth and Heav'n.

XI.

Each Year thou visitest the Earth,
 And giv'st the blooming Spring her Birth,
 And from thine heav'nly Stores the Rains
 Descend, and water all the Plains.

XII.

All Nature feels her potent God!
 The Harvest springs from ev'ry Clod;
 Thus thy paternal Mercy grants
 A large Supply for human Wants.

XIII.

The Ridges drink the living Streams,
 With Plenty ev'ry Furrow teems;
 The Ground grows softer by each Show'r,
 And boasts new Riches ev'ry Hour.

XIV.

The Year is with thy Goodness crown'd,
 Thy Footsteps scatter Blessings round;
 The Desert smiles with verdant Pride,
 And Hills exult on ev'ry Side.

XV.

Flocks browse in Peace the flow'ry Field,
 The Vales their golden Harvest yield.
 How rich the Gifts around us pour'd!
 And be the Giver, GOD, ador'd.]

XIV. GOD *the Hearer of Prayer.*

PSALM lxii. 2. Long Metre.

I.

THOU art the GOD that hearest Pray'r,
 We to thy Throne of Grace repair,
 And, prostrate at thy sacred Feet,
 For ev'ry needful Good entreat.

II.

The Favours of thy Providence,
 Health, Peace, Provision, and Defence,
 Grant, if thy Wisdom sees most fit,
 If not, O teach us to submit.

III.

But for the Blessings of thy Grace,
 The Smiles of thy propitious Face,
 The universal Cure of Sin,
 The Sores without, and Plague within,

IV.

For Comforts thro' Life's rugged Way,
 For Mansions in eternal Day,
 For these incessant we implore,
 Wrestle, nor give the Conflict o'er.

V. These

V.

These Mercies, LORD, let us partake,
 We ask them for EMANUEL'S Sake:
 Let us in Him, thy Best-below'd,
 Be all united, all approv'd!

XV. GOD our only Happiness.

P S A L M lxxiii. 25. Long Metre.

I.

WHOM have I, LORD, in Heav'n, but
 Thee?

Heav'n only is a splendid Waste,
 A dull Imprisonment to me,
 Unless thy Love is my Repast.

II.

The Hallelujahs of the Sky,
 The Songs of Angels and of Saints
 To me can yield no Harmony,
 Unless my God his Presence grants.

III.

Blest with thy Company, my God,
 Amidst the Visions of thy Face,
 Earth is a despicable Clod,
 Nor does it wear one tempting Grace.

IV.

Its Wealth is but a painted Toy,
 Its Honour but an aery Sound,
 Its Pleasure but a Drop of Joy,
 That often leaves a fest'ring Wound.

V.

As Flames ascend to join the Sun,
 As Rivers hasten to the Sea,
 So to thine Arms, my GOD, I run,
 To find my Life, my All in Thee.

XVI. *The Saint's Support amidst dissolving
Nature.*

P.SALM lxxiii. 26.

Common Metre.

I.

I FEEL this feeble Frame of Flesh,
I feel this Heart decay;
My Blood almost forgets to flow,
My lab'ring Lungs to play:

II.

Death soon will sink me to the Dust;
Earth will to Earth be laid;
But why should Captives, when their Cells
Are falling, be dismay'd?

III.

When this frail Tenement of Clay
Shall all in Ruins lie,
My Soul shall wing its joyful Flight,
And claim her native Sky:

IV.

When not a Friend can give his Aid,
When vain the last Effort,
My God shall prove a Rock unseen,
And yield a firm Support:

V.

And, when the dying Strife is o'er,
And I'm dismiss'd from Clay,
His Love shall be my Source of Bliss
Through Heav'n's eternal Day.

XVII. *The Beauty of the LORD upon his
People.*

PSALM XC. 17.

Short Metre.

I.

LET thy Perfections, LORD,
O'er us diffuse their Rays!
O let thy Wisdom guide our Steps
Through Life's perplexing Maze!

II.

O may thy Pow'r preserve
Our Souls from ev'ry Harm;
And let our Weakness lean secure
On thine upholding Arm!

III.

O may thine Holiness
In perfect Beauty shine,
And prove our high celestial Birth
By Lineaments Divine!

IV.

And let thy Goodness too
On us its Blessings pour,
Nor once withhold its living Streams
Till our departing Hour!

V.

Then take us to thine Arms,
To dwell with Thee above,
Where all thy Glories shall be seen
In all the Joys of Love!

XVIII. *GOD present with his People in
Trouble.*

PSALM xci. 15. Short Metre.

I.

THE World with Sin is sown,
We the sad Harvest reap,
And, press'd beneath unnumber'd Woes,
Languish, and groan, and weep.

II.

And not the Vile alone,
But ev'n the choicest Saints
Bow with Affliction's heavy Loads,
And pour their long Complaints :

III.

But still a gracious God
Is present with his Aid,
Sustains them with his pow'ful Arm,
And gilds the gloomiest Shade.

IV.

Then let not Saints repine
Beneath the Pains they feel:
Their God has sov'reign Might to help,
And sov'reign Grace to heal.

V.

Some sacred Good may grow
From Trouble's bitter Root,
And through Eternity extend
The Blessings of its Fruit.

VI.

We are but Strangers here,
Our Mansions are on high:
Blest be the quick'ning Goad that speeds
Our Progress to the Sky.

XIX. *The*

XIX. *The Divine Declarations to Sinners,*

P S A L M xcv. 7. Common Metre.

I.

HEAR what the Oracle of God
Declares to all Mankind;

“ Sinners ye are, involv’d in Guilt,
“ To endless Woes consign’d :

II.

“ Sinners ye are, deprav’d, impure,
“ So resolute to stray

“ That over ev’ry Fence you break,
“ And rush the downward Way :

III.

“ But there is Mercy with your God ;
“ I’m ready to forgive ;

“ For you my Son has shed his Blood ;
“ He dy’d that you might live :

IV.

“ A Fountain too my Love prepares,
“ A Remedy for Sin,

“ To heal the noisom Sores without,
“ The raging Plague within :

V.

[“ To the Exub’rance of my Grace
“ I your Access invite ;

“ No Bars, no Swords obstruct the Way ;
“ To give is my Delight :

VI.

“ If you will not obey my Call,
“ But spurn my proffer’d Love,

“ The Beams, that would have blest your
Souls,

“ Shall Flames of Vengeance prove :

VII.

“ But, if you hearken to my Voice,
 “ Regen’rate and forgiv’n,
 “ At Death immortal Life is yours,
 “ And all the Blifs of Heav’n.”]

VIII.

These Declarations from above

We thankfully receive :

O may the God, that gives the Call,
 The Grace t’ obey it give !

XX. *The Nature and Glories of the
 Divine Dominion.*

PSALM XCIX. I.

I.

SAY to the Earth JEHOVAH reigns
 Upon a Throne exalted high,
 From Land to Land, from World to World,
 Declare his sov’reign Majesty.

II.

He, o’er the Universe he made,
 With Wisdom infinite presides ;
 And, to fulfil his great Designs,
 Permits, restrains, inspires, and guides,

III.

By Equity’s unerring Line
 In all his Actions he proceeds :
 He grants Salvation to his Saints,
 And hurls his Wrath on impious Deeds.

IV.

Nature, that’s govern’d by his Will
 Through all her Motions, all her Frame,
 To Men, unworthy of his Care,
 Does his unbounded Love proclaim.

V. When

V.

When Time and lower Worlds expire,
 JEHOVAH's Kingdom shall endure,
 Wide as th' Extents of Heav'n and Hell,
 And as Eternity secure.

VI.

LORD, to thy guardian Pow'r we fly
 In all our Perils, all our Woes;
 Our Shelt'ring Ark, and Centre Thou,
 Where we our Confidence repose.

VII.

[Like as the Sun all Nature's Face
 With Smiles of radiant Bliss arrays,
 Thy Reign illumines the Walks of Life,
 And fills our Hearts with Joy and Praise.]

XXI. *Praise for Pardon and spiritual Healing.*

PSALM ciii. 1—3. Short Metre.

I.

HOW num'rous and how great
 Our Sins around us rise!
 For Multitude, like Ocean's Sands,
 Like Mountains for their Size!

II.

How wonderful that Love
 To vile Offenders shown,
 That Love, that hides th' unnumber'd Sands,
 And melts the Mountains down!

III.

Sin's dire Distemper reigns,
 And vitiates all our Pow'rs,
 Foul, like a Leprosy, it stains,
 And, like a Plague, devours:

But

IV.

But Grace divine descends,
And heals the fierce Disease;
Sickness to heav'nly Health succeeds,
And Pain is hush'd in Ease.

V.

Then bless the LORD, my Soul,
With Joy his Mercies trace,
Nor let Oblivion overwhelm
The Wonders of his Grace.

VI.

Praises shall fill my Heart,
Praises shall tune my Tongue,
And Life and Death proclaim the Joy,
Till Glory crowns the Song.

XXII. CHRIST *a Priest and King, and his
Triumph over his Enemies.*

PSALM CX. Common Metre.

I.

THUS to my LORD, JEHOVAH spake,
" Sit Thou at my right Hand
" Till I shall make thy Foes submit,
" And bow to thy Command."

II.

From *Zion* shall the LORD extend
The Sceptre of his Sway;
Amidst Rebellion raise thy Throne,
Rebellion shall obey.

III.

Won by thy Grace, thy People crowd
Thy Standard with Delight,
And all in Holiness array'd,
And glorious in thy Sight.

IV.

As the first Honours of thy Reign;
 Young Converts shall arise
 More num'rous than the Drops of Dew,
 When Morning mounts the Skies.

V.

The LORD has sworn, nor shall his Oath
 Be cancell'd or disown'd,
 " Like great MELCHISEDEC of old
 " Thou art a Priest inthron'd."

VI.

[At thy right Hand thy GOD incens'd
 Shall his avenging Darts
 Against opposing Monarchs hurl,
 And plant them in their Hearts.

VII.

The *Heathen* Nations he shall judge,
 And heap the Fields with Slain,
 In Triumph o'er their Princes ride,
 And end their impious Reign.

VIII.

Mean time th' Anointed of the LORD,
 Full of th' inspiring GOD*,
 Shall to his Throne ascend, and spread
 His Blessings all abroad.]

* The last Verse of this Psalm is rendered according to the Sense of the ingenious Mr *Hervey*. If it be asked, " How shall the Redeemer be able to execute the various " and important Offices foretold in the preceding Parts " of the Psalm, the Prophet replies, " He shall drink of " the Brook in the Way," he shall not be left barely to " his human Nature, which must unavoidably sink under " the tremendous Work of recovering a lost World; but " through the whole Course of his incarnate State, thro' " the whole Administration of his Mediatorial Kingdom, " shall be supported with omnipotent Succours."

XXIII. *The Servants of CHRIST resembled
to the Servants of Men.*

PSAL. cxvi. 16. Long Metre.

I.

SERVANTS must understand their Work,
And so should JESUS' Servants too,
And often read and hear his Word,
To learn what He would have them do.

II.

Of Servants Diligence is claim'd,
And diligent should Christians be,
And seize and crown each flying Hour
With swift unweari'd Industry.

III.

No Servants they, but worst of Foes,
Who prove unfaithful and unjust;
And deep they wound the Saviour's Name,
Who dare betray his sacred Trust.

IV.

'Tis the Superior's to command,
'Tis the Inferior's to obey:
JESUS, we own thy Right to reign,
And bow the Subjects of thy Sway.

V.

Servants with willing Feet should run
To execute their Master's Will;
And, LORD, our Souls with out-stretcht
Attend thine Orders to fulfil. (Wings

VI.

With Meekness and Humility
Servants should in their Spheres behave:
Thus will we wait, dear LORD, on Thee,
Bounteous to bless, and strong to save.

c 2

VII. To

VII.

To serve my Saviour is to reign ;
 My Duty, and my Glory this :
 The heav'nly Choirs, wash'd in his Blood,
 In their Obedience find their Bliss.

XXIV. *The Reſtitute of Divine Judgments,
 and GOD faithful in afflicting his Saints.*

· P S A L M cxix. 75. Long Metre.

I.

GREAT GOD, the Judgments of thy Lips,
 Great GOD, the Judgments of thine
 Are all the Transcripts of thyself : (Hands,
 On Justice thy Tribunal stands.

II.

This Truth we from thy Nature learn,
 This Truth we from Experience know,
 Though for awhile impervious Clouds
 Around thy Throne their Mantle throw.

III.

The sharp Afflictions we endure
 Are by thy sov'reign Orders sent
 To turn our Feet from sinful Ways,
 Or our Apostasy prevent.

IV.

Thus we thy Faithfulness attest,
 And, while we feel thy chast'ning Rod,
 We see thy Promises fulfill'd,
 And bless a Cov'nant-keeping God.

V.

As Flow'rs hang down their languid Heads,
 While Rains are rushing from the Skies,
 But thence new Life and Vigour gain,
 And soon in fairer Colours rise ;

VI

So when our GOD afflicts his Saints,
 They droop, they bow beneath their Woes,
 But Holiness fresh Strength acquires,
 And in diviner Beauty glows.

XXV. *Divine Mercy the Refuge of the
 distressed Sinner.*

PSALM CXXX. Long Metre.

I.

PLUNG'D in a dark and dire Abyss,
 Where Woes in dreadful Confluence roll,
 I to the LORD in Groans and Sighs
 Sent up the Anguish of my Soul.

II.

"O Thou, th' All-pow'rful, Good and True,
 "My Rock, my Refuge, and my Rest,
 "O listen to my fervent Pray'rs,
 "And grant, O grant me my Request!"

III.

Should'st Thou thy Judgment-seat ascend,
 And Men to thy Tribunal call,
 Not one of all their Race could stand,
 But Vengeance must o'erwhelm them all.

IV.

But, LORD, with Thee Forgiveness reigns,
 Reigns with a wide unbounded Sway,
 That Sinners may revere thy Name,
 And with Delight thy Laws obey.

V.

[With Expectation warm and strong
 My Spirit waits upon the LORD,
 And in my Hours of dark Distress
 Hope casts its Anchor on his Word.

VI.

As Centinels with longing Eyes
 Watch the first Glimpse of rising Day,
 So waits my Soul upon the LORD
 With out-stretch'd Wings to meet his Way.]

VII.

Let *Isr'el* on his God rely
 To crush his Foes, and sooth his Pains :
 Mercy is his supreme Delight,
 And in a thousand Blessings reigns.

VIII.

He that was *Isr'el's* God of old,
 As *Isr'el's* God will still be known
 To save him from his Sins and Woes,
 And guide and guard him as his own.

XXVI. *Praise for the Scripture-Assurances
 of Divine Forgiveness.*

PSALM CXXX. 3. Long Metre.

I.

WHERE is an Heav'n-commission'd Page
 Of Grecian or of Roman Sage,
 That can assure us GOD receives
 Sinners, and all their Crimes forgives ?

II.

But, while Philosophy is vain,
 And yields no Balm to heal our Pain,
 The Oracles of Heav'n proclaim
 Salvation in EMANUEL'S Name.

III.

O'er Sins, like Sands that pave the Main,
 JEHOVAH'S boundless Mercies reign ;
 O'er Treasons of enormous Size
 JEHOVAH'S peerless Mercies rise,

IV.

Forgiveness in his Word we find,
His Word, the Echo of his Mind,
And twice ten thousand Rebels prove
The Wonders of his pard'ning Love.

V.

Vile, Hell-deserving, as ye are,
Ye Sinners, sink not in Despair :
Receive, enjoy the heav'nly Ray,
That shines your Darkness into Day.

XXVII. *The Excellency and Pleasures of
Christian Fellowship.*

P S A L M cxxxiii. As the 113th Psalm.

I.

WHERE Brethren dwell in mutual Love,
And their divine Affection prove
In all they do, in all they say,
How high the Stream of Blessing flows !
In all their Hearts what Transport glows !
How bright the Dawn of heav'nly Day !

II.

'Tis like the precious Ointment shed
On A'RON's venerable Head,
That o'er his rich Embroid'ry ran :
Round the full Fragrancy extends,
While the exub'rant Stream descends,
And consecrates the godlike Man.

III.

'Tis like the Dew, whose countless Drops
On *Herman's*, and on *Zion's* Tops
In lenient Show'rs of Blessing fall :
Where holy Love joins Heart and Hands,
There GOD eternal Life commands,
And Life eternal hears his Call.

IV.

Thou GOD of everlasting Love,
 Send down the Spirit from above,
 And pour the copious Bliss around ;
 Then shall the Churches of the LORD,
 In sacred Amity accord,
 And with Heav'ns orient Rays be crown'd !

XXVIII. *The Divine Omnipresence and
 Omniscience.*

· PSALM CXXXIX. 1—13. Long Metre.

By ROBERT CRUTTENDEN, *Esq;*

I.

TO Thee, great GOD, my Thoughts appear
 E'er yet conceiv'd within my Mind ;
 My Words unutter'd reach thine Ear,
 And all their unform'd Sounds design'd.

II.

The whisper'd Sigh, the secret Groan,
 The Pray'r in silent Woe preferr'd,
 Which scarce the trembling Soul dares own,
 All find a Voice, and all are heard.

III.

When vain Devotion mocks the Skies
 In Forms to all but Thee unknown,
 The solemn hypocritic Cries
 Stand undisguis'd before thy Throne.

IV.

In vain to be conceal'd from Thee
 My Soul retires to darkest Night,
 Pierc'd by thine Eyes those Shadows flee,
 As in the Blaze of mid-day Light.

[V. Should

V.

[Should eastern Suns my Speed behold
Outstrip their Journey through the Sky,
Thy present Pow'r would still unfold
The Wretch, who tries to 'scape thine Eye.

VI.

If still I urge the vain Design,
And plunge to Hell's eternal Shade;
Those Horrors own thy Pow'r divine
Amidst the Regions of the Dead.

VII.

Thine Eyes the empty Void survey,
Perhaps for future Worlds design'd,
Whose Forms as yet unknown obey
The fair Ideas in thy Mind.

VIII.

*Still may these Thoughts possess my Breast
Where'er I rove, where'er I rest!*
Thy conscious View my Path surveys
Thro' mid-night Gloom, or mid-day Blaze.]

IX.

When safe from each observing Eye
Some secret Sin would fearless rise,
Be this my Guard, my GOD is nigh,
And sees through ev'ry false Disguise.!

XXIX. *The Dowry of Divine Wisdom.*

PROVERBS viii. 34—36. Long Metre.

I.

HEAR Wisdom speak in Strains divine;
"Happy the Men whose Ears incline
"To my kind Call, and daily wait
"For Blessings at my sacred Gate.

c 5 by Google. "They,

II.

“ They who my royal Dainties find
 “ Shall give their Sorrows to the Wind:
 “ A rich Repast of Bread and Wine,
 “ Immortal Life and Joys are mine.

III.

“ The Favour of the LORD extends
 “ To all my Foll’wers, all my Friends:
 “ His Smiles, his beatific Sight
 “ Shall be the Heav’n of their Delight.

IV.

“ But they, who trample on my Law,
 “ Upon their Heads Destruction draw;
 “ Who hate my wholesome Counsels prove
 “ How they their own Damnation love.”

XXX. *The Blessing of Hope in Death; or
 Comfort in a dying Hour earnestly implored.*

PROVERBS xiv. 32. Long Metre.

By the Reverend SAMUEL DAVIES, A. M.

I.

Y E S; I must bow my Head and die!
 What then can bear my Spirit up?
 In Nature’s last Extremity
 Who can afford one Ray of Hope?

II.

Then all created Comforts fail,
 And Earth speaks nothing but Despair;
 And you, my Friends, must bid Farewel,
 And leave your Fellow-Traveller.

III.

Yet, SAVIOUR, thine Almighty Pow’r
 Ev’n then can sure Support afford,
 Ev’n then that Hope shall smile secure,
 That’s now supported by thy Word.

IV.

Searcher of Hearts ! O try me now,
 Nor let me build upon the Sand ;
 O teach me now myself to know,
 That I may then the Trial stand !

XXXI. *Mankind ignorant of their real Good.*

ECCLESIASTES vi. 12. Common Metre.

I.

WHERE is the Man thro' all our Race
 Who knows his real Good
 Thro' all the short vain Days his Soul
 Inhabits Flesh and Blood ?

II.

We think we see an Evil rise,
 And startle at the Sight :
 It proves a Blessing in Disguise ;
 The Shades transform to Light.

III.

A bright Enjoyment strikes the Eye,
 And, as the Stream of Time
 Still brings it nearer, still it grows
 More beauteous, more sublime :

IV.

In a fure Hope of rapt'rous Joy
 We grasp the glitt'ring Prize,
 But, as we grasp, we find it Air ;
 The Bubble breaks and dies.

V.

[Ourselves are liable to Change,
 And what inspir'd Delight
 When the young Morning gave its Ray,
 Palls on our Taste at Night.

VI.

Vicissitude, that never rests,
 Reigns thro' this Globe below;
 How then where certain Bliss resides
 Can dim-ey'd Mortals know?]

VII.

But while in shifting dying Scenes
 Our Good cannot be found,
 Hear from the Mercy-seat above
 The Voice of Wisdom sound:

VIII.

“ To JESUS, whom my Grace has giv'n
 “ T' obtain your Peace with me,
 “ On Wings of Faith and strong Desire
 “ For your Salvation flee:

IX.

“ To fear, and love, and serve your God,
 “ Be all your Pow'rs employ'd,
 “ Thus shall your Happiness be sure,
 “ And Heav'n be now enjoy'd.”

XXXII. *The Benefit of early Piety.*

ECCLESIASTES xii. 1. Common Metre.

I.

IN the soft Season of thy Youth,
 In Nature's smiling Bloom,
 Ere Age arrives, and trembling waits
 Its Summons to the Tomb,

II.

Remember thy Creator, God,
 For Him thy Pow'rs employ;
 Make Him thy Fear, thy Love, thine Hope,
 Thy Confidence, and Joy.

III.

Hè shall defend, and guide thy Còurse
 Thro' Life's uncertain Sea,
 Till thou art landed on the Shores
 Of blest Eternity.

IV.

His Service is its own Reward,
 With Peace and Pleasure crown'd :
 The Honey wears no Sting, no Thorns
 Are in the Roses found.

V.

Duty and Int'rest are the same :
 The Saints of God shall find
 Life, Death, and all Events are theirs,
 And Glory all behind,

VI.

Then seek the LORD betimes, and choose
 The Ways of heav'nly Truth :
 The Earth affords no lovelier Sight
 Than a religious Youth.

XXXIII. *The Salvation and Triumph of Zion;
 or the Church's Blessing and Praise.*

ISAIAH xii. Long Metre.

I.

UPON that memorable Day,
 Zion in joyful Strains shall say ;
 " Thee, great JEHOVAH, will I praise
 " In loud, and never-ceasing Lays.

II.

" Against me was thine Anger rais'd,
 " And in devouring Terrors blaz'd,
 " But quench'd is each vindictive Gleam,
 " And Mercy sheds its healing Beam.

III.

“ In God will I my Trust repose,
 “ And bid Defiance to my Foes ;
 “ Safety and Strength to Him belong ;
 “ His Name shall crown my grateful Song.”

IV.

Ye that for wholesome Waters pant,
 Come, and relieve your painful Want :
 Fountains of full Salvation roll,
 And Heav'n invites each fainting Soul.

V.

In that blest Day in tuneful Lays
 Shall ye rehearse JEHOVAH'S Praise,
 And all his wond'rous Acts proclaim,
 While the World echoes with his Name.

VI.

In sacred Hymns, and sweet Accord,
 Resound the Honours of the LORD,
 How bright his great Achievements shine !
 How the Earth owns the hand Divine !

VII.

Daughter of Zion, hail thy King !
 His Majesty and Mercy sing :
 In Holiness and Grace unknown,
 He on thine Hill has fix'd his Throne.

XXXIV. *The Riches and Perpetuity of
 spiritual Blessings.*

ISAIAH xii. 3. Common Metre.

I.

AS Wells of purest Waters yield
 A plentiful Supply,
 So of Salvation Heav'n unlocks
 The Springs of living Joy.

II.

The Water, which our Wells afford,
 From Age to Age endures,
 But the Salvation of our God
 Eternity secures.

III.

As Water purifies the Flesh,
 And not a Spot remains,
 So sov'reign Grace renews our Souls,
 And cleanses all their Stains.

IV.

Water, of agonizing Thirst
 Allays the fiery Rage,
 But the rich Streams from JESUS' Cross,
 The Pangs of Guilt assuage.

V.

LORD, to the Wells of heav'nly Life
 Our fainting Souls repair;
 Eager to draw Salvation thence
 By Faith and fervent Pray'r.

VI.

With Joy we hail the sacred Springs,
 With Joy their Blessings taste:
 Only thine Heav'n above can yield
 A more divine Repast.

XXXV. *The Gospel-Feast.*

ISAIAH XXV. 6. Common Metre.

A SACRAMENTAL HYMN.

I.

ON Zion, his most holy Mount,
 GOD will a Feast prepare,
 And *Isr'el's* Sons, and *Gentile* Lands
 Shall in the Banquet share.

II.

Marrow and Fatness are the Food
 His bounteous Hand bestows:
 Wine on the Lees, and well refin'd,
 In rich Abundance flows.

III.

See, to the Vilest of the Vile
 A free Acceptance giv'n!
 See, Rebels by adopting Grace
 Sit with the Heirs of Heav'n!

IV.

The Pain'd, the Sick, the Dying, now
 To Ease and Health restor'd,
 With eager Appetites partake
 The Plenties of the Board.

V.

But O what Draughts of Bliss unknown,
 What Dainties shall be giv'n,
 When, with the Myriads round the Throne,
 We join the Feast of Heav'n!

VI.

There Joys immeasurably high
 Shall overflow the Soul,
 And Springs of Life, that never dry,
 In thousand Channels roll.

XXXVI. *The same.*

Short Metre.

A SACRAMENTAL HYMN.

I.

UPON his chosen Hill,
 The Zion of his Love,
 The Majesty of Heav'n descends
 With Blessings from above.

II.

A royal Feast he makes,
 A most divine Repast ;
 Marrow and Fatness crown his Board
 Of most delicious Taste.

III.

Wines on the Lees refin'd,
 His Hand all-bounteous gives ;
 The dying Heart their Virtue feels,
 And Life and Joy receives.

IV.

Scythian, and Greek, and Jew
 May to his Banquet come :
 Haste, haste, ye Sinners, to be Guests ;
 The Vilest may have Room.

V.

Faint, languishing, oppress'd
 With Weakness and with Want,
 We to thy Table, LORD, approach,
 And for its Blessings pant.

VI.

Freely to us impart
 Of thine abounding Store,
 And we shall bless the rich Supplies,
 And pine and sigh no more.

VII.

O what shall we return !—
 To Him who makes the Feast
 Be endless Hallelujahs sung
 By ev'ry happy Guest !

XXXVII. *The different States of Sinners
and Saints in the Wreck of Nature.*

ISAIAH XXIV. 18—20. Long Metre.

By the Reverend SAMUEL DAVIES, A. M.

I.

HOW great, how terrible that GOD,
Who shakes Creation with his Nod !
He frowns, and Earth's Foundations shake,
And all the Wheels of Nature break.

II.

Crush'd under Guilt's oppressive Weight
The Globe now totters to its Fate,
Trembles beneath its guilty Sons,
And for Deliv'rance loudly groans:

III.

And see the glorious dreadful Day,
That takes th' enormous Load away !
See Ocean, Earth, all Nature's Frame
Sink in one universal Flame.

IV.

Where now, O where shall Sinners seek
For Shelter in the gen'ral Wreck ?
Shall falling Rocks be o'er them thrown ?
See Rocks, like Snow, dissolving down.

V.

In vain for Mercy now they cry ;
In Lakes of liquid Fire they lie ;
There on the flaming Billows tost,
For ever, O for ever lost !

VI.

But, Saints, undaunted and serene
Your Eyes shall view the dreadful Scène ;
Your Saviour lives, tho' Worlds expire,
And Earth and Skies dissolve in Fire.

VII.

JESUS, the helpless Creature's Friend,
 To Thee my All I dare commend :
 Thou can'st preserve my feeble Soul,
 When Lightnings blaze from Pole to Pole.

XXXVIII. *Pious Breathings amidst general
 Wickedness and Desolation.*

ISAIAH xxxii. 13—19. Common Metre.
 By the Reverend SAMUEL DAVIES, A. M.

I.

WHILE in a thousand open'd Veins
 Contending Nations bleed,
 While Bri'rs and Thorns on blooming Plains
 And fruitful Fields succeed ;

II.

While Desolation rages round,
 Like an o'erwhelming Flood,
 Where can a Remedy be found
 To stop these Streams of Blood ?

III.

Eternal Spirit ! Source of Good !
 The Author of our Peace,
 Pour down thine Influence, like a Flood,
 On this wide Wilderness.

IV.

O grant us one reviving Show'r,
 And let it spread afar :
 Thine Influence alone can cure
 The bleeding Wounds of War,

V.

Come, Thou— and then the Wilderness
 Shall bloom a Paradise,
 And heav'nly Plants t' adorn and bless
 O'er this wild Waste shall rise :

VI.

Then Peace shall in large Rivers flow,
 Where Streams of Blood have run ;
 Then universal Love shall glow,
 And all the World be one ;

VII.

Then num'rous Colonies shall rise,
 A People all Divine,
 To fill the Mansions of the Skies,
 And bright as Angels shine.

XXXIX. CHRIST *our Shepherd.*

ISAIAH xl. II. Long Metre.

I.

JESUS, our heav'nly Shepherd, leads
 By quiet Streams, and flow'ry Meads
 His Sheep, to purchase and to save
 Whose Lives, his own he freely gave.

II.

Shelter'd by his Omnipotence
 They glory in his sure Defence ;
 Safe from the Lion's murd'ring Paws,
 Safe from the Wolf's devouring Jaws.

III.

The Wand'ers from their sacred Track
 He seeks, and kindly brings them back ;
 And, his Compassions to express,
 Guides them in Paths of Righteousness.

IV.

JESUS has Power and Grace to heal
 Each Pain and Plague his People feel :
 He gently lifts them from the Ground,
 And binds up ev'ry bleeding Wound.

V.

We fly from Danger and Alarms,
 Dear Shepherd, to thy circling Arms :
 To us thy past'ral Favour grant,
 'Tis all we wish, 'tis all we want.

XL. *CHRIST'S Tenderness to the Lambs
 of his Flock.*

ISAIAH xl. II. Long Metre.

I.

GREAT is our heav'nly Shepherd's Care,
 And all his Sheep his Mercies share ;
 The Lambs he gathers in his Arms,
 And saves them from surrounding Harms.

II.

Pitying their Weakness, and their Fears,
 The Firstlings of his Flock he bears
 In his warm Bosom, and to Meads
 And Rills the Weaklings gently leads.

III.

When JESUS dwelt in mortal Clay
 He prov'd his Grace from Day to Day ;
 Meanness and Want to Him apply'd,
 Meanness and Want He ne'er deny'd.

IV.

The Lame, the Blind, the Dumb, the Deaf
 Found in his Love a sure Relief :
 The Poor were with his Gospel blest,
 And Children cherish'd at his Breast.

V.

[How did his dear Disciples prove
 The Strength of his unchanging Love !
 Their Faults and Follies well he knew,
 But Love o'er all its Mantle drew.

VI.

They in his last sad Scene of Woes
Left Him among his barb'rous Foes ;
Yet, from the Dead when He returns,
His Love with double Vigour burns.

VII.

“ Go, tell my Brethren and my Friends,
“ He cries, your risen LORD ascends
“ To his own Father-GOD, and theirs,
“ With Him of Heav'n the Sons and Heirs.”]

VIII.

JESUS, I ground my Hopes on Thee,
To thine encircling Arms I flee ;
Bind up this shatter'd Reed, and raise
This smoking Flax into a Blaze !

XLI. *GOD the Strength of his People in
the various Stages of Life.*

ISAIAH xl. 30, 31.

Common Metre.

I.

O WHY should gloomy Doubts and Fears,
Ye Saints, your Peace destroy ?
Come to the Fountain-Head of Life,
And drink th' immortal Joy.

II.

Youth, thro' the Mazes of whose Veins
Swift runs th' exulting Tide,
And Strength, that on the hardy Limb
Sits in its manly Pride,

III. Ev'n

III.

Ev'n Youth and Strength shall both decay,
 Or in some sudden Hour
 They both shall be in Ruin laid.
 By Death's tremendous Pow'r.

IV.

But Saints, that on the LORD attend,
 And trust his promis'd Love,
 Shall inexhausted Vigour feel,
 Replenish'd from above.

V.

In Youth, when Nature's sprightly Pow'rs
 With heav'nly Ardors join,
 On Eagles Wings they shall aspire,
 And soar to Heights Divine :

VI.

Arriv'd at Manhood's calmer Age,
 Their chearful Feet shall run
 With Pleasure their meridian Stage,
 Unweary'd as the Sun :

VII.

When Flesh and Heart shall feel Decay,
 Grace shall afford its Strength ;
 Still they shall walk the heav'nly Way,
 Nor murmur at the Length.

VIII.

Thus Saints thro' all their various Days
 Shall find divine Supplies,
 Till their last Breath expires in Praise,
 And gives them to the Skies.

XLII. *Comfort*

XLII. *Comfort to the aged Saint.*

ISAIAH. xlvi. 4.

Long Metre.

I.

A Long-extended Train of Years
Elaps'd, behind old Age appears,
And all before it rolls the Sea
Of vast immense Eternity.

II.

Weak Nature trembles with its Weight,
And totters o'er the Brink of Fate;
Languors, Infirmities, and Pains,
With Wormwood dash Life's poor Remains.

III.

But still a Saint may smile serene
Undaunted in a dying Scene;
His God, his Father will impart
Strong Consolation to his Heart.

IV.

His gracious Presence shall not fail
His Child in Death's tremendous Vale,
But scatter ev'ry Shade away,
And turn the Darkness into Day,

V.

Then lead him to the Courts above,
Where, from the Throne of endless Love,
Rivers of vital Pleasures glide,
Nor ever stop their blissful Tide.

XLIII. *The*

XLIII. *The highest Heavens, and humble
Hearts, the Mansions of* JEHOVAH.

ISAIAH lvii. 15.

Long Metre.

I.

HEAR what the LORD of all declares :
 “ Beyond all Height I reign sublime,
 “ Eternity my Glories fill,
 “ Untarnish’d, unconsum’d by Time :

II.

“ While I substantially possess
 “ Th’ unlimited Extents of Space,
 “ All Heav’n’s august and pure Abodes
 “ Enjoy the Visions of my Face :

III.

“ But Heav’n is not my only Throne;
 “ The contrite and the humble Heart
 “ Is with my Presence blest, and there
 “ I Life and Joys unknown impart.”

IV.

Humble, O LORD, and change my Soul,
 Purge it throughout from Sense and Sin,
 And then, on Beams of sov’rign Love
 Descend, and dwell, and reign within.

V.

Without the Visits of my GOD
 I am a Wretch accurst, undone :
 Nature’s an hideous joyless Waste ;
 Infernal Horrors blot the Sun.

D

XLIV. On

XLIV. *On the same.*

Long Metre.

I.

THUS saith the LORD; "The Realms
above,

"Abas'd and broken Hearts below,
"Enjoy the Sunshine of my Love,
"And my distinguish'd Blessings know :

II

"There I'll reside : th' imperial Throne
"Shall never tempt me to withdraw :
"My Grace descends on Men alone
"Who seek my Smiles, and keep my Law :

III.

"I'll shed serene celestial Day
"On each depress'd desponding Soul,
"Chase ev'ry gloomy Cloud away,
"And each tumultuous Fear control :

IV.

"To Pleasures, such as Angels find
"While they enjoy my blisful Face,
"I will exalt each lowly Mind,
"And crown it with my richest Grace."

XLV. *Our LORD's Commission opened by
Himself.*

ISA. lxi. 1--3, compared with LUKE iv. 17--21.

Long Metre.

I.

SINNERS, attend while JESUS speaks
In Language of divinest Love—

"In his immeasurable Grace
"On me descends the heav'nly Dove :

II.

" I am anointed by the Lord
 " To preach the Gospel to the Meek,
 " Commission'd to bind up the Hearts
 " That with their Sins and Sorrows break :

III.

" A joyful Freedom I proclaim
 " To *Satan's* Slaves, to *Satan's* Prey ;
 " I burst their Cells, and round them spread
 " The Pleasures of celestial Day ;

IV.

" I publish the accepted Time
 " Of boundless Blessing to the World,
 " Th' amazing Day, when on my Head
 " The Bolt of Vengeance shall be hurl'd.

V.

" Sinners, oppress'd with Guilt and Grief,
 " Shall give their Fears and Groans away ;
 " Where Ashes cast their sickly Hue,
 " There Beauty shall its Bloom display ;

VI.

" Faces, that with th' unceasing Streams
 " Of briny Tears were cover'd o'er,
 " Shall with the Oil of Gladness shine,
 " And I'll the copious Blessing pour :

VII.

[" For the poor Beggar's tatter'd Rags
 " Or Sackcloth's Weeds, they shall be dress'd
 " With Robes of Dignity and Joy,
 " Such as th' anointed Priest invest :

VIII.

“ The Converts, by my Pow'r renew'd,
 “ And ransom'd by my dying Love,
 “ Like a young Nursery shall stand,
 “ A flourishing and fragrant Grove:

IX.

“ Their Fruits of Righteousness shall show
 “ The Care and Kindness of their God,
 “ And, as their Graces bloom and grow,
 “ Shall spread his Glories all abroad:]

X.

“ Thus I have said; and what my Grace
 “ Designs, my Faithfulness secures:
 “ Rocks fall to Dust, and Worlds decay,
 “ But my unchanging Word endures.”

XLVI. *The dreadful End of abused or neglected Privileges.*

JEREMIAH viii. 20. Long Metre.

I.

GREAT are th' Advantages bestow'd
 On Britain's highly-favour'd Isles;
 Liberty shines in Rays benign,
 Plenty in thousand Blessings smiles.

II.

His Ministers the God of Love
 On Errands of Salvation sends;
 Rivers of Life run all abroad,
 And Manna at our Doors descends.

III.

These Privileges soon will end;
 Life is a short uncertain Day;
 And all the Means of heav'nly Grace
 Expire with its expiring Ray.

IV.

Then seize the Blessings ere they fly,
 In penitential Sorrows mourn,
 And swift by Faith thro' CHRIST your Way,
 To GOD your Life, your All, return.

V.

How terrible the dying Groan?
 " Harvest and Summer both are past,
 " And still Salvation is not ours:
 " Hell will engulf our Souls at last."

XLVII. *The different Tempers and States
 of Saints and Sinners contrasted.*

JEREMIAH xvii. 5-8.

I.

THUS saith the LORD inthron'd on high,
 Who rules the Earth, and Seas and Sky,
 " My Wrath shall on his Head descend,
 " Who dares withhold his Trust from me,
 " To Fellow-Worms for Safety flee,
 " And on an Arm of Flesh depend.

II.

" He, like the Heath in barren Land,
 " A despicable Shrub shall stand,
 " Unfenc'd, unshelter'd, and unblest,
 " Consign'd at last to feed the Fire,
 " Cut down and bundled with the Briar
 " And Bramble, which the Grounds infest.

D 3

III. Happy,

III.

" Happy, supremely happy He,
 " Thro' Time and thro' Eternity,
 " In ev'ry Change, in ev'ry Hour,
 " Who flies from Mortals, Earth and Dust,
 " Who makes th' eternal God his Trust,
 " And leans alone upon his Pow'r.

IV.

" He shall be like a Tree, that grows
 " Where in an ample Current flows
 " The River wat'ring well its Roots;
 " The burning Seasons it defies,
 " When Nature all around it dies,
 " Array'd with Verdure and with Fruits."

V.

The LORD shall be our Confidence,
 Our only Refuge and Defence,
 When Foes invade, and Storms appear,
 So feeble Animals retreat,
 When Lions roar, and Tempests beat,
 To their known Rocks, and shelter there.

XLVIII. *The Glories and Blessings of the Kingdom of CHRIST.*

JEREMIAH xxiii. 5, 6.

Common Metre.

" **I**N the bright Days that shine beyond
 " These dark degen'rate Times,
 " When Sin abounds, and Vengeance hurls
 " Its Thunders on your Crimes,

II.

“ I will raise up from *David's* Stock
 “ A BRANCH of high Renown,
 “ Whose Fruits of Life and Joy Divine
 “ My fav'rite Land shall crown ;

III.

“ A KING shall *Isr'el's* Throne ascend,
 “ And *Isr'el's* Sceptre sway ;
 “ Gentiles shall feel his sov'reign Grace,
 “ And his Commands obey :

IV.

“ Rapine and Fraud before his Face
 “ Shall be expell'd and die,
 “ And Innocence and Righteousness
 “ Shall lift their Banners high :

V.

“ *Judah*, deliver'd from its Foes,
 “ Shall his Salvation sing,
 “ And *Jacob's* Dwellings shall resound
 “ The Honours of their King :

VI.

“ And these th' amazing Names he wears,
 “ His Glories to express—
 “ *JEHOVAH, the incarnate GOD,*
 “ *And Sinner's Righteousness:*”

VII.

Thus spake in Ages long elaps'd
 The Goodness of the LORD ;
 And we in distant Times adore
 His well-accomplish'd Word.

XLIX. *The true Penitent the Object of
the divine Mercy.*

JEREMIAH xxxi. 18—20. Common Metre.

I.

“ SURELY, the GOD of Grace declares,
“ I’ve heard my *Ephraim’s* Moans,
“ My Eye has markt his streaming Tears,
“ My Ear his broken Groans.

II.

“ Thou hast chastis’d me, LORD, he cries,
“ And I receiv’d the Stroke,
“ Like a young Bullock, when he feels
“ The unaccustom’d Yoke :

III.

“ Turn me to Thee, and I shall turn
“ To Thee, my GOD, in Truth ;
“ Thou art my Father, thou the Guide,
“ And Guardian of my Youth.

IV.

[“ Renew’d and chang’d, how did the Floods
“ Of Grief tumultuous roll ?
“ And, when Conviction shot its Rays,
“ What Horrors shook my Soul ?

V.

“ Silent I sunk in Shame, my Face
“ Confusion cover’d o’er,
“ For all the Sins of all my Life
“ In their full Weight I bore.”]

VI.

“ Thus have I heard, JEHOVAH cries,
“ How humble *Ephraim* mourns,
“ And to his penitential Sighs
“ My Mercy thus returns ;

VII.

“ Can *Ephraim* be a Son below'd,
 “ The Son of my Delight?
 “ I own him still, and he shall live
 “ Accepted in my Sight.

VIII.

[“ What, tho' in Sounds of dreadful Wrath,
 “ Against his Crimes I spoke,
 “ My Mercy now regards his Cry,
 “ And shall my Threats revoke.

IX.

“ I feel a Father's Pity rise,
 “ A Father's Bowels move,
 “ The Storms of Wrath are overblown,
 “ And nought remains but Love.”]

X.

Have you like *Ephraim* sinn'd? with him
 Repent, and you shall find
 That God, who *Ephraim's* Crimes forgave,
 Is still as good and kind.

L. *The Blessings flowing from divine
 Forgiveness.*

JEREMIAH XXI. 34. Long Metre.

I.

DOES GOD our crimson Crimes forgive,
 And bid the Hell-doom'd Rebel live,
 What Joys, what Blessings all our own
 This Act of royal Grace shall crown?

II.

If once our Treasons are forgiv'n,
 Peace is proclaim'd and seal'd with Heav'n's,
 GOD is our Father and our Friend,
 With Pleasure we his Throne attend.

III.

The SPIRIT too his Love imparts,
 And seals Redemption on our Hearts ;
 Eternal Mansions in the Skies
 Full to the Eye of Faith arise.

IV.

And are these Privileges mine,
 So rich, so copious, so divine ?
 Then, LORD, my grateful Heart and Hands
 Shall love and practise thy Commands.

LI. *A new Heart, the Matter of God's
 Promise, and of our Prayer.*

EZEK. XXXVI. 25, 26, 27—37.

Common Metre.

I.

THUS *Isr'el's* God and King declares,
 His Wrath dispers'd away
 As gloomy Mists and Shadows fly
 Before the rising Day :

II.

“ Upon you I'll pure Water shed,
 “ And make you pure within,
 “ Wash you from your Idolatries,
 “ And all your Stains of Sin :

III.

“ I'll a new Heart on you bestow,
 “ And form your Souls afresh ;
 “ The Heart of Adamant remove,
 “ And grant an Heart of Flesh :

IV.

“ Within you to reside and reign
 “ My Spirit shall be giv'n,
 “ Cause you to walk in my Commands,
 “ And train you up for Heav'n.”

V.

These Mercies, LORD, so good, so great,
 Freely to us impart:
 'Tis Life, 'tis Joy, 'tis Heav'n to feel
 A new-created Heart.

VI.

T'achieve this Work for us our God
 Bids us of Him inquire:
 Perform it, LORD, and thus fulfil
 Our best and chief Desire.

LII. *Obedience followed with the Displays
 of Divine Mercy.*

HOSEA vi. 3. Short Metre.

I.

O LET us make the LORD
 Our Trust, our Fear, and Love,
 And by the Duty of our Lives
 Our pure Affections prove:

II.

Then let us persevere
 To glorify his Name,
 And let Temptation only serve
 T'augment the sacred Flame.

III.

As Morning in the East
 Stands wing'd to mount in Day,
 So for a swift Surprise of Joy
 Our GOD prepares his Way.

IV.

As soft descending Show'rs
 Water each thirsty Hill,
 He, in Exuberance of Bliss,
 His Favours will distil.

V.

Vengeance to Him is strange,
 But Grace is his Delight :
 Slow moves the Tempest of his Wrath,
 But wing'd is Mercy's Flight.

LIII. *The Penitent's Address.*

HOSEA xiv. 1—3.

Long Metre.

I.

ISR'EL, return unto thy God,
 For thou hast fallen by thy Sin,
 And, trusting in his sov'reign Grace,
 Thy penitent Address begin :

II.

“ All our Transgressions take away,
 “ And graciously our Souls receive,
 “ And we the Honours of our Lips
 “ In everlasting Praise will give :

III.

“ We lean upon no foreign Prop,
 “ We ask from Creatures no Supply ;
 “ All the best Works our Hands have
 wrought
 “ We cast as vain and worthless by :

IV.

“ Hear us, O hear us, gracious God,
 “ Our only Refuge in Distress,
 “ Omnipotent in Strength to save,
 “ And infinite in Love to bless.”

LIV. *The*

LIV. *God's Assurance to the Penitent of
forgiving Mercy.*

HOSEA xiv. 4. Long Metre.

I.

TO humble Groans and fervent Pleas,
Hear what the GOD of *Isr'el* says :
" Sinners, I'll heal your bleeding Wounds,
" Tho' caus'd by wand'ring from my Ways ;

II.

" I'll love you freely, tho' your Sins.
" Did once like roaring Billows rise,
" Break down my Laws, scorn all Control,
" And hurl Defiance to the Skies :

III.

" Your Shame, your Sorrow, and your Pray'rs
" Shall my paternal Pity find :
" The Storm of Vengeance rolls away,
" And Beams of Mercy smile behind.

LIV. *God's Assurance to the Penitent of
quickness Grace.*

HOSEA xiv. 5—7. Long Metre.

I.

JEHOVAH from his lofty Throne
Declares in Truth and Grace unknown,
" My Penitents alike shall prove
" My quick'ning, as my pard'ning Love :

II.

" Like copious Show'rs of Ev'ning-Dews
" That blooming Life and Joys diffuse,
" My Spirit on their Souls I'll pour,
" And they shall pine and mourn no more :

III. " Like

III.

“ Like the tall Lilies they shall grow,
 “ Like Cedars strike their Roots below,
 “ And spread their Branches fair and green,
 “ As the young Olive-Tree is seen :

IV.

“ Fragrant as Gales from spicy Hills,
 “ Or Wine the full-grown Grape distils,
 “ Their vig'rous Graces shall be found,
 “ And scatter Blessings all around.”

LVI. *National Judgments deprecated, and
 National Mercies pleaded.*

AMOS iii. 1—6. Long Metre.

By the Reverend SAMUEL DAVIES, A. M*.

I.

WHILE o'er our guilty Land, O LORD,
 We view the Terrors of thy Sword ;
 While Heav'n its fruitful Show'rs denies,
 And Nature round us fades and dies ;

II.

While Clouds collecting o'er our Head
 Seem charg'd with Wrath to smite us dead,
 Oh ! whither shall the Helpless fly ?
 To whom but Thee direct their Cry ?

III. The

* This and the following Hymn were printed by the Author with two Discourses on *Amos* iii. 1—6. intitled, *VIRGINIA'S Danger and Remedy*, and occasioned by the severe Drought in sundry Parts of that Country, and the Defeat of General *Braddock*, 1756.

III.

The helpless Sinner's Cries and Tears
 Are grown familiar to thine Ears;
 Oft has thy Mercy sent Relief,
 When all was Fear and hopeless Grief:

IV.

On Thee our Guardian God we call,
 Before thy Throne of Grace we fall;
 And is there no Deliv'rance there?
 And must we perish in Despair?

V.

See, we repent, we weep, we mourn,
 To our forsaken God we turn;
 O spare our guilty Country, spare
 The Church which Thou hast planted here!

VI.

Revive our with'ring Fields with Rain,
 Let Peace compose our Land again,
 Silence the horrid Noise of War!
 O spare a guilty People, spare!

VII.

We plead thy Grace, indulgent God;
 We plead thy Son's atoning Blood,
 We plead thy gracious Promises,
 And are they unavailing Pleas?

VIII.

These Pleas, by Faith urg'd at thy Throne,
 Have brought ten thousand Blessings down
 On guilty Lands in helpless Woe;
 Let them prevail to save us too!

LVII. On

L V I I . *On the same.*

Long Metre.

I.

W H I L E various Rumours spread abroad,
 And hold our Souls in dread Suspence,
 We look, we fly to Thee our GOD;
 Our Refuge is thy Providence.

II.

This Wilderness, so long untill'd,
 An hideous Waste of barren Ground,
 Thy Care has made a fruitful Field,
 With Peace and Plenty richly crown'd.

III.

Thy Gospel spreads an heav'nly Day
 Throughout this once benighted Land,
 A Land once wild with Beasts of Prey,
 By impious Heathen Rites profan'd;

IV.

Thy Gospel, like a gen'rous Vine,
 Its Branches wide began to spread,
 Refresh'd our Souls with heav'nly Wine,
 And bless'd us with its cooling Shade;

V.

And shall these Mercies now remove?
 Shall Peace and Plenty fly away?
 The Land, that Heav'n did thus improve,
 Will Heav'n give up an helpless Prey?

VI.

O must we bid our God adieu!
 And must the Gospel take its Flight!
 O shall our Children never view
 The Beamings of that heav'nly Light!

VII.

Forbid it, LORD! with Arms of Faith
 We'll hold Thee fast, and Thou shalt stay;
 We'll cry, while we have Life or Breath,
Our GOD, do not depart away!

VIII.

If broken Hearts and weeping Eyes
 Can find Acceptance at thy Throne,
 Lo, here they are: this Sacrifice
 Thou wilt accept thro' CHRIST thy Son.

LVIII. *Obedience better than Sacrifice.*

MICAH vi. 6—8. Common Metre.

I.

“**H**OW shall we come before the LORD,
 (Awak'ned Sinners cry)
 “ How bow accepted at thy Throne,
 “ Thou Holy! thou Most High!

II.

“ Shall there t' appease thy righteous Wrath
 “ Be whole Burnt-off'rings made?
 “ Shall Calves, the Choicest of our Herds,
 “ Be on thine Altars laid?

III.

“ Shall Rams by Thousands in the Flames
 “ Of Sacrifice expire?
 “ Shall Oils in Floods more num'rous feed
 “ The consecrated Fire?

IV.

“ Shall our First-born, our dear Delight,
 “ Be slaughter'd in our Room?
 “ And to discharge the Soul from Guilt
 “ The Body's Fruit consume?

V.

- “ Not all these Off’rings, saith the LORD,
 “ Can for one Sin atone ;
 “ The Herds, the Flocks, the Floods of Oil,
 “ The Children are my own.

VI.

- “ Have I not shown you what is good ;
 “ And what my Law requires ?
 “ (And O ! that in you Hearts were found
 “ T’ accomplish my Desires !)

VII.

- “ Thro’ all the Progress of your Lives
 “ Justice and Truth pursue ;
 “ And, as you Mercy hope from me,
 “ Mercy to others shew.

VIII.

- “ Before me walk from Day to Day
 “ With humble Penitence,
 “ Till, the great Work of Life fulfill’d,
 “ My Mercy calls you hence.”

IX.

- [Give us, O LORD, to understand
 Where true Religion lies,
 And let the Homage of our Souls
 Like fragrant Incense rise !

X.

- Without an Heart engag’d for God,
 Devotion’s fairest Forms
 Are but an Husk of Green or Gold,
 Whose Fruit’s devour’d by Worms.]

LIX. *The Glories of GOD in pardoning
Sinners.*

As the Old 112th Psalm.

MICAH vii. 18.

By the Reverend SAMUEL DAVIES, A. M.

I.

GREAT GOD of Wonders! all thy Ways
Are matchless, godlike, and divine,
But the fair Glories of thy Grace
More godlike and unrivall'd shine:
Who is a pard'ning GOD like Thee?
Or who has Grace so rich and free?

II.

Crimes of such Horror to forgive,
Such guilty daring Worms to spare,
This is thy grand Prerogative,
And none shall in the Honour share.
Who is a pard'ning GOD like Thee?
Or who has Grace so rich and free?

III.

Angels and Men, resign your Claim
To Pity, Mercy, Love, and Grace;
These Glories crown JEHOVAH'S Name
With an incomparable Blaze.

Who is a pard'ning GOD like Thee?
Or who has Grace so rich and free?

IV.

In Wonder lost, with trembling Joy
We take the Pardon of our GOD,
Pardon for Crimes of deepest Die,
A Pardon bought with JESUS' Blood.
Who is a pard'ning GOD like Thee?
Or who has Grace so rich and free?

V.

O may this strange, this matchless Grace,
 This godlike Miracle of Love,
 Fill the wide Earth with grateful Praise,
 And all th' Angelic Hosts above!
 Who is a pard'ning God like Thee?
 Or who has Grace so rich and free?

LX. *The Effusion of the Spirit of Supplication,
 and its consequent Blessings.*

ZECH. xii. 10. Common Metre.

I.
THUS saith the LORD: "On David's
 House,

"And Jsr'el's countless Race,

"In the last Ages I will pour

"The Spirit of my Grace:

II.

"A Spirit that with ardent Pray'r

"Shall oft besiege my Throne,

"And I'll the warm Petitions hear,

"For I'll inspire the Groan:

III.

"Then shall they lift their Eyes to me,

"Whom with un pitying Scorn

"They pierc'd, and murder'd on the Tree,

"And as they look shall mourn.

IV.

"Repentant Tears shall fill their Eyes,

"And Groans and Sighs their Breath,

"As if their first or only Son

"Was snatch'd away by Death:

V.

"But

V.

“ But midst their overwhelming Griefs
 “ Celestial Joys shall rise :
 “ The Blood they shed relieves their Pains,
 “ And loud for Pardon cries :

VI.

“ A Fountain issues from the Cross,
 “ Where their Redeemer hangs,
 “ Whose Streams shall quench the flaming
 Curse,
 “ And heal their dying Pangs.”

VII.

To this dear Cross, O LORD, we look,
 With Tears and Triumph too :
 Here Sin, and here Salvation join,
 Fill, and amaze the View.

LXI. *The Evangelical Covenant.*

Z E C H. xiii. 9.

Long Metre.

I.

“ **Y**OU are my People, saith the LORD,
 “ Regenerated by my Love,
 “ Stamp'd with the Image of your GOD,
 “ And fitted for the Joys above :

II.

“ For the dear Sake of CHRIST, my Son,
 “ And your atoning Sacrifice,
 “ Rebels and Outlaws are forgiv'n,
 “ Approv'd, and righteous in my Eyes ;

III. “ You

III.

“ You are adopted by my Grace,
 “ And made my Fav’rites, Sons, and Heirs,
 “ For you are built, to you assign’d
 “ Mansions of Bliss beyond the Stars.”

IV.

In Echoes to the Voice Divine
 These honour’d happy Souls return;
 “ Thee only for our GOD we claim,
 “ And in the Dust our Idols spurn.

V.

“ Thou art the Ocean of Delight,
 “ Unfathomable, unconfin’d;
 “ Thine All-sufficiency alone
 “ Can fill the Wishes of the Mind:

VI.

“ Thee as our Sov’reign too we own,
 “ And bow the Subjects of thy Sway;
 “ Speak but the Word, our Souls shall fly
 “ On Wings of Transport to obey.”

LXII. CHRIST’S *Tenderness to the bruised
 Reed and smoking Flax.*

MATTHEW xii. 20. Long Metre.

By the Reverend SAMUEL DAVIES, A.M.

I.

WEAK in myself, and burden’d too,
 Lo here I am, a bruised Reed;
 And see th’ Almighty Conqu’ror comes,
 And I might feel his angry Tread.

II. But

II.

But, O the condescending Grace,
 The humble Pity of his Soul,
 He sees the Straw, he sees its State,
 Stoops down, supports, and makes it whole.

III.

The weak low Music of this Reed,
 To his kind Ear is Melody ;
 Nor will he break the useless Thing,
 But tune it for the Choirs on high.

IV.

If e'er his Love inflam'd my Breast,
 Alas ! 'tis just expiring now :
 A dying Snuff is all remains,
 And furious Storms against it blow.

V.

Deep in the Socket of my Heart
 The Flame breaks, catches, quivers, dies,
 But JESUS breathes upon the Spark,
 And the fresh Oil of Joy supplies.

VI.

Angels, thro' all your shining Ranks
 Such Tenderness was never known ;
 The brightest Wonders of his Grace
 To our rebellious Race are shown.

VII.

But, Angels, ye with Rapture view
 That Pity which we Mortals share ;
 Come then, assist a bruised Reed
 EMANUEL'S Praises to declare :

VIII.

Low are its Notes, but you can raise
 Strains of sublimest Praise above,
 Yet your sublimest Strains must fall
 Far, far below his matchless Love.

LXIII. *Preparation for Death and Eternity.*

MATTHEW XXIV. 44.

Long Metre.

I.

HOW thick the Shafts of Death are hurl'd?
 What vast Destruction wastes our World?
 The Tyrant with unbounded Pow'r
 Renews his Havock ev'ry Hour.

II.

For thy great Change then stand prepar'd,
 And think, O think on that Award,
 That bids thee rise to Realms of Bliss,
 Or dooms thee down to Hell's Abyss:

III.

Thy Sins in deep Abasement mourn,
 And to thy God by Faith return,
 Pleading the Merits of his Son
 T' efface the Crimes which thou hast done:

IV.

Pure be thy Soul from ev'ry Guile,
 And let no wilful Stain defile
 The peaceful Current of thy Days,
 Sacred to thy Creator's Praise.

V.

Thus shalt thou meet the mortal Dart
 Without one Fear to chill thine Heart,
 And, quitting this encumb'ring Clod,
 Rise to be happy with thy God.

LXIV. *On*

LXIV. *On the same.*

MATTHEW XXIV. 44.

Long Metre.

I.

WOULD you be ready for the Call
Of your great Master to the Skies,
Prostrate before his Footstool fall,
And weep o'er your Iniquities.

II.

On JESUS, your atoning Priest,
With an unwav'ring Faith depend :
His Blood can give the Conscience Rest,
And from th' eternal Curse defend.

III.

Make it your Study, and Delight
Your various Duties to fulfil,
And ev'ry Day and ev'ry Night
Learn and perform your Maker's Will.

IV.

Upon the swift Approach of Fate,
Th' eternal World, the Bar Divine,
Oft and devoutly meditate,
Till Thou, O Man, hast felt them thine.

V.

By the sure Touchstone of the Word
Your Temper and your Conduct try ;
By this we learn to fear the LORD,
By this our latent Dross descry.

E

VI.

Successive as the Day and Night
 In Sunbeams or in Shades are giv'n,
 Your Praises, and your Pray'rs unite,
 And read the Oracles of Heav'n.

VII.

Thus, waiting for the Sov'reign Call,
 The Spirit, wing'd, and drest for Flight,
 Pleas'd shall behold its Prison fall,
 And soar away to endless Light.

LXV. *Readiness for Death.*

MATTHEW XXV. 10. Common Metre.

I.

WHO are the Souls prepar'd for Death?—
 The Souls that weep for Sin,
 The baleful Poison of their Lives,
 The deadlier Plague within.

II.

In deep Abasement they confess
 Their Guilt before their GOD,
 And own that they deserve to groan
 Beneath his iron Rod:

III.

But still to sov'reign Grace they fly,
 For JESUS' Sake bestow'd,
 And plead why Wrath should pass them by
 His expiating Blood.

IV.

The Spirit in victorious Pow'r
 Upon their Hearts descends,
 Converts the Sinners into Saints,
 The Rebels into Friends.

V.

With Works of Piety and Love
 Their Lives unclouded shine,
 And their celestial Birth is shown
 In Lineaments Divine.

VI.

Such may we be, All-gracious God,
 And, ready for the Flight,
 At thy first Summons soar away
 To Worlds of endless Light.

LXVI. *Baptism a Christian Ordinance.*

MATTHEW xxviii. 19. Long Metre.

I.

BUT just before our LORD's Ascent
 His Ministers receiv'd his Charge
 To fly thro' all Mankind, proclaim
 His Gospel, and his Reign enlarge.

II.

“ Baptize, he cries, into the Name
 “ Of FATHER, SON, and HOLY GHOST,
 “ Whose Grace, whose Sacrifice, whose Joys
 “ Redeem a World in Ruin lost.”

III.

As Waters from the crystal Spring
 The Pilgrims parching Thirst assuage,
 Thy Blood, O JESUS, sooths our Pains,
 And cools the Conscience' fiery Rage.

IV.

As from our Garments and our Limbs
 The limpid Stream the Stains removes,
 The Spirit pours his Influence down,
 And sanctifies the Souls He loves.

V.

TO FATHER, SON, and HOLY GHOST,
 We humbly dedicate our Pow'rs :
 Are we but with their Blessings crown'd,
 Immortal Happiness is ours.

LXVII. *The Song of ZECHARIAH; or,
 Redeeming Mercy celebrated.*

LUKE i. 68.—80.

As the 148th P S A L M.

I.

NOW let us bless the LORD,
 Our Cov'nant GOD and KING ;
 His Grace let us record,
 And his Salvation sing :
 Let ev'ry Tribe
 In grateful Lays
 Perpetual Praise
 To Him ascribe.

II.

He shines away our Night
 With his propitious Beams,
 And by his Arm of Might
 His chosen Race redeems.
 By Grace Divine
 An Horn of Strength
 Is ris'n at length
 In *David's* Line ;

III.

As from the Birth of Time
 By each enraptur'd Bard,
 In Prophecies sublime
 This Mercy was declar'd ;

That from our Foes,
Bent to destroy,
We might enjoy
Secure Repose.

IV.

Our GOD has well fulfill'd
The Promise He has giv'n,
Divinely stamp't and seal'd
By the great Oath of Heav'n:
In Days of old
Abr'ham believ'd,
Abr'ham receiv'd
The Grace foretold;

V.

That our Almighty LORD,
From whom each Blessing flows,
His Favour would afford,
And save us from our Foes;
Whose barb'rous Hosts
Would Havock spread,
And heap with Dead
Our bleeding Coasts.

VI.

Now, from our Fears discharg'd,
Secure from ev'ry Ill,
Our Souls shall be enlarg'd
His Precepts to fulfil,
And all our Days
Our Pow'rs unite
In full Delight
T' advance his Praise.

VII.

And Thou, my new-born Child,
 Miraculously giv'n,
 THE PROPHEt shalt be stil'd,
 Ordain'd and sent by Heav'n
 Before our GOD
 To found the Call
 And summon all
 To smooth his Road,

VIII.

That *Ifr'el's* Tribes, set free
 From the foul Bonds of Night,
 Might his Salvation see
 In pure celestial Light;
 Might find forgiv'n
 Their ev'ry Sin,
 And feel within
 The Dawn of Heav'n.

IX.

With what surprizing Love
 Our GOD delights to bless!
 A Morning from above
 Rises on our Distress,
 Scatters our Night,
 And pours the Ray
 Of heav'nly Day
 Divinely bright.

X.

The Souls, depress'd beneath
 The overwhelming Sway
 Of the grim Tyrant Death,
 Now give their Groans away:

From his Domain
They spring their Flight
To Realms, where Light
And Raptures reign.

LXVIII. *The Song of SIMEON; or, The joyful Welcome to an incarnate SAVIOUR.*

LUKE ii. 28—32. Common Metre,

I.

INTO the Temple of the LORD
See the young SAVIOUR brought,
And by good *Simeon's* eager Arms
In Love and Transport caught.

II.

Thus speaks the venerable Man; —
“ Now let thy Servant, LORD,
“ In holy Peace from Life depart;
“ Thou hast fulfill'd thy Word;

III.

“ Mine Eyes have thy Salvation seen,
“ I clasp it in my Arms;
“ Then be these Lids now clos'd in Death,
“ The World has lost its Charms.

IV.

“ This is the SON, the CHRIST of GOD,
“ Heav'n's kindest, noblest Gift:
“ Sinners to Him from ev'ry Clime
“ Their joyful Eyes shall lift.

V.

“ He is the SUN of RIGHTEOUSNESS;
“ *Gentiles* shall feel his Rays,
“ And of his *Isr'el* he shall shine
“ The Wonder and the Praise.”

LXIX. *Divine Forgiveness.*

LUKE vii. 47.

Long Metre.

I.

F*orgiveness!* 'tis a joyful Sound
 To Malefactors doom'd to die;
 Publish the Bliss the World around;
 Ye Seraphs, shout it from the Sky!

II.

'Tis the rich Gift of Love Divine;
 'Tis full, out-meas'ring ev'ry Crime;
 Unclouded shall its Glories shine,
 And feel no Change by changing Time.

III.

O'er Sins unnumber'd as the Sand,
 And like the Mountains for their Size,
 The Seas of sov'reign Grace expand,
 The Seas of sov'reign Grace arise.

IV.

For this stupendous Love of Heav'n
 What grateful Honours shall we show?
 Where much Transgression is forgiv'n
 Let Love in equal Ardors glow.

V.

By this inspir'd let all our Days
 With various Holiness be crown'd,
 Let Truth and Goodness, Pray'r and Praise
 In all abide, in all abound.

LXX. *The*

LXX: *The one Thing needful generally neglected.*

LUKE X. 42. Long Metre.

By the Reverend SAMUEL DAVIES, A. M.

I.

O, WAS my Heart but form'd for Woe,
What Streams of pitying Tears should
flow,

To see the thoughtless Sons of Men
Labour, and toil, and live in vain!

II.

One Thing is needful, one alone;
If this be ours, all is our own:
'Tis needful now, 'twill needful be
In Death, and thro' Eternity.

III.

Without it we are all undone,
Tho' we could call the World our own:
Not all the Joys of Time and Sense
Can countervail the Loss immense.

IV.

Yet, (O the Horrors of the Thought!)
The one Thing needful is forgot,
Forgot, while Trifles of an Hour
Our Love, and Hope, and Zeal devour.

V.

Hurry, and Toil, and anxious Care,
The busy Life of Mortals share,
Till Death compels them to bemoan
Their Folly, when their Sands are run.

VI.

The Bliss of Heav'n they disregard,
 Hell's flaming Terrors rage unfear'd;
 Eternity a Trifle seems;
 Immense Realities are Dreams.

VII.

O Sinners! will you now return?
 Or must I still your Madness mourn?
 O' will you now at length be wise,
 And strive to gain the only Prize?

VIII.

Great God! that pow'ful Grace of thine,
 Which rous'd a Soul so dead as mine,
 Can rouse these thoughtless Sinners too
 The one Thing needful to pursue.

LXXI. *Joy in Heaven at the Conversion
 of a Sinner.*

LUKE XV. 10. Common Metre.

I.

WE our unnumber'd Crimes confess,
 But will not, LORD, despond;
 Immeasurable Grace can rise
 Unnumber'd Sins beyond.

II.

The boldest Rebel to the Skies
 Shall find his Guilt forgiv'n,
 When he lays down his impious Arms,
 And sues for Peace with Heav'n.

III.

Joy shall run thro' th' Angelic Choirs,
 And sound from ev'ry String,
 When weeping Sinners to their God
 Their contrite Spirits bring.

IV.

LORD, we as our best Sacrifice
 Present a broken Heart,
 Accept it in the SAVIOUR'S Name,
 And Life Divine impart.

V.

Then, while the Myriads round the Throne
 Their Hallelujahs raise,
 Our Souls shall join th' immortal Songs,
 And echo to the Praise.

LXXII. *The penitent Prodigal; or, The
 Mercy of GOD to returning Sinners.*

LUKE XV. 11—32. Long Metre.

I.

SEE how the disobedient Son
 His Father and his House forsakes,
 And, bent on Luxury and Lust,
 To foreign Lands his Journey takes.

II.

His Substance spent, his Health decay'd,
 Without a Friend to help his Woe,
 In Hope, in Fear he now resolves
 Back to his Sire, and Home to go.

III.

Far off the Father spies his Son;
 His Bowels with Compassion move;
 He runs, he clasps his Neck, and seals
 His Welcome with a Kiss of Love.

IV.

“ Father, I own, the Suppliant said,
 “ My Sins against both Heav'n and Thee :
 “ Unworthy to be call'd thy Son,
 “ Like an hir'd Servant deal with me.”

V.

“ Bring the best Robe t’ array my Son,
 (The Father to his Servants cry’d,)
 “ A Ring of Gold to grace his Hand,
 “ And Shoes to bless his Feet provide ;

VI.

“ A Feast, a sumptuous Feast prepare :
 “ Pleasure thro’ all my House shall reign :
 “ My Son long lost, is now restor’d,
 “ My Son long dead, now lives again.”

VII.

Emblem, and but an Emblem here,
 Of the rich Love our God displays
 To Sinners, who with Grief and Shame
 Renounce the Error of their Ways.

VIII.

His Eye beholds us from from afar,
 His Bowels move, his Mercy flies,
 He seals a Pardon for our Crimes,
 And gives the Promise of the Skies.

IX.

[There Glory round our Heads shall beam,
 There shall we shine array’d in White,
 Anointed Priests, and Kings inthron’d,
 The Sons of God, and his Delight.

X.

How rich the Joys of Paradise ?
 Yet these our Father will bestow :
 Immortal Fruits fill all the Ground,
 And Springs of endless Pleasures flow.]

LXXIII. *Christian Patience.*

LUKE XXI. 19.

Long Metre.

I.

PATIENCE! O 'tis a Grace Divine,
 Sent from the GOD of Pow'r and Love,
 That leans upon its Father's Hand,
 As through the Wilds of Life we rove.

II.

By PATIENCE we serenely bear
 The Troubles of our mortal State,
 And wait contented our Discharge,
 Nor think our Glory comes too late.

III.

Tho' we in full Sensation feel
 The Weight, the Wounds our GOD ordains,
 We smile amidst our heaviest Woes,
 And triumph in our sharpest Pains.

IV.

O for this Grace to aid us on,
 And arm with Fortitude the Breast,
 Till, Life's tumultuous Voyage o'er,
 We reach the Shores of endless Rest!

V.

FAITH into Vision shall resign,
 HOPE shall in full Fruition die,
 And PATIENCE in Possession end
 In the bright Worlds of Bliss on High.

LXXIV. CHRIST'S

LXXIV. CHRIST'S *Intercession* for Peter
an Encouragement for our Faith.

LUKE xxii. 31, 32.

Common Metre.

I.

OUR LORD, foreseeing *Peter's* Fall,
His Danger thus declares;
" *Simon*, to sift your Soul as Wheat
" Th' infernal Foe prepares :

II.

" Altho' the Chaff will rise, and hide
" The Grain, in Conflict tost,
" Yet I have pray'd th' immortal Seed
" Of Faith may not be lost ;

III.

" And when by humble Penitence
" Thy Soul shall be restor'd,
" Strengthen thy Brethren, and proclaim
" The Kindness of thy LORD."

IV.

Did JESUS thus for *Peter* pray,
And save him by his Pray'r,
And shall not Saints in like Distress,
Alike enjoy his Care?

V.

What Yesterday the SAVIOUR was,
The same is HE To-day,
The same immutably abides,
While Ages roll away.

VI. The

VI.

The Sun, that sheds his Beams on one,
Millions illumines beside:

Rejoice, Believers, in your Head,
And in his Grace confide.

LXXV. *A View of CHRIST by Faith.*

JOHN XII. 21. Long Metre.

I.

SEE, and adore th' Eternal WORD
Of true Divinity posses't,
See Him, in human Nature cloth'd,
With Weakness and with Woes oppress'd.

II.

He is anointed, he ordain'd
And infinitely strong to save
From Pangs of Guilt, and Pains of Hell,
From Death, and the devouring Grave.

III.

Behold Him on his royal Seat
Array'd in Majesty unknown:
Go, worship at his sacred Feet,
And bend with chearful Homage down.

IV.

Tho' Heav'n his Body has receiv'd,
His Spirit visits humble Hearts,
Supports, relieves them in Distress,
And Light and Love and Joy imparts.

V.

But lo! He comes—comes in the Clouds,
In the full Godhead's Glory crown'd;
At his Command the Trump is blown
That wakes the Nations underground:

VI.

Upon the whole assembled World
 In righteous Judgment he will sit,
 Advance his Saints to Thrones of Bliss,
 But doom Transgressors to the Pit.

VII.

O may this Jesus, tho' unseen,
 Attract my Fear, my Hope, my Love,
 Till to his Heav'ns I wing my Flight
 T' enjoy Him Face to Face above!

LXXVI. *Mansions of Glory prepared by
 CHRIST our Forerunner.*

JOHN xiv. 3. Long Metre.

A SACRAMENTAL HYMN.

I.

CONFIRM your Hearts, ye trembling Saints,
 Indulge no more your sad Complaints,
 Hear what your gracious LORD declares!
 'Tis sov'reign Cure for all your Fears.

II.

“ Within my Father's House on high
 “ In yon unperishable Sky,
 “ Mansions of Bliss unnumber'd stand,
 “ Worthy the glorious Builder's Hand :

III.

“ Thither I go, and there my Grace
 “ Will for you All prepare a Place,
 “ Where you shall dwell divinely blest,
 “ Of endless Happiness possess.”

IV. Thither,

IV.

Thither, dear JESUS, let us come,
 There let us find our blissful Home,
 While ev'ry Harp and Tongue shall sing
 The Honours of our Saviour-King.

V.

Mean time we thank thee, gracious LORD,
 For what thy Tents below afford :
 We eat thy Flesh; 'tis Food Divine;
 We drink thy Blood; 'tis heav'nly Wine.

LXXVII. *CHRIST'S Life the Security of
 the Saints.*

JOHN xiv. 19.

I.

JESUS the LORD, who once was slain,
 Has vanquish'd Death, and lives again,
 Lives in the Heav'ns exalted high,
 No more to bleed, no more to die.

II.

His Saints and Servants too shall live;
 To them his Pow'r and Grace shall give
 Enliv'ning Influence, and impart
 Peace and full Joy to ev'ry Heart.

III.

Tho' Death, victorious o'er these Forms,
 Gives them to be devour'd by Worms,
 Jesus shall build their Frames afresh,
 And with his Image clothe our Flesh.

IV.

Then when the last great Day shall shine
 In Bliss and Glories all Divine,
 In their full Selves the Saints shall rise
 To endless Life above the Skies.

LXXVIII. *A Sight of CHRIST by Faith.*

JOHN XIX. 5. Long Metre.

A SACRAMENTAL HYMN.

I.

TO move the Pity of his Foes
Pilate the suff'ring Saviour shows,
 Crown'd with a Maze of pointed Thorn,
 And drest in purple Robes of Scorn.

II.

Behold the Man, the Ruler cries,
 Compassion melting in his Eyes;
Behold the Man:—Yes, *Pilate*, we
 Behold th' incarnate Deity:

III.

What, tho' the World beheld our LORD
 By Thee condemn'd, by Jews abhorr'd,
 Yet happier Minds adore his Name,
 Fly to his Cross, and boast the Shame.

IV.

His Form Divine, his early Grace,
 His kind Descent to *Adam's* Race,
 His Life, all pure and undefil'd,
 That in a thousand Blessings smil'd,

V.

His Death, that disannul'd our Doom,
 His glorious Triumph o'er the Tomb,
 His all-prevailing Pleas above,
 Kindle our Joys, and fix our Love.

VI.

These heav'nly Wonders we record
 Assembl'd round our Saviour's Board,
 Till, Eye to Eye and Face to Face,
 His perfect Beauties we shall trace.

LXXIX. *The Angel's Visit and Commission
to the Apostles.*

ACTS v. 20.

Long Metre.

I.

DOWN from th' Almighty's Throne above
To Earth the swift-wing'd Angel flies,
Charg'd with an Embassy of Love,
Cloth'd with the Thunder of the Skies.

II.

Before the Prison see him come!
The Bolts, the Bars, the Gates give Way,
Midnight retires with all its Gloom,
And round him shines celestial Day.

III.

" Rise, ye Apostles of the Lord;
" All hostile Pow'r and Rage are vain:
" His Servants, and his holy Word
" No Cells, no Fetters can restrain.

IV.

" His Word is Light; nought can inclose,
" Nought interrupt its sov'reign Ray:
" His Word is Life; nor can its Foes
" Blast Life immortal in its Way:

V.

" Go then, at the Divine Command,
" And, glorying in the Saviour's Name,
" Undaunted in the Temple stand,
" And to the Crowd this Life proclaim."

LXXX. *Serving our Generation according
to the Divine Will.*

ACTS xiii. 36. Long Metre.

I.

OF the long Line of Time that runs
'Twixt Nature's Birth, and Nature's
The great JEHOVAH has assign'd (Fall,
Some little Portion to us all.

II.

To some 'tis three or fourscore Years,
To some 'tis Thirty, some 'tis Ten,
Just as it pleases the Supreme,
The KING of Angels and of Men.

III.

LORD, be my Lot or more or less,
O let me serve thine holy Will,
And ev'ry Day, and ev'ry Hour
With fresh and fervent Duties fill!

IV.

This, this is thine unquestion'd Due,
O Thou my Maker, LORD, and End!
And by a thousand Blessings prov'd
My Guardian, my unwearied Friend!

V.

Thus let me ever be employ'd
Till Life's uncertain Date is o'er,
And then serenely drop to Rest,
To wake when Worlds shall be no more.

VI.

To wake, array'd in JESUS' Form,
Glorious, immortal, and divine,
And from his Lips the Plaudit hear,
"WELL-DONE—Eternal Life is thine."

LXXXI. *The universal Call of God to
Repentance.*

ACTS xvii. 30. Common Metre.

By the Reverend SAMUEL DAVIES, A. M.

I.

HARK ! from the Skies the great Command
 Sounds thro' the Earth abroad ;
 " Repent, ye Sons of Men, repent ;
 " Return unto your God."

II.

The Times of Ignorance are past,
 The Gospel-Day now shines :
 The sov'reign Judge no more o'erlooks,
 But marks down all your Crimes.

III.

Sinners on Thrones, in Cottages,
 All on this guilty Ball,
 Whate'er you are, whate'er you be,
 This Charge includes you all.

IV.

Come Thousands then, come all Mankind
 Fall at your Sov'reign's Feet :
 With broken Hearts, and weeping Eyes,
 Approach the Mercy-seat.

V.

There fits the Sin-forgiving God,
 And spreads his Arms to All ;
 There his free Pardons deals abroad
 To each who hears his Call.

VI.

There, LORD, with Crowds of Penitents,
 Would we appear and mourn :
 O draw us by thy pow'ful Grace,
 And then shall we return !

LXXXII. *The Soul convinced of Sin,
 or Felix trembling.*

ACTS XXIV. 24, 25. Common Metre.

I.

SEE *Felix*, cloth'd with Pomp and Pow'r,
 See his resplendent Bride
 Attend to hear a Pris'ner preach
 The SAVIOUR crucify'd.

II.

He well describes who JESUS was,
 His Glories and his Love,
 How he obey'd and bled below,
 And reigns and pleads above :

III.

But as he knew th' unrighteous Deeds
 That reign'd thro' *Felix*'s Life,
 And the base Lust that to his Arms
 Had seiz'd his Neighbour's Wife,

IV.

On Righteousness and Contenance
 The Preacher reason'd strong ;
 In full Conviction, sov'reign Force
 The Periods roll'd along.

V. To

V.

To strengthen the great Truths he spoke
 He sets the World to come
 Full in their View, and boldly tells
 The Sinner's dreadful Doom.

VI.

Felix upstarts and trembling cries,
 "Go for this Time away;
 "I'll hear thee on these Points again
 "On some convenient Day."

VII.

Attention to the Words of Life
 Let *Felix* thus adjourn,
 But let us make these solemn Truths
 Our first and last Concern.

VIII.

What we would have Men do to us
 Let us to others do,
 And strict Integrity and Truth
 With all our Might pursue.

IX.

Let ev'ry Virtue, ev'ry Grace
 Fix in our Heart their Seat,
 That we the Day of final Doom
 Unterrify'd may meet.

LXXXIII. *Sinners self-condemned, but
 not despairing.*

ROMANS iii. 19. Long Metre.

I.

THE Tribes of Creatures, LORD, proclaim
 Thy wondrous Pow'r that built their
 But Man is in thine Image drest, (Frame,
 And Reason's kindled in his Breast.

II.

Hence he his Homage owes to Heav'n,
 And knows the Laws which Thou hast giv'n;
 Laws that are holy, wise, and kind,
 And for his Happiness design'd.

III.

T'invite to Duty, Goodness stands
 With endless Blessings in its Hands;
 To guard from Sin, stern Justice bears
 A two-edg'd Flame, and wakes our Fears.

IV.

But we, O LORD, have disobey'd
 Thy Will, and from thy Fold have stray'd:
 Man to his GOD is turn'd a Foe,
 And Vengeance meditates the Blow.

V.

Asham'd, confounded, and undone,
 Trembling we fall before thy Throne:
 How just, tho' terrible, the Breath
 That dooms us to eternal Death?

VI.

But hear, O hear our only Plea,
 'Twas giv'n, and will be own'd by Thee;
 "The Blood the great EMANUEL spilt
 "Cancels immeasurable Guilt."

LXXXIV. *The Nature and Progress
 of justifying Faith.*

ROMANS v. 1. Common Metre.

I.

THE Revelation GOD has giv'n
 FAITH gratefully receives,
 And ev'ry Line, and ev'ry Word
 Most cordially believes.

II. The

II.

The overwhelming Load of Guilt,
 The Sense of Sin's Desert
 With sore Distress, and conscious Pangs
 Oppress, and rend the Heart.

III.

In JESUS, and in Him alone,
 The Soul Salvation sees;
 Blest Fruit of his atoning Blood,
 And interceding Pleas.

IV.

Nor only able CHRIST appears,
 But willing to redeem:
 The Sun of Righteousness shines forth
 With Love in ev'ry Beam.

V.

An Int'rest in his boundless Grace
 Now fills the Soul's Desire;
 For this incessantly to Heav'n
 Its fervent Pray'rs aspire.

VI.

At length upon the Wings of FAITH
 To CHRIST the Sinner flies,
 And weak and guilty on his Pow'r
 And Righteousness relies.

VII.

So, when the Skies in Tempest low'r,
 At the first rising Blast
 The Doves endanger'd take th' Alarm,
 And to their Covert haste.

LXXXV. *Christians dead to Sin, and alive
to GOD through JESUS CHRIST.*

ROMANS vi. 11.

Common Metre.

I.

HE that is dead no longer serves
His once imperious Lord;
And be the Tyranny of Sin
Abandon'd and abhorr'd.

II.

He that is dead feels no Desires
To sublunary Toys;
Alike to ev'ry Sin should die
Our Wishes and our Joys.

III.

Thus from Iniquity set free
Henceforth we live to Heav'n,
Love, honour, and obey our God,
Accepted and forgiv'n.

IV.

To aid us in this Life Divine
On ^oJESUS we rely:
Th' unbounded Fulness of his Grace
Will all our Wants supply.

V.

He is our perfect Pattern too
To lead our Souls to GOD:
O let us live as he has liv'd,
And trace the Paths he trod!

LXXXVI. *Chris-*

LXXXVI. *Christians live to God.*

ROMANS xiv. 8.

Common Metre.

I.

LET Christians live to GOD in all
 The Blessings of his Love,
 And to the Honours of his Name
 His ev'ry Gift improve.

II.

Let all the Labours of their Lives
 Be Holiness to Heav'n,
 Wrought in Obedience to his Will,
 Who all their Pow'rs has giv'n.

III.

In all the Troubles you endure,
 Ye Children, own his Rod,
 Humble, submissive, and resign'd,
 And bless a chast'ning God.

IV.

O let the Worship you perform
 Spring from an holy Mind,
 And, when you bow before his Throne,
 Leave not your Hearts behind!

V.

With Duties constant and sincere
 Your Characters fulfil,
 Diffusing Blessings thro' your Spheres
 Without one hurtful Ill.

LXXXVII. *Christians die to God.*

ROMANS XIV. 8.

Long Metre.

I.

CHRISTIANS should live alone to God,
 And to their GOD alone should die,
 Should bow obsequious to his Will
 In Death, nor ask the Reason why.

II.

How should they magnify his Name,
 When they are call'd to quit the Stage,
 Applaud his Ways, rehearse his Love,
 Instruct and bless the rising Age?

III.

In their last Hours let Saints resign
 Their Souls departing to their God,
 And trust a Father's faithful Hand
 To lead them to his blest Abode:

IV.

There Joys immeasurably high,
 There incorruptive Glories dwell:
 Who would not, to possess this Bliss,
 Rejoice to quit this gloomy Cell?

V.

Thus are the Saints in Life and Death
 Alike the LORD'S; a chosen Race,
 The holy Subjects of his Reign,
 The happy Children of his Grace.

LXXXVIII. *The*

LXXXVIII. *The Christian Race.*

1 COR. ix. 24, 25. and HEB. xii. 1, 2.

Short Metre.

I.

A RACE we have to run,
 And for no smaller Prize
 Than for a never-fading Crown
 In yon eternal Skies.

H.

Our JESUS at the Goal,
 Our dear Forerunner stands,
 And holds to View the bright Reward
 With kind and faithful Hands.

III.

Awake our Souls, awake,
 Pursue the Path Divine,
 Swift and unwearied urge your Course,
 And keep the guiding Line.

IV.

Let all encumb'ring Weight
 At once aside be thrown,
 With each entangling Sin, that hurls
 The active Racer down.

V.

Temp'rance and Patience too
 Should mingle in your Course;
 The first invigorates your Speed,
 The last renews your Force.

VI.

Haste then, dispatch your Work,
 And to your Speed add Wings;
 Nearer; still nearer ev'ry Step
 The promis'd Glory brings.

VII.

Mean time, with Conquests crown'd,
 See from the Realms of Day
 A Cloud of Saints survey your Race,
 And animate your Way.

LXXXIX. *The Institution of the*
 LORD'S SUPPER.

I COR. xi. 23—26. Long Metre.

A SACRAMENTAL HYMN.

I.

WHAT the Apostle from the LORD
 Receiv'd, he to his Church convey'd,
 How CHRIST on that tremendous Night
 He to his Murd'ers was betray'd

II.

Took Bread, presented Thanks to Heav'n,
 Broke it, and gave the Fragments round
 To the dear Circle of his Friends,
 While thus his Words his Acts expound :

III.

“ Freely receive, and freely eat;
 “ This is my Body, for your Crimes
 “ Broken by Death; thus keep alive
 “ My Mem'ry in succeeding Times.”

IV.

Prefac'd with Praises next he takes
 The Cup, and thus EMANUEL cries ;
 " See the new Cov'nant, which my Blood
 " Procures, conveys, and ratifies :

V.

" Remember thus my dying Love :
 " Oft as you Bread and Wine shall share
 " You to the World your SAVIOUR'S Death
 " Till he descends again declare."

VI.

Then shall we see thee Face to Face,
 Dear LORD, without a Veil between :
 Memorials of an absent Friend
 Are needless, when our Friend is seen :

VII.

But till that happier Hour arrives
 We meet around thy Board, and bless
 The Hand that bountifully spreads
 A Table in the Wilderness.

XC. *A crucified SAVIOUR the Food of the
 Christian's Faith.*

1 C. O. R. xi. 24. Long Metre.

A SACRAMENTAL HYMN.

I.

BEHOLD the Body of our LORD
 Torn with the Scourge's cruel Pains ;
 Drawn by the Thorn, the Nail, the Spear,
 How the Blood gushes from his Veins !

II.

JESUS for us these Wounds endur'd ;
 We owe our Riches to his Loss,
 Our noblest Honours to his Shame,
 And our Salvation to his Cross.

III.

We take, we eat terrestrial Bread,
 And by its wondrous Virtues live ;
 We take, we eat celestial Food,
 And thence immortal Life receive.

IV.

We thank our GOD, whose Grace has giv'n
 For our Relief such rich Repast :
 Angels their Maker's Bounty share,
 But we redeeming Mercy taste.

V.

Hear, all ye hungry fainting Souls !
 Swift to this royal Banquet come,
 Your Strength and Vigour here renew
 To aid you in your Travels Home.

XCI. *Christians giving Thanks at the Table
 of their LORD.*

I COR. xi. 24. Long Metre.

A SACRAMENTAL HYMN.

I.

WE praise the LORD who sent his Son
 T' atone for Sins that we have done :
 Ten thousand thousand Blessings rise
 From the Redeemer's Sacrifice.

II. We

II.

We thank our God these Isles, afar
 From Lands where sprung the Morning-Star,
 Are visited with heav'nly Light,
 Scatt'ring the Shades of Death and Night.

III.

We bless the Pow'r and Grace of Heav'n,
 That Faith and Penitence are giv'n
 To heal our vitiated Pow'rs,
 And make the great Salvation ours.

IV.

With sacred Ecstasy we greet
 The Day, on which the Churches meet
 To banquet with their gracious LORD,
 And his stupendous Love record.

V.

May each Partaker of the Feast
 Be an approv'd, accepted Guest,
 And share with Faith and Joy divine
 In heav'nly Bread, and heav'nly Wine!

VI.

In the Pavilions of thy Grace,
 LORD, may we find a constant Place,
 Till at thy gracious Call we rise,
 And join the Banquet of the Skies!

XCII. *Wine the sacred Emblem of the
Redeemer's Blood.*

1 COR. xi. 25. Long Metre.

A SACRAMENTAL HYMN.

I.

SEE the full Clusters of the Vine
Trodden and crush'd to yield their Wine;
And by his Suff'rings, Wounds, and Pains,
Salvation flows from JESUS' Veins.

II.

The Grape's delicious Juice imparts
Vigour and Joy to fainting Hearts,
And from the bleeding SAVIOUR rolls
A Stream of Life for dying Souls.

III.

Pour'd on the *Jewish* Sacrifice
See Wines in grateful Savour rise,
But the rich Blood which JESUS shed
All Heav'n with endless Odours spread.

IV.

The gen'rous Products of the Vine
Are constant Proofs of Love Divine;
And God in his own Son has giv'n
A Mercy that amazes Heav'n.

V.

Should Worlds for Man's Offence consume,
Should Angels perish in our Room,
How weak such Sacrifice to save,
Compar'd with that EMANUEL gave!

VI. He,

VI.

He, thro' th' eternal Deity,
 When suff'ring on th' accursed Tree
 Pour'd out his Blood, of Worth unknown,
 In Virtue boundless to atone.

XCIII. *The Christian's Triumph over Death
 and the Grave.*

I COR. xv. 55—58. Long Metre.

I.

DEATH! where is thine impoison'd Sting
 Since JESUS rose our living Head?
 Thy Conquest where, devouring Grave!
 Since CHRIST ascended from the Dead?

II.

The Scorpion Death his cruel Dart
 Derives from Sin, that worst of Foes,
 And to the violated Law
 Sin all its Strength and Terror owes,

III.

But let the God of boundless Grace
 Infinite, endless Thanks receive,
 Who, thro' the Merits of his Son,
 Vict'ry o'er all their Pow'rs will give.

IV.

Stedfast, unmov'd, in holy Deeds
 Henceforward let our Souls be found:
 These transient Labours for our God
 Shall be with Blifs immortal crown'd.

XCIV. *The*

XCIV. *The Promises of the Gospel the
Arguments to Obedience.*

1 COR. XV. 58. Common Metre.

I.

YE Brethren in our common LORD,
Tow'rd whom my Bowels move
For your immortal Happiness,
And feel the tend'rest Love,

II.

Be stedfast in the Faith of CHRIST,
Be stedfast in his Laws,
Present your Shoulders to his Yoke,
And patronize his Cause :

III.

Abide immovable, like Rocks
Amidst the stormy Wave,
And freely give your Lives for Him
Who gave his own to save :

IV.

In Works of grateful Righteousness
From Day to Day abound,
And let each Moment as it flies
Be with new Duty crown'd.

V.

Our faithful Labours for the LORD
A full Reward shall bring,
And the good Seed we sow on Earth
In ample Harvests spring.

VI.

Our unimbodied Souls to GOD
Shall wing their joyful Way,
And incorruptive Glories wait
T' invest our rising Clay.

XCV. *Invisibles to be preferred to Things visible.*

2 COR. iv. 18. Short Metre.

I.

THINGS that are seen on Earth
 How various, and how vain!
 The Scenes of Grandeur and of Mirth,
 And those of Want and Pain.

II.

Invisibles above
 How various, and how great!
 How worthy our intensest Love,
 And how immense their Weight!

III.

Far, far from mortal Sight
 Th' Eternal holds his Throne,
 Array'd in uncreated Light
 And Majesty unknown.

IV.

Angels, First-born of Heav'n,
 Who, when proud Satan fell
 And with his Rebel-Host was driv'n
 Down to the Gulph of Hell,

V.

Divinely good and wise,
 In their Allegiance stood,
 In the same bright eternal Skies
 Hold their sublime Abode:

VI. Spirits

VI.

Spirits from Flesh releas'd,
 From ev'ry Stain refin'd,
 There too obtain a glorious Rest,
 And leave their Pains behind.

VII.

[But who shall Heav'n reveal,
 Or that dread World below,
 Where Souls, outcast from GOD, must feel
 Eternity of Woe?

VIII.

Wrapt in tremendous Gloom
 It mocks the Search of Sense,
 And no pale Ghost to tell its Doom
 Must ever pass from thence.]

IX.

From Vanities of Earth,
 LORD, set our Spirits free,
 Teach us to own our heav'nly Birth,
 And live to none but Thee.

X.

To guard us lest we stray,
 Let Hell awake our Fears,
 While the sweet Dawn of endless Day
 Full to our Faith appears.

XCVI. *The same.*

2 COR. iv. 18. Long Metre.

I.

WHAT empty Shades are present Things,
 Our gay Delights, and gloomy Woes?
 Time with his ever-beating Wings
 Sweeps off the Phantoms as he goes.

II. But

II.

But Things that lie beyond our Sight,
A God, a Saviour, Heav'n, and Hell,
Have solemn everlasting Weight,
Beyond created Pow'rs to tell.

III.

Then let these transient Scenes no more
Engage th' Attention of the Mind
Than Bubbles breaking on the Shore,
Or Atoms floating in the Wind.

IV.

Mean time let Faith with piercing Eye
The bright celestial World explore,
And thither, where our Treasures lie,
Our Hopes and Hearts divinely soar.

V.

So *Isr'el* took a pleasing View
Where *Canaan's* fruitful Country lay,
Ere they had pass'd the Desert thro',
And over *Jordan* won their Way.

XCVII. *The Comforts of the Gospel amidst
the Ravages of Death.*

2 COR. V. I. Common Metre.

I.

CHRISTIANS attend, and hear the Voice,
That mitigates our Woe,
And bids our drooping Hearts rejoice
In Sight of Nature's Foe.

II. What

II.

What tho' this Tenement of Clay,
Where we awhile sojourn,
By Pain or Age shall wear away,
And to its Dust return ;

III.

Yet there's an House, that's built sublime
By Him who arch'd the Skies ;
The Wastes of all-devouring Time
Th' eternal Frame defies :

IV.

Thither the Saints, dismiss'd from Clay,
And all their Grief and Pain,
On willing Wings shall soar away ;
There with their Saviour reign.

V.

This Truth, full-beaming from above,
Illumes the Christian Page,
And in the Spirit's Work of Love
Shines on from Age to Age.

VI.

To this bright World let Faith arise,
Smile down upon the Tomb,
Wipe the sad Sorrows from our Eyes,
And shout our Brethren Home.

XCVIII. *Meekness*

XCVIII. *Meetness for Heaven the Work
of God.*

2 COR. V. 5. Long Metre.

I.

NO longer buri'd in the Earth,
With grov'ling Worms, and blinded
We feel our high celestial Birth, (Moles,
And shake the Dust from off our Souls.

II.

Averse to God, and bent on Sin,
We were unqualify'd for Heav'n,
But a blest Change now reigns within,
A Nature all Divine is giv'n:

III.

Immortal Hopes, Desires, and Joys
Are kindl'd by th' Almighty's Love:
'Tis He arrays us for the Skies,
And forms us for the Blifs above.

IV.

An holy God, his holy Son,
Unfully'd Angels, Saints refin'd,
From Earth have all our Wishes won:
With them, O when shall we be join'd!

XCIX. *Christians walk by Faith and not
by Sight.*

2 COR. V. 7. Long Metre.

I.

SO long as we remain on Earth,
And these frail Bodies are our Home,
We walk by Faith, and not by Sight;
Our Heav'n, and Joys are all to come.

II.

On the firm Promise of our God
 Our Faith and Hope exulting stand,
 Like *Moses* upon *Pisgab's* Top,
 And take a View of *Canaan's* Land.

III.

There the Day shines without a Night;
 There ever-blooming Pleasures grow,
 There Milk and Honey join their Streams,
 And Tides of full Salvation flow.

IV.

Strangers and Pilgrims here on Earth
 To these delightful Climes we bend,
 And thither in devout Desires,
 And joyful Hopes our Souls ascend.

C. *The Blessedness of an Absence from the
 Body, and Presence with the LORD.*

2 COR. v. 8. Short Metre.

I.

HOW happy are the Saints
 From mortal Flesh discharg'd,
 From Clogs, Infirmities, and Pains
 Unfetter'd and enlarg'd!

II.

Not one perverse Desire,
 Not one imperious Lust
 Shall harrass, shall oppose them more,
 All bury'd with their Dust.

III.

No more in Night they dwell,
 No more lock'd up in Clay:
 Down drops the dark impris'ning Cell,
 And all is boundless Day.

IV.

They live, they greatly live
 A Life on Earth unknown;
 Perfect in Love and ev'ry Grace
 Presented to the Throne.

V.

Their FATHER and their GOD
 Now Face to Face is seen,
 Without one Frown upon his Brow,
 Without one Cloud between.

VI.

[JESUS, the LORD of Life,
 Who, kind and strong to save,
 Himself upon the bloody Tree
 To Shame and Anguish gave,

VII.

Leads their delighted Souls
 To Founts of Life and Bliss,
 And tells them He is ever theirs,
 And they are ever His.

VIII.

The SPIRIT too, whose Grace
 Their wand'ring Steps restor'd,
 Broke all the hateful Bonds of Sin,
 And join'd them to the LORD,

IX.

With Joy the Saints surveys
 The Trophies of his Might,
 While their expanding Bosoms glow
 With infinite Delight.

X.

Angelic Choirs, and Saints,
 From ev'ry Sin refin'd,
 Form one Society of Love
 In Praise and Pleasure join'd.]

XLVII

No longer then let Death
 Be dreaded or deplor'd ;
 'Tis a sweet Absence from the Flesh,
 And Presence with the LORD.

CI. *Acceptance with GOD the Christian's
 Ambition.*

2 COR. V. 9. Long Metre.

I.

WHILE Numbers burn with quenchless
 Flame

T' ascend the tow'ring Heights of Fame ;
 While others in amassing Wealth
 Are sacrificing Ease and Health :

II.

While these to carnal Pleasures fly,
 Borne on the Wings of Vanity,
 As if t' indulge forbidden Fires
 Was all the Heav'n of their Desires :

III.

On this be our Ambition plac'd,
 And may the Ardor never waste !
 Present or absent from this Clod,
 To be accepted with our God.

IV.

His Smile will chear Life's dreary Way,
 And kindle Darkness into Day ;
 And all the Blifs we wish above
 Is the full Sunshine of his Love.

V.

The LORD is ours ; and we despise
 The Rage, tho' Hell itself should rise :
 The LORD is ours ; the Thought imparts
 Immortal Transport to our Hearts.

CII. *The Final Judgment.*

2 C O R. V. 10. Short Metre.

I.

TO stand before the Seat
Of CHRIST the Judge of All,
The various Tribes of human Race
Shall hear the solemn Call.

II.

The Holy, and Profane,
The Mighty, and the Mean,
With Men of ev'ry Age and Clime
Shall in one Crowd be seen.

III.

Distinctions all are lost,
Nor more shall find a Place,
But that between the Slaves of Sin,
And the Redeem'd of Grace.

IV.

The Judge shall Sinners doom
To never-ending Pains
In the dark Gulph, where Devils groan
In adamantinè Chains :

V.

His People He delights
To own and bless as his,
And bids them welcome to the Thrones
Of everlasting Blis.

VI.

O may our Souls at last
Among his Saints be found,
From ev'ry black Indictment free,
And with his Plaudit crown'd !

CIII. God

CIII. *God beseeching Sinners to be reconciled
to Him.*

2 COR. V. 20. Common Metre.

I.

HARK, how the silver Trumpet sounds!
'Tis a delightful Voice:

“Pris’ners of Death, no longer groan;
“Ye broken Hearts, rejoice,

II.

“Pardon to Sinners I proclaim,
“I, their affronted God,
“Beseech them to accept the Peace
“Seal’d in the Saviour’s Blood.”

III.

What Answer, LORD, shall we return
To this stupendous Grace?
Shall the most High t’ eternal Bliss
Beseech a ruin’d Race?

IV.

When Vengeance might have crush’d us
Dead,
In most alluring Forms
Treaties of Peace shall Mercy hold
With Rebels and with Worms?

V.

What Heart such Kindness can resist?
Can still rebellious prove?
We melt, we yield beneath the Beams
Of overpowering Love.

CIV. *Thanks*

CIV. *Thanks to GOD for JESUS CHRIST.*

2 COR. ix. 15. Long Metre.

I.

THE FATHER in his boundless Grace
 His own eternal SON has giv'n
 From Death and Hell to save our Race,
 His SON! the richest Gift of Heav'n.

II.

Blessings transcendent and divine,
 Unnumber'd and beyond all Bound,
 In this stupendous Gift combine,
 In Him our Saviour-GOD are found.

III.

His Blood effaces all our Sin,
 His Spirit purifies our Hearts,
 Dispels the Night, and Storms within,
 And heav'nly Calms and Joys imparts.

IV.

But O, beyond this mortal State
 Through JESUS what full Pleasures rise,
 Immortal, infinitely great,
 In yon unperishable Skies!

V.

FATHER, and Fountain-Head of Grace,
 To Thee let endless Praise be giv'n,
 Below by all the ransom'd Race,
 Above by all the Choirs of Heav'n.

CV. *Self-*

CV. *Self - Examination.*

GAL. iv. 19, 20. Long Metre.

By the Reverend SAMUEL DAVIES, A.M.

I.

WHAT strange Perplexities arise?
 What anxious Fears, and Jealousies?
 What Crowds in doubtful Light appear?
 How few, alas! approv'd and clear!

II.

And what am I? — My Soul, awake,
 And an impartial Prospect take:
 Does no dark Sign, no Ground of Fear
 In Practice, or in Heart appear?

III.

What Image does my Spirit bear?
 Is JESUS form'd, and living there?
 Say, do his Lineaments Divine
 In Thought, and Word, and Action shine?

IV.

Searcher of Hearts, O search me still;
 The Secrets of my Soul reveal,
 My Fears remove: let me appear
 To God, and my own Conscience clear:

V.

Scatter the Clouds, that o'er my Head
 Thick Glooms of dubious Terrors spread;
 Lead me into celestial Day,
 And to my Self my Self display:

VI. May

VI.

May I at that blest World arrive,
 Where CHRIST thro' all my Soul shall live,
 And give full Proof that he is there,
 Without one gloomy Doubt or Fear.

C V I. *Well-Doing the Christian's perpetual Duty.*

G A L. vi. 9. Common Metre.

I.

HUMBLY to walk before our God,
 Our Passions to subdue,
 T' observe to Men what'er is right,
 Beneficent, and true;

II.

In this Well-doing let us spend
 Our destin'd Time on Earth,
 And leave unenvi'd to the World
 Its vain Delights and Mirth.

III.

In this Employ ne'er let us tite,
 Nor e'er abate our Speed,
 But as we go from Work to Work
 From Joy to Joy proceed.

IV.

How pleas'd will our departing Souls
 Review a Life like this,
 And sweetly smile themselves away
 To everlasting Bliss?

G

C V I I. *Imitation*

CVII. *Imitation of Deity the Duty of
Christians.*

E.P.H. v. i. Long Metre.

I.

YE Saints, be Followers of your GOD
As the dear Children of his Love :
A thousand Pleasures show the Road,
The Foretastes of the Joys above.

H.

How great is thy Forbearance, LORD,
While Men thy righteous Wrath provoke?
Still, still in Patience sleeps thy Sword,
Tho' Crimes on Crimes demand its Stroke.

III.

Then let us bear the smaller Wrongs
Done to our Persons, Goods, or Names,
Restrain the Censures of our Tongues,
Nor kindle into vengeful Flames.

IV.

Ten thousand Talents are forgiv'n
By a kind God, nor mention'd more :
Go, imitate the Grace of Heav'n,
And strike the Mites from off thy Score.

V.

How wond'rous is the Love divine
That sheds perpetual Bliss around ?
And Christians, like their God, should shine,
Their Lives with hourly Blessings crown'd.

VI.

True is JEHOVAH to his Word :
When Stars and Sun are quench'd in Night
Each faithful Promise of the LORD
Shall triumph in unfading Light.

VII.

Then let us be, like Heav'n sincere,
 In all we say, in all we do,
 And the supreme Omniscient fear,
 For Hell is open to his View.

CVIII. *The Christian Armour.*

EPH. VI. 10-19. Common Metre.

I.

BRETHREN and highly lov'd of Heav'n,
 Abas'd in your own Sight,
 Be strong in your All-gracious LORD,
 Strong in his boundless Might:

II.

In the full Armour of your GOD,
 Descend, and take the Field,
 And let the baleful Arts of Hell,
 Be vig'rously repell'd.

III.

Not with frail Mortals like ourselves
 Heav'n calls us to engage:
 With Principalities and Pow'rs
 A greater War we wage;

IV.

With Rulers of the dreadful Gloom,
 That overwhelms our Race,
 With Spirits that on Mischief bent
 Usurp th' aerial Space.

V.

Drest in the heav'nly Panoply,
 Be ready for the Fight,
 That in the Battle you may stand,
 And turn your Foes to Flight:

VI.

[Take for your Girdle Truth Divine,
 And bind it round your Loins,
 While Righteousness to guard your Breasts
 In heav'nly Lustre shines.]

VII.

As Soldiers Feet were arm'd for War,
 So should the Saints of God
 With Readiness, by Gospel-Grace
 Inspirited, be shod.]

VIII.

An Helmet let the stedfast Hope
 Of future Bliss afford,
 And with the Word Divine be arm'd,
 The Spirit's conqu'ring Sword :

IX.

To teach you with Divine Success
 Your heav'nly Arms to wield,
 And bring you with the Shouts of Joy
 Triumphant from the Field,

X.

To your all-pow'ful God present
 Your warm incessant Pray'r,
 That He, who sends you to the Fight,
 May crown your Conflicts there.]

XI.

Brethren and highly lov'd of Heav'n,
 Abas'd in your own Sight,
 Be strong in your All-gracious LORD,
 Strong in his boundless Might.]

CIX. CHRIST *the Christian's Life.*

P H I L. i. 21. Short Metre.

I.

FOR me to live, is CHRIST,
 The great Apostle cries,
 His are my Heart, and Hands, and Tongue,
 To Him my Praise shall rise.

II.

My Hopes of endless Bliss
 Are founded on his Name;
 And I'll EMANUEL'S bleeding Love
 To all the World proclaim.

III.

His Graces heav'nly fair
 I'll set before my Sight,
 Thence I'll transcribe the radiant Lines
 With ever-fresh Delight.

IV.

Servant and Saint of CHRIST
 Is my sublimest Praise;
 In Duty uniform shall run
 The Tenor of my Days.

V.

Thus living to the LORD
 My Death shall prove my Gain,
 For all beyond are Rest and Joy,
 And Glory's endless Reign.

CX. *The Christian's Resolutions to live
to CHRIST.*

PHIL. i. 21. Common Metre.

I.

JESUS! thy Name in grateful Praise
Shall dwell upon my Tongue,
Shall consecrate and bless my Days
And tune my Ev'ning Song:

II.

My Hopes of an eternal Heav'n
Are on thy Merits built;
I triumph in th' atoning Blood,
That on thy Cross was spilt.

III.

Thy Life I'll strive to imitate
And faithfully pursue,
And keep the Pattern Thou hast set
For ever in my View.

IV.

A Subject of the King of Grace,
A Servant of my LORD,
These Names I boast, these I'll adorn
By Action and by Word.

V.

Thus may I live to CHRIST alone,
And live upon Him too;
His Praise my Scope in all I think,
In all I say and do.

VI.

If JESUS is my Life, my Death
Immortal Gain shall prove,
Raise me from Vales of Tears below
To Realms of Bliss above.

CXI. *Holiness and Comfort implored from
the Father and Son.*

2^d THESS. ii. 16, 17. Long Metre.

I.

NOW let EMANUEL, who has bought
His Church with his most precious
And reigns on his exalted Throne, (Blood,
Divinely great, divinely good;

II.

NOW let our God and Father too,
Who lov'd our Hell-deserving Race,
Rais'd us to endless Joys, and fix'd
Our Hopes of Glory on his Grace;

III.

With Comforts in a copious Flood
Fill and o'erflow each humble Heart,
And for each holy Word and Deed
Their Strength Omnipotent impart.

IV.

For Pleasure and for Piety
At once in mingling Streams to rise,
Compleats the All we wish to be,
And gives the Earhest of the Skies.

CXII. *Salvation by CHRIST for the Chief
of Sinners.*

1st TIM. i. 15. Common Metre.

I.

JESUS, th' eternal Son of God,
Whom Seraphim obey,
The Bosom of the Father leaves,
And enters human Clay

G 4

II. Into

II.

Into our sinful World he comes
 The Messenger of Grace,
 And on the bloody Tree expires
 A Victim in our Place.

III.

Transgressors of the deepest Stain
 In Him Salvation find:
 His Blood removes the foulest Guilt,
 His Spirit heals the Mind.

IV.

That JESUS saves from Sin and Hell
 Is Truth divinely sure,
 And on this Rock our Faith may rest
 Immovably secure.

V.

O let these Tidings be receiv'd
 With universal Joy,
 And let the high angelic Praise
 Our tuneless Pews employ!

VI.

“ Glory to God, who gave his Son
 “ To bear our Shame and Pain:
 “ Hence Peace on Earth, and Grace to Men
 “ In endless Blessings reign.”

CXIII. JESUS *the Saviour of Sinners.*

I T. I. M. I. 15. Long Metre.

I.

JESUS, th' immortal Prince of Life,
 Th' eternal Father's only Son,
 From ancient Ages his Delight,
 In whom his fullest Glories shone,

II. JESUS

II.

JESUS forsakes the Courts above,
 And stoops to dwell with Worms below,
 Enters a Frame of mortal Flesh,
 Assumes our Chains, and bears our Woe.

III.

By Him no flaming Bolt is hurl'd,
 No frowning Terror clouds his Face;
 He comes to save a ruin'd World,
 And send the Joy through all our Race.

IV.

By the dear Ransom of his Blood
 He rescues Sinners doom'd to Hell,
 While in our Place the Surety stood,
 And Heav'n's whole Vengeance on Him fell.

V.

His Eye beheld us dead in Sin,
 And fast confin'd in Satan's Bands;
 Divine Compassion touch'd his Heart,
 "Arise, and walk," his Voice commands.

VI.

His SPIRIT comes; th' Almighty Breath
 Spreads Life immortal as it flies,
 Sinners start up from Shades of Death,
 And bless the Saviour as they rise.

VII.

[Satan in vain his Malice tries,
 Burst are his Bonds, his Captives freed;
 That Pow'r that drove him from the Skies
 On Earth renews its glorious Deed.]

VIII.

Sinner, the welcome Tidings hear,
 And swift to this Redeemer flee;
 Jesus, who other Rebels sav'd,
 Extends his Arms of Love to Thee.

IX.

[For Sinners Jesus deign'd to bleed,
 Of highest Rank, of deepest Dye,
 And still his Arm is strong to save,
 Nor are his Springs of Mercy dry.

X.

Hearts that are harden'd into Stone,
 Frozen as Rocks of Ice and Snow,
 His Grace can soften into Love,
 And make them all divinely glow.

XI.

Tho' Sins should all around us rise,
 And loud for instant Vengeance call,
 A Saviour's Blood would drown their Cries,
 And in Oblivion hide them all.]

CXIV. *The Light of Nature, and the Light
 of the Gospel, compared.*

2 TIM. iii. 15. Long Metre.

I.

NATURE to our apostate Race
 Proclaims their Guilt, and seals their
 Doom:

The Gospel preaches sov'reign Grace
 Thro' Jesus dying in our Room.

II. Nature

II.

Nature discovers evil Hearts
 Averse to God, and prone to Sin :
 The Gospel Pow'r divine imparts,
 And founds the Reign of Grace within.

III.

Nature cannot one Hope afford
 That our dead Earth again shall rise :
 The Gospel shews these Frames restor'd,
 Drest in the Splendors of the Skies.

IV.

Nature across the Way to Heav'n
 Sees Bars of Guilt unnumber'd lie :
 The Gospel free Access has giv'n
 To the immortal Bliss on High.

V.

Nature imperfectly conveys
 Our Duties both to God and Man :
 The Gospel to our View displays
 Of Holiness a perfect Plan.

P A U S E.

VI.

With Joy this Gospel we receive,
 And all its Truth and Grace believe,
 Our Anchor, when huge Troubles roll,
 The Strength and Solace of the Soul.

VII.

We see, we bless this Light divine,
 Whose Rays o'er these dark Regions shine
 Till the Day dawns, when from the Skies
 Our Sun, to set no more, shall rise.

CXV. *The Gospel the Friend to Holiness.*

TIT. ii. 11. Common Metre.

I.

THE Grace of GOD, that thro' our World
In Light and Love has shone,
Ungodliness and worldly Lusts
Has taught us to disown:

II.

Sobriety, and Righteousness,
And Piety sincere,
These purify our Hearts, and these
Thro' all our Lives appear;

III.

While to that blissful Hope we look,
When, from the Realms above,
JESUS, the GOD whom we adore,
JESUS, the Man we love,

IV.

To Earth descending, thron'd in Light,
And Majesty unknown,
Shall call our Bodies from the Tomb,
And clothe them like his own.

V.

Himself the great EMANUEL gave
To agonizing Pain,
To free us from the Bonds of Sin,
And break its iron Reign,

VI.

To purify, and form for Heav'n
A Progeny Divine,
In ev'ry Duty to abound,
In ev'ry Grace to shine.

CXVI. *Salvation of Grace, and not of Works.*

T I T. iii. 5, 6, 7. Common Metre.

I.

NOT on our Works of Righteousness,
The Labour of our Hands,
But on the Mercy of our God
Our whole Salvation stands.

II.

Baptiz'd with Water in his Name,
Upon us pass'd the Sign
Of his regenerating Grace,
The Source of Life Divine.

III.

But not the sacred Sign alone
The Substance too was giv'n,
The SPIRIT of his Pow'r and Love
To make us meet for Heav'n.

IV.

This rich incomparable Gift
On us he largely pour'd
Thro' CHRIST our interceding Priest,
And our exalted LORD.

V.

Mercy that thus refin'd our Hearts
Has justify'd us too,
Nor shall the Sword of flaming Wrath
Our pardon'd Souls pursue.

VI. We

VI.

We are the Heirs of endless Life,
 How strong the Glories rise!
 And bright-ey'd Faith, and chearful Hope
 Anticipate the Skies.

CXVII. *The Merits of CHRIST the Refuge of
 the Sinner, or the Conduct of the Manslayer
 and the Believer compared.*

H E B. vi. 18. Common Metre.

I.

CITIES of Refuge were of old
 By God's Command ordain'd
 For Men, whose Hands without Design
 With guiltless Blood were stain'd.

II.

The Homicide in Terror flies
 To seek a sure Retreat,
 And thinks in ev'ry rustling Wind
 He hears th' Avenger's Feet:

III.

But, once arriv'd the wall'd Abode,
 He casts away his Fear,
 For well he knows no murderous Blade
 Has Leave to reach him there.

IV.

Thus we, with our own Blood imbru'd,
 By angry Justice chas'd,
 With eager Terrors, eager Hopes,
 Away to Calv'ry haste.

V. The

V.

The Cross of CHRIST is our Defence
Against the Sword Divine.

O how immeasurably great
Was, LORD, that Love of thine,

VI.

That, to redeem our Souls from Death,
Thy precious Blood has spilt,
Which sprinkled on the Sinner's Heart
Heals ev'ry Pang of Guilt!

VII.

Justice beholds the peaceful Sign
With a propitious Eye,
Sheaths her keen Sword of burning Wrath,
And lays her Thunders by.

CXVIII. *Directions for the Christian Race.*

HEB. xii. 1, 2. Common Metre.

I.

SINCE the bright Cloud of Witnesses
Our heav'nly Race survey,
Aside let ev'ry Weight be thrown,
That might retard our Way.

II.

The Sins that hang upon our Souls,
As Garments loose and large
Endanger Racers in their Course,
Those Sins let us discharge.

III.

With Patience let us run the Path
That's set before our Eyes:
We strive not for a with'ring Crown,
But an immortal Prize.

IV.

To JESUS, our exalted LORD,
 And ever-living Friend,
 And of the Faith by which we live
 The Author and the End,

V.

Let us in constant Vision look,
 And trust his promis'd Grace:
 He will support our feeble Steps,
 And well reward our Race.

CXIX. *Prayer for Sanctification and
 growing Holiness.*

HEB. xiii, 13, 20. Common Metre.

I.

NOW may the God of Peace and Love,
 Who from th' impris'ning Grave
 Restor'd the Shepherd of the Sheep,
 Omnipotent to save

II.

Thro' the rich Merits of that Blood,
 Which He on Calv'ry spilt,
 To make th' eternal Cov'nant sure,
 On which our Hopes are built *,

* This Passage is rendered according to the Original,
*The God of Peace who brought again from the Dead the
 Shepherd of the Sheep, who was great, in or through the
 Blood of the everlasting Covenant, &c.*

III. Perfect

III.

Perfect our Souls in ev'ry Grace
 T' accomplish all his Will,
 And all that's pleasing in his Sight
 Inspire us to fulfil!

IV.

For the great Mediator's Sake
 We for these Blessings pray:
 With Glory let his Name be crown'd
 Thro' Heav'n's eternal Day!

CXX. *The final Perseverance of Saints.*

I P E T. i. 5. Common Metre.

I.

THE Saints, whom God has made his own,
 Are guarded by his Might
 Thro' Faith, till Glory long prepar'd
 Shall be disclos'd to Sight.

II.

They all are chosen by his Grace
 To everlasting Bliss,
 And who by Him to Heav'n ordain'd
 Of Heav'n shall ever miss?

III.

To JESUS all their Souls are giv'n,
 His Arms are their Defence,
 And Earth and Hell in vain unite
 Their Pow'rs to pluck them thence:

IV.

The Spirit in their Pilgrimage
 Affords divine Supplies,
 The fair First-fruits of Canaan's Land,
 The Earnests of the Skies.

V.

The Intercessions of our Lord
 His Peoples Safety prove,
 And to the End He loves the Souls,
 Whom first He deign'd to love.

VI.

“ Father, he cries, in his last Hours,
 “ My Brethren I commend
 “ To thy Protection; from the Snares,
 “ Of Death and Hell defend:

VII.

[“ O sanctify them by thy Word,
 “ Unite them all to Thee,
 “ Till gather'd Home by Death, at length
 “ They thy Salvation see.]

VIII.

“ Father, 'tis my Desire that all
 “ Whom Thou to me hast giv'n,
 “ Behold my Glory, and enjoy
 “ With me an endless Heav'n.”

IX.

Thus Jesus pray'd, nor shall his Pray'rs
 Be blown away and lost.
 Christians, rejoice, your Landing's sure
 On the celestial Coast.

CXXI. *Faith the Mean of the Saints
 Perseverance.*

... P. E. II. i. 5. Common Metre.

I.

THE Saints are by Almighty Pow'r
 Secur'd till they arrive,
 At Heav'n, for an All-gracious God
 Will keep their Faith alive.

II.

They to the Oracles of God
 In firm Adherence cleave,
 And all their Doctrines, all their Grace
 With Love and Joy receive;

III.

To Jesus, their atoning Priest,
 They look for Peace with God,
 And ev'ry Day implore and plead
 The Sprinkling of his Blood:

IV.

From the vain Scenes of Sense and Time
 Their Spirits tow'r away,
 Transported with the glorious Views
 Of everlasting Day.

V.

Thus may we spend our Days on Earth
 Till that bright Hour shall come,
 That calls us from these foreign Lands
 To our celestial Home!

CXXII. *The Saints compleat Salvation,
 at the Coming of CHRIST.*

1 P E T. 1. 5. Common Metre.

I.

SALVATION in this World begins,
 But, when we reach the Skies,
 Our Spirits shall to endless Bliss,
 And endless Glory rise.

II.

But still our Bodies sleep in Death,
 Nor shall they burst his Chain
 Till CHRIST descending from the Heav'n
 Shall bid them live again.

III.

At his Command Bone knits to Bone,
 And Flesh rejoins to Flesh,
 Till built a glorious Frame the Soul
 Re-enters it afresh.

IV.

United thus no After-Death
 Shall break the Bonds in twain,
 And thro' Heav'n's everlasting Day
 Both happy shall remain.

V.

This is Salvation absolute
 In its meridian Height:
 Already is the Bliss prepar'd,
 Tho' undisclos'd to Sight.

VI.

On the great Day, when CHRIST shall come,
 The Joy shall bless our Eyes,
 Time rend the separating Veil,
 And let the Glories rise.

CXXIII. *The Privileges and Hopes of Saints.*

1. JOHN iii. 1, 2, 3. Short Metre.

I.

HOW wondrous is the Love
 That makes us Sons of Heav'n,
 That Love that has refin'd our Hearts,
 And all our Guilt forgiv'n!

II.

The Saints are here unknown,
 Are Princes in Disguise,
 Not shall their Glories be reveal'd
 Till CHRIST shall leave the Skies :

III.

Then shall they see his Face,
 And in his blissful Sight
 Shall with his Image be adorn'd,
 And shine divinely bright.

IV.

Transported with this Hope,
 And with these Blessings crown'd,
 Holy and heav'nly be their Lives,
 Such as their LORD's was found,

V.

That Hope shall not be vain,
 Which operates by Love,
 While hourly Fruits of Righteousness
 Its heav'nly Virtue prove.

CXXIV. *Christian Privileges and Practice.*

JUDE 20, 21. Common Metre.

I.

WHILE Sinners, who presume to bear
 The Christian's sacred Name,
 Throw up the Reins to ev'ry Lust,
 And glory in their Shame;

II.

May you, our Charge, to us so dear,
 Detest their impious Ways,
 And on the Basis of your Faith
 An heav'nly Temple raise.

III.

Upon the Spirit's promis'd Aid
 Depend from Day to Day,
 And, while he breathes his quickning Gale,
 Adore, and praise, and pray.

IV.

Preserve unquench'd your Love to God,
 And let the Flame arise,
 And higher and still higher blaze,
 Till it ascends the Skies.

V.

With a transporting Joy expect
 The Grace your LORD shall give,
 When all his Saints shall from his Hands
 Their Crowns of Life receive.

CXXV. *Ascription of Praise to*
 JESUS CHRIST.

REV. i. 5. Long Metre.

A SACRAMENTAL HYMN.

I.

LORD, we around thy Board have sat,
 And feasted upon heav'nly Fare,
 Thy Flesh, thy Blood: in such Repast
 Angels themselves did never share.

II.

What shall we render for thy Love?
 What Songs of Honour shall we raise?
 The Church below, and Church above
 Thus join their Harmony of Praise:

III.

“ Now to EMANUEL who has lov'd
 “ Us Sinners, doom'd to endless Death,
 “ Wash'd us in his own Blood, and seal'd
 “ Salvation with his dying Breath;

IV. “ To

IV.

“ To Him who made us Kings and Priests
 “ To God, his Father, and our own,
 “ Be Glory, and Dominion giv’n
 “ Thro’ endless Age, and Worlds unknown.”

CXXVI. *The Second Coming of CHRIST.*

REV. i. 7. Common Metre.

I.

BEHOOLD He comes! th’ incarnate GOD
 Comes in the Clouds of Heav’n,
 And to his Hands the Keys of Death,
 And Worlds unseen are giv’n!

II.

At his Command th’ unnumber’d Dead
 Shall spring to Life afresh:
 The Bones rejoin their kindred Bones,
 The Flesh its kindred Flesh.

III.

Array’d in Glory He shall sit
 In Judgment on Mankind;
 The Good awarded into Bliss,
 The Bad to Hell consign’d.

IV.

From Him th’ Almighty Flash descends
 On this material Frame:
 Ocean, and Earth, and Seas dissolve
 In one unbounded Flame.

V.

Sinners are doom’d, are driv’n to Hell,
 That dark eternal Den,
 And o’er their Heads the Doors are clos’d,
 Lockt by the Great AMEN †:

† The Title of our Lord JESUS CHRIST, Rev. iii. 14.

VI.

The Saints shall enter with their LORD
 In a triumphant Train
 Into the Paradise above,
 Where endless Pleasures reign.

VII.

Sinners believe, and pray, and strive
 T^t avert the direful Doom:
 Ye Saints, rejoice, and hail the Day
 When CHRIST your Life shall come.

CXXVII. *The Redeemer's Dominion over
 Death and the invisible World.*

REV. i. 18. Long Metre.

I.

THAT JESUS, who on *Calv'ry* bled,
 And mingled with the silent Dead,
 Afunder burst the Tyrant's Chain,
 Unlock'd the Grave, and rose again.

II.

He lives: and still his Age shall run
 When He has quench'd the Stars and Sun;
 Lives in his own Eternity,
 No more to suffer, nor to die.

III.

See Him in royal Robes array'd,
 See on his godlike Shoulder laid
 The Keys of the eternal States,
 And He to All assigns their Fates.

IV. Saints

IV.

Saints at his Call ascend the Sky,
 To share with Him the Joys on High;
 He dooms the Sinners down to Hell,
 In everlasting Chains to dwell.

V.

His Pleasure too supports our Breath,
 Or seals the Warrant of our Death;
 He rules with absolute Command,
 And holds all Nature in his Hand.

VI.

Ye Angels, bow before his Throne,
 And lay your Crowns of Glory down;
 Ye Saints on high, your Anthems raise,
 While Saints below attempt his Praise.

CXXVIII. *On' the same.*

Long Metre.

I.

JESUS, to thine Almighty Hand
 The Keys of Worlds unseen are giv'n,
 And Spirits, at thy dread Command,
 Or sink to Hell, or soar to Heav'n:

II.

If Thou unlock'st the iron Gate
 That leads into Eternity,
 In vain we try t' extend our Date,
 And from the gloomy Passage flee.

III.

From changing Scenes of Day and Night,
 This little Orb where Mortals dwell,
 Th' astonish'd Spirit wings its Flight,
 And bids the falling Clay farewell:

H

IV, Swift

IV.

Swift to its God at once it flies
 To stand before the Judgment-Throne:
 How great the Stranger-Mind's Surprise
 Uncloth'd from Flesh in Worlds unknown!

V.

If by redeeming Grace forgiv'n,
 And freed from ev'ry reigning Sin,
 JEHOVAH smiles, and to his Heav'n
 Welcomes th' exulting Spirit in:

VI.

But, if unpardon'd and impure,
 Down the despairing Ghost must go,
 Doom'd by its Maker to endure
 The Horrors of eternal Woe.

VII

JESUS, renew me by thy Grace,
 My Soul from all its Guilt discharge,
 Let me an heav'nly Nature trace,
 And set my fetter'd Feet at large:

VIII.

Then, when the adamantine Key
 Is turn'd by thine Almighty Hand,
 Safe in thy Love I'll follow Thee
 From World to World at thy Command.

CXXIX. *Spiritual*

CXXIX. *Spiritual Want and Misery confessed,
and the Communication of spiritual
Blessings implored.*

REV. iii. 17, 18. Long Metre.

By the Reverend SAMUEL DAVIES, A.M.

I.

NO, I'll indulge vain Hopes no more :
I see I'm wretched, blind, and poor ;
By mad Delusions led astray,
Till now Conviction shot its Ray.

II.

Blest JESUS ! 'tis thine heav'nly Light
That opens this surprizing Sight,
Shows me myself so long unknown,
And by my Ignorance undone.

III.

Welcome this Heart-affecting View,
Tho' dreadful, just; tho' painful, true !
Ye visionary Hopes, farewell,
Ye Dreams of Bliss that end in Hell !

IV.

LORD, since my Danger now I see,
O let me view my Remedy !
And let the Day, that shows my Wound,
Show me where Healing may be found !

V.

The wretched, helpless, poor, and blind
Relief in Thee alone can find,
See one more Sinner from the Dust
Look up, and make thy Name his Trust.

VI.

O may that Sun which saw me poor,
 Tho' proud of my imagin'd Store,
 Dart down his setting Beams on me,
 Enrich'd, and safe, and blest in Thee!

CXXX. *Applying for Relief to the
 All-sufficiency of CHRIST.*

R. B. V. c. 17, 18. Long Metre.

By the Reverend SAMUEL DAVIES, A. M.

I.

I HEAR the Counsel of a Friend;
 To th' kind Voice, my Soul, attend.
 "Come, Sinners, wretched, blind, and poor;
 "Come, draw from my unbounded Store;

II.

"I only ask you to receive,
 "For freely I my Blessings give."
 JESUS, and are thy Treasures free,
 Then I may dare to come to Thee?

III.

I come for Grace, that Gold refin'd,
 To enrich and beautify my Mind,
 Grace that will Trials well endure,
 By Trials more divinely pure;

IV.

Naked I came for that bright Dress,
 Thy perfect spotless Righteousness,
 That glorious Robe, so richly dy'd
 In thine own Blood, my Shame to hide.

V. Like

V.

Like *Bartimeus* *, LORD, to Thee
I come: O give the Blind to see!
Ev'n Clay is Eye-salve in thine Hand,
If Thou the Blessing but command.

VI.

Poor, naked, blind I hither came,
O let me not depart the same!
Let me return, All-gracious LORD,
Enrich'd, adorn'd, to Sight restor'd!

CXXXI. *The Sinner's Welcome to the
Waters of Life.*

REV. xxii. 17. Short Metre,

I.

THE SPIRIT in the Word
And in his Motions cries,
" Come to the Fountain-Head of Life,
" And come for large Supplies."

II.

The BRIDE, the CHURCH on Earth,
And CHURCH in Heav'n combine
To bid unworthy Sinners come,
And drink the Joys Divine.

III.

Let him that hears the Call
Spring from his long Delay,
And charge his Soul to run, to fly,
And seize the Blifs To-day.

* *Mark x. 46.*

IV.

Let him who feels his Thirst,
 Now can endure its Rage,
 Come to Salvation's copious Springs,
 And all his Pains assuage.

V.

And whosoever will
 Is welcome to receive
 The Streams of everlasting Life,
 That Heav'n will freely give.

VI.

Jesus, is this thy Voice?
 We bless the gracious Call,
 And fly with joyful Haste to Thee,
 Our Saviour and our All.



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G5V20 G5V20 G5V20 G5V20 G5V20 G5V20

H Y M N S.

B O O K II.

I. *Redemption.*

Long Metre.

By the Reverend ISAAC WATTS, D. D.

I.

THE mighty Frame of glorious Grace,
That brightest Monument of Praise
That e'er the GOD of Love design'd,
Employs and fills my lab'ring Mind.

II.

Begin, my Soul, the heav'nly Song,
A Burden for an Angel's Tongue:
When *Gabriel* sounds these awful Things,
He tunes and summons all his Strings:

II.

Proclaim inimitable Love :

JESUS, the LORD of Worlds above,
Puts off the Beams of bright Array,
And veils the GOD in mortal Clay.

IV.

[What black Reproach defil'd his Name,
When with our Sin he took our Shame!
The Pow'r, whom kneeling Angels blest,
Is made the impious Rabble's Jest.]

V.

He that distributes Crowns and Thrones
Hangs on a Tree, and bleeds, and groans :
The Prince of Life resigns his Breath,
The King of Glory bows to Death.

VI.

But see the Wonders of his Pow'r,
He triumphs in his dying Hour,
And, while by Satan's Rage he fell,
He dash'd the rising Hopes of Hell.

VII.

Thus were the Hosts of Death subdu'd,
And Sin was drown'd in JESUS' Blood :
Then He arose, and reigns above,
And conquers Sinners by his Love.

VIII.

Who shall fulfil this boundless Song?
The Theme surmounts an Angel's Tongue:
How low, how vain are mortal Airs,
When Gabriel's nobler Harp despairs?

II. CHRIST JESUS *the eternal Life.*

Long Metre.

By the Reverend ISAAC WATTS, D. D.

WHERE shall the Tribes of *Adam* find
The sov'reign Good to fill the Mind?
Ye Sons of moral Wisdom, show
The Spring whence living Waters flow.

II.

Say, will the *Stoic's* flinty Heart
Melt, and this cordial Juice impart?
Could *Plato* find these blissful Streams
Among his Raptures and his Dreams?

III.

In vain I ask, for Nature's Pow'r
Extends but to this mortal Hour:
'Twas but a poor Relief she gave
Against the Terrors of the Grave.

IV.

JESUS, our Kinsman, and our God,
Array'd in Majesty and Blood,
Thou art our Life: our Souls in Thee
Possess a full Felicity.

V.

All our immortal Hopes are laid
In Thee, our Surety, and our Head:
Thy Cross, thy Cradle, and thy Throne
Are big with Glories yet unknown.

VI.

Let *Atheists* scoff, and *Jews* blaspheme
Th' eternal Life, and JESUS' Name ;
A Word of his Almighty Breath
Dooms the rebellious World to Death.

VII.

But let my Soul for ever lie
Beneath the Blessings of his Eye :
'Tis Heav'n on Earth, 'tis Heav'n above
To see his Face, and taste his Love.

III. *Complaint and Hope under great Pain.*

Common Metre.

By the Reverend ISAAC WATTS, D. D.

I.

LORD, I am pain'd ; but I resign
To thy superior Will :
'Tis Grace, 'tis Wisdom all Divine
Appoints the Pains I feel.

II.

Dark are thy Ways of Providence,
While they who love Thee groan :
Thy Reasons lie conceal'd from Sense,
Myfterious and unknown.

III.

Yet Nature may have Leave to speak,
And plead before her GOD,
Lest the o'er-burden'd Heart should break
Beneath thine heavy Rod.

IV.

Will nothing but such daily Pain
Secure my Soul from Hell ?
Can't Thou not make my Health attain
Thy kind Designs as well ?

V.

[How shall I glorify my God
 In Bonds of Grief confin'd?
 Damp'd is my Vigour, while this Clod
 Hangs heavy on my Mind.]

VI.

These mournful Groans and flowing Tears,
 Give my poor Spirit Ease,
 While ev'ry Groan my Father hears,
 And ev'ry Tear He sees.

VII.

Is not some smiling Hour at Hand
 With Peace upon its Wings?
 Give it, O God, thy swift Command,
 With all the Joys it brings.

IV. *Against Lewdness.*

Long Metre.

By the Reverend ISAAC WATTS, D. D.

I.

WHY should you let your wand'ring Eyes
 Entice your Souls to shameful Sin?
 Scandal and Ruin are the Prize
 You take such fatal Pains to win.

II.

This brutal Vice makes Reason blind,
 And blots the Name with hateful Stains,
 It wastes the Flesh, pollutes the Mind,
 And tears the Heart with racking Pains.

III.

[Let *David* speak with heavy Groans
 How it estrang'd his Soul from God,
 Made him complain of broken Bones,
 And fill'd his House with Wars and Blood.]

IV.

Let *Solomon* and *Samson* tell
 Their melancholy Stories here ;
 How bright they shone, how low they fell,
 When Sin's vile Pleasures cost them dear.]

V.

In vain you choose the darkest Time,
 Nor let the Sun behold the Sight ;
 In vain you hope to hide your Crime
 Behind the Curtains of the Night.

VI.

The wakeful Stars, and Midnight Moon
 Watch your foul Deeds, and know your
 Shame ;
 And God's own Eye, like Beams of Noon,
 Strikes thro' the Shade, and marks your Name.

VII.

What will ye do when Heav'n inquires
 Into the Scenes of secret Sin ?
 And Lust, with all its guilty Fires,
 Shall make your Conscience rage within ?

VIII.

How will you curse your wanton Eyes,
 Curse the lewd Partners of your Shame,
 When Death, with horrible Surprise,
 Shows you the Pit of quenchless Flame ?

IX.

Flee, Sinners, flee th' unlawful Bed,
 Lest Vengeance send you down to dwell
 In the dark Regions of the Dead,
 To feed the fiercest Fires of Hell.

V. *Against Drunkenness.*

Long Metre.

By the Reverend ISAAC WATTS, D. D.

I.

IS it not strange that ev'ry Brute
Should know the Measure of its Thirst,
(They drink their Natures to recruit,
And give due Moisture to their Dust)

II.

While Man, vile Man, whose nobler Kind
Should scorn to act beneath the Beast,
Drowns all the Glories of his Mind,
And kills his Soul to please his Taste?

III.

O what a shameful, hateful Sight,
Are Drunkards reeling thro' the Street!
Now they are fond, and now they fight,
And boast their Shame to all they meet.

IV.

Is it so exquisite a Joy
To pour down Liquor thro' the Throat,
To drink till we our Health destroy,
Till Sense and Reason are forgot?

V.

Do they deserve th' immortal Name
Of Men, who sink so far below?
Will God, the Maker of their Frame,
Endure to see them spoil it so?

VI. Can

VI.

Can they e'er think of Heav'n and Grace,
 Or hope for Glory when they die?
 Can such vile Ghosts expect a Place
 Among the shining Souls on High?

VII.

The meanest Seat is too refin'd
 To entertain a Drunkard there.
 Ye Sinners of this loathsome Kind
 Repent, or perish in Despair.

VI. *The grateful Recollection of the Divine
 Mercies, and Thanksgiving for them.*

Common Metre.

By JOSEPH ADDISON, Esq;

I.

WHEN all thy Mercies, O my God,
 My rising Soul surveys,
 Transported with the View, I'm lost
 In Wonder, Love, and Praise.

II.

[O how shall Words with equal Warmth
 The Gratitude declare
 That glows within my ravish'd Heart!
 But Thou can'st read it there.]

III.

Thy Providence my Life sustain'd,
 And all my Wants redrest,
 When in the silent Womb I lay,
 And hung upon the Breast.

IV.

To all my weak Complaints and Cries,
 Thy Mercy lent an Ear,
 E'er yet my feeble Thoughts had learnt
 To form themselves in Pray'r.

V.

[Unnumber'd Comforts to my Soul
 Thy tender Care bestow'd,
 Before my Infant-Heart conceiv'd
 From whence those Comforts flow'd.]

VI.

When in the slipp'ry Paths of Youth
 With heedless Steps I ran,
 Thine Arm unseen convey'd me safe,
 And led me up to Man.

VII.

[Thro' hidden Dangers, Toils, and Death
 It gently clear'd my Way,
 And thro' the pleasing Snares of Vice,
 More to be fear'd than they.]

VIII.

When worn with Sickness oft hast Thou
 With Health renew'd my Face;
 And, when in Sins and Sorrows sunk,
 Reviv'd my Soul with Grace.

IX.

Thy bounteous Hand with worldly Bliss
 Has made my Cup run o'er;
 And in a kind and faithful Friend
 Hast doubled all my Store.]

X.

Ten thousand thousand precious Gifts
 My daily Thanks employ;
 Nor is the least a cheerful Heart,
 That tastes those Gifts with Joy.

XI.

Thro' ev'ry Period of my Life
 Thy Goodness I'll pursue,
 And after Death in distant Worlds
 The glorious Theme renew.

XII.

[When Nature fails, and Day and Night
 Divide thy Works no more,
 My ever-grateful Heart, O LORD,
 Thy Mercy shall adore.]

XIII.

Thro' all Eternity to Thee
 A joyful Song I'll raise;
 But, O, Eternity's too short
 To utter all thy Praise!

VII. *Praise to God for Preservation by
 Land and Sea.*

Common Metre.

By JOSEPH ADDISON, *Esq;*

I.

HOW are thy Servants blest, O LORD!
 How sure is their Defence!
 Eternal Wisdom is their Guide,
 Their Help Omnipotence.

II.

In foreign Realms, and Lands remote,
 Supported by thy Care,
 Thro' burning Climes I pass unhurt,
 And breath'd in tainted Air.

III. [Thy

III.

[Thy Mercy sweeten'd ev'ry Soil,
 Made ev'ry Region please,
 The hoary *Alpine-Hills* it warm'd,
 And smooth'd the *Tyrrhene Seas*.]

IV.

Think, O my Soul, devoutly think,
 How, with affrighted Eyes,
 Thou saw'st the wide extended Deep
 In all its Horrors rise.

V.

Confusion dwelt in ev'ry Face,
 And Fear in ev'ry Heart,
 While Waves on Waves, and Gulphs on
 O'ercame the Pilot's Art. (Gulphs

VI.

Yet then from all my Grievs, O LORD,
 Thy Mercy set me free,
 Whilst in the Confidence of Pray'r
 My Soul took Hold on Thee:

VII.

[For, though in dreadful Whirls we hung
 High on the broken Wave,
 I knew Thou wert not slow to hear,
 Nor impotent to save.

VIII.

The Storm was laid, the Winds retir'd
 Obedient to thy Will;
 The Sea, that roar'd at thy Command,
 At thy Command was still.]

IX.

In midt of Dangers, Fears, and Death,
 Thy Goodness I'll adore,
 And praise Thee for thy Mercies past,
 And humbly hope for more.

X.

My Life, if Thou preserv'st my Life,
 Thy Sacrifice shall be;
 And Death, if Death must be my Doom,
 Shall join my Soul to Thee.

VIII. *GOD the Fountain of our Felicity,
 and humbly claimed as our Portion.*

Long Metre.

By Sir RICHARD BLACKMORE.

I.

HAIL Nature's LORD! Stupendous Cause
 Of Matter, and of thinking Mind:
 Blest Centre whose sweet Influence draws
 The Souls from Earth and Sin refin'd.

II.

Mine, while it here an Exile lives,
 Detain'd in Clay, with Night oppress'd,
 Feels she's misplac'd, and upwards strives
 To Thee, and Heav'n its Seat of Rest.

III.

See, as the Hart in Syria's Sand,
 Gasping with Heat, with Labour spent,
 Viewing with eager Eyes the Land,
 Pants for the cooling Element;

IV.

My Soul, great Pow'r, her Way would wing
 With like Desire and swifter Speed
 To Thee, Thou unexhausted Spring,
 Whence endless Streams of Joy proceed;

V. [Which

V.

[Which cheer the Gardens of the Blest,
And all the heav'nly Walks revive,
Whence Saints, from Sin and Pain releas't,
For ever drink, and ever live.]

VI.

Freely the Miser may for me
Amass vast Heaps of *Guinea's Ore*,
Lord of the *Indies* let him be,
So Thou art mine, whom I adore.

VII.

With Science let the Scholar's Brain,
And bright Ideas overflow,
Let him all Nature's Works explain,
So I the LORD of Nature know.

VIII.

While of my Wish I am secure
The sov'reign Good at which I aim,
I'm blest with Pleasure, Wealth, and Pow'r,
And envy not the Monarch's Name.

IX. *Penitential Sorrows.*

Long Metre.

By Sir RICHARD BLACKMORE.

I.

LET Sorrows down my faded Cheeks
In trickling Streams incessant flow,
Let mournful Looks my Grief declare,
And Sighs my deep Contrition show :

II.

Let Woe, Confusion, blushing Shame
My Breast inhabit, and express
On my sad Brow their mingled Pow'rs,
While I to Heav'n my Guilt confess.

III.

O that my Eyes were Springs of Tears,
My Head an unexhausted Source
Of watry Stores, that fresh Supplies
Might feed my Sorrow's endless Course.

IV.

On me, kind Saviour, cast a Look,
Like that to guilty *Peter* sent,
That touch'd like his, my Soul may grieve,
And give her Sea of Sorrows vent.

V.

Let me my mispent Days review,
My Faults and Follies past bewail,
And for Remission prostrate cry
To Heav'n, till constant Pray'rs prevail.

VI.

But tho' a bleeding Heart's requir'd,
Not Grief by contrite Sinners shown,
But the rich Merits, of the Cross
Th' incens'd Almighty can atone.

VII.

Saviour ! to Thee, to Thee I fly,
With frowning Justice intercede ;
That I Forgiveness may obtain,
The Virtues of thy Passion plead !

X. *The Vanity of earthly Things.*

Long Metre.

By Sir RICHARD BLACKMORE.

I.

WHAT are Possessions, Fame, and Pow'r,
The boasted Splendor of the Great ?
What Gold, which dazzled Eyes adore,
And seek with endless Toils and Sweat ?

II.

Express their Charms, declare their Use,
That we their Merit may descry ;
Tell us what Good they can produce,
Or what important Want supply ?

III.

If wounded with the Sense of Sin
To them for Pardon we should pray,
Will they restore our Peace within,
And wash our guilty Stains away ?

IV.

Can they celestial Life inspire,
Nature with Pow'r Divine renew,
With pure and sacred Transports fire
Our Bosoms, and our Lusts subdue ?

V.

[When Age and Sickness shall invade,
Shall we oppress to them complain ?
May we depend upon their Aid
To sooth our Grief, and ease our Pain ?

VI.

When with the Pangs of Death we strive,
And yield all Comforts here for lost,
Will they support us, will they give
Kind Succour, when we need it most ?]

VII.

When at th' Almighty's awful Bar,
To hear our final Doom we stand,
Can they incline the Judge to spare,
Or wrest the Vengeance from his Hand ?

VIII.

Can they protect us from Despair,
From the dark Reign of Death and Hell,
Crown us with Bliss, and throne us where
The Just in Joys immortal dwell ?

IX.

Sinners, your Idols we despise,
 If these Demands they cannot grant,
 Why should we these Delusions prize,
 And pine in everlasting Want?

XI. *Views of Death improved as Motives
 to Repentance and Holiness.*

Long Metre.

By Sir RICHARD BLACKMORE.

I.

WHEN we with Pain and Sickness strive,
 And turning this and that Way lie,
 Convinc'd we cannot long survive,
 Yet, not prepar'd, afraid to die,

II.

Can we the King of Terrors face,
 When he approaches near our Bed,
 With threatening Looks and awful Pace?
 Oh! how his Presence shall we dread!

III.

While on our Judge we forward look,
 And back on bold repeated Sin,
 Our shudd'ring Souls, with Horror struck,
 Will agonizing thus begin:

IV.

“ To the cold Grave when we commit,
 “ This ruin'd Frame of lifeless Clay,
 “ These dark terrestrial Regions quit,
 “ And wing to unknown Worlds away,

V. “ Opprest

V.

“ Opprest with Guilt of crimson Dye,
 “ Can we th’ Almighty’s Sight endure,
 “ To whose all-searching, glorious Eye
 “ The brightest Angels scarce are pure ?

VI.

“ [At his impartial Judgment-seat,
 “ In what Confusion shall we stand ?
 “ Can we by Fraud his Pow’r defeat,
 “ Or of the Bolt disarm his Hand ?

VII.

“ Frown’d from his Throne, and doom’d to
 “ In endless Torment and Despair, (dwell
 “ What Heart can think, or Tongue can tell
 “ The Stings and Anguish we shall bear ?

VIII.

“ Can we our dreadful Doom reclaim,
 “ Or Heav’n’s Almighty Wrath defy,
 “ When, welt’ring in eternal Flame,
 “ We ever live, and ever die ?]

IX.

“ Can we the fierce Remorse assuage,
 “ And self-avenging Terrors bear,
 “ When Conscience, with immortal Rage,
 “ Shall our distracted Bosoms tear ?”

X.

These penal Suff’rings to prevent,
 And reach the Seats of endless Day,
 Let us with broken Hearts repent,
 Nor more the Laws of Sin obey.

XI.

Why should we still presume to go
 In Ways, which dying we shall blame ?
 Why still repeat the Deeds we know
 We must review with Grief and Shame ?

XII. *The World renounced, and GOD
preferred, as our Portion.*

Common Metre.

By the Reverend Mr. SAMUEL SAY.

WHAT holy, what divine Delights
Religion does afford!
How pleasant to a Taste refin'd
Are thy Provisions, LORD?

II.

Honours let others chase, and feed
Their starving Souls with Air,
Or guilty and polluted Joys
With short Delusion share;

III.

Let ours be more substantial Bliss!
Be ours more solid Food!
Our Souls to nobler Heights aspire,
And seek th' eternal Good.

IV.

Let Sons of Earth the Dust of Earth,
Its glitt'ring Dust admire:
Poor sordid Minds pursue the Gains
That suit a low Desire;

V.

For us—our GOD let us possess;
This Treasure shall suffice:
Our Glory He, our Joy, our All—
All else we can despise.

VI. [When

VI.

[When on their high Original
Our Heav'n-born Souls reflect,
With a becoming Pride the World
Disdainful they reject;

VII.

Nor stoop to court these trifling Things
So much beneath their State;
Such Condescension is too low,
And we ourselves too great;

VIII.

When blind with Sin, 'tis true, they once
All-lovely did appear,
But now to our enlighten'd Eyes
They are no longer dear.]

IX.

Hence then, this *World* and all its Joys,
Wealth, Honours, Pleasures, hence—
Our Happiness is all above,
Our Hopes are all from thence.

XIII. *Creating Power, and redeeming Love
celebrated.*

Long Metre.

By the Reverend Mr SAMUEL SAY.

I.

GIVE Glory to th' Eternal God:
Sing Heav'n and Earth in sweetest Lays:
Angels, begin the noble Song,
And we will echo to the Praise.

I.

II. Glory

II.

Glory to God on High! who spake,
 And gave the vast Creation Birth :
 Glory to God on High! who spread
 The rolling Skies, and fixt the Earth.

III.

Men of a finer Mold he fram'd,
 With comely Shape erect and fair ;
 Of Mind capacious, far above
 In Worth what brutal Natures are.

IV.

For this thro' all th' Angelic Hosts
 Anthems of Praise sublime resound :
 The great Creator's Deeds they sing :
 No Voice in Heav'n is silent found.

V.

Above with Harmony Divine
 Those happy Spirits tune their Joys :
 High is their Rapture, high their Song,
 That drowns a Mortal's feeble Voice.

P A U S E.

VI.

Now let our Praise to God ascend
 Upon a Subject most sublime :
 His Glories, in the *filial God* *
 Beheld, shall grace the lofty Rhime.

VII.

Earth was too low, too little Heav'n,
 Alone such Glories to contain ;
 " In both, says God, my Glories shine,
 " In both for ever honour'd reign.

* See Paradise Lost, Book VI. Vers. 722.

VIII.

" United GOD and MAN be seen;
 " The GOD, on Earth a Servant found,
 " In Heav'n anointed King, the MAN
 " At my Right-Hand shall sit inthron'd.

IX.

" My only Son, of Woman born,
 " That Man may *live*, accurst shall *die*;
 " Thus *Justice* bids, severely kind,
 " That *Grace* may lift its Triumphs high."

X.

If our ungrateful Tongues forget
 Redeeming Love with Joy to raise,
 May they for ever silent prove,
 Nor speak till they have learnt to praise!

XIV. *The grateful Acknowledgment of the Riches of Divine Mercy.*

Long Metre.

By the Reverend Mr SAMUEL SAY.

I.

LORD, we will praise thy wondrous Grace,
 Tho' justly angry once, yet now
 Thou show'st a Father's Face appear'd,
 And Mercy smiles upon thy Brow.

II.

The Terrors of a GOD provok'd
 Once overwhelm'd us with Despair;
 Thy Comforts now revive our Thoughts,
 And Peace assur'd forbids our Fear.

III.

Our Saviour is th' eternal God,
 And here our Hopes secure depend,
 Our Saviour, and our Strength is He,
 To Him our grateful Songs ascend.

IV.

Ye then, who thirst for living Streams,
 Streams that delight, and never cloy,
 Come satisfy your Thirst, and draw
 From the rich Wells of Life with Joy :

V.

Refresh'd, the bounteous Giver's Grace
 Let ev'ry Tongue and Voice resound,
 And the kind Author's Praise be heard,
 Wherever Voice or Tongue is found :

VI.

Tell the whole World what He has done ;
 Bid the whole World exalt his Name ;
 And let remotest Nations hear
 Till your glad Songs their Songs inflame.

VII.

O *Zion*, happy *Zion* ! shout
 In Majesty and Grace unknown,
 Th' eternal God in Thee has plac'd
 His blest Abode, and fixt his Throne !

XV. On

XV. *Divine Protection and Goodness recollected,
on the concluding Day of an Old Year.*

Common Metre.

By the Reverend Mr SAMUEL SAY.

I.

LORD ! in this last concluding Eve
Thy Name I will adore,
Who to my many Years of Life
One Year hast added more :

II.

Nor Life alone, but Health and Strength
Thro' all th' indulgent Year,
And Liberty, than Life itself
To me more justly dear.

III.

Thy Bounty, LORD, my smiling Board
With richest Store has spread,
And I from Day to Day have been
With Food convenient fed :

IV.

And when the timely Hours of Sleep
To needful Rest invite,
Thou dost my peaceful Slumbers watch,
And guard me Night by Night.

V.

That distant Friends secure I reach'd,
Thy Providence I own,
While in infected Towns I lodg'd,
And travell'd Roads unknown.

VI.

In Deaths and Dangers, ev'ry Place
 Did Health and Peace afford ;
 Safe I went out, and safe return'd,
 For Thou wert with me, LORD !

VII.

O may thy Presence guard me still,
 And guide in all my Ways,
 For in the midst of Snares I walk,
 And tread a dang'rous Maze.

VIII.

LORD, while my Errors I review,
 And trace thy Mercies o'er,
 I wonder, and adore the Grace
 That brought me to this Hour.

XVI. *The Divided Heart lamented.*

Common Metre.

By the Reverend Mr HUBERT STODDON.

I.

STRANGE that so much of Heav'n and Hell
 Should in one Bosom meet !
 LORD ! can thy SPIRIT ever dwell
 Where *Satan* has a Seat ?

II.

Now I am all transform'd to Love,
 And could expire in Praise ;
 Anon not all the Joys above
 One chearful Note can raise.

III. When

III.

When I with pensive Thoughts review
 The Mazes I have trod,
 Astonish'd at the Grace that drew
 My wand'ring Soul to God,

IV.

O with what ardent Zeal I vow
 A Rectitude within
 What Indignation fires me now
 At the mere Thought of Sin!

V.

Yet vain Amusements, hurrying Cares,
 Trifles of Loss or Gain,
 Or carnal Joys, or worldly Fears,
 Seduce my Heart again.

VI.

By faithless Hopes, and golden Dreams
 I'm tortur'd, or betray'd:
 Still tost between the two Extremes,
 Too vain, or too dismay'd.

VII.

[O my infatuated Powers,
 Awake, and watch, and pray,
 For Time whirls round the rapid Hours
 To hurry me away.

VIII.

And, LORD, if this declining Sun
 Should prove the last to me,
 And set before my Work is done,
 How dire my Doom would be!

IX.

'Tis sad on the keen Edge of Death
 To say, " I cannot tell
 " Whether my last expiring Breath
 " Consigns to Heav'n or Hell."

X.

Unite me, LORD, to fear thy Name,
 I earnestly implore,
 Let Doubt and Fear, and Guilt and Shame
 Distract my Heart no more.

XI.

Decide the dubious awful Case
 By some assuring Sign:
 And O may thy all-conqu'ring Grace
 Demonstrate I am thine !]

XII.

Rise, Sun of Righteousness, and shine !
 Spring a celestial Day,
 That this benighted Soul of mine
 May praise as well as pray !

XIII.

So the first Dawn gleams thro' the Night
 Till the bright Sun arise,
 And pours a Flood of Spreading Light
 O'er all the smiling Skies.

XVII. God

XVII. *God not implacable; or, the
Sinfulness of Despair.*

Long Metre.

By the Reverend Mr. HUBERT STODDON.

I.

WHAT mean these Jealousies and Fears,
As if the LORD was loth to save,
Or lov'd to see us drench'd in Tears,
And sink with Sorrow to the Grave?

II.

Does he want Slaves to grace his Throne?
Or rules he by an iron Rod?
Say, is he pleas'd to hear us groan?
Is he a Tyrant, or a God?

III.

Not all the Sins which thou hast wrought
So much his tender Bowels grieve,
As this unkind injurious Thought,
That He's unwilling to forgive.

IV.

What, tho' thy Crimes are black as Night,
Or glowing like the crimson Morn,
EMANUEL'S Blood will make them white:
As Snow thro' the pure Ether borne.

V.

It is amazing Grace I own,
And well may Rebel-worms surprize,
But was not God's incarnate Son
A most amazing Sacrifice?

VI.

“ I’ve found a Ransom, saith the LORD,
 “ No humble Penitent shall die :
 “ O that they would believe my Word,
 “ And my unbounded Mercies try ! ”

XVIII. *Satan repulsed; or, Despair
 prevented by the Views of the
 Divine Mercy.*

Long Metre.

By ROBERT CRUTTENDEN, *Esq;*

I.

‘TIS false; thou vile Accuser, go,
 I see thro’ all the thin Disguise,
 Back to thy native Realms below,
 Thou Parent of Deceit and Lies !

II.

Did JESUS die, but not for me ?
 Am I forbid to trust his Blood ?
 Was not the Pardon rich and free,
 Seal’d in the kind atoning Flood ?

III.

Think not to drive my trembling Soul,
 Like Thee, to Regions of Despair ;
 Hast thou survey’d the sacred Roll,
 And found my Name not written there ?

IV.

Presumptuous Thought ! to fix a Bound,
 To limit Mercy’s sov’rign Reign ;
 What other happy Souls have found,
 I’ll seek, nor shall I seek in vain.

V. I OWN

V.

I own my Guilt, thy Charge confess,
Nor can thy Malice make it more;
Of Crimes already numberless
Vain the Attempt to swell the Score.

VI.

Set the black List before my Sight,
While I remember JESUS dy'd,
'Twill only urge my speedier Flight
To seek Salvation at his Side.

VII.

Low at his Feet I'll cast me down,
To Him reveal my Guilt and Fear,
And, if He spurns me from his Throne,
I'll be the first who perish'd there.

XIX. *Desiring to love God with supreme
Affection.*

Long Metre:

By ROBERT CRUTTENDEN, Esq;

AND is it yet, dear LORD, a Doubt
If in my Breast Thou reign'st alone,
O find the lurking Rival out,
And drag the Traitor from the Throne?

II.

Would Earth's delusive trifling Charms
Dispute a Pow'r above thy Name?
Stab each Usurper in my Arms,
And vindicate thy rightful Claim.

III. By

III.

By Purchase, Duty, ev'ry Tie,
 Yea Choice itself, LORD, I am thine;
 Maintain that Right, or let me die
 Ere from thy Love my Soul decline.

IV.

If my unsteady Heart would rove,
 And well Thou know'st its treach'rous
 If ought below or ought above (Frame,
 Would share or quench the sacred Flame,

V.

Chase the curs'd Object from my Soul,
 Thence, thence the twining Mischief tear,
 Reign Thou the Sov'reign of the Whole,
 And LORD of ev'ry Motion there.

VI.

Too close the secret Idol lies,
 I search, alas! but search in vain;
 Yet, seen by thine all-piercing Eyes,
 O let it by thine Arm be slain!

VII.

That I *would* love but Thee alone,
 To Thee I make my last Appeal,
 But if I *do* is quite unknown
 To me: speak LORD, for Thou can'st tell!

XX. *The incomparable Excellency of CHRIST.*

Long Metre.

By ROBERT CRUTTENDEN, Esq.

I.

THOU fairest of the Sons of Men,
 Thy Glories I would fain rehearse;
 O deign to aid my feeble Pen,
 Deign to invigorate my Verse!

II.

O could my Words but paint Thee fair,
 And give thine Image in my Breast,
 Or could the Sense residing there
 In mortal Language be exprest,

III.

All, all should in thy Praises join,
 And the whole World should love Thee too,
 And lovely all, and all divine
 Should'st Thou appear to ev'ry View.

IV.

The fairest brightest Objects fail,
 If they to rival Thee should rise:
 Fam'd *Sbaron's* Rose to Thee is pale,
 And hangs its with'ring Head, and dies.

V.

Sabæa's spicy Fields exhale
 Less aromatic Sweets around:
 The Lilies in the fruitful Vale
 With meaner Beauties paint the Ground:

VI.

Less glorious Morning Suns arise,
 When from the East they dart their Rays,
 Less vig'rous thro' the unclouded Skies
 They flame in their meridian Blaze.

VII.

Search, search the wide Creation round,
 Then view EMANUEL'S Face, and own
 Nothing like Him can e'er be found,
 Supreme in Beauty, and alone.

XXI. *Breathing after* CHRIST.

Long Metre.

By ROBERT CRUTTENDEN, *Esq*,

COME, Thou blest JESUS, quickly come,
 Descend, Thou bright immortal Guest,
 Within my Heart erect thy Throne,
 And reign unrivall'd in my Breast.

II.

Not all that's great, or good, or fair,
 Can please, or fix my Choice below:
 I long in purer Joys to share,
 Which only from thy Presence flow.

III.

No more the World my Bosom warms,
 When thy superior Glories shine:
 I die to all created Charms,
 If JESUS whispers, He is mine.

IV.

So Stars withdraw their feebl' Rays,
 When from the Chambers of the East
 The Sun his rising Beams displays,
 Or shines in mid-day Glory drest.

V.

Let Wealth and Honour spread their Charms,
 And Pleasure paint the Tempters gay,
 Nor Wealth nor Pow'r my Bosom warms:
 I turn with just Disdain away!

VI.

Oppress'd with Care and Pain I roam
 At Distance from my native Place:
 Come, the bright Hour that bears me Home
 To view my JESUS Face to Face!

XXII. *Looking upwards for perfect Happiness.*

Long Metre.

By ROBERT CRUTTENDEN, *Esq;*

I.

RISE, Sun of Glory, shine reveal'd
 In all thy Majesty Divine,
 Be thy bright Face no more conceal'd,
 And give me Pow'r to call Thee mine!

II.

See, see a Ray of heav'nly Light
 Already darts upon my Soul;
 Methinks the promis'd Land's in Sight,
 And Seas of Bliss in Prospect roll.

III.

But soon the radiant Visions fail,
 Returning Fears their Pow'r regain;
 Darkness and Doubts again prevail,
 And Sin and Guilt o'erwhelm the Scene.

IV.

When shall the long-expected Morn,
 Sure Earnest of eternal Day,
 These Griefs and Groans to Transport turn,
 And scatter all these Shades away?

V.

In *Mesech's* Tents, a poor Abode,
 Why must my Soul for ever stay?
 I long to climb the shining Road,
 Freed from the Bonds of mortal Clay.

VI.

All hail! ye Realms of endless Light,
 Of endless Peace, and Joy, and Love!
 Ye guardian Spirits, aid my Flight,
 And bear me to your Seats, above!

XXIII. *The Sacrifice of CHRIST accepted;
or, GOD glorified, and Sinners saved.*

Long Metre.

By ROBERT CRUTTENDEN, *Esq;*

I.

“ ’TIS finish’d,” our EMANUEL cry’d,
And bow’d his sacred Head, and
dy’d:

At last the glorious Conflict’s o’er,
And Sin and Death shall reign no more.

II.

’Twas then the great Apostate fell,
Doom’d in eternal Chains to dwell;
Black Legions round their Monarch wait,
And curse his Fall, and share his Fate.

III.

Death saw th’ Almighty Conqu’ror come,
And spread a Glory round his Gloom;
Robb’d of his Dart, his Sting, his Pow’r,
The ghastly Foe affrights no more.

IV.

Justice the wondrous Deed survey’d,
And own’d the Sinner’s Ransom paid;
While *Mercy*, all divinely mild
In ev’ry heav’nly Feature smil’d.

V.

Well-pleas’d th’ Almighty FATHER saw
The bleeding Victim to his Law,
“ Enough, he cry’d, let Sinners live,
“ The Debt’s discharg’d, and I forgive.

VI.

“ Lo, here my *Vengeance* I resign;
 “ Henceforth be *Love* and *Pity* mine :
 “ Nor *these* my honour'd *Laws* deny.”
 He said,—and laid his *Thunder* by.

VII.

Hither, ye trembling Sinners, fly,
 Look up, and see a Saviour die ;
 His *Blood* your Anguish shall relieve,
 And *Life* and *Joys* immortal give.

XXIV. *Communion with CHRIST at his Table.*

A SACRAMENTAL HYMN.

Common Metre.

By ROBERT CRUTTENDEN, Esq;

I.

WHILE round thy Table, gracious LORD,
 Thy ransom'd Tribes appear,
 And hope the Promise of thy Word
 That Thou wilt meet us there,

II.

If the great Master deigns to smile,
 And consecrate the Feast,
 His Presents, more than Wine, or Oil,
 Delights each happy Guest.

III.

The rich Provision of his Love
 Immortal Life supplies :
 Joys rais'd to Transports fill their Minds,
 And sparkle from their Eyes.

IV. When

IV.

When his dear Lips in Sounds Divine
 Bid Welcome to his Friends,
 We break the Bread, we pour the Wine,
 And the glad Praise ascends.

V.

To Him who dy'd, who lives to save,
 Be Thanks immortal giv'n!
 Here we attempt the sacred Song
 We hope to raise in Heav'n.

XXV. *Sin and Holiness; or, the Saints
 various Experiences.*

Long Metre.

By ROBERT CRUTTENDEN, Esq.

IN TWO PARTS.

PART I^t.

I.

WHAT jarring Natures dwell within,
 Imperfect Grace, remaining Sin?
 Nor this can reign, nor that prevail,
 Tho' each by Turns my Heart assail.

II.

Now I complain, and groan, and die,
 Now raise my Songs of Triumph high,
 Sing a rebellious Passion slain,
 Or mourn to feel it live again.

III.

One happy Hour beholds me rise,
 Borne upwards to my native Skies,
 While Faith assists my soaring Flight
 To Realms of Joy, and Worlds of Light.

IV.

Scarce a few Hours or Minutes roll
 Ere Earth reclaims my captive Soul :
 I feel its sympathetic Force,
 And headlong urge my downward Course.

V.

How short the Joys thy Visits give ;
 How long thine Absence, LORD, I grieve !
 What Clouds obscure my rising Sun,
 Or intercept its Rays at Noon !

P A R T II^d.

VI.

How oft I raise my downcast Eye
 For Aid, but find no Succour nigh,
 While Rebel-Lusts oppos'd in vain
 Exert their Pow'r, and strive to reign.

VII.

My feeble Knees I bend again,
 My drooping Hands again I rear,
 Vain is the Task, the Effort vain ;
 My Heart abhors the irksome Pray'r.

VIII.

Oft with the Saints my Voice I raise,
 And seem to join the sacred Song,
 Faintly ascends the lukewarm Praise,
 Or dies upon th' unhallow'd Tongue.

IX.

Cold, weary, languid, heartless, dead,
 LORD, to thy Temple I repair,
 By Fear compell'd, or Custom led,
 I come, nor know that Thou art there.

X. Again

X.

Again the Spirit lifts his Sword,
 And Pow'r Divine attends the Word,
 I feel the Aid its Comforts yield,
 And vanquish'd Passions quit the Field.

XI.

Thou sacred Source of Light and Love,
 Whence all thy Peoples Joys arise,
 Thou holy Spirit, heav'nly Dove,
 O hear thine humble Suppliant's Cries !

XII.

Assist me thro' the doubtful Fight ;
 Thou the desponding Heart can't raise,
 Can't make me triumph in thy Might ;
 The Vict'ry mine, and thine the Praise.

XXVI. *The Terrors of the Law, and
 the Mercies of the Gospel; or,
 Sinai and Zion contrasted.*

Long Metre.

By ROBERT CRUTTENDEN, Esq;

IN TWO PARTS.

As the Old 112th PSALM.

PART I^t.

I.

ON Sinai's Top, where Thunders roar,
 And the loud Trumpet's awful Sound
 Affrights the Soul; I stand no more,
 With Death and Terrors compass'd round :
 Hush'd is the Storm within my Breast,
 And my glad Soul enjoys its Rest.

II.

JESUS, thy reconciling Blood
 In milder Sounds forbids my Fears,
 Wash'd in thy rich atoning Blood
 Each dreadful Image disappears :
 Zion, thy peaceful Seats invite
 My willing Feet, and bless my Sight.

III.

Yet let me view the awful Scene,
 While Praise employs my joyful Tongue,
 To see how wretched I have been
 Will aid my Love, and raise my Song.
 I feel the sacred Transport rise,
 Swell in my Breast, and melt my Eyes.

IV.

High on the Mountain's cloudy Brow
 The lab'ring Angel swells the Sound,
 Th' attentive Tribes with Awe below
 In solemn Silence tremble round :
 " Not *Sinai* on her Base could stand,
 " Conscious of sov'reign Pow'r at Hand."

V.

Hark how the dreadful Mandates flie,
 " Do this, and live ; offend, and die !"
 While Lightnings bursting thro' the Sky
 Proclaim a present Deity :
 The Mountain shakes with sacred Awe,
 When God proclaims his fiery Law.

P A R T II^d.

VI.

Enough ; my Soul, now turn thine Eyes
 Where *Zion's* milder Glories shine,
 Joyful survey her peaceful Skies,
 And Seats of Bliss which shall be thine ;
 View the glad Numbers round the Throne,
 And tell thyself that thou art one.

VII.

At *JESUS'* Feet th' Angelic Throng
 In tuneful Praise their King proclaim,
 While ransom'd Saints the Notes prolong,
 And shout Salvation to his Name,
 Salvation to the Son of *GOD*,
 Who dy'd to save us with his Blood.

VIII.

In purple Robes a martyr'd Host
 Approach the Throne, a shining Train ;
 These Confessors from ev'ry Coast
 Bow to the Lamb who once was slain,
 And with harmonious Voices sing
 The Glories of their Saviour-King.

IX.

Redeem'd from ev'ry Tongue and Land,
 Their Garments wash'd in Blood Divine,
 Millions in bright Arrangement stand,
 And joyful Hallelujahs join :
 From golden Harps their Notes rebound,
 And Trumpets join their silver Sound.

X. Once

X.

Once more I lift my wond'ring Eyes,
 By far too weak to bear the Blaze,
 Where uncreated Glories rise
 But milder shine in JESUS' Face:
 Not Faith itself can higher soar,
 And lost in Transport I adore.

XXVII. *Adoption, or the Saints Dignity
 as Sons of G O D.*

Common Metre.

By ROBERT CRUTTENDEN, *Esq;*

I.

LET others boast their ancient Line
 In long Succession great;
 In the proud List let Heroes shine,
 And Monarchs swell the State:
 Descended from the KING of Kings
 Each Saint a nobler Title sings.

II.

Pronounce me, gracious God, thy Son,
 Own me an Heir Divine:
 I'll pity Princes on the Throne
 When I can call Thee mine:
 Sceptres and Crowns unenvy'd rise,
 And lose their Lustres in my Eyes.

III.

Content, obscure I pass my Days,
 To all I meet unknown,
 And wait till Thou thy Child shalt raise,
 And seat me near thy Throne.
 No Name, no Honours here I crave,
 Well-pleas'd with those beyond the Grave.

IV.

JESUS, my elder Brother, lives,
 With Him I too shall reign;
 Nor Sin, nor Death, while He survives,
 Shall make the Promise vain.
 In Him my Title stands secure,
 And shall while endless Years endure.

V.

When He, in Robes divinely bright,
 Shall once again appear,
 Thou too, my Soul, shalt shine in Light,
 And his full Image bear.
 Enough! — I wait th' appointed Day,
 Blest Saviour, haste, and come away!

XXVIII. *Self-Dedication at the Table
 of the LORD.*

Long Metre.

By the Reverend SAMUEL DAVIES, *A. M.*

A SACRAMENTAL HYMN.

I.

LORD, I am thine, entirely thine,
 Purchas'd and sav'd by Blood Divine,
 With full Consent thine I would be,
 And own thy sov'reign Right in me.

II.

Here, LORD, my Flesh, my Soul, my All
 I yield to Thee beyond Recal;
 Accept thine own so long withheld,
 Accept what I so freely yield!

III. Grant

III.

Grant one poor Sinner more a Place
 Among the Children of thy Grace ;
 A wretched Sinner lost to God,
 But ransom'd by EMANUEL'S Blood.

IV.

Thine would I live, thine would I die,
 Be thine thro' all Eternity :
 The Vow is past beyond Repeal,
 Now will I set the solemn Seal.

V.

Be Thou the Witness of my Vow,
 Angels and Men attest it too,
 That to thy Board I now repair,
 And seal the sacred Contract there.

VI.

Here at that Cross, where flows the Blood
 That bought my guilty Soul for God,
 Thee my new Master now I call,
 And consecrate to Thee my All ;

VII.

Do Thou assist a feeble Worm
 The great Engagement to perform :
 Thy Grace can full Assistance lend,
 And on that Grace I dare depend.

XXIX. *The holy Spirit invoked, and his
purifying and quickening Influences implored.*

As the Old 112th P. S A L M.

By the Reverend SAMUEL DAVIES, A. M.

I.

ETERNAL Spirit, Source of Light,
Enliv'ning, consecrating Fire,
Descend, and with celestial Heat
Our dull, our frozen Hearts inspire,
Our Souls refine, our Dross consume !
Come, condescending Spirit, come !

II.

In our cold Breasts O strike a Spark
Of the pure Flame which Seraphs feel,
Nor let us wander in the Dark,
Or lie benumb'd and stupid still.
Come, vivifying Spirit, come,
And make our Hearts thy constant Home !

III.

Whatever Guilt and Madness dare,
We would not quench the heav'nly Fire :
Our Hearts as Fuel we prepare,
Tho' in the Flame we should expire :
Our Breasts expand to make Thee Room ;
Come, purifying Spirit, come !

IV.

Let pure Devotion's Fervors rise !
Let ev'ry pious Passion glow !
O let the Raptures of the Skies
Kindle in our cold Hearts below !
Come, condescending Spirit, come,
And make our Souls thy constant Home !

XXX. CHRIST: *most worthy of Esteem, but ungratefully neglected in our World.*

Long Metre.

By the Reverend SAMUEL DAVIES, A. M.

I.

WELCOME to Earth, Great Son of God !
His best-belov'd, his only Son !
Hail, Thou blest Messenger of Peace
To Sinners helpless and undone !

II.

Hail, great Deliv'rer ! ——— Bow the Knees,
Ye Rebel-Nations, and adore !
JESUS, who would not love thy Name ?
What Rebel dare offend Thee more ?

III.

See ev'n this stubborn Heart of mine
Conquer'd by sov'reign Love, submit,
And shall not all the Nations fall
In humble Homage at thy Feet ?

IV.

[Shall not thy Praise from Tongue to Tongue
Be spread ? Thy Love from Breast to Breast ?
Thy Name the universal Song
From North to South, from East to West ?]

V.

But, O my Heart, with Sorrow break,
Mine Eyes pour out incessant Tears !
The Son of GOD, the Sinner's Friend,
Neglected in our World appears.

VI.

The Wonders of his dying Love
 The Riches of his Grace forgot!—
 Strange! *Justice* should behold the Sight,
 And yet its Vengeance kindle not.

VII.

[O Thou, whose Mercy deign'd to pray
 For those who nail'd Thee to the Tree,
 The Wonders of thy Pow'r display,
 And turn the Hearts of Men to Thee !]

VIII.

Make thyself Room in ev'ry Heart ;
 Great Saviour ! welcome into mine ;
 Welcome, great Conqu'ror, to our World,
 To make all Tribes and Nations thine !

XXXI. *The transcendent Excellency of CHRIST
 in his Person and Offices, and the
 Soul desirous to love Him.*

As the Old 112th PSALM.

By the Reverend SAMUEL DAVIES, A. M.

I.

JESUS, how precious is thy Name !
 The great JEHOVAH's Darling, Thou !
 O let me catch th' immortal Flame,
 With which Angelic Bosoms glow !
 Since Angels love Thee, I would love,
 And imitate the Blest above.

II. My

II.

My *Prophet* Thou, my heav'nly Guide,
 Thy sweet Instructions I will hear,
 The Words that from thy Lips proceed,
 O how divinely sweet they are!
 Thee, my great *Prophet*, I would love,
 And imitate the Blest above.

III.

My great *High-Priest*, whose precious Blood
 Did once atone upon the Cross,
 Who now dost intercede with God,
 And plead the friendless Sinner's Cause,
 In Thee I trust; Thee I would love,
 And imitate the Blest above.

IV.

My *King* supreme, to Thee I bow,
 A willing Subject at thy Feet;
 All other Lords I disavow,
 And to thy Government submit:
 My *Saviour-King* this Heart would love,
 And imitate the Blest above.

V.

Transcendent Prince! for ever dear,
 Dearer than thousand Worlds to me,
 Shall bold presumptuous Rivals dare
 Pretend to share my Love with Thee?
 Thee above all this Heart would love,
 And imitate the Blest above.

VI.

But O the Languor of the Flame!
 All-gracious Saviour, raise it high'r,
 Tho' it consume my feeble Frame,
 And I o'erwhelm'd with Blis expire:
 O let me soar on Wings of Love,
 And mingle with the Blest above!

XXXII. *Thanksgiving for Divine Mercies.*

Common Metre.

By the Reverend Mr BENJAMIN SOWDEN.

I.

INDULGENT Father, how divine,
 How bright thy Bounties are!
 Thro' Nature's ample Round they shine,
 Thy Goodness they declare.

II.

But in the nobler World of Grace
 What sweeter Mercy smiles
 In my benign Redeemer's Face,
 And ev'ry Fear beguiles!

III.

Such Wonders, LORD, while I survey,
 To Thee my Thanks shall rise,
 When Morning ushers in the Day,
 Or Ev'ning veils the Skies.

IV.

When glimm'ring Life resigns its Flame,
 Thy Praise shall tune my Breath:
 The dear Memorials of thy Name
 Shall gild the Shades of Death.

V. But

V.

But O how sweet my Song shall rise
 When freed from feeble Clay,
 And all thy Glories meet mine Eyes
 In one eternal Day!

VI.

Not Seraphs, who resound thy Name
 Thro' yon ethereal Plains,
 Shall glw with a diviner Flame,
 Or raise sublimer Strains.

XXXIII. *The Glories of creating Wisdom,
 Power and Goodness.*

Long Metre.

By an UNKNOWN HAND.

I.

WE to JEHOVAH's Altar bring
 The Incense of our pious Lays:
 May He inspire us while we sing
 His Greatness, and his Goodness praise!

II.

But how shall we exalt his Name,
 Whose wise, all-comprehending Thought
 Projected this harmonious Frame,
 And fashion'd all Things out of Nought?

III.

Who, when in Reahms of silent Night,
 The blended Elements were hurl'd,
 By his bare *Fiat* form'd the Light,
 And into Beauty call'd a World.

IV.

[Celestial Hosts of Cherubs, say,
 (Attendants on his awful Nod,)
 How issu'd forth the dawning Ray,
 Refulgent Shadow of the God ?

V.

Rais'd with stupendous Arch the Skies
 Widely their azure Mantle spread ;
 On sable Wings the Tempest flies,
 New risen from its liquid Bed.

VI.

The marshall'd Waves with headlong Course
 Retreat from the aspiring Land,
 And rally their divided Force,
 Obedient to the great Command.

VII.

Nocturnal Lamps, their measur'd Round
 Now leading, radiant Blessings shed ;
 With Dignity unrivall'd crown'd,
 The Sun just lighted rears his Head ;

VIII.

Unbrooded Flocks in Ether rise,
 Bright Shoals enliven all the Deep ;
 There Infant-Eagles brave the Skies,
 Here Whales in madding Tempests sleep.]

IX.

But O what Numbers shall we find
 Expressing how ourselves began,
 When the ador'd Almighty Mind
 His Scheme consummated in Man,

X.

Resemblance of Himself impress'd
 In Reason, Sanctity, Command,
 With Wisdom fill'd his stately Breast,
 With Sceptre of the Globe his Hand !

XI.

Ye glorious Works of Heaven and Earth,
 Chiefly thou last, *Hosannas* raise
 To Him, whose Goodness gave you Birth:
 Unwearied your Creator praise.

XXXIV. *Heavenly Aspirations.*

Common Metre.

By an UNKNOWN HAND.

I.

IF e'er I felt victorious Grace,
 Or made thy Love my Care,
 O let me view thy glorious Face,
 Thou everlasting FAIR!

II.

When thro' the Regions of my Soul
 Insidious Passions stray,
 Thy Voice can all their Arts control,
 And drive those Fiends away.

III.

Wing'd by thy Love my tow'ring Mind
 Can reach celestial Height,
 Leave Darkness, Doubt, and Fear behind,
 And rest in endless Light.

IV.

O could I stretch my Wishes high
 On Pinions of my own,
 Ope the blue Heav'n and point my Eye
 Beyond fair *Gabriel's* Throne!

V.

I pant to quit these earthly Bands,
 And soar beyond the Skies:
 There my triumphant Saviour stands,
 And ev'ry Wish supplies.

XXXV. *Holy Desires; or, the Soul looking
 to God for his Influence and Grace.*

Common Metre.

By an UNKNOWN HAND.*

I.

FATHER Divine! great, good, and wise,
 While Heav'n pure Homage pays,
 From this dark Point beneath the Skies
 Accept a Mortal's Praise!

II.

Yet what's the Praise my Breath can give?
 What's all that I can say?
 But that the God in whom I live
 Has giv'n me Health to Day,

III.

The Theme my Voice in vain essays,
 Then let my Life pursue:
 Let *what I am* record thy Praise
 Express'd in *what I do*.

IV.

Thee more than all, and as my Self
 O teach me *Man* to love!
 Be this my Fame, my Glory, Wealth,
 My Bliss below, above.

* Occasioned by a Recovery from a tedious Illness.

V.

[Nor let my Love to Man be vain,
 My Love to God be blind:
 Of Thee some Knowledge let me gain,
 Some Blessing give Mankind.]

VI.

Thro' ev'ry Change my Life may know,
 My ebbing, flowing Tides,
 Firm be my Faith, that all below
 Love join'd with *Wisdom* guides;

VII.

That ev'n thy *Justice* tends to bless,
 Tho' little understood;
 That transient Evils Love express,
 And work eternal Good.]

VIII.

But, frail, alas! this mortal Clay,
 This reas'ning Mind, how frail!
 Let Strength be equal to my Day,
 Nor Height nor Depth prevail.

IX.

When o'er my Roof Affliction low'rs
 Sustain my sinking Heart;
 In all my gay unguarded Hours
 O keep my better Part!

X.

And, when this tott'ring Fabric falls,
 Assist my Soul to soar,
 Where full Possession never palls,
 To know and love thee more.

XXXVI. *God the Preserver.*

THE Earth and all the heav'nly Frame
 Their great Creator's Praise proclaim :
 He gives the Sun his quick'ning Pow'r,
 He sheds the soft refreshing Show'r ;
 'The Ground with Plenty blooms again,
 And furnishes her Fruits for Men,
 Men, who his constant Bounties share,
 But live ungrateful to his Care.

II.

Beneath the Shelter of his Hand
 We journey o'er the dang'rous Land :
 He the despairing Sailor keeps
 Thro' rayless Gloom, and roaring Deeps :
 If sharp Disease invades the Heart,
 And Death uplifts his dreadful Dart,
 His Arm redeems the quiv'ring Prey,
 And gives our Tears and Groans away.

III.

Nor to the human Race alone
 Is his paternal Goodness shown ;
 The Tribes of Earth, and Sea, and Air,
 Enjoy his undistinguish'd Care.
 There's not a Sparrow yields its Breath,
 Till he permits the Shaft of Death :
 He hears the Raven's craving Call :
 'The Sov'reign He, and Friend of all.

XXXVII. *The Resurrection of CHRIST.*

Common Metre.

I.

JESUS was from the cruel Tree
 On which his Blood was shed
 Into the Sepulchre convey'd,
 And mingled with the Dead :

II.

Fast to its Mouth a Stone is laid,
 And seal'd to make it sure ;
 Soldiers with hostile Arms are plac'd
 The Căptive to secure.

III.

In vain : as well towards the East
 Let pond'rous Rocks be roll'd
 To intercept the Sun's Ascend,
 And crush his Wheels of Gold.

IV.

On the third Day the Saviour springs
 To Life, the bursting Tomb
 Resigns its Pris'ner, while the Guards
 In Horrors wait their Doom !

V.

JESUS arises from the Dead,
 And, as He rises, gives
 Assurance that his Church shall live,
 Because her Husband lives.

VI.

The Glooms of Death are all dispers'd,
 And crush'd his venom'd Sting :
 Awake, ye Saints, your risen LORD
 In loud *Hosannas* sing !

XXXVIII. *Christian Courage, or Divine
Support under Afflictions.*

Long Metre.

I.

AFFLICTIONS of a thousand Kinds
Surprize and vex the present State,
And often our too feeble Minds
Are sunk beneath their heavy Weight.

II.

But why should Saints, the Sons of God,
Be terrifi'd, when Tempests beat?
Still let them keep the heav'nly Road,
And face each furious Storm they meet.

III.

Why should they murmur? on their Sight
The Dawn of heav'nly Glory breaks;
Or why despond? Eternal Might
Their sure Protection undertakes.

IV.

May I, my God, to Thee resign
My future Life! And may my Days
Or, if they low'r, or if they shine,
Be consecrated to thy Praise!

V.

O for a strong transporting Sight
Of the immortal Joys to come,
To pierce the thickest Shades of Night,
Nor fail till I have reach'd my Home!

XXXIX. *The Gospel-Consolations on the
Decease of pious Relatives and Friends.*

Common Metre.

I.

WHY should we mourn o'er Saints de-
In wild Excess of Grief? (ceas'd
The Gospel of our Lord provides
Rich Cordials of Relief.

II.

Soon as the Souls of Christians quit
Their Tenements of Clay,
Cherubic Convoys guard their Flight.
To Realms of endless Day :

III.

There they behold their Father-God
In full unclouded Sight,
And humbly worship at his Feet
With infinite Delight.

IV.

No Sin, their sorest Grief below,
Shall their Devotions taint ;
No outward Pain, no inward Fear
Shall furnish one Complaint.

V.

With Angels, an unnumber'd Choir,
With Saints, a glorious Train,
Their kindred Spirits shall be join'd,
And with them live and reign.

VI.

Such is the Bliss that pious Souls
At parting hence shall find :
Then why these Tears, these Sighs, and
In Saints who stay behind? (Groans,

VII.

Do Glories call for mournful Glooms,
Felicity for Woe?

Weep for yourselves, who sojourn still
In these dark Vales below.

XL. *The Blessedness of the Gospel.*

Short Metre.

I.

WHAT Joys the Gospel brings
From the high Court of Heav'n,
Proclaiming from the KING of Kings
Our Trespases forgiv'n?

II.

Our Natures are impure,
And overspread with Sins,
But in our Hearts our perfect Cure
The GOD of Grace begins.

III.

Our Sores, and Wounds, and Pains,
Th'Almighty Spirit heals,
And heav'nly Consolation reigns
Where he his Love reveals.

IV.

LORD, let us feel this Grace,
Purge ev'ry Sin away,
And all our Doubts and Gloom efface
By thy reviving Ray!

V.

Thus, when this House of Clay
Shall into Ruins fall,
To Heav'n our Souls shall wing their Way,
And GOD be All in All.

XLI. CHRIST *our Righteousness,*
and *we his People.*

Long Metre.

I.

HARK how the Law in Thunder speaks :
“ Rebels, on you descends my Blow;
“ Your Guilt my sleeping Vengeance wakes,
“ And like your Crimes shall be your Woe.”

II.

In vain we look, in vain we fly,
Rackt with Distress, and wild Despair,
Till the dear Saviour meets the Eye,
Nail'd to a Cross, and bleeding there.

III.

The Law the Sinner's Life demands,
But JESUS for Offenders dies :
“ Father, he pleads with out-stretch'd Hands,
“ For them accept my Sacrifice.”

IV.

Heav'n's righteous Law is satisfy'd,
And GOD proclaims unbounded Grace :
Who shall condemn, since CHRIST has dy'd,
And borne the Vengeance in our Place ?

V.

O let our new Obedience prove
That CHRIST is ours, and Guilt forgiv'n !
Be all our Souls transform'd to Love,
And let us walk as Heirs of Heav'n !

XLII. *Divine*

XLII. *Divine Breathings, in the Views of
Death and Eternity.*

Long Metre.

I.

WE all are trav'ling on the Roads
That to Eternity descend;
Soon shall we reach our last Abodes,
And Life and all its Bubbles end:

II.

Soon shall our Souls, dismiss'd from Clay,
Before the Judge of all appear:
Are we prepar'd to meet the Day,
Prepar'd the great Award to hear?

III.

LORD, for the Saviour's Sake forgive
Th' unnumber'd Sins which we have
wrought!

O bid our dying Spirits live,
And scatter each depending Thought!

IV.

O for a Gale of heavenly Breath
Immortal Vigour to infuse,
That, rising from this Realm of Death,
Eternal Scenes may fill our Views!

V.

Till we have pass'd the Desert thro',
Let Manna, **LORD**, be show'r'd around;
Fresh from our Rock let Rivers flow,
And water all the thirsty Ground!

VI. *Chearful*

VI.

Chearful in Hope, and crown'd with Peace,
Thee will we serve with all our Pow'rs,
With Transport welcome our Release,
Secure that endless Bliss is ours.

XLIII. *The Death of Saints as viewed first
by Sense, and next by Faith.*

Short Metre.

I.

THE Bodies of the Saints,
Depriv'd of Life and Breath,
Pallid and putrid Clods become
The dismal Prey of Death.

II.

A Coffin, Shroud, and Grave,
Their Bed, their Dress, their Home,
There doom'd in Dust and Night to lie
For Ages long to come.

III.

[We visit the sad Place
Where the dear Relics sleep,
There pour the Heart-afflicting Groan,
Or in loud Anguish weep:

IV.

No answer'ing Voice is heard,
No rising Friend is seen;
But o'er their Dust th' unbroken Turf
Renews its annual Green.]

V.

But 'midst these mournful Scenes
Let *Faith* and *Hope* arise,
And, smiling o'er the Tomb, proclaim
The Counsels of the Skies.

VI.

“ The Body mould’ring here
 “ Under the foul Disgrace,
 “ Of that dire Curse that *Adam’s* Sin
 “ Pour’d on the human Race,

VII.

“ By *JESUS’* quick’ning Pow’r
 “ Shall from its Slumbers wake,
 “ And, in his glorious Image drest,
 “ Its Bonds asunder break.

VIII.

[“ The Spirit, long confin’d
 “ In a debasing Nook,
 “ That, forc’d away by Pains and Pangs,
 “ Its ruin’d Cell forsook,

IX.

“ Its Mansion shall resume,
 “ Ethereal and refin’d,
 “ Ascend the heav’nly Hills, and leave
 “ Mortality behind.]

X.

“ What Glories then shall shine !
 “ What Bliss unknown be giv’n !
 “ Its Portion th’ eternal God,
 “ Its Home th’ eternal Heav’n.]

XI.

Then why these streaming Tears ?
 Or why this groaning Breath ?
 Where is thy Boast, devouring Grave ?
 Or where thy Poison, Death ?

XII.

[The Cov’nant of our God
 Is fraught with sov’reign Pow’rs
 To dissipate our heaviest Woes,
 And gild our darkest Hours.]

XLIV. *The Creatures vain, and
GOD All-sufficient.*

Common Metre.

I.

HIGH-born, immortal is the Soul:
Not the Creation yields
An equal, a sufficient Bliss
Through all its ample Fields.

II.

Let *Honour* deck our Brows with Crowns
And gild us with its Rays,
Unsatisfi'd the Mind remains,
And sighs amidst the Blaze.

III.

Music, and *Wine*, and *Beauty's* Charms
Awhile may lull our Pain,
But soon the Dreams dissolve, and soon
The Spirit pines again.

IV.

Let golden Mountains of *Peru*,
Let *India's* Wealth be ours,
Our Souls in Wretchedness would groan,
And starve amidst their Stores.

V.

Did we possess the World, and grasp
A thousand Worlds beside,
The Empire would not bound our Wish,
Howe'er it pleas'd our Pride.

VI.

Father of Spirits, in thy Love
Spirits alone are bless'd;
Thy Presence makes eternal Day,
And gives eternal Rest.

XLV. *The Death of CHRIST the Subject
of Meditation at his Table.*

Common Metre.

A SACRAMENTAL HYMN.

I.

WHILE we partake the sacred Bread,
And drink the sacred Wine,
The Death of JESUS we record
With Ecstasy divine.

II.

We see the Thorns twine round his Brows,
And fast distil with Blood;
We see his Limbs beneath the Scourge
Bath'd in a crimson Blood;

III.

We view Him fasten'd to the Cross
In Agony and Shame,
Behold the Irons pierce his Flesh,
And rend his tender Frame.

IV.

How black around the Saviour's Head
The Clouds of Vengeance roll!
So thick the Night, that not one Ray
Of Heav'n can reach his Soul.

V.

We trace the all-performing Pow'rs
Of this great Sacrifice;
What Praise to God, what Bliss to Man
In mingled Glories rise.

VI. This

VI.

This Death our Souls with Grief, with Joy,
 In sacred Signs record,
 Till Earth shall from the bending Skies
 Receive her promis'd LORD.

XLVI. *GOD avouched as our GOD, and
 ourselves devoted to Him as his People.*

Long Metre.

A SACRAMENTAL HYMN.

I.

FATHER, we spurn terrestrial Toys,
 Phantoms of Good, and fleeting Joys;
 Into thine Arms we speed our Flight,
 Thou art the Heav'n of our Delight.

II.

“Thou art our GOD,” our Spirits cry,
 “To Thee we look for all Supply:
 “None, none but Thee thro' Worlds above,
 “Or Worlds below shall fix our Love.”

III.

Beset with Snares, with Woes oppress'd,
 To Thee we seek for Help and Rest;
 On Thee our Hopes immortal build,
 To Thee our All for ever yield.

IV.

This Day, while we receiv'd the Bread,
 And drank the Wine, our Souls have said,
 “Thou art our GOD, and we are thine:”
 We feel, and bless the Bonds Divine.

XLVII. *Views by Faith of a dying and
exalted Saviour.*

Long Metre.

A SACRAMENTAL HYMN.

I.

NOW let our Faith grow strong and rise,
And view our Lord in all his Love,
See Him at *Golgotha* expire,
And trace Him to his Throne above.

II.

Nail'd to the Cross, adown his Limbs
The Blood in crimson Currents rolls :
Th' illustrious Suff'rer took our Place,
And gave the Ransom for our Souls.

III.

On the third Day behold Him rise,
The Pow'rs of Death and Hell o'erthrown :
Believer, then He rose for Thee ;
His Resurrection is thine own.

IV.

See Him ascend his native Skies !
See Him resume his vacant Throne !
Where the great Intercessor pleads,
And show'rs immortal Blessings down.

V.

For these stupendous Acts of Love
What shall we render, Gracious God ?
Our Sins we doom to instant Death,
That vip'rous Brood that drunk thy Blood :

VI. We

VI.

We break our impious League with Hell,
 From each forbidden Path depart,
 Open to Thee th' eternal Doors,
 And bid Thee welcome from the Heart.

XLVIII. *The Provisions of Divine Grace
 for our Souls.*

Long Metre.

A SACRAMENTAL HYMN.

I.

THE bounteous God of Nature gives
 His Sun to rise, and Rains to fall,
 Hence Herbage springs, and Harvests rise,
 Dispensing Food and Joy to all.

II.

With daily Bread our Boards are blest,
 The Herds and Flocks their Dainties yield,
 And with the rich reviving Juice,
 Crush'd from the Grape, our Cups are fill'd.

III.

And shall our dying Flesh enjoy
 Such Care, such various Blessings taste,
 And, for our never-dying Souls,
 Has Heav'n provided no Repast?

IV.

Behold a royal Feast prepar'd
 Of heav'nly Food, and heav'nly Wine;
 Hence we immortal Life derive,
 And hence exult in Joys divine.

V.

LORD, for these Riches of thy Grace,
 What equal Honours shall we raise?
 The Life and Joy thy Grace inspires
 Shall be devoted to thy Praise.

XLIX. *Public Worship, or the Employment
 of Saints in the House of God.*

Long Metre.

A SACRAMENTAL HYMN.

I.

WITH Joy we hear our Brethren say,
 “ Come let us take the sacred Way,
 “ And worship in our Father’s House,
 “ Proclaim his Love, and pay our Vows.”

II.

There there are heard the Pray’rs of Saints,
 Their humble Groans, their deep Complaints,
 Their Fear, their Faith, their Hope, and
 Love,
 And Pleas, that reach the Throne above.

III.

There JESUS’ Messengers proclaim
 The glorious Wonders of his Name,
 Display his Grace, declare his Will,
 And point the Road to Zion’s Hill.

IV.

Assembled round thy sacred Board
 Thy Death, dear Saviour, we record:
 Thy Flesh is Faith’s supporting Food,
 Our Life thy Peace-procuring Blood.

V. There

V.

There with delighted Hearts and Tongues
 We raise our Harmony of Songs :
 If Fountains flow, and Manna falls,
 The Grace for present Praises calls ;

VI.

But how divine shall be the Lay,
 When Heav'n's pure Light has purg'd away
 Of Sin and Woe the dark Remains,
 And Joy in boundless Blessings reigns ?

L. *Encouragement against Despair ; or,
 Hope still set before us.*

Long Metre.

A SACRAMENTAL HYMN.

I.

AND be it so that till this Hour
 We never knew what Faith has meant,
 And Slaves to Sin, and Satan's Pow'r,
 Have never felt these Hearts relent,

II.

What shall be done ? shall we lie down,
 Sink in Despair, and groan, and die,
 And, sunk beneath th' Almighty's Frown,
 Not glance one chearful Hope on high ?

III.

Forbid it LORD ! LORD, to thy Grace
 As Simers, Strangers, we will come ;
 Among thy Saints we ask a Place,
 For in thy Mercy there is Room.

L 2

IV. LORD,

IV.

LORD, we believe ; O chase away
The gloomy Clouds of Unbelief :
LORD, we repent ; O let thy Ray
Dissolve our Hearts in sacred Grief !

V.

Now spread the Banner of thy Love,
And let us know that we are thine,
Chear us with Blessings from above,
With heav'nly Bread, and heav'nly Wine !

LI. *Praise for the general Blessings of
Providence.*

Short Metre.

I.

THRO' all the lofty Sky,
Thro' all th' inferior Ground,
Th' Almighty Maker shines confest,
And pours his Blessings round.

II.

The Sun, that gives the Day,
Gives to the World Delight ;
The Moon and Stars with fainter Beams
Cheer and adorn the Night.

III.

Each Year the teeming Earth
With Flow'rs and Fruits is crown'd,
And Grass, and Herbs, and Harvests grow,
And send their Joys around.

IV. The

IV.

The World of Waters yields
 A rich Supply of Food,
 And distant Lands their Treasures send
 Upon the rolling Flood :

V.

To serve and bless Mankind
 The Elements conspire,
 And Mercies mix themselves with Earth,
 With Ocean, Air, and Fire.

VI.

O that the Sons of Men
 To God their Songs would raise,
 And celebrate his Pow'r and Love
 In never-ceasing Praise !

*LII. Praise for the particular Blessings
 of Providence.*

Short Metre.

I.

THY Providence, O LORD,
 Has fix'd our happy Lot
 In Britain's highly favour'd Isle,
 An Heav'n-distinguish'd Spot.

II.

Remov'd from other Realms,
 Our Country's fenc'd around
 With Oceans : not in Walls of Brass
 Is such Protection found.

III.

Plenty in rich Delights
 O'erspreads our spacious Isle;
 With Fruits our Hills and Plains are crown'd,
 With Corn our Vallies smile.

IV.

Freedom, profuse in Bliss,
 Thro' all our Nation reigns;
 No Persecution shakes its Rod,
 No Tyranny its Chains.

V.

We all may take the Road
 Our Conscience bids us go;
 Awake, asleep, at home, abroad,
 Secure from ev'ry Foe.

VI.

O that *Britannia's* Sons
 To God their Songs would raise,
 And crown the Wonders of his Grace
 With unremitting Praise!

LIII. A MORNING HYMN.

Common Metre.

I.

TH'immeasurable Arch on high
 The rolling Wonders there,
 That gild the Bosom of the Sky,
 Their Maker's Pow'r declare.

II. The

II.

The Day on blazing Pinions flies
 To spread his Praise abroad ;
 And Night leads forth her gentler Fires,
 In Honour to her GOD.

III.

Thou, LORD, hast giv'n another Morn
 To shed its smiling Ray,
 And we, by Sleep refresh'd, renew'd,
 Salute the new-born Day.

IV.

How did our GOD around our Beds
 His guardian Shield extend,
 From ev'ry Shaft of Death unseen,
 And ev'ry Dread defend ?

V.

Preserve us, LORD, from Hour to Hour
 Thro' the succeeding Day,
 Where'er our Duty bids us rest
 Or bids us take our Way.

VI.

Give us the Food thou know'st we need,
 And give a grateful Mind,
 To feel, to own, while we enjoy
 Thy Gifts, that thou art kind.

VII.

Let us not break one Law of thine,
 One Duty leave undone,
 But smile, with conscious Pleasures blest,
 To see the setting Sun.

LIV. *An* EVENING HYMN.

Common Metre.

I.

A Nother Day has wing'd its Flight,
 Its Moments are all fled,
 Join'd with its Predecessors Fate,
 And mingled with the Dead :

II.

But of the Good or Ill we wrought
 The Praise or Blame remains,
 And we ere long shall meet our Deeds
 In Pleasures or in Pains.

III.

The various Actions of the Day,
 The useful and the vain,
 Are in deep Characters inscrib'd
 To be produc'd again.

IV.

O may the Days we spend on Earth
 In one bright Tenor run,
 And, when one Duty is perform'd,
 Swift be the next begun !

V.

Let growing Honour to the LORD,
 And Usefulness to Man,
 With Sun, and Moon, and Stars contend,
 And measure out our Span.

VI.

Thus, when we meet the Night of Death,
 Without one trembling Fear
 We shall go Home t' enjoy our God,
 And his Applauses hear.

LV. *Pardon and Purification implored.*

Common Metre.

Adapted to a NEW YEAR'S-DAY.

I.

NOW thro' the Year our God has giv'n
 Let us extend our View:
 Mercies were multiply'd from Heav'n
 Fast as the Moments flew;

II.

But, Oh! how languid and how small
 Were our Returns of Praise!
 How many Sins for Sorrow call!
 How fruitless were our Days!

III.

Pardon, O pardon, LORD, our Faults,
 And let the Saviour's Blood,
 In Worth transcending all our Thoughts,
 Secure our Peace with God:

IV.

Nor pard'ning Love vouchsafe alone,
 But purify the Heart;
 There, there erect thy lasting Throne,
 And there thy Grace impart.

V.

Then let this Year new Life supply,
 Or stop this fleeting Breath,
 To God we live, to God we die,
 And welcome Life or Death.

LVI. *Adjoining ourselves to the LORD.*

Common Metre.

Adapted to a NEW YEAR'S-DAY.

I.

ANother Year has roll'd away
 Its Months and Days and Hours,
 And still we dwell in mortal Clay,
 Still Heav'n its Bounties show'rs.

II.

On the Review what Sins appear,
 Sins of a crimson Hue!
 And ever-streaming thro' the Year
 What Mercies strike us too!

III.

All our Iniquities forgive,
 Thou God of boundless Grace;
 And for thy Benefits receive
 The Tribute of our Praise!

IV.

With Love and Joy, O LORD, to Thee
 We would ourselves adjoin,
 And in eternal Cov'nant be
 Irrevocably thine.

V.

Smile on us, Thou our God and King,
 Our rising Fears controul;
 Our two small Mites to Thee we bring,
 The Body, and the Soul.

LVII. *Acquaintance with CHRIST the best
Qualification for Preaching his Gospel.*

Long Metre.

For MINISTERS.

I.

WHEN *Adam* ate forbidden Fruit,
And spread the Curse thro' all our
Race,
The Promise, like a gen'rous Root,
Swift open'd in the Blooms of Grace.

II.

“ The Woman's chosen sacred Seed
“ The boasting Serpent's Head shall wound,
“ And Millions, from his Bondage freed,
“ Shall with eternal Life be crown'd.”

III.

At Time's appointed Fulness comes
The Son of God in human Clay,
Enters our Place, our Guilt assumes,
And bears the direful Load away.

IV.

Like Lightning rushing from the Skies,
Down from his Seat the Dragon's hurl'd;
Death on his cruel Arrow dies,
And heav'nly Glories fill the World.

V.

JESUS, our Souls adore thy Name!
'Twas thine own Arm these Vict'ries won:
In thee our Part we humbly claim,
And joyful to thy Banners run.

VI. Let

VI.

Let thy Salvation first be ours,
 Then shall our Souls, with living Sense
 And Ardors kindled thro' their Pow'rs,
 Wide thro' the World its Joys dispense.

VII.

Who so adapted to proclaim
 The great EMANUEL to our Race,
 As they who know and trust his Name,
 Who taste, and live upon his Grace?

VIII.

Touch'd with the heav'nly Flame within
 Our Lips shall preach the heav'nly Word,
 While Sinners quit the Tents of Sin,
 And crowd the Standard of our LORD.

LVIII. *Under-Shepherds provided by CHRIST
 the great Shepherd.*

Short Metre.

Suitable to an ORDINATION.

I.

THE Churches of the Saints
 Are JESUS' gather'd Sheep,
 And Under-Pastors he provides,
 His Flocks to feed and keep.

II.

The fair and fruitful Meads
 Their sacred Charge they guide ;
 Flow'rs and rich Pasture smile around,
 And peaceful Rivers glide.

III. In-

III.

Inferior Shepherds die,
 And leave their Folds behind,
 But CHRIST, the Churches living Head,
 Will fresh Successors find.

IV.

This Blessing, LORD, we hail,
 And see a Pastor rise
 Prepar'd, we trust, to watch thy Sheep,
 And lead them to the Skies;

V.

The Skies, those Lands of Joy,
 To which thy Flocks shall come,
 From Snares of Death, and Beasts of Prey,
 All brought in Safety Home.

VI.

There, there may we arrive,
 Our Toils and Perils o'er,
 And in the blissful Pastures feed
 On *Canaan's* happier Shore!

LIX. *Churches the Nurseries of Heaven.*

Common Metre.

Suited to an ORDINATION.

I.

THE World, that once with ev'ry Grace
 And ev'ry Virtue bloom'd,
 Is now become a Wilderness,
 And to Destruction doom'd.

II. *But*

II.

But here and there, won from the Waste,
 Young Nurseries are seen;
 And beautiful the Groves appear,
 And smile in living Green.

III.

O how divinely honour'd they
 That here bestow their Toil,
 Break up, and plant, and purge, and dress,
 And fence, and watch the Soil!

IV.

The Trees in graceful Order stand,
 From Strength to Strength they rise,
 Till the bright promis'd Hour arrives,
 That takes them to the Skies,

V.

There in a blissful Paradise
 Again to strike their Roots,
 To flourish in immortal Youth,
 And yield immortal Fruits.

VI.

No Storms annoy those peaceful Climes,
 No blasting Lightnings kill;
 The Air perpetual Softness breathes,
 And balmy Dews distill.

LX. *Ministers quicken'd to Duty.*

Common Metre.

Suited to an Ordination or Meeting of Ministers.

I.

SHALL Husbandmen manure their Fields,
 Plough up the hurtful Weed,
 And to the Furrows of the Ground
 Intrust the precious Seed?

II.

Shall Fishers labour Day and Night,
And Rest and Food forget,
And cast and cast again in Hope
The overspreading Net?

III.

And shall not Ministers of CHRIST
With equal Zeal pursue
Their Work, and dying Souls to save
Their nobler Toils renew?

IV.

Then why so languid? why so dull?
While we our Care remit,
Sinners may be surpriz'd by Death
Into the burning Pit.

V.

While Souls are rushing down to Hell
Should we neglect to sound
Th'Alarm, the loud Alarm, their Blood
Will on our Heads be found.

VI.

Pardon, O LORD, our past Neglects,
And with seraphic Fire
To snatch our Fellow-Men from Death
Our frozen Breasts inspire!

LXI. H Y M N for the FIRST of MAY.

Common Metre.

I.

TO Thee, whose sov'reign Word has made,
Whose sov'reign Sway controls
All Nature, we in Praise present
The Homage of our Souls.

II. The

II.

The Pow'r, that rolls the Seasons round,
 And guides the starry Sphere,
 Has caus'd the Spring to live again,
 And lead the rising Year.

III.

Verdure and Flow'rs adorn the Ground,
 The Trees a smiling Bloom,
 And all the Meads, and all the Groves
 Diffuse a rich Perfume.

IV.

Kind is the Season in its Course,
 And various Joy supplies,
 But when these Infant Births are grown
 What richer Blessings rise!

V.

Spring's the Forerunner and the Pledge
 Of *Autumn's* plenteous Reign,
 When purple Clusters load the Vine,
 And Harvests crown the Plain.

VI.

While Wisdom, Pow'r, and Love unite
 To give us Food and Joy,
 Let Praise to Heav'n be our Delight,
 And all our Pow'rs employ!

LXII. *On a Year of threating Drought.*

Common Metre.

I.

THE Spring, great God, at thy Command
 Leads forth the smiling Year;
 Verdure, and Blossoms, Blooms and Flow'rs
 T'adorn her Reign appear.

II. But

II.

But soon canst Thou in righteous Wrath
 Blast all the promis'd Joy,
 And Elements await thy Nod,
 To bless or to destroy.

III.

The Sun, thy Minister of Love,
 That from the naked Ground
 Calls forth the hidden Seeds to Birth,
 And spreads their Beauties round,

IV.

At the dread Order of his God
 Now darts destructive Fires,
 Hills, Plains, and Vales are parcht with
 Drought,
 And blooming Life expires.

V.

Like burnish'd Brass, the Heav'n around
 In angry Terrors burns,
 While the Earth lies a joyless Waste,
 And into Iron turns.

VI.

Pity us, LORD, in our Distress,
 Nor with our Land contend,
 Bid the avenging Skies relent,
 And Show'rs of Mercy send!

LXIII. *On a Year of threating Rain.*
 Common Metre.

I.

HOW hast Thou, LORD, from Year to
 Year
 Our Land with Plenty crown'd!
 And gen'rous Fruit, and golden Grain
 Have spread their Riches round:

II.

But we thy Mercies have abus'd
 To more abounding Crimes :
 What Height, what Impudence in Sin
 Mark and disgrace our Times ?

III.

Intemp'rance, Luxury, in waste
 Thy precious Gifts destroy,
 And Vice is fed by what was giv'n
 T'inspire our holy Joy.

IV.

Equal tho' awful is the Doom
 That fierce descending Rain
 Should into Inundations swell,
 And crush the rising Grain !

V.

How just that in the Autumn's Reign,
 When we had hop'd to reap,
 Our Fields of Sorrow and Despair
 Should lie an hideous Heap ?

VI.

But, LORD, have Mercy on our Land,
 These Floods of Vengeance stay,
 Dispel these Glooms, and let the Sun
 Shine in unclouded Day !

VII.

To Thee alone we look for Help ;
 None else of Dew or Rain
 Can give the World the smallest Drop,
 Or smallest Drop restrain.

LXIV. On

LXIV. *On a plentiful Harvest.*

Common Metre.

I.

THE Seed, that in the closing Year
Was cast into the Earth,
There dy'd, but at the Call of Heav'n
Was quicken'd into Birth.

II.

How did it spring, and how increase,
Nurs'd by the Sun and Rain,
Till all the wide-extended Fields
Were crown'd with golden Grain!

III.

The Husbandman with Joy survey'd
His Corn to Ripeness grown,
And thrust his eager Sickle in,
And reap'd the Harvests down.

IV.

Into their Wombs the Barns receiv'd
Th' invaluable Good;
And Millions thence, while Winter reigns,
Shall draw their daily Food.

V.

And shall our God thus crown our Years
With his abounding Love,
While we to his most gracious Laws
Ungrateful Rebels prove?

VI.

Forbid it, LORD, and, while we taste
The Bounties thou hast giv'n,
Let our devout Affections rise,
And mount in Praise to Heav'n!

VII. Father,

VII.

[Father, we bless the Hand that strows
 These Bounties in our Way ;
 The larger Mercy we receive
 The more will we obey.]

VIII.

How sweet to run the Ways of God,
 When we are drawn by Love ?
 We join th' Experience and the Joys
 Of all the Blest above.]

LXV. *The Saint's Consolation amidst
 Destruction by Fire.*

Long Metre.

I.

THE Fire with wild unbounded Pow'r
 May ruin ev'ry earthly Joy,
 And in a swift surprizing Hour
 Our Treasures, Homes, and Lives destroy :

II.

But still the Saint its Rage defies,
 And should Destruction seize his Frame,
 His unimbodied Soul would rise,
 And mount to Glory in the Flame.

III.

There stands a Palace built sublime
 In yonder Heav'ns to which we go,
 Secure from all the Wastes of Time,
 And all the dire Events below.

IV. When

IV.

When Vengeance, kindling all her Fires,
 Shall ride in Ruin o'er the Ball,
 Saints shall enjoy their full Desires,
 Their GOD, their SAVIOUR, and their all.

LXVI. *Thanksgiving for Victory over
 our Enemies.*

Common Metre.

I.

TO Thee, who reign'st supreme above,
 And reign'st supreme below,
 Thou GOD of Wisdom, Pow'r, and Love,
 We our Successes owe.

II.

The thund'ring Horse, the martial Band
 Without thine Aid were vain;
 And Vict'ry flies at thy Command
 To crown the bright Campaign.

III.

Thy mighty Arm unseen was nigh,
 When we our Foes assail'd;
 'Tis Thou hast rais'd our Honours high,
 And o'er their Pow'rs prevail'd.

IV.

Their Mounds, their Camps, their lofty
 Into our Hands are giv'n, [Tow'rs
 Not from Desert or Strength of ours,
 But thro' the Grace of Heav'n.

V.

What tho' no Columns lifted high
 Stand deep inscrib'd with Praise,
 Yet founding Honours to the Sky
 Our grateful Tongues shall raise.

VI.

True to its Trust th' Historic Page
 Shall tell how kind our God,
 Send the full Joys from Age to Age,
 And spread them all abroad.

VII.

The faithful Tablet of our Heart
 These Mercies shall record,
 Never from thence shall they depart,
 Nor we forget the LORD.

VIII.

To our young Race we will proclaim
 The Mercies He has shown,
 That they may learn to bless his Name,
 And choose him for their own.

IX.

Thus, while we sleep in silent Dust,
 When threat'ning Dangers come,
 Their Fathers God shall be their Trust,
 Their Refuge and their Home.

LXVII. *On the Earthquake at Lisbon,*
Nov. 1. 1755.

Long Metre.

In TWO PARTS.

PART Ist.

I.

WHILE human Worms with mutual Rage
 In Scenes of War and Death engage,
 The dread Supreme his Pow'r awakes,
 And Earth from its Foundations shakes.

II. Cities

II.

Cities the dire Convulsion own,
 And rush in rapid Ruin down:
 On Thousands bursts th' avoidless Weight,
 Crush'd in th' immeasurable Fate.

III.

Great GOD! in Characters of Flame
 We read the Terrors of thy Name;
 'Tis Guilt provokes these dire Alarms,
 And sets th' Omnipotent in Arms.

IV.

O may the World thy Judgments own,
 And humbly bow before thy Throne!
 That Pow'r, that Rocks asunder parts,
 Can break ev'n adamantine Hearts.

V.

Of Riches we will boast no more,
 No more to Earth intrust our Store,
 That in an instantaneous Grave
 Resumes the Gold and Gems it gave.

VI.

Our Hopes shall now ascend on High
 And seek a Treasure in the Sky:
 The Mines above are rich and pure,
 And shall thro' endless Age endure.

P A R T II^d.

VII.

Why should the Shocks that shake our Ball
 The Christian's feeble Faith appall?
 JESUS, thy Word foretels these Signs,
 Thy Glory thro' their Terrors shines.

VIII. Blest

VIII.

Blest Word of Grace, to Thee we fly,
 When Tempests roar, and Fears run high;
 Our Anchor feels a firmer Ground
 In Thee, when Nature quakes around.

IX.

Should Earth from its Foundations start,
 Should Mountains from their Seats depart,
 Should Ruin mix the Land and Seas,
 An Heir of Heav'n may smile at Ease.

X.

Welcome, thrice welcome, promis'd Day,
 Whose Heralds now prepare thy Way,
 That kindles the devouring Flame,
 That melts this vast material Frame!

XI.

With dauntless Minds, with Looks serene,
 Our Faith shall triumph o'er the Scene,
 And our uninjur'd Portion boast,
 When Worlds with all their Wealth are lost:

XII.

'Tis hid with CHRIST, 'tis safe above
 In All-sufficiency and Love,
 And o'er the Ruin Saints shall rise,
 And climb th' unperishable Skies.

LXVIII. *On a Storm of Thunder.*

Common Metre.

I.

SEE low-hung Clouds around the Skies
 Extend their gloomy Veil,
 And charg'd with heavy Stores of Wrath
 In solemn Silence sail!

II. From

II.

From their dark Wombs the forky Fire
Cuts its resistless Way,
And on the low'ring Face of Night
Sheds momentary Day.

III.

The hoarse, abrupt, tremendous Roar
Of Thunder swift succeeds;
Conscience awakes, and with it wake
The Sinner's impious Deeds.

IV.

How great his Terrors left the Flame
His Body should consume,
And send his Spirit unprepar'd
To hear its final Doom.

V.

Mean-time amidst the wild Uproar
The Saint may smile serene,
Or be it Life, or be it Death
That ends the awful Scene;

VI.

Whether he lives, he lives to God,
Or dies, to God he dies,
Safe in all States, all Times, all Worlds;
High let his Raptures rise!

VII.

The Saints on Time's concluding Day
From the celestial Coast
Shall see all Nature's Wreck, and say,
"LORD! we have nothing lost!"

LXIX. *The universal Diffusion of the Gospel
promised by GOD, and pleaded by his People.*

Common Metre.

IN SEVEN PARTS.

PART I^t.

I.

GREAT God, the Nations of the Earth
Are by Creation thine;
And in thy Works, by all beheld,
Thine obvious Glories shine.

II.

In Day, and Night, in Sun, and Show'rs,
Thy tender Care we trace;
And providential Goodness reigns
Thro' all the human Race.

III.

But, LORD, thy greater Love has sent
Thy Gospel to Mankind,
Unveiling what rich Stores of Grace
Are treasur'd in thy Mind.

IV.

Through CHRIST, the Ransom of our Souls,
With Sinners Thou art pleas'd:
Thy flaming Darts are laid aside,
Thy Vengeance is appeas'd.

V.

A Fountain too thy Mercy shows
To heal the Plagues of Sin;
The noisome Sores that taint the Life,
And Leprosy within.

VI. Does

VI.

Does not thy Word assure our Souls
 Of Realms of Blis on high,
 That everlasting Glory waits
 To crown us when we die ?

VII.

[Does not our Faith see Death disarm'd,
 Our Triumph o'er the Tomb,
 And Duft and Ashes mount the Skies,
 Rais'd in immortal Bloom ?]

VIII.

LORD, when shall these glad Tidings spread
 The spacious Earth around,
 Till ev'ry Tribe, and ev'ry Soul
 Shall hear the joyful Sound ?

P A R T II.

IX.

O when shall *Afric's* fable Sons
 Enjoy the heav'nly Word,
 And Vassals long-enslav'd become
 The Freedmen of the LORD ?

X.

When shall th' untutor'd *Indian* Tribes,
 A dark bewilder'd Race,
 Sit down at our EMANUEL'S Feet,
 And learn and feel his Grace ?

XI.

Haste, sov'reign Mercy, and transform
 Their Cruelty to Love ;
 Soften the Tiger to a Lamb,
 The Vulture to a Dove !

XII.

Smile, LORD, on each divine Attempt
 To spread the Gospel's Rays,
 And build on Sin's demolish'd Throne
 The Temples of thy Praise!

XIII.

Send forth thy Word, and let it fly
 Arm'd with thy Spirit's Pow'r,
 And Thousands shall confess its Sway,
 And bless the saving Hour.

XIV.

Beneath the Influence of its Grace
 The barren Wastes shall rise,
 With sudden Greens, and Fruits array'd,
 A blooming Paradise.

P A R T III^d.

XV.

Father, is not thy Promise pledg'd
 To thine exalted Son
 That thro' the Nations of the Earth
 Thy Word of Life shall run?

XVI.

“ Ask, and I give the *Heathen-Lands*
 “ For thine Inheritance,
 “ And to the World's remotest Shores
 “ Thine Empire shall advance †.”

XVII.

Hast Thou not said, the blinded *Jews*
 Shall their Redeemer own,
 While *Gentiles* to his Standard crowd,
 And bow before his Throne*?

XVIII. Are

† Pſal. ii. 8.

* Rom. xi. 25, 26.

XVIII.

Are not all Kingdoms, Tribes, and Tongues,
 Under th' Expanse of Heav'n,
 To the Dominion of thy Son
 Without Exemption giv'n *?

XIX.

From East to West, from North to South,
 Then be his Name ador'd!
Europe, with all thy Millions, shout
Hosannas to thy LORD:

XX.

Asia and *Africa*, resound
 From Shore to Shore his Fame;
 And thou, *America*, in Songs
 Redeeming Love proclaim!

P A R T IVth.

XXI.

When JESUS shall ascend his Throne
 The universal King,
 What boundless Grace, what Joys unknown
 Shall his Salvation bring?

XXII.

True Piety shall strike its Root
 In each regen'rate Heart,
 Shall in a Growth Divine arise,
 And heav'nly Fruits impart.

XXIII.

Honour, Dependence on our GOD,
 With Justice, Truth, and Love
 Their Glories thro' our World shall spread,
 As thro' the World above.

M 3

XXIV. Peace,

XXIV.

Peace, with her Olives crown'd, shall stretch
 Her Wings from Shore to Shore :
 No Trump shall rouse the Rage of War,
 No mud'rous Cannon roar.

XXV.

Blessings in all their brightest Forms
 Shall thro' the Earth abound ;
 With Kindness shall each Bosom burn,
 With Joy each Heart shall bound.

XXVI.

LORD, for these Days we wait : these Days
 Are in thy Word foretold.
 Fly swifter Sun, and Stars, and bring
 This promis'd Age of Gold !

PART Vth.

XXVII.

When CHRIST assumes his Throne, this Song
 Shall thro' the World resound :
 * See JESUS, who on Calv'ry bled,
 " With endless Glories crown'd * !

XXVIII.

" He in impartial Righteousness
 " Shall judge the Saints among,
 " Shall bow propitious to the Poor,
 And vindicate their Wrong.

XXIX.

" Princes and Magistrates shall Peace,
 " And Equity maintain,
 " As Hills and Mountains down the Vales
 " Diffuse th' enriching Rain.

* The 5th, 6th, and 7th Parts of this Hymn are taken from the 72d Psalm, Google

XXX.

- “ He shall relieve the Sons of War,
 “ And break the Tyrant’s Jaws;
 “ Ages shall upon Ages roll
 “ Crown’d with his vast Applause.

XXXI.

- “ As Show’rs descend in silver Drops
 “ On Meadows newly mown,
 “ So shall his sacred Spirit send
 “ His quick’ning Influence down.

XXXII.

- “ The Saints shall flourish in his Days,
 “ And Peace, his dear Delight,
 “ Shall fill the World, long as the Moon
 “ Adorns the Reign of Night.

XXXIII.

- “ From Clime to Clime, from Sea to Sea
 “ His Empire shall extend,
 “ From where *Euphrates*’ Torrent rolls
 “ To Earth’s remotest End.

XXXIV.

- [“ Barbarians shall their Fierceness lose,
 “ And bow before his Seat,
 “ And Foes, that dar’d withstand his Pow’r,
 “ Lie vanquish’d at his Feet.”]

P A R T VIth.

XXXV.

- When CHRIST is thron’d on *Zion*’s Hill
 The Nations sov’reign King,
 Princes from Realms, from Isles remote
 Shall their Oblations bring;

XXXVI.

All Monarchs shall in Homage bend
 To his superior Sway ;
 All People shall his Statutes learn,
 And joyfully obey.

XXXVII.

The Soul, that cries to Him, shall find
 Salvation in Distress :
 Of hopeless Grief he hears the Groan,
 And flies to its Redress.

XXXVIII.

Widows, and Orphans pin'd with Woe,
 His Mercy will befriend ;
 From ev'ry Snare, and ev'ry Foe
 Their threatned Lives defend.

XXXIX.

To Him the choicest Stores of Earth
 In Honour shall be giv'n,
 And Pray'rs and Praises to his Name,
 Like Incense breathe to Heav'n.

P A R T VIIth.

XL,

The Seed, in scanty Handfuls sown
 Upon the Mountains Tops
 Nourish'd by Heav'n's enliv'ning Beams,
 By Heav'n's enriching Drops,

XLI.

Shall in an ample Harvest rise,
 Shall overspread the Ground,
 Shall shake like *Lebanon* with Woods
 Of tow'ring Cedar crown'd.

XLII. The

XLII.

The Cities, thro' the World dispers'd,
 By Crowds of Men possess'd,
 Shall flourish like the blooming Meads ;
 In Spring's Embroid'ry dress'd.

XLIII.

Long as the Sun shall rule the Day
 Mankind shall sound his Fame :
 In Him all Nations shall be blest,
 And all shall bless his Name.

XLIV.

Immortal and unbounded Praise
 Let *Isr'el's* GOD receive :
 These Miracles of Pow'r and Grace
 He only could achieve.


XLV.

Now let our LORD, as Summer-Suns,
 Make haste the World to gild,
 Shine all abroad till all our Globe
 Is with his Glories fill'd !

XLVI.

Amen, with Joy Divine let Earth's
 Unnumber'd Myriads cry ;
Amen, with Joy Divine let Heav'n's
 Unnumber'd Choirs reply !

APPENDIX.



A P P E N D I X.

As there was not sufficient Manuscript to perfect the Sheet, it was thought proper to annex the following Pieces to the Volume, which, though they are not adapted to Psalmody, yet contain serious and important Truths, or Monitions to Virtue. The Author takes the Liberty to add, that they may be considered as Specimens of a very considerable Number of Poems, partly Originals, and partly Translations, now lying by him, but which may hereafter make their Appearance in the World.

O n L I F E.

SAY, is there aught that can convey
 An Image of its transient Stay?—
 'Tis an Hands-Breadth; 'tis a Tale;
 'Tis a Vessel under Sail;
 'Tis a Courier's straining Steed;
 'Tis a Shuttle in its Speed;

'Tis

'Tis an Eagle in its Way
 Darting down upon its Prey ;
 'Tis an Arrow in its Flight
 Mocking the pursuing Sight ;
 'Tis a Vapour in the Air ;
 'Tis a Whirlwind rushing there ;
 'Tis a short-liv'd fading Flow'r ;
 'Tis a Rainbow on a Show'r ;
 'Tis a momentary Ray
 Smiling in a Winter's Day ;
 'Tis a Torrent's rapid Stream ;
 'Tis a Shadow ; 'tis a Dream ;
 'Tis the closing Watch of Night
 Dying at the rising Light ;
 'Tis a Landscape vainly gay
 Painted upon crumbling Clay ;
 'Tis a Lamp that wastes its Fires ;
 'Tis a Smoke that quick expires ;
 'Tis a Bubble ; 'tis a Sigh. —
 Be prepar'd, O Man, to die !

ON E T E R N I T Y.

WHAT is Eternity ? — Can aught
 Paint its Duration to the Thought ?
 Tell ev'ry Beam the Sun emits,
 When in sublimest Noon he fits ;
 Tell ev'ry light-wing'd Mote, that strays
 Within its ample Round of Rays ;
 Tell all the Leaves, and all the Buds,
 That crown the Gardens and the Woods ;
 Tell

Tell all the Spires of Grass the Meads
 Produce, when *Spring* propitious leads
 The new-born Year; tell all the Drops
 The Night upon their bended Tops
 Sheds in soft Silence to display
 Their Beauties with the rising Day;
 Tell all the Sands the Ocean laves,
 Tell all its Changes, all its Waves,
 Or tell with more laborious Pains
 The Drops its mighty Mass contains:
 Be this astonishing Account
 Augmented with the full Amount
 Of all the Drops the Clouds have shed,
 Where'er their watry Fleeces spread,
 Thro' all *Time's* long-protracted Tour
 From *Adam* to the present Hour,
 Still short the Sum; nor can it vie
 With the more num'rous Years that lie
 Imbosom'd in *Eternity*.

Was there a Belt that could contain
 In its vast Orb the Earth and Main,
 With Figures was it cluster'd o'er,
 Without one Cipher in the Score,
 And could your lab'ring Thought assign
 The Total of the crowded Line,
 How scant th' Amount? Th' Attempt how
 To reach *Duration's* endless Chain? (vain
 For when as many Years are run
 Unbounded Age is but begun.

Attend, O Man, with Awe Divine
 For this *Eternity* is Thine!

To

To a YOUNG GENTLEMAN.

Partly imitated from *Casimire*, Book III. Ode 23.

I.

BE not, my Friend, with *Youth* deceiv'd,
 Nor let the *Siren* be believ'd,
 Tho' smooth and soft her Strain :
 Away on whirling Wheels she flies,
 Swift as the Gust that rides the Skies
 Without or Yoke or Rein.

II.

Youth must resign its blooming Charms
 To *Age*, whose cold, whose frozen Arms
 Will wither ev'ry Joy :
 'Tis brittle Glas; 'tis rapid Stream ;
 'Tis melting Wax; 'tis air-dress'd Dream,
 That *Time* will soon destroy.

III.

So smiles at Morn the dewy Rose,
 And to the genial Breezes blows,
 Evolving Odours round,
 But, crush'd by Ev'ning's rushing Rains,
 It droops, it sinks upon the Plains,
 Down-trodden to the Ground.

IV.

Hours, Days, Months, Years impetuous fly,
 Like Meteors darting thro' the Sky,
 And must return no more :
 Know, my young Friend, that Moments
 Are Moments ever, ever dead, (fled
 And cancell'd from thy Score.

V. See

V.

See how the Globes, that sail the Heav'n,
 Around in rapid Eddies driv'n,
 Are hast'ning to their Doom !
Time rushes to *Eternity*,
 Eager in his Embrace to die,
 His Parent, and his Tomb.

VI.

Tho' we in these low Vales were born,
 Yet these low Vales our Souls should scorn,
 And to the Heav'n should rise :
 So the Larks, hatch'd on Clods of Earth,
 Disdain their mean inglorious Birth,
 And tow'r into the Skies.

F I N I S.
 7 AP 51





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