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F. W. Hedge
Frederic H. Hedge, Jr.

A
New Version
OF THE
PSALMS
OF
DAVID:
Fitted to the Tunes uſed in Churches.

BY
N. BRADY, D. D.
Chaplain in Ordinary,
AND
N. TATE, Eſq;
Poet-Laureat
To His MAJESTY.

BOSTON; NEW-ENGLAND:

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Elizabeth Dunforth

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A New Verſion of the PSALMS, &c.

PSALM I.

1. HOW bleſt is he, who ne'er conſents
by ill Advice to walk;
Nor ſtands in Sinners Ways, nor ſits
where Men profanely talk!
2. But makes the perfect Law of God
his Bus'neſs and Delight:
Devoutly reads therein by Day,
and meditates by Night.

3. Like ſome fair Tree, which, fed by Streams,
with timely Fruit does bend,
He ſtill ſhall flouriſh, and Succeſs
all his Deſigns attend.
4. Ungodly Men, and their Attempts,
no laſting Root ſhall find;
Untimely blaſted, and diſpers'd,
like Chaff before the Wind,

5. Their Guilt ſhall ſtrike the Wicked dumb
before the Judge's Face:
No formal Hypocrite ſhall then
among the Saints have Place.
6. For God approves the juſt Man's Ways;
to Happineſs they tend:
But Sinners, and the Paths they tread,
ſhall both in Ruin end.

PSALM II.

1 WITH restless and ungovern'd Rage,
why do the Heathen storm ?
Why in such rash Attempts engage,
as they can ne'er perform ?
2. The great in Counsel, and in Might,
their various Forces bring ;
Against the Lord they all unite,
and his anointed King.

3. " Must we submit to their Commands ?
presumptuously they say :
" No, let us break their slavish Bands,
" and cast their Chains away."
4. But God, who sits enthron'd on High,
and sees how they combine,
Does their conspiring Strength defy,
and mocks their vain Design.

5. Thick Clouds of Wrath divine shall break
on his rebellious Foes :
And thus will he in Thunder speak,
to all that dare oppose :
6. " Though madly you dispute my Will,
" the King that I ordain,
" Whose Throne is fix'd on *Sion*'s Hill,
shall there securely reign."

7. Attend, O Earth, whilst I declare
God's uncontroul'd Decree :
" Thou art my Son ; this Day, my Heir,
" have I begotten thee.
8. Ask, and receive thy full Demands ;
thine shall the Heathen be,
The utmost Limits of the Lands,
" shall be possess'd by thee.

9. " Thy

9. " Thy threat'ning Sceptre thou ſhalt ſhake,
" and cruſh them ev'ry-where ;
" As maſſy Bars of Iron break,
" the Potter's brittle Ware.
10. Learn then, ye Princes ; and give Ear,
ye Judges of the Earth ;
11. Worſhip the Lord with holy Fear ;
rejoice with awful Mirth.

12. Appeaſe the Son with due Reſpect,
your timely Homage pay ;
Leſt he revenge the bold Neglect,
incens'd by your Delay.
13. If but in Part his Anger riſe,
who can endure the Flame ?
Then bleſt are they whoſe Hope relies
on his moſt Holy Name.

PSALM III.

1 HOW many, Lord, of late are grown
the Troublers of my Peace !
And as their Numbers hourly riſe,
ſo does their Rage increaſe.
2. Inſulting, they my Soul upbraid,
and him whom I adore :
The God in whom he truſts, ſay they,
ſhall reſcue him no more.

3. But thou, O Lord, art my Defence ;
on thee my Hopes rely :
Thou art my Glory, and ſhalt yet,
lift up my Head on high.
4. Since whenſo'er in like Diſtreſs,
to God I made my Prayer,
He heard me from his holy Hill ;
Why ſhould I now deſpair ?

5. Guarded by him, I laid me down,
my ſweet Repoſe to take ;
For I through him ſecurely ſleep,
through him in Safety wake.
6. No Force nor Fury of my Foes,
my Courage ſhall confound ;
Were they as many Hoſts as Men,
that have beſet me round.

7. Ariſe, and ſave me, O my God,
who oft haſt own'd my Cauſe ;
And ſcatter'd oft theſe Foes to me,
and to thy righteous Laws.
8. Salvation to the Lord belongs ;
He only can defend ;
His Bleſſing he extends to all,
that on his Pow'r depend.

PSALM IV.

1 O LORD, that art my righteous Judge,
to my Complaint give Ear.
Thou ſtill redeem'ſt me from Diſtreſs :
Have Mercy, Lord, and hear.
2. How long will ye, O Sons of Men,
to blot my Fame deviſe ?
How long your vain Deſigns purſue,
and ſpread malicious Lies ?

3. Conſider that the righteous Man
is God's peculiar Choice ;
And when to him I make my Pray'r,
he always hears my Voice.
4. Then ſtand in Awe of his Commands,
flee ev'ry Thing that's ill ;
Commune in private with your Hearts,
and bend them to his Will.

5. The

5. The Place of other Sacrifice
let Righteouſneſs ſupply;
And let your Hope, ſecurely fix'd,
on God alone rely.
6. While worldly Minds impatient grow,
more proſp'rous Times to ſee;
Still let the Glories of thy Face
ſhine brightly, Lord on me.

7. So ſhall my Heart o'erflow with Joy,
more laſting, and more true,
Than theirs, who Stores of Corn and Wine
ſucceſſively renew.
8. Then down in Peace I'll lay my Head,
and take my needful Reſt:
No other Guard, O Lord, I crave,
of thy Defence poſſeſt.

PSALM V.

1. LORD, hear the Voice of my Complaint
accept my ſecret Pray'r;
2. To Thee alone, my King my God,
will I for help repair,
3. Thou in the Morn my Voice ſhalt hear,
and with the dawning Day,
To thee devoutly I'll look up,
to thee devoutly pray.

4. For thou, the Wrongs that I ſuſtain,
canſt never, Lord approve;
Who from thy ſacred Dwelling-place
all Evil doſt remove.
5. Not long ſhall ſtubborn Fools remain
unpuniſh'd in thy View:
All ſuch as act unrighteous Things,
thy Vengeance ſhall purſue.

6. The ſland'ring Tongue, O God of Truth,
by thee ſhall be deſtroy'd;
Who hat'ſt alike the Man in Blood,
and in Deceit employ'd.
7. But when thy boundleſs Grace ſhall me
to thy lov'd Courts reſtore,
On thee I'll fix my longing Eyes,
and humbly there adore.

8. Conduct me by thy righteous Laws;
for watchful is my Foe:
Therefore, O Lord, make plain the Way,
wherein I ought to go.
9. Their Mouth vents nothing but Deceit;
their Heart is ſet on Wrong;
Their Throat is a devouring Grave;
they flatter with their Tongue.

10. By their own Counſels let them fall,
oppreſs'd with Loads of Sin;
For they againſt thy righteous Laws
have harden'd Rebels been.
11. But let all thoſe who truſt in thee,
with Shouts their Joy proclaim;
Let them rejoice, whom thou preſerv'ſt,
and all that love thy Name.

12. To righteous Men the righteous Lord,
his Bleſſing will extend;
And with his Favour all his Saints,
as with a Shield, defend.

PSALM VI.

1 THY dreadful Anger, Lord reſtrain,
and ſpare a Wretch forlorn:
Correct me not in thy fierce Wrath,
too heavy to be borne.

2. Have

2. Have Mercy, Lord; for I grow faint,
unable to endure
The Anguiſh of my aching Bones,
which thou alone canſt cure.
3. My tortur'd Fleſh diſtracts my Mind,
and fills my Soul with Grief:
But, Lord, how long wilt thou delay
to grant me thy Relief?

4. Thy wonted Goodneſs, Lord, repeat
and eaſe my troubled Soul:
Lord, for thy wond'rous Mercies ſake,
vouchſafe to make me whole.
5. For after Death no more can I
thy glorious Acts proclaim;
No Pris'ner of the ſilent Grave
can magnify thy Name.

6. Quite tir'd with Pain, with Groaning faint,
no hopes of Eaſe I ſee;
The Night, that quiets common Griefs,
is ſpent in Tears by me.
7. My Beauty fades, my Sight grows dim,
my Eyes with Weakneſs cloſe;
Old Age o'ertakes me, while I think
on my inſulting Foes.

8. Depart, ye Wicked; in my Wrongs
ye ſhall no more rejoice;
For God, I find, accepts my Tears,
and liſtens to my Voice.
9, 10. He hears, and grants my humble Pray'r;
and they that wiſh my Fall,
Shall bluſh and rage, to ſee that God
protects me from them all.

PSALM VII.

1 O LORD, my God, ſince I have plac'd
my Truſt alone in thee,
From all my Perſecutors Rage,
do thou deliver me.
2. To ſave me from my threat'ning Foe,
Lord, interpoſe thy Pow'r;
Leſt, like a ſavage Lion, he
my helpleſs Soul devour.

3, 4. If I am guilty, or did e'er
againſt his Peace combine;
Nay, if I have not ſpar'd his Life,
who ſought unjuſtly mine;
5. Let then to perſecuting Foes,
my Soul become a Prey;
Let them to Earth tread down my Life,
in Duſt my Honour lay.

6. Ariſe, and let thine Anger, Lord,
in my Defence engage;
Exalt thyſelf above my Foes,
and there inſulting Rage:
Awake, awake, in my Behalf
the Judgment to diſpenſe,
Which thou haſt righteouſly ordain'd
for injur'd Innocence.

7. So to thy Throne adoring Crowds
ſhall ſtill for Juſtice fly:
Oh! therefore for their Sakes, reſume,
thy Judgment-Seat on high.
8. Impartial Judge of all the World,
I truſt my Cauſe to thee;
According to my Righteouſneſs
ſo let thy Sentence be.

9. Let

9. Let wicked Arts and wicked Men,
together be o'erthrown;
But guard the Just, thou God, to whom
the Hearts of both are known.
10, 11. God me protects; not only me,
but all of upright Heart;
And daily lays up Wrath for those
who from his Laws depart.

12. If they persist, he whets his Sword,
his Bow stands ready bent;
13. Ev'n now, with swift Destruction wing'd
his pointed Shafts are sent.
14. The Plots are fruitless, which my Foe
unjustly did conceive:
15. The Pit he digg'd for me has prov'd
his own untimely grave.

16. On his own Head his Spite returns,
whilst I from Harm am free:
On him the Violence is fall'n
which he design'd for me.
17. Therefore will I the righteous Ways
of Providence proclaim;
I'll sing the Praise of God most High,
and celebrate his Name.

PSALM VIII.

1 O THOU, to whom all Creatures bow
within this earthly Frame,
Thro' all the World, how great art Thou!
how glorious is thy Name!
In Heav'n thy wond'rous Acts are sung,
nor fully reckon'd there;
2. And yet thou mak'st the Infant-Tongue,
thy boundless Praise declare.

Thro' thee the Weak confound the Strong,
and crush their haughty Foes;
And so thou quell'st the Wicked Throng
that Thee and thine oppose.
3. When Heav'n, thy beauteous Work on high,
employs my won'dring Sight;
The Moon, that nightly rules the Sky,
with Stars of feebler Light;

4. What's Man, say I, that, Lord, thou lov'st
to keep him in thy Mind?
Or what his Offspring, that thou prov'st
to them so wond'rous kind?
5. Him next in Pow'r thou didst create
to thy celestial Train;
6. Ordain'd with Dignity and State,
o'er all thy Works to reign.

7. They jointly own his pow'rful Sway;
the Beasts that prey or graze;
8. The Bird that wings its airy Way;
the Fish that cuts the Seas.
9. O Thou to whom all Creatures bow
within this earthly Frame,
Thro' all the World how great art Thou!
how glorious is thy Name!

PSALM IX.

1 TO celebrate thy Praise, O Lord,
I will my Heart prepare:
To all the list'ning World thy Works,
thy wond'rous Works declare.
2. The thought of them shall to my Soul
exalted Pleasure bring;
Whilst to thy Name, O thou most High,
triumphant Praise I sing.

3. Thou

3. Thou mad'ſt my haughty Foes to turn
their Backs in ſhameful Flight :
Struck with thy Preſence, down they fell ;
they periſh'd at thy Sight.
4. Againſt inſulting Foes advanc'd,
Thou didſt my Cauſe maintain ;
My Right aſſerting from thy Throne,
where Truth and Juſtice reign.

5. The Inſolence of Heathen Pride
thou haſt reduc'd to Shame ;
Their wicked Offspring quite deſtroy'd,
and blotted out their Name.
6. Miſtaken Foes, your haughty Threats
are to a Period come :
Our City ſtands, which you deſign'd
to make our common Tomb.

7, 8. The Lord for ever lives, who has
his righteous Throne prepar'd
Impartial Juſtice to diſpenſe,
to puniſh or reward.
9. God is a conſtant ſure Defence
againſt oppreſſing Rage ;
As Troubles riſe, his needful Aids
in our Behalf engage.

10. All thoſe who have his Goodneſs prov'd,
will in his Truth confide ;
Whoſe Mercy ne'er forſook the Man
that on his Help rely'd.
11. Sing Praiſes therefore to the Lord,
from *Sion* his Abode ;
Proclaim his Deeds, till all the World,
confeſs no other God.

PART II.

12. When he Inquiry makes for Blood,
he calls the poor to Mind:
The injur'd humble Man's Complaint,
Redreſs from him ſhall find.
13. Take Pity on my Troubles Lord,
which ſpiteful Foes create,
Thou that haſt reſcu'd me ſo oft
from Death's Devouring Gate.

14. In *Sion* then I'll ſing thy Praiſe,
to all that love thy Name;
And with loud Shouts of grateful Joy
thy ſaving Pow'r proclaim.
15. Deep in the pit they digg'd for me
the Heathen Pride is laid;
Their guilty Feet to their own Snare
inſenſibly betray'd.

16. Thus, by the juſt Returns he makes,
the mighty Lord is known;
While wicked Men by their own Plots
are ſhamefully o'erthrown.
17. No ſingle Sinner ſhall eſcape
by Privacy obſcur'd;
Nor Nation, from his juſt Revenge,
by Numbers be ſecur'd.

18. His ſuff'ring Saints, when moſt diſtreſs'd
he ne'er forgets to aid;
Their expectations ſhall be crown'd,
tho' for a Time delay'd.
19. Ariſe, O Lord, aſſert thy Pow'r,
and let not Man o'ercome;
Deſcend to Judgment, and pronounce
the guilty Heathens Doom.

20. Strike

20. Strike Terror thro' the Nations round,
till, by consenting Fear,
They to each other, and themselves,
but mortal Men appear.

PSALM X.

1 THY Presence why withdraw'st thou Lord?
why hid'st thou now thy Face,
When dismal Times of deep Distress
call for thy wonted Grace?
2. The Wicked, swell'd with lawless Pride,
have made the poor their Prey:
O let them fall by those Designs
which they for others lay.

3. For strait they triumph, if Success
their thriving Crimes attend;
And sordid Wretches, whom God hates,
perversly they commend.
4. To own a Pow'r above themselves
their haughty Pride disdains;
And therefore in their stubborn Mind
no Thought of God remains.

5. Oppressive Methods they persue,
and all their Foes they slight;
Because thy Judgments unobserv'd
are far above their Sight.
6. They fondly think their prosp'rous State,
shall unmolested be;
They think their vain Designs shall thrive,
from Disappointment free.

7. Vain and deceitful is their Speech,
with Curses fill'd, and Lies;
By which the Mischief of their Heart
they study to disguise.

8. Near

8. Near publick Roads they lie conceal'd,
and all their Art employ,
The Innocent and Poor at once
to rifle, and deſtroy.

9. Not Lions, couching in their Dens,
ſurpriſe their heedleſs Prey
With greater Cunning, or expreſs
more ſavage Rage, than they.
10. Sometimes they act the harmleſs Man,
and modeſt Looks they wear ;
That, ſo deceiv'd, the Poor may leſs
their ſudden Onſet fear.

PART II.

11. For God, they think, no Notice takes
of their unrighteous Deeds ;
He never minds the ſuff'ring Poor,
nor their Oppreſſion heeds.
12. But thou, O Lord, at length ariſe
ſtretch forth thy mighty Arm ;
And, by the Greatneſs of thy Pow'r,
defend the Poor from Harm.

13. No longer let the Wicked vaunt,
and proudly boaſting, ſay,
"The Lord regards not what we do,
"he never will repay."
14. But ſure, thou ſeeſt, and all their Deeds
impartially doſt try :
The Orphan, therefore, and the Poor,
on thee for Aid rely.

15. Defenceleſs let the Wicked fall,
of all their Strength bereft :
Confound, O God, their dark Deſigns,
till no Remains are left.

16. Aſſert

16. Aſſert thy juſt Dominion, Lord,
which ſhall for ever ſtand :
Thou, who the Heathen did'ſt expel
from this thy choſen Land.
17. Thou doſt the humble Suppliants hear,
that to thy Throne repair ;
Thou firſt prepar'ſt their Hearts to pray,
and then accept'ſt their Pray'r.

18. Thou, in thy righteous Judgment, weigh'ſt
the Fatherleſs and Poor ;
That ſo the Tyrants of the Earth
may perſecute no more.

PSALM XI.

1 SINCE I have plac'd my Truſt in God,
a refuge always nigh,
Why ſhould I, like a tim'rous Bird,
to diſtant Mountains fly ?
2. Behold, the Wicked bend their Bow,
and ready fix their Dart ;
Lurking in Ambuſh to deſtroy
the Man of upright Heart.

3. When once the firm Aſſurance fails,
which publick Faith imparts,
'Tis Time for Innocence to fly
from ſuch deceitful Arts.
4. The Lord hath both a Temple here,
and righteous Throne above ;
Where he ſurveys the Sons of Men,
and how their Counſels move :

5. If God, the Righteous, whom he loves,
for Trial, does correct ;
What muſt the Sons of Violence,
whom he abhors, expect ?

6. Snares

6. Snares, Fire, and Brimſtone, on their Heads
ſhall in one Tempeſt ſhow'r;
This dreadful Mixture his Revenge
into their Cup ſhall pour.
7. The righteous Lord will righteous Deeds,
with ſignal Favour grace;
And to the upright Man diſcloſe
the Brightneſs of his Face.

PSALM XII.

1 SINCE godly Men decay, O Lord,
do thou my Cauſe defend;
For ſcarce theſe wretched Times afford
one juſt and Faithful Friend.
2. One Neighbour now can ſcarce believe
what th' other does impart;
With flatt' ring Lips they all deceive
and with a double Heart.

3. But Lips that with Deceit abound,
can never proſper long;
God's righteous Vengeance will confound
the proud blaſpheming Tongue.
4. In vain thoſe fooliſh Boaſters ſay,
" Our Tongues are, ſure, our own;
" With doubtful Words we'll ſtill betray,
" and be controul'd by none.

5. For God, who hears the ſuff'ring Poor,
and their Oppreſſion knows,
Will ſoon ariſe, and give them Reſt,
in ſpite of all their Foes.
6. The Word of God ſhall ſtill abide,
and void of Falſhood be,
As is the Silver, ſev'n times try'd,
from droſſy Mixture free.

7. The

7. The Promiſe of his aiding Grace
ſhall reach its purpos'd End :
His Servants from this faithleſs Race
he ever ſhall defend.
8. Then ſhall the Wicked be perplex'd,
nor know which Way to fly ;
When thoſe whom they deſpis'd and vex'd
ſhall be advanc'd on high.

PSALM XIII.

1 HOW long wilt thou forget me, Lord ?
muſt I forever mourn ?
How long wilt thou withdraw from me,
Oh, never to return ?
2. How long ſhall anxious Thoughts my Soul
and Grief my Heart oppreſs ?
How long my Enemies inſult,
and I have no Redreſs ?

3. O, hear ! and to my longing Eyes
reſtore thy wonted Light ;
And ſuddenly, or I ſhall ſleep
in everlaſting Night.
4. Reſtore me, leſt they proudly boaſt
'twas their own Strength o'ercame :
Permit not them that vex my Soul,
to triumph in my Shame.

5. Since I have always plac'd my Truſt
beneath thy Mercy's Wing,
Thy ſaving Health will come, and then
my Heart with Joy ſhall ſpring ;
6. Then ſhall my Song, with Praiſe inſpir'd,
to thee, my God, aſcend,
Who to thy Servant in Diſtreſs,
ſuch Bounty didſt extend.

PSALM XIV.

1 SURE, wicked Fools must needs suppose
That God is nothing but a Name:
Corrupt and lewd their Practice grows,
No Breast is warm'd with holy Flame.
2. The Lord look'd down from Heav'n's high (Tow'r
And all the Sons of Men did view,
To see if any own'd his Pow'r;
If any Truth or Justice knew.

3. But all, he saw, were gone aside,
All were degen'rate grown and base:
None took Religion for their Guide,
Not one of all the sinful Race.
4. But can these Workers of Deceit
Be all so dull and senseless grown,
That they, like Bread, my People eat,
And God's Almighty Pow'r disown?

5. How will they tremble then for Fear,
When his just Wrath shall them o'ertake!
For, to the Righteous, God is near,
And never will their Cause forsake.
6. Ill Men, in vain with Scorn expose
The Methods which the Good pursue;
Since God a Refuge is for those
Whom his just Eyes with Favour view.

7. Would he his saving Pow'r employ,
To break his People's servile Band;
Then Shouts of universal Joy
Shall loudly eccho through the Land.

PSALM XV.

1 LORD, who's the happy Man, that may
to thy blest Courts repair;
Not, Stranger-like, to visit them,
but to inhabit there?

2. 'Tis

2. 'Tis he, whoſe ev'ry Thought, and Deed
by Rules of Virtue moves;
Whoſe gen'rous Tongue diſdains to ſpeak
the Thing his Heart diſproves.
3. Who never did a Slander forge,
his Neighbour's Fame to wound
Nor hearken to a falſe Report,
By Malice whiſper'd round.

4. Who Vice in all its Pomp and Pow'r,
can treat with juſt Neglect;
And Piety, tho' cloath'd in Rags,
religiouſly reſpect.
Who to his plighted Vows and Truſt
has ever firmly ſtood;
And tho' he promiſe to his Loſs,
he makes his Promiſe good.

5. Whoſe Soul inUſury diſdains
his Treaſure to employ;
Whom no Rewards can ever bribe,
the Guiltleſs to deſtroy.
The Man, who by this ſteady Courſe
has Happineſs enſur'd,
When Earth's Foundation ſhakes, ſhall ſtand,
by Providence ſecur'd.

PSALM XVI.

1 PROTECT me from my cruel Foes,
and ſhield me, Lord, from Harm;
Becauſe my Truſt I ſtill repoſe
on thy Almighty Arm.
2. My Soul all Help but thine does ſlight,
all Gods but Thee diſown;
Yet can no Deeds of mine requite,
the Goodneſs thou haſt ſhown.

3. But

3. But those that strictly virtuous are,
and love the Thing that's right,
To favour always, and prefer,
shall be my chief Delight.
4. How shall their Sorrows be increas'd,
who other Gods adore!
Their bloody Off'rings I detest,
their very Names abhor.

5. My Lot is fall'n in the blest Land,
where God is truly known;
He fills my Cup with lib'ral Hand;
'tis He supports, my Throne.
6. In Nature's most delightful Scene
my happy Portion lies;
The Place of my appointed Reign
all other Lands outvies.

7. Therefore my Soul shall bless the Lord,
whose Precepts give me Light,
And private Counsel still afford,
in Sorrow's dismal Night.
8. I strive each Action to approve
to His all-seeing Eye;
No Danger shall my Hopes remove,
because He still is nigh.

9. Therefore my Heart all Grief defies,
my Glory does rejoice;
My Flesh shall rest, in Hope to rise,
wak'd by His pow'rful Voice.
10. Thou, Lord, when I resign my Breath,
my Soul from Hell shalt free;
Nor let thy Holy one in Death
the least Corruption see.

11. Thou ſhalt the Paths of Life diſplay,
that to thy Preſence lead;
Where Pleaſures dwell without Allay,
and Joys that never fade.

PSALM XVII.

1 TO my juſt Plea, and ſad Complaint,
attend, O righteous Lord,
And to my Pray'r, as 'tis unfeign'd,
a gracious Ear afford.
2. As in thy Sight I am approv'd,
ſo let my Sentence be;
And with impartial Eyes, O Lord,
my upright Dealing ſee.

3. For thou haſt ſearch'd my Heart by Day
and viſited by Night;
And on the ſtricteſt Trial found
its ſecret Motions right.
Nor ſhall thy Juſtice, Lord alone
my Heart's Deſigns acquit;
For I have purpos'd, that my Tongue
ſhall no Offence commit.

4. I know what wicked Men would do,
their Safety to maintain;
But me thy juſt and mild Commands
from bloody Paths reſtrain.
5. That I may ſtill, in ſpite of Wrongs,
my Innocence ſecure,
O, guide me in thy righteous Ways,
and make my Footſteps ſure.

6. Since heretofore, I ne'er in vain
to Thee my Pray'r addreſs'd;
O! now, my God, incline thine Ear
to this my juſt Requeſt.

7. The

7. The Wonders of thy Truth and Love
in my Defence engage,
Thou whoſe Right-hand preſerves thy Saints
from their Oppreſſors Rage,

PART II.

8, 9. O ! keep me in thy tend'reſt Care;
thy ſheltring Wings ſtretch out,
To guard me ſafe from ſavage Foes,
that compaſs me about :
10. O'ergrown with Luxury, inclos'd
in their own Fat they lie ;
And with a proud blaſpheming Mouth
both God and Man defie.

11. Well may they boaſt ; for they have now
my Paths encompaſs'd round ;
Their Eyes at watch, their Bodies bow'd
and couching on the Ground.
12. In Poſture of a Loin ſet,
when greedy of his Prey ;
Or a young Lion, when he lurks
within a covert Way.

13. Ariſe, O Lord, defeat their Plots,
their ſwelling Rage controul :
From wicked Men, who are thy Sword,
deliver thou my Soul :
14. From worldly Men, thy ſharpeſt Scourge,
whoſe Portion's here below ;
Who fill'd with earthly Stores, aſpire
no other Bliſs to know.

15. Their Race is num'rous, that partake
their Subſtance while they live ;
Their Heirs ſurvive, to whom they may
the vaſt Remainder give.

16. Bu

16. But I, in Uprightneſs, thy Face
ſhall view without Controul;
And, waking, ſhall its Image find
reflected in my Soul.

PSALM XVIII.

1, NO Change of Times ſhall ever ſhock
2. My firm Affection, Lord, to Thee
For thou haſt always been a Rock,
A Fortreſs and Defence to me.
Thou my Deliv'rer art, my God;
My Truſt is in thy mighty Pow'r;
Thou art my Shield from Foes abroad,
At home my Safeguard and my Tow'r.

3. To Thee I will addreſs my Pray'r,
(To whom all Praiſe we juſtly owe;)
So ſhall I, by thy watchful Care,
Be guarded from my treach'rous Foe.
4, 5. By Floods of wicked Men diſtreſs'd,
With deadly Sorrows compaſs'd round,
With dire infernal Pangs oppreſs'd,
In Death's unwieldy Fetters bound.

6. To Heaven I made my mournful Pray'r,
To God addreſs'd my humble Moan;
Who graciouſly inclin'd his Ear,
And heard me from his lofty Throne.

PART II.

7. When God aroſe, to take my Part,
The conſcious Earth did quake for Fear;
From their firm Poſts the Hills did ſtart,
Nor could his dreadful Fury bear.
8. Thick Clouds of Smoke diſpers'd abroad,
Enſigns of Wrath before Him came;
Devouring Fire around Him glow'd,
That Coals were kindled at its Flame.

9. He left the beauteous Realms of Light,
Whilst Heav'n bow'd down its awful Head:
Beneath his Feet substantial Night
Was, like a sable Carpet, spread.
10. The Chariot of the King of Kings,
Which active Troops of Angels drew,
On a strong Tempest's rapid Wings,
With most amazing Swiftness, flew.

11, 12. Black watry Mists and Clouds conspir'd
With thickest Shades, his Face to veil;
But at his Brightness soon retir'd,
And fell in Show'rs of Fire and Hail,
13. Thro'Heav'n's wide Arch a thund'ring Peal,
God's angry Voice, did loudly roar;
While Earth's sad Face with Heaps of Hail,
And Flakes of Fire, was cover'd o'er.

14. His sharpen'd Arrows round He threw,
Which made his scatter'd Foes retreat;
Like Darts his nimble Light'nings flew,
And quickly finish'd their Defeat.
15. The Deep it's secret Stores disclos'd,
The World's Foundations naked lay;
By his avenging Wrath expos'd,
Which fiercely rag'd that dreadful Day.

PART III.

16. The Lord did on my Side engage;
From Heav'n, his Throne, my Cause upheld;
And snatch'd me from the furious Rage
Of threat'ning Waves, that proudly swell'd.
17. God his resistless Pow'r employ'd
My strongest Foes Attempts to break;
Who else with Ease had soon destroy'd
The weak Defence that I could make.

18. Thei

18. Their ſubtle Rage had near prevail'd,
When I diſtreſs'd and friendleſs lay;
But ſtill when other Succours fail'd,
God was my firm Support and Stay.
19. From Dangers that enclos'd me round,
He brought me forth and ſet me free;
For ſome juſt cauſe his Goodneſs found,
That mov'd Him to delight in me.

20. Becauſe in me no Guilt remains,
God does his gracious Help extend:
My Hands are free from bloody Stains
Therefore the Lord is ſtill my Friend.
21,22. For I his Judgments kept in Sight,
In his juſt Paths have always trod;
I never did his Statutes ſlight,
Nor looſely wander'd from my God.

23, 24. But ſtill my Soul, ſincere and pure,
Did e'en from darling Sins refrain:
His Favours therefore yet endure,
Becauſe my Heart and Hands are clean.

PART IV.

25,26. Thou ſuit'ſt, O Lord, thy righteous Ways
To various Paths of human Kind;
They who for Mercy merit Praiſe,
With Thee ſhall wond'rous Mercy find.
Thou to the Juſt ſhalt Juſtice ſhow;
The Pure thy Purity ſhall ſee;
Such as perverſly choose to go,
Shall meet with due Returns from Thee.

27,28. That He the humble Soul will ſave,
And cruſh the Haughty's boaſted Might,
In me the Lord an Inſtance gave,
Whoſe Darkneſs He has turn'd to Light.

29. On his firm Succour I rely'd,
And did o'er num'rous Foes prevail;
Nor fear'd whilst He was on my Side,
The best defended Walls to scale.

30. For God's Designs shall still succeed;
His Word will bear the utmost Test:
He's a strong Shield to all that need,
And on his sure Protection rest.
31. Who then deserves to be ador'd,
But God, on whom my Hopes depend?
Or who, except the mighty Lord,
Can with resistless Pow'r defend?

PART V.

32,33. 'Tis God that girds my Armour on,
And all my just Designs fulfils;
Through Him, my Feet can swiftly run,
And nimbly climb the steepest Hills.
34. Lessons of War from Him I take,
And manly Weapons learn to wield:
Strong Bows of Steel with Ease I break,
Forc'd by my stronger Arms to yield.

35. The Buckler of His saving Health
Protects me from insulting Foes:
His Hand sustains me still; my Wealth
And Greatness from his Bounty flows.
36. My Goings He enlarg'd abroad,
Till then to narrow Paths confin'd;
And, when in slipp'ry Ways I trod,
The Method of my Steps design'd.

37. Through Him I num'rous Hosts defeat,
And flying Squadrons captive take;
Nor from my fierce Pursuit retreat,
Till I a final Conquest make.

38. Cover'd

38. Cover'd with Wounds, in vain they try
Their vanquiſh'd Heads again to rear :
Spite of their boaſted Strength, they lie
Beneath my Feet, and grovel there.

39. God, when freſh Armies take the Field,
Recruits my Strength, my Courage warms
He makes my ſtrong Oppoſers yield,
Subdu'd by my prevailing Arms.
40. Thro' Him, the Necks of proſtrate Foes
My conqu'ring Feet in Triumph preſs :
Aided by Him, I root out thoſe,
Who hate and envy my Succeſs.

41. With loud Complaints all Friends they [try'd;
But none was able to defend :
At length to God for Help they cry'd ;
But God would no Aſſiſtance lend.
42. Like flying Duſt, which Winds purſue,
Their broken Troops I ſcatter'd round :
Their ſlaughter'd Bodies forth I threw,
Like loathſome Dirt, that clogs the Ground.

PART VI.

43. Our factious Tribes, at Strife till now,
By God's Appointment, me obey ;
The Heathen to my Sceptre bow,
And foreign Nations own my Sway.
44. Remoteſt Realms their Homage ſend,
When my ſucceſsful Name they hear ;
Strangers for my Commands attend,
Charm'd with Reſpect, or aw'd by Fear.

45. All to my Summons tamely yield,
Or ſoon in Battle are diſmay'd ;
For ſtronger Holds they quit the Field,
And ſtill in ſtrongeſt Holds afraid.

46. Let the eternal Lord be prais'd,
The Rock on whose Defence I rest !
O'er highest Heav'ns his Name be rais'd,
Who me with his Salvation bless'd.

47. 'Tis God that still supports my Right ;
His just Revenge my Foes pursues ;
'Tis He, that, with resistless Might,
Fierce Nations to my Yoke subdues.
48. My universal Safeguard He !
From whom my lasting Honours flow ;
He made me great, and set me free
From my remorseless bloody Foe.

49. Therefore, to celebrate his Fame,
My grateful Voice to Heav'n I'll raise ;
And Nations, Strangers to his Name,
Shall thus be taught to sing his Praise :
50. "God to his King Deliv'rance sends,
" Shews his Anointed signal Grace :
" His Mercy evermore extends
" To *David*, and his promis'd Race."

PSALM XIX.

1 THE Heav'ns declare thy Glory, Lord,
which that alone can fill ;
The Firmament and Stars express
their great Creator's Skill.
2. The Dawn of each returning Day,
fresh Beams of Knowledge brings ;
And from the dark Returns of Night
divine Instruction springs.

3. Their pow'rful Language to no Realm
or Region is confin'd ;
'Tis Nature's Voice, and understood
alike by all Mankind.

4. Their

4. Their Doctrine does its ſacred Senſe
through Earth's Extent diſplay ;
Whoſe bright Contents the circling Sun
does round the World convey.

5. No Bridegroom for his Nuptials dreſs'd
has ſuch a chearful Face :
No Giant does like him rejoice,
to run his glorious Race.
6. From Eaſt to Weſt, from Weſt to Eaſt,
his reſtleſs Courſe he goes ;
And, through his Progreſs, chearful Light,
and vital Warmth beſtows.

PART II.

7. God's perfect Law converts the Soul,
reclaims from falſe Deſires ;
With ſacred Wiſdom his ſure Word
the Ignorant inſpires.
8. The Statutes of the Lord are juſt,
and bring ſincere Delight ;
His pure Commands in ſearch of Truth
aſſiſt the feebleſt Sight.

9. His perfect Worſhip here is fix'd,
on ſure Foundations laid :
His equal Laws are in the Scales
of Truth and Juſtice weigh'd :
10. Of more Eſteem than golden Mines,
or Gold refin'd with Skill ;
More ſweet than Honey, or the Drops
that from the Comb diſtil.

11. My truſty Counſellors they are,
and friendly Warnings give :
Divine Rewards attend on thoſe,
who by thy Precepts live.

12. But what frail Man obſerves how oft
he does from Virtue fall !
O ! cleanſe me from my ſecret Faults,
thou God that know'ſt them all.

13. Let no preſumptuous Sin, O Lord,
Dominion have o'er me ;
That, by thy Grace preſerv'd, I may
the great Tranſgreſſion flee.
14. So ſhall my Pray'r and Praiſes be,
with thy Acceptance bleſt ;
And I ſecure, on thy Defence,
my Strength and Saviour reſt.

PSALM XX.

1 THE Lord to thy Requeſt attend,
and hear thee in Diſtreſs ;
The Name of *Jacob*'s God defend.
and grant thy Arms ſucceſs.
2. To aid thee from on High repair,
and Strength from *Sion* give ;
3. Remember all thy Off'rings there ;
thy Sacrifice receive.

4. To compaſs thy own Heart's Deſire
thy Counſels ſtill direct ;
Make kindly all Events conſpire
to bring them to Effect.
5. To thy Salvation, Lord, for Aid,
we chearfully repair,
With Banners in thy Name diſplay'd ;
" The Lord accept thy Pray'r.

6. Our Hopes are fix'd, that now the Lord
Our Sov'reign will defend ;
From Heav'n reſiſtleſs Aid afford,
and to his Pray'r attend.

7. Som

7. Some truſt in Steeds for War deſign'd,
on Chariots ſome rely;
Againſt them all. we'll call to mind
the Pow'r of God moſt High.

8. But, from their Steeds and Chariots thrown
behold them, thro' the Plain,
Diſorder'd broke, and trampled down,
whilſt firm our Troops remain.
9. Still ſave us, Lord, and ſtill proceed
our rightful Cauſe to bleſs;
Hear, King of Heav'n, in Times of Need,
the Pray'rs that we addreſs.

PSALM XXI.

1 THE King, O Lord, with Songs of Praiſe
ſhall in thy Strength rejoice;
With thy Salvation crown'd, ſhall raiſe
to Heav'n his chearful Voice.
2. For Thou, whate'er his Lips requeſt,
not only doſt impart,
But haſt with thy Acceptance bleſt
the Wiſhes of his Heart.

3. Thy Goodneſs and thy tender Care
have all his Hopes out-gone;
A Crown of Gold Thou mad'ſt him wear,
and ſett'dſt it firmly on.
4. He pray'd for Life; and Thou, O Lord,
did'ſt his ſhort Span extend,
And graciouſly to him afford
a Life that ne'er ſhall end.

5. Thy ſure Defence, through Nations round,
has ſpread his glorious Name;
And his ſucceſsful Actions crown'd
with Majeſty and Fame.

6. Eternal Bleſſing Thou Beſtow'ſt,
and mak'ſt his Joys increaſe ;
While Thou to him, unclouded, ſhow'ſt
the Brightneſs of thy Face.

PART II.

7. Becauſe the King on God alone
for timely Aid relies ;
His Mercy ſtill ſupports his Throne,
and all his Wants ſupplies.
8. But, righteous Lord, thy ſtubborn Foes
ſhall feel thy heavy Hand ;
Thy vengeful Arm ſhall find out thoſe
that hate thy mild Command.

9. When Thou againſt them doſt engage,
thy juſt, but dreadful Doom
Shall, like a glowing Oven's Rage,
their Hopes and them conſume.
10. Nor ſhall thy furious Anger ceaſe,
or with their Ruin end ;
But root out all their guilty Race,
and to their Seed extend.

11. For all their Thoughts were ſet on Ill,
their Hearts on Malice bent ;
But Thou with watchful Care did'ſt ſtill
the ill Effects prevent.
12. In vain by ſhameful Flight they'll try
to 'ſcape thy dreadful Might ;
While thy ſwift Darts ſhall faſter fly,
and gall them in their Flight.

13. Thus, Lord, thy wond'rous Strength di
and thus exalt thy Fame ; (cloſe
Whilſt we glad Songs of Praiſe compoſe
to thy Almighty Name.

PSAL

PSALM XXII.

1 MY God, my God, why leav'ſt Thou me,
when I with Anguiſh faint?
O, why ſo far from me remov'd,
and from my loud Complaint?
2. All Day, but all the Day unheard,
to Thee do I complain;
With Cries implore Relief all Night,
but cry all Night in vain.

3. Yet Thou art ſtill the righteous Judge
of Innocence oppreſs'd;
And therefore *Iſrael*'s Praiſes are
of Right to Thee addreſs'd.
4, 5. On Thee our Anceſtors rely'd,
and thy Deliv'rance found;
With pious Confidence they pray'd,
and with Succeſs were crown'd.

6. But I am treated like a Worm,
like none of human Birth:
Not only by the Great revil'd,
but made the Rabble's Mirth.
7. With Laughter all the gazing Crowd
my Agonies ſurvey;
They ſhoot the Lip, they ſhake the Head,
and thus, deriding ſay:

8. "In God he truſted, boaſting oft,
"that he was Heav'ns Delight;
"Let God come down to ſave him now,
"and own his Favourite.

PART II.

9. Thou mad'ſt my teeming Mother's Womb
a living Offſpring bear;
When but a Suckling at the Breaſt,
I was thy early Care.

10. Thou

10. Thou, Guardian-like, didſt ſhield from
my helpleſs Infant Days; [Wrongs
And ſince haſt been my God and Guide,
through Life's bewilder'd Ways.

11. Withdraw not then ſo far from me,
when Trouble is ſo nigh:
O! ſend me Help, thy Help, on which
I only can rely.
12. High-pamper'd Bulls, a frowning Herd,
from *Baſan*'s Foreſt met.
With Strength proportion'd to their Rage,
have me around beſet.

13. They gape on me, and ev'ry mouth
a yawning Grave appears;
The deſert Lion's ſavage Roar
leſs dreadful is than theirs.

PART III.

14. My Blood, like Waters ſpill'd, my Joints
are rack'd, and out of Frame;
My Heart diſſolves within my Breaſt,
like Wax before the Flame.
15. My Strength, like Potters Earth, is parch'd;
my Tongue cleaves to my Jaws;
And to the ſilent Shades of Death
my fainting Soul withdraws.

16. Like Blood-hounds, to ſurround me, they
in pack'd Aſſemblies meet;
They pierc'd my inoffenſive Hands,
they pierc'd my harmleſs Feet.
17. My Body's rack'd, till all my Bones
diſtinctly may be told:
Yet ſuch a Spectacle of Woe,
as Paſtime they behold.

18. A

18. As ſpoil, my Garments they divide,
Lots for my Veſture caſt:
19. Therefore approach, O Lord, my Strength;
and to my Succour haſte.
20. From their ſharp Sword protect Thou me,
of all but Life bereft!
Nor let my Darling in the Pow'r
of cruel Dogs be left.

21. To ſave me from the Lion's Jaws,
thy preſent Succour ſend;
As once, from goring Unicorns,
Thou didſt my Life defend.
22. Then to my Brethren I'll declare
the Triumphs of thy Name;
In Preſence of aſſembled Saints,
thy Glory thus proclaim:

23. "Ye Worſhippers of *Jacob's* God,
"all you of *Iſrael*'s Line,
"O praiſe the Lord, and to your Praiſe
"ſincere Obedience join.
24. "He ne'er diſdain'd on low Diſtreſs
"to caſt a gracious Eye;
"Nor turn'd from Poverty His Face,
"but hears its humble Cry."

PART IV.

25. Thus in thy ſacred Courts, will I
my chearful Thanks expreſs;
In Preſence of thy Saints perform
the Vows of my Diſtreſs.
26. The meek Companions of my Grief
ſhall find my Table ſpread;
And all, that ſeek the Lord, ſhall be
with Joys immortal fed.

27. Thou

27. Then ſhall the glad converted World
to God their Homage pay;
And ſcatter'd Nations of the Earth
one ſov'reign Lord obey,
28. 'Tis his ſupreme Prerogative
o'er ſubject Kings to reign:
'Tis juſt that he ſhould rule the World,
who does the World ſuſtain.

29. The Rich, who are with Plenty fed
his Bounty muſt confeſs:
The Sons of Want, by Him reliev'd
their gen'rous Patron bleſs.
With humble Worſhip to his Throne
they all for Aid reſort:
That Pow'r which firſt their Beings gave,
can only them ſupport.

30,31. Then ſhall a choſen ſpotleſs Race,
devoted to his Name.
To their admiring Heirs, his Truth
and glorious Acts proclaim,

PSALM XXIII.

1 THE Lord himſelf, the mighty Lord
vouchſafes to be my Guide;
The Shepherd, by whoſe conſtant Care
my Wants are all ſupply'd.
2. In tender Graſs He makes me feed,
and gently there repoſe;
Then leads me to cool Shades, and where
refreſhing Water flow.

3. He does my wandring Soul reclaim,
and, to his endleſs Praiſe,
Inſtruct with humble Zeal to walk
In his moſt righteous Ways.

4. I paſs the gloomy Vale of Death,
from Fear and Danger free;
For there his aiding Rod and Staff
defend and comfort me.

5. In Preſence of my ſpiteful Foes,
he does my Table ſpread;
He crowns my Cup with chearful Wine,
with Oil anoints my Head.
6. Since God doth thus his wond'rous Love
through all my Life extend.
That Life to Him I will devote,
and in his Temple ſpend.

PSALM XXIV.

1 THIS ſpacious Earth is all the Lord's;
the Lord's her Fulneſs is,
The World, and they that dwell therein,
by ſov'reign Right are his.
2. He fram'd and ſix'd it on the Seas;
and his Almighty Hand,
Upon inconſtant Floods has made
the ſtable Fabrick ſtand

3. But for Himſelf this Lord of all
one choſen Seat deſign'd:
O! who ſhall to that ſacred Hill
deſir'd Admittance find?
4. The Man whoſe Hands and Heart are pure,
whoſe Thoughts from Pride are free;
Who honeſt Poverty prefers,
to gainful Perjury.

5. This, this is he, on whom the Lord
ſhall ſhow'r his Bleſſings down;
Whom God his Saviour ſhall vouchſafe
with Righteouſneſs to crown.

6. Such

. Such is the Race of Saints, by whom
the ſacred Courts are trod ;
And ſuch the Proſelytes, that ſeek
the Face of *Jacob*'s God.

. Erect your Heads, eternal Gates ;
unfold, to entertain
The King of Glory : See ! He comes
with his celeſtial Train.
. Who is this King of Glory ? Who ?
The Lord for Strength renown'd ;
In Battle mighty ; o'er his Foes,
eternal Victor crown'd.

9. Erect your Heads, ye Gates ; unfold,
In State to entertain
The King of Glory : See ! He comes
with all His ſhining Train.
10. Who is this King of Glory ? who ?
The Lord of Hoſts, renown'd ;
Of Glory He alone is King,
who is with Glory crown'd.

PSALM XXV.

1, TO God, in whom I truſt,
2. I lift my Heart and Voice
O let me not be put to ſhame,
nor let my Foes rejoice.
3. Thoſe, who on Thee rely,
let no Diſgrace attend :
Be that the ſhameful Lot of ſuch
as wilfully offend.

4, 5. To me thy Truth impart,
and lead me in thy Way :
For Thou art He that brings me Help ;
on Thee I wait all Day.

6. Thy

6 Thy Mercies, and thy Love,
O Lord, recall to Mind;
And graciouſly continue ſtill
as Thou wert ever, kind.

7. Let all my youthful Crimes
be blotted out by Thee;
And for thy wond'rous Goodneſs' ſake,
in Mercy think on me.
8. His Mercy, and his Truth,
the righteous Lord diſplays,
In bringing wand'ring Sinners home,
and teaching them his Ways.

9. He thoſe in Juſtice guides,
who his Direction ſeek;
And in his ſacred Paths ſhall lead
the Humble and the Meek.
10. Through all the Ways of God
both Truth and Mercy ſhine,
To ſuch as with religious Hearts
to his bleſt Will incline.

PART II.

11. Since Mercy is the Grace
that moſt exalts thy Fame;
Forgive my heinous Sin, O Lord,
and ſo advance thy Name.
12. Whoe'er with humble Fear
to God his Duty pays,
Shall find the Lord a faithful Guide,
in all his righteous Ways.

13. His quiet Soul with Peace
ſhall be forever bleſt,
And by his num'rous Race the Land,
ſucceſſively poſſeſs'd.

14. For God to all his Saints
his ſecret Will imparts,
And does his gracious Cov'nant write
in their obedient Hearts.

15. To Him I liſt my Eyes,
and wait his timely Aid,
Who breaks the ſtrong and treach'rous Snare,
which for my Feet was laid.
16. O ! turn and all my Griefs,
in Mercy, Lord, redreſs ;
For I am compaſs'd round with Woes,
and plung'd in deep Diſtreſs.

17. The Sorrows of my Heart
to mighty Sums increaſe ;
O ! from this dark and diſmal State
my troubled Soul releaſe !
18. Do Thou, with tender Eyes,
my ſad Affliction ſee ;
Acquit me, Lord, and from my Guilt
intirely ſet me free.

19. Conſider, Lord, my Foes,
how vaſt their Numbers grow !
What lawleſs Force and Rage they uſe,
what boundleſs Hate they ſhow !
20. Protect, and ſet my Soul,
from their fierce Malice free ;
Nor let me be aſham'd, who place
my ſtedfaſt Truſt in Thee.

21. Let all my righteous Acts
to full Perfection riſe ;
Becauſe my firm and conſtant Hope
on Thee alone relies.

22. To *Israel*'s chosen Race
continue ever kind;
And in the midst of all their Wants,
let them thy Succour find.

PSALM XXVI.

1 JUDGE me, O Lord; for I the Paths
of Righteousness have trod:
I cannot fail, who all my Trust
repose on Thee, my God.
2, 3. Search, prove my Heart, whose Innocence
will shine, the more 'tis try'd;
For I have kept thy Grace in View,
and made thy Truth my Guide.

4. I never for Companions took
the Idle or Prophane;
No Hypocrite, with all his Arts,
could e'er my Friendship gain.
5. I hate the busy, plotting Crew,
who make distracted Times;
And shun their wicked Company,
as I avoid their Crimes.

6. I'll wash my Hands in Innocence,
and bring a Heart so pure,
That, when thy Altar I approach,
my Welcome shall be sure.
7, 8. My Thanks I'll publish there, and tell
how thy Renown excels:
That Seat affords me most Delight,
in which thy Honour dwells.

9. Pass not on me the Sinners Doom,
Who Murder make their Trade;
10. Who other's Rights, by secret Bribes,
or open Force, invade.

11. But

11. But I will walk in Paths of Truth,
and Innocence purſue :
Protect me therefore, and to me
thy Mercies, Lord, renew.

12. In ſpite of all aſſaulting Foes,
I ſtill maintain my Ground ;
And ſhall ſurvive amongſt thy Saints,
thy Praiſes to reſound.

PSALM XXVII.

1 WHOM ſhould I fear, ſince God to me
is ſaving Health and Light ?
Since ſtrongly He my Life ſupports,
what can my Soul affright ?
2. With fierce Intent my Fleſh to tear,
when Foes beſet me round,
They ſtumbled, and their lofty Creſts
were made to ſtrike the Ground.

3. Thro' Him, my Heart undaunted dares
with num'rous Hoſts to cope ;
Thro' Him in doubtful Streights of War
for good Succeſs I hope.
4. Henceforth within his Houſe to dwell
I earneſtly deſire ;
His wondrous Beauty there to view,
and his bleſt Will inquire.

5. For there may I with Comfort reſt,
in Times of deep Diſtreſs ;
And ſafe as on a Rock abide
in that ſecure Receſs :
6. Whilſt God o'er all my haughty Foes
my lofty Head ſhall raiſe ;
And I my joyful Off'ring bring,
and ſing glad Songs of Praiſe.

PART II.

7. Continue, Lord, to hear my Voice,
whene'er to Thee I cry;
In Mercy all my Prayers receive,
nor my Request deny.
8. When us to seek thy glorious Face
Thou kindly dost advise;
"Thy glorious Face I'll always seek,"
my grateful Heart replies.

9. Then hide not Thou thy Face, O Lord,
nor me in Wrath reject:
My God and Saviour, leave not him
Thou didst so oft protect.
10. Tho' all my Friends and nearest Kin,
their helpless Charge forsake;
Yet Thou, whose Love excels them all,
with Care and Pity take.

11. Instruct me in thy Paths, O Lord;
my Ways directly guide;
Lest envious Men who watch my Steps,
should see me tread aside.
12. Lord, disappoint my cruel Foes;
defeat their ill desire,
Whose lying Lips, and bloody Hands,
against my Peace conspire.

13. I trusted that my future Life
should with thy Love be crown'd,
Or else my fainting Soul had sunk,
with Sorrow compass'd round.
14. God's Time with patient Faith expect,
and He'll inspire thy Breast
With inward Strength; Do thou thy Part,
and leave to Him the rest.

PSALM XXVIII.

1. O LORD, my Rock, to Thee I cry,
in Sighs consume my Breath,
O! answer; or I shall become
like those that sleep in Death.
2. Regard my Supplication, Lord,
the Cries that I repeat,
With weeping Eyes, and lifted Hands,
before thy Mercy-seat.

3. Let me escape the Sinners Doom,
who make a trade of Ill;
And ever speak the Person fair,
whose Blood they mean to spill.
4. According to their Crimes Extent
let Justice have its Course:
Relentless be to them, as they
have sinn'd without Remorse.

5. Since they the Works of God despise,
nor will his Grace adore;
His Wrath shall utterly destroy,
and build them up no more.
6. But I, with due Acknowledgment,
his Praises will resound,
From whom the Cries of my Distress
a gracious Answer found.

7. My Heart its Confidence repos'd
in God my Strength and Shield?
In Him I trusted and return'd
triumphant from the Field:
As He has made my Joys complete,
'tis just that I should raise
The chearful Tribute of my Thanks,
and thus resound his Praise:

8 " Hi

8. "His aiding Pow'r ſupports the Troops
" that my juſt Cauſe maintain :
" 'Twas He advanc'd me to the Throne,
" 'tis He ſecures my Reign."
9. Preſerve thy Choſen, and proceed
thine Heritage to bleſs :
With plenty proſper them, in Peace ;
in Battle, with Succeſs.

PSALM XXIX.

1. YE Princes that in Might excell,
Your grateful Sacrifice prepare ;
God's glorious Actions loudly tell,
His wond'rous Power to all declare.
2. To his great Name freſh Altars raiſe ;
Devoutly due Reſpect afford ;
Him in his holy Temple praiſe,
Where He's with ſolemn State ador'd.

3. 'Tis He that with amazing Noiſe
The watry Clouds in ſunder breaks :
The Ocean trembles at his Voice,
When He from Heav'n in Thunder ſpeaks.
4, 5. How full of Pow'r his Voice appears !
With what majeſtick Terror crown'd !
Which from the Roots tall Cedars tears,
And ſtrews their ſcatter'd Branches round.

6. They, and the Hills on which they grow,
Are ſometimes hurried far away ;
And leap like Hinds that bounding go,
Or Unicorns in youthful Play.
7, 8. When God in Thunder loudly ſpeaks,
And ſcatter'd Flames of Lightning ſends,
The Foreſt nods, the Deſart quakes,
And ſtubborn *Kadeſh* lowly bends.

9. He

9. He makes the Hinds to caſt their Young,
And lays the Beaſts dark Coverts bare ;
While thoſe that to his Courts belong,
Securely ſing his Praiſes there.
10, 11. God rules the angry Floods on high :
His boundleſs Sway ſhall never ceaſe :
His People He'll with Strength ſupply,
And bleſs his own with conſtant Peace.

PSALM XXX.

1 I'LL celebrate thy Praiſes, Lord,
who did'ſt thy Pow'r employ,
To raiſe my drooping Head, and check
my Foes inſulting Joy.
2, 3. In my Diſtreſs I cry'd to Thee,
who kindly didſt relieve.
And from the Grave's expecting Jaws
my hopeleſs Life retrieve.

4. Thus to his Courts, ye Saints of his,
with Songs of Praiſe repair ;
With me commemorate his Truth,
and providential Care.
5. His Wrath has but a Moment's Reign ;
his Favour no Decay :
Your Night of Grief is recompens'd
with Joy's returning Day.

6. But I, in proſp'rous Days, preſum'd
no ſudden Change I fear'd :
Whilſt in my Sun-ſhine of Succeſs
no low'ring Cloud appear'd.
7. But ſoon I found thy Favour, Lord,
my Empire's only Truſt ;
For when Thou hidd'ſt thy Face, I ſaw
my Honour laid in Duſt.

8. Then

8. Then as I vainly had presum'd,
my Error I confess'd;
And thus with supplicating Voice,
thy Mercy's Throne address'd:
9. "What Profit is there in my Blood,
"congeal'd by Death's cold Night?
"Can silent Ashes speak thy Praise,
"thy wond'rous Truth recite?

10. "Hear me, O Lord! in Mercy hear;
"thy wonted Aid extend:
"Do Thou send Help, on whom alone
"I can for Help depend."
11. 'Tis done! Thou hast my mournful Scene
to Songs and Dances turn'd;
Invested me in Robes of State,
who late in Sack-cloth mourn'd.

12. Exalted thus, I'll gladly sing
thy Praise in grateful Verse;
And, as thy Favours endless are,
thy endless Praise rehearse.

PSALM XXXI.

1 DEFEND me, Lord, from Shame;
for still I trust in Thee:
As Just and Righteous is thy Name,
from Danger set me free.
2. Bow down thy gracious Ear,
and speedy Succour send:
Do Thou my stedfast Rock appear,
to shelter and defend.

3. Since Thou, when Foes oppress,
my Rock and Fortress art,
To guide me forth from this Distress,
thy wonted Help impart.

4. Releaſe me from the Snare
which they have cloſely laid;
Since I, O God my Strength, repair
to Thee alone for Aid.

5. To Thee, the God of Truth,
my Life, and all that's mine,
(For Thou preſerv'ſt me from my Youth,)
I willingly reſign.
6. All vain Deſigns I hate,
of thoſe that truſt in Lies:
And ſtill my Soul, in ev'ry State,
to God for Succour flies.

PART II.

7. Thoſe Mercies Thou haſt ſhown,
I'll chearfully expreſs;
For Thou haſt ſeen my Streights, and known
my Soul in deep Diſtreſs.
8. When *Keilah*'s treach'rous Race
did all my Strength incloſe,
Thou gav'ſt my Feet a larger Space,
to ſhun my watchful Foes.

9. Thy Mercy, Lord diſplay,
and hear my juſt Complaint;
For both my Soul and Fleſh decay,
with Grief and Hunger faint.
10. Sad Thoughts my Life oppreſs;
my Years are ſpent in Groans;
My Sins have made my Strength decreaſe,
and ev'n conſum'd my Bones.

11. My Foes my Suff'rings mock'd;
my Neighbours did upbraid;
My Friends, at Sight of me, were ſhock'd,
and fled, as Men diſmay'd.

12. Forſook

12. Forſook by all am I,
as dead, and out of Mind ;
And like a ſhatter'd Veſſel lie,
whoſe Parts can ne'er be join'd.

13. Yet ſland'rous Words they ſpeak,
and ſeem my Pow'r to dread :
Whilſt they together Counſel take,
my guiltleſs Blood to ſhed.
14. But ſtill my ſtedfaſt Truſt,
I on thy Help repoſe :
That Thou, my God, art good and juſt,
my Soul with Comfort knows,

PART III.

15. Whate'er Events betide,
thy Wiſdom times them all :
Then, Lord, thy Servant ſafely hide
from thoſe that ſeek his Fall.
16. The Brightneſs of thy Face,
to me, O Lord, diſcloſe ;
And, as thy Mercies ſtill increaſe,
preſerve me from my Foes.

17. Me from Diſhonour ſave,
who ſtill have call'd on Thee ;
Let That, and Silence in the Grave,
the Sinner's Portion be.
18. Do Thou their Tongues reſtrain ;
whoſe Breath in Lies is ſpent ;
Who falſe Reports, with proud Diſdain,
againſt the Righteous vent.

19. How great thy Mercies are
to ſuch as fear thy Name ;
Which Thou, for thoſe that truſt thy Care,
doſt to the World proclaim !

20. Thou keep'ſt them in thy Sight,
from proud Oppreſſors free:
From Tongues that do in Strife delight,
they are preſerv'd by Thee.

21. With Glory and Renown
God's Name be ever bleſs'd;
Whoſe Love in *Keilah*'s well-fenc'd Town
was wond'rouſly expreſs'd!
22. I ſaid, in haſty Flight,
"I'm baniſh'd from thine Eyes:
Yet ſtill Thou keptſt me in thy Sight
and heardſt my earneſt Cries.

23. O! all ye Saints, the Lord
with eager Love purſue;
Who to the Juſt will Help afford,
and give the Proud their Due.
24. Ye that on God rely,
couragiouſly proceed;
For He will yet your Hearts ſupply
with Strength, in Time of Need.

PSALM XXXII.

1 HE's bleſt, whoſe Sins have Pardon gain'd,
No more in Judgment to appear;
2. Whoſe Guilt Remiſſion has obtain'd,
And whoſe Repentance is ſincere.
3. While I conceal'd the fretting Sore,
My Bones conſum'd without Relief;
All Day did I with Anguiſh roar;
But no Complaints aſſwag'd my Grief;

4. Heavy on me thy Hand remain'd,
By Day and Night alike diſtreſs'd;
Till quite of vital Moiſture drain'd
Like Land with Summer's Drought oppreſs'd.

5. N

5. No ſooner I my Wound diſclos'd,
The Guilt that tortur'd me within,
But thy Forgiveneſs interpos'd,
And Mercy's healing Balm pour'd in.

6. True Penitents ſhall thus ſucceed,
Who ſeek thee while Thou mayſt be found
And, from the common Deluge freed,
Shall ſee remorſeleſs Sinners drown'd.
7. Thy Favour, Lord, in all Diſtreſs,
My Tow'r of Refuge I muſt own :
Thou ſhalt my haughty Foes ſuppreſs
And me with Songs of Triumph crown.

8. In my Inſtruction then conſide,
You that would Truth's ſafe Path deſcry :
Your Progreſs I'll ſecurely guide,
And keep you in my watchful Eye.
9. Submit yourſelves to Wiſdom's Rule,
Like Men that Reaſon have attain'd ;
Not like th' ungovern'd Horſe and Mule,
Whoſe Fury muſt be curb'd and rein'd.

10. Sorrows, on Sorrows multiply'd,
The harden'd Sinner ſhall confound :
But them who in his Truth conſide,
Bleſſings of Mercy ſhall ſurround.
11. His Saints, that have perform'd his Laws
Their Life in Triumphs ſhall employ :
Let them (as they alone have Cauſe)
In grateful Raptures ſhout for Joy.

PSALM XXXIII.

1. LET all the Juſt to God with Joy
their chearful Voices raiſe ;
For well the Righteous it becomes
to ſing glad Songs of Praiſe.

2, 3. Let Harps, and Pſalteries, and Lutes,
in joyful Concert meet;
And new-made Songs of loud Applauſe
the Harmony complete.
4, 5. For faithful is the Word of God:
His Works with Truth abound:
He Juſtice loves; and all the Earth
is with His Goodneſs crown'd.
6. By his Almighty Word, at firſt,
Heav'n's glorious Arch was rear'd;
And all the beauteous Hoſts of Light,
at his Command appear'd.

7. The ſwelling Floods together roll'd,
He makes in Heaps to lie;
And lays, as in a Store-houſe ſafe,
the watry Treaſures by.
8, 9. Let Earth, and all that dwell therein,
before Him trem bling ſtand:
For, when he ſpake the Word, 'twas made:
'twas fix'd at his Command.

10. He, when the Heathen cloſely plot,
their Counſels undermines:
His Wiſdom ineffectual makes
the Peoples raſh Deſigns.
11. Whate'er the mighty Lord decrees,
ſhall ſtand for ever ſure;
The ſettled Purpoſe of His Heart
to Ages ſhall endure.

PART II.

12. How happy then are they, to whom
the Lord for God is known!
Whom He, from all the World beſides,
has choſen for his own.

13, 14, 15. H

13, 14, 15. He all the Nations of the Earth
from Heav'n, his Throne, ſurvey'd:
He ſaw their Works, and view'd their Thoughts;
by him their Hearts were made.

16, 17. No King is ſafe by num'rous Hoſts;
their Strength the Strong deceives;
No manag'd Horſe, by Force or Speed,
his Warlike Rider ſaves.
18, 19. 'Tis God, who thoſe that truſt in Him
beholds with gracious Eyes:
He frees their Souls from Death; their Want,
in Time of Dearth, ſupplies.

20, 21. Our Soul on God with Patience waits;
our Help and Shield is He!
Then, Lord, let ſtill our Hearts rejoice
becauſe we truſt in Thee.
22. The Riches of thy Mercy Lord,
do thou to us extend;
Since we, for all we want or wiſh.
on Thee alone depend.

PSALM XXXIV.

1 THRO' all the changing Scenes of Life,
in Trouble and in Joy,
The Praiſes of my God ſhall ſtill
my Heart and Tongue employ,
2. Of his Deliv'rance I will boaſt,
till all that are diſtreſt,
From my Example Comfort take,
and charm their Griefs to Reſt.

3. O! magnify the Lord with me,
with me exalt His Name:
4. When in Diſtreſs to Him I call'd,
He to my Reſcue came.

5. Their drooping Hearts were ſoon refreſh'd,
who look'd to Him for Aid :
Deſir'd Succeſs in ev'ry Face
a chearful Air diſplay'd ;

6. " Behold (ſay they) behold the man,
" whom Providence reliev'd ;
" So dang'rouſly with Woes beſet,
" ſo wond'rouſly retriev'd !"
7. The Hoſts of God encamp around
the Dwellings of the Juſt ;
Deliv'rance he affords to all
who on his Succour truſt.

8. O ! make but Trial of his Love,
Experience will decide
How bleſt they are, and only they,
who in His Truth confide.
9. Fear him, ye Saints ; and you will then
have nothing elſe to fear ;
Make you His Service your Delight ;
He'll make your Wants his Care.

10. While hungry Lions lack their Prey,
the Lord will Food provide
For ſuch as put their Truſt in Him,
and ſee their Needs ſupply'd.

PART II.

11. Approach, ye piouſly diſpos'd,
and my Inſtruction here ;
I'll teach you the true Diſcipline
of His religious Fear.
12. Let him, who Length of Life deſires,
and proſp'rous Days would ſee,
13. From ſlandr'ing Language keep his Tongue,
his Lips from falſhood free ;

14. Th

14. The crooked Paths of Vice decline,
and Virtue's Way purſue;
Eſtabliſh Peace where 'tis begun;
and where 'tis loſt, renew.
15. The Lord from Heav'n beholds the Juſt
with favourable Eyes;
And, when diſtreſs'd, His gracious Ear
is open to their Cries:

16. But turns His wrathful Look on thoſe,
whom Mercy can't reclaim,
To cut them off, and from the Earth
blot out their hated Name.
17. Deliv'rance to His Saints He gives,
when His Relief they crave:
18. He's nigh to heal the broken Heart,
and contrite Spirit ſave.

19. The Wicked oft, but ſtill in vain,
againſt the Juſt conſpire;
20. For, under their Affliction's Weight,
He keeps their Bones intire.
21. The Wicked, from their wicked Arts,
their Ruin ſhall derive;
Whilſt righteous Men, whom they deteſt,
ſhall them and theirs ſurvive.

22. For God preſerves the Souls of thoſe
who on His Truth depend:
To them, and their Poſterity,
His Bleſſings ſhall deſcend.

PSALM XXXV.

1 AGAINST all thoſe that ſtrive with me,
O Lord, aſſert my Right:
With ſuch as War unjuſtly wage,
do Thou my Battles fight.

2. Thy Buckler take, and bind thy Shield
upon thy warlike Arm :
Stand up, my God, in my Defence ;
and keep me fafe from Harm.

3. Bring forth thy Spear ; and ftop their Courfe,
that hafte my Blood to fpill :
Say to my Soul, " I am thy Health,
" and will preferve thee ftill."
4. Let them with Shame be cover'd o'er,
who my Deftruction fought :
And fuch as did my Harm devife,
be to Confufion brought.

5. Then fhall they fly, difpers'd like Chaff
before the driving Wind ;
God's vengeful Minifter of Wrath
fhall follow clofe behind.
6. And, when thro' dark and flipp'ry Ways
they ftrive his Rage to fhun,
His vengeful Minifters of Wrath
fhall goad them, as they run.

7. Since, unprovok'd by any Wrong,
they hid their treach'rous Snare ;
And for my harmlefs Soul a Pit,
did without Caufe prepare ;
8. Surpriz'd by Mifchiefs unforefeen,
by their own Arts betray'd,
Their Feet fhall fall into the Net,
which they for me have laid ;

9. Whilft my glad Soul fhall God's great Name,
for this Deliv'rance blefs ;
And, by His faving Health fecur'd,
its grateful Joy exprefs.

10. My

10. My very Bones ſhall ſay, " O Lord,
who can compare with Thee?
" Who ſett'ſt the poor and helpleſs Man
" from ſtrong Oppreſſors free.

PART II.

11. Falſe Witneſſes, with forg'd Complaints,
againſt my Truth combin'd;
And to my Charge ſuch Things they laid,
as I had ne'er deſign'd.
12. The Good which I to them had done,
with Evil they repaid;
And did, by Malice undeſerv'd,
my harmleſs Life invade.

13. But as for me, when they were ſick,
I ſtill in Sackcloth mourn'd;
I pray'd and faſted, and my Pray'r
to my own Breaſt return'd.
14. Had they my Friends or Brethren been,
I could have done no more;
Nor with more decent Signs of Grief
a Mother's Loſs deplore.

15. How diff'rent did their Carriage prove,
in Times of my Diſtreſs!
When they, in Crouds together met,
did ſavage Joy expreſs.
The Rabble too, in num'rous Throngs,
by their Example, came;
And ceas'd not, with reviling Words,
to wound my ſpotleſs Fame.

16. Scoffers, that noble Tables haunt,
and earn their Bread with Lyes,
Did gnaſh their Teeth, and ſland'rous Jeſts
maliciouſly deviſe.

17. But,

17. But, Lord, how long wilt thou look on?
On my Behalf appear;
And ſave my guiltleſs Soul, which they,
like rav'ning Beaſts, would tear.

PART III.

18. So I, before the liſt'ning World,
ſhall grateful Thanks expreſs;
And where the great Aſſembly meets,
thy Name with Praiſes bleſs.
19. Lord, ſuffer not my cauſeleſs Foes,
who me unjuſtly hate,
With open Joy, or ſecret Signs,
to mock my ſad Eſtate.

20. For they, with Hearts averſe from Peace,
induſtriouſly deviſe,
Againſt the Men of quiet Minds,
to forge malicious Lyes.
21. Nor with theſe private Arts content,
aloud they vent their Spite;
And ſay, "At laſt we found him out;
"he did it in our Sight.

22. But Thou, who doſt both them and me
with righteous Eyes ſurvey,
Aſſert my Innocence, O Lord,
and keep not far away.
23. Stir up Thyſelf; in my Behalf
to Judgment, Lord, awake:
Thy righteous Servant's Cauſe, O God,
to thy Deciſion take.

24. Lord, as my Heart has upright been,
let me thy Juſtice find;
Nor let my cruel Foes obtain
the Triumph they deſign'd.

25. O

25. O! let them not, amongſt themſelves,
in boaſting Language, ſay,
" At length our Wiſhes are complete;
" at laſt he's made our Prey."

26. Let ſuch as in my Harm rejoic'd,
for Shame their Faces hide;
And foul Diſhonour wait on thoſe,
that proudly me defy'd:
27. Whilſt they with chearful Voices ſhout,
who my juſt Cauſe befriend;
And bleſs the Lord, who loves to make
Succeſs his Saints attend.

28. So ſhall my Tongue Thy Judgments ſing,
inſpir'd with grateful Joy;
And chearful Hymns, in Praiſe of Thee,
ſhall all my Days employ.

PSALM XXXVI.

1 MY crafty Foe, with flatt'ring Art,
His wicked Purpoſe would diſguiſe;
But Reaſon whiſpers to my Heart,
No Fear of God's before his Eyes.
2. He ſooths himſelf, retir'd from Sight;
Secure he thinks his treach'rous Game;
Till his dark Plots, expos'd to Light,
Their falſe Contriver brand with Shame.

3. In Deeds he is my Foe confeſs'd,
Whilſt with his Tongue he ſpeaks me fair;
True Wiſdom's baniſh'd from his Breaſt,
And Vice has ſole Dominion there.
4. His wakeful Malice ſpends the Night
In forging his accurs'd Deſigns;
His obſtinate, ungen'rous Spite
No execrable Means declines.

5. But,

5. But, Lord, Thy Mercy, my ſure Hope,
The higheſt Orb of Heav'n tranſcends ;
Thy ſacred Truth's unmeaſur'd Scope
Beyond the ſpreading Skies extends.
6. Thy Juſtice like the Hills remains ;
Unfathom'd Depths thy Judgments are ;
Thy Providence the World ſuſtains ;
The whole Creation is thy Care.

7. Since of Thy Goodneſs All partake,
With what Aſſurance ſhould the Juſt
Thy ſhelt'ring Wings their Refuge make,
And Saints to thy Protection truſt !
8. Such Gueſts ſhall to Thy Courts be led,
To banquet on thy Love's Repaſt :
And drink, as from a Fountain's Head,
Of Joys that ſhall forever laſt.

9. With Thee the Springs of Life remain ;
Thy Preſence is eternal Day :
10. O ! let thy Saints thy Favour gain ;
To upright Hearts thy Truth diſplay.
11. Whilſt Pride's inſulting Foot would ſpurn,
And wicked Hand my Life ſurpriſe ;
12. Their Miſchiefs on themſelves return ;
Down, down they're fall'n, no more to riſe.

PSALM XXXVII.

1 THO' wicked Men grow rich or great,
Yet let not their ſucceſsful State
Thy Anger, or thy Envy, raiſe :
2. For they, cut down, like tender Graſs,
Or like young Flow'rs, away ſhall paſs,
Whoſe blooming Beauty ſoon decays.

3. Depen

3. Depend on God, and Him obey ;
So thou within the Land ſhalt ſtay,
Secure from Danger, and from Want :
4. Make his Commands thy chief Delight :
And He, thy Duty to requite,
Shall all Thy earneſt Wiſhes grant.

5. In all thy Ways truſt thou the Lord,
And He will needful Help afford,
To perfect ev'ry juſt Deſign ;
6. He'll make, like Light, ſerene and clear,
Thy clouded Innocence appear,
And as a mid-day Sun to ſhine.

7. With quiet Mind on God depend,
And patiently for Him attend ;
Nor let thy Anger fondly riſe,
Tho' wicked Men with Wealth abound,
And with Succeſs the Plots are crown'd,
Which they maliciouſly deviſe.

8. From Anger ceaſe, and Wrath forſake ;
Let no ungovern'd Paſſion make
Thy wav'ring Heart eſpouſe their Crime :
9. For God ſhall ſinful Men deſtroy ;
Whilſt only they the Land enjoy,
Who truſt on Him, and wait His Time.

10. How ſoon ſhall wicked Men decay !
Their Place ſhall vaniſh quite away,
Nor by the ſtricteſt Search be found ;
11. Whilſt humble Souls poſſeſs the Earth,
Rejoicing ſtill with godly Mirth,
With Peace and Plenty always crown'd.

PART II.

12. While ſinful Crouds, with falſe Deſign,
Againſt the righteous Few combine, And

And gnaſh their Teeth, and threat'ning ſtand
13. God ſhall their empty Plots deride,
And laugh at their defeated Pride :
He ſees their Ruin near at hand.

14. They draw the Sword, and bend the Bow
The Poor and Needy to o'erthrow,
And Men of upright Lives to ſlay :
15. But their ſtrong Bows ſhall ſoon be broke
Their ſharpen'd Weapon's mortal Stroke
Thro' their own Hearts ſhall force its Way.

16. A little, with God's Favour bleſt,
That's by one righteous Man poſſeſs'd,
The Wealth of many Bad excells :
17. For God ſupports the juſt Man's Cauſe;
But, as for thoſe that break his Laws,
Their unſucceſsful Pow'r He quells.

18. His conſtant Care the Upright guides,
And over all their Life preſides ;
Their Portion ſhall for ever laſt :
19. They, when Diſtreſs o'erwhelms the Earth
Shall be unmov'd, and ev'n in Dearth
The happy Fruits of Plenty taſte.

20. Not ſo the wicked Men, and thoſe
Who proudly dare God's Will oppoſe :
Deſtruction is their hapleſs Share :
Like Fat of Lambs, their Hopes and they,
Shall in an Inſtant melt away,
and vaniſh into Smoke and Air.

PART III.

21. While Sinners, brought to ſad Decay,
Still borrow on and never pay,
The Juſt have Will and Pow'r to give ;

22.

22. For ſuch as God vouchſafes to bleſs,
Shall peaceably the Earth poſſeſs,
And thoſe he curſes ſhall not live.

23. The good Man's Way is God's Delight,
He orders all the Steps aright,
Of him that moves by his Command :
24. Tho' he ſometimes may be diſtreſt,
Yet ſhall he ne'er be quite oppreſt,
For God upholds him with his Hand.

25. From my firſt Youth, 'till Age prevail'd,
I never ſaw the Righteous fail'd,
Or Want o'ertake his num'rous Race.
26. Becauſe Compaſſion fill'd his Heart,
And he did chearfully impart,
God made his Off-ſpring's Wealth increaſe.

27. With Caution ſhun each wicked Deed,
In Virtue's Ways with Zeal proceed,
And ſo prolong your happy Days :
28. For God, who Judgment loves, does ſtill
Preſerve his Saints ſecure from Ill,
While ſoon the wicked Race decays.

29, 30, 31. The Upright ſhall poſſeſs the Land,
His Portion ſhall for Ages ſtand ;
His Mouth with Wiſdom is ſupply'd,
His Tongue by Rules of Judgment moves,
His Heart the Law of God approves ;
Therefore his Footſteps never ſlide.

PART IV.

32. In wait the watchful Sinner lies,
In vain, the righteous to ſurprize,
In vain, his Ruin does decree :

33. God

33. God will not him defenceleſs leave
To his Revenge expos'd, but ſave,
And when he's ſentenc'd, ſet him free.

34. Wait ſtill on God; keep his Command;
And thou, exalted in the Land,
Thy bleſt Poſſeſſion ne'er ſhalt quit:
The Wicked ſoon deſtroy'd ſhall be,
And at his diſmal Tragedy
Thou ſhalt a ſafe Spectator ſit.

35. The Wicked I in Pow'r have ſeen,
And, like a Bay-tree, freſh and green,
That ſpreads it's pleaſant Branches round:
36. But he was gone as ſwift as Thought:
And tho' in ev'ry Place I ſought,
No Sign or Track of him I found.

37. Obſerve the perfect Man with Care,
And mark all ſuch as upright are;
Their roughest Days in Peace ſhall end:
38. While on the latter End of thoſe,
Who dare God's ſacred Will oppoſe,
A common Ruin ſhall attend.

39. God to the Juſt will aid afford:
Their only Safeguard is the Lord;
Their Strength, in time of Need, is He:
40. Becauſe on Him they ſtill depend,
The Lord will timely Succour ſend,
And from the Wicked ſet them free.

PSALM XXXVIII.

1 THY chaſt'ning Wrath, O Lord, reſtrain,
Tho' I deſerve it all;
Nor let at once on me the Storm
of thy Diſpleaſure fall.

2. In

2. In ev'ry wretched Part of me
thy Arrows deep remain ;
Thy heavy Hand's afflicting Weight
I can no more ſuſtain.

3. My Fleſh is one continu'd Wound,
Thy Wrath ſo fiercely glows ;
Betwixt my Puniſhment and Guilt,
my Bones have no Repoſe.
4. My Sins, which to a Deluge ſwell,
my ſinking Head o'erflow ;
And, for my feeble Strength to bear,
too vaſt a Burden grow.

5. Stench and Corruption fill my Wound,
my Folly's juſt Return :
6. With Trouble I am warp'd and bow'd,
and all Day long I mourn.
7. A loath'd Diſeaſe afflicts my Loins,
infecting ev'ry Part ;
8. With Sickneſs worn, I groan and roar,
thro' Anguiſh of my Heart.

PART II.

9. But, Lord, before Thy ſearching Eyes
all my Deſires appear ;
And, ſure, my Groans have been too loud,
not to have reach'd thine Ear.
10. My Heart's oppreſs'd, my Strength decay'd,
my Eyes depriv'd of Light :
11. Friends, Lovers, Kinſmen, gaze aloof
on ſuch a diſmal Sight.

12. Mean while, the Foes that ſeek my Life,
their Snares to take me ſet ;
Vent Slanders, and contrive all Day
to forge ſome new Deceit.

13. But

13. But I, as if both deaf and dumb,
nor heard, nor once reply'd ;
14. Quite deaf and dumb, like one wh
with conſcious Guilt is ty'd. (Tong

15. For, Lord, to Thee I do appeal,
my Innocence to clear ;
Aſſur'd that Thou, the righteous God,
my injur'd Cauſe wilt hear.
16. " Hear me," ſaid I, " leſt my proud F
" a ſpiteful Joy diſplay ;
" Inſulting, if they ſee my Foot
" but once to go aſtray."

17. And, with continual Grief oppreſs'd,
to ſink I now begin.
18. To Thee, O Lord, I will confeſs,
To Thee bewail my Sin.
19. But whilſt I languiſh, my proud Foes
their Strength and Vigour boaſt ;
And they who hate me without Cauſe,
are grown a dreadful Hoſt.

20. Ev'n they whom I oblig'd, return
my Kindneſs with Deſpite ;
And are my Enemies, becauſe
I chuſe the Path that's right.
21. Forſake me not, O Lord my God,
nor far from me depart ;
22. Make haſte to my Relief, O Thou
who my Salvation art.

PSALM XXXIX.

1 RESOLV'D to watch o'er all my Ways,
I kept my Tongue in Awe ;
I curb'd my haſty Words, when I
the proſp'rous Wicked ſaw.

2. Li

2. Like one that's dumb, I ſilent ſtood,
and did my Tongue refrain
From good Diſcourſe ; but that Reſtraint
increas'd my inward Pain.

3. My Heart did glow, which working The'ts
did hot and reſtleſs make ;
And warm Reflections fann'd the Fire,
till thus at length I ſpake :
4. Lord, let me know my Term of Days,
how ſoon my Life will end :
The num'rous Train of Ills diſcloſe,
which this frail State attend.

5. My Life, Thou know'ſt, is but a Span ;
a Cypher ſums my Years ;
And ev'ry Man, in beſt Eſtate,
but Vanity appears.
6. Man, like a Shadow, vainly walks,
with fruitleſs Cares oppreſs'd :
He heaps up Wealth, but cannot tell
by whom 'twill be poſſeſs'd.

7. Why then ſhould I on worthleſs Toys,
with anxious Care, attend ?
On Thee alone my ſtedfaſt Hope
ſhall ever, Lord, depend.
8, 9. Forgive my Sins ; nor let me ſcorn'd
by fooliſh Sinners be ;
For I was dumb, and murmur'd not,
becauſe 'twas done by Thee.

10. The dreadful Burden of thy Wrath
in Mercy ſoon remove ;
Leſt my frail Fleſh too weak to bear
the heavy Load ſhould prove.

11. For

11. For when Thou chaſt'neſt Man for Sin,
Thou mak'ſt his Beauty fade
(So vain a Thing is he !) like Cloth
by fretting Moths decay'd.

12. Lord, hear my Cry, accept my Tears,
and liſten to my Pray'r,
Who ſojourn like a Stranger here,
as all my Fathers were.
13. O ! ſpare me yet a little Time ;
my waſted Strength reſtore,
Before I vaniſh quite from hence,
and ſhall be ſeen no more.

PSALM XL.

1 I Waited meekly for the Lord,
Till He vouchſaf'd a kind Reply ;
Who did his gracious Ear afford,
And heard from Heav'n my humble Cry.
2. He took me from the diſmal Pit,
When founder'd deep in miry Clay ;
On ſolid Ground He plac'd my Feet,
And ſuffer'd not my Steps to ſtray.

3. The Wonders He for me has wrought,
Shall fill my Mouth with Songs of Praiſe ;
And others, to his Worſhip brought,
To Hopes of like Deliv'rance raiſe.
4. For Bleſſings ſhall that Man reward,
Who on th' Almighty Lord relies ;
Who treats the Proud with Diſregard,
And hates the Hypocrite's Diſguiſe.

5. Who can the Wond'rous Works recount,
Which Thou, O God, for us haſt wrought ?
The Treaſures of thy Love ſurmount
The Pow'r of Numbers, Speech, and Thoug

6. I

6. I've learnt, that Thou haſt not deſir'd
Off'rings and Sacrifice alone ;
Nor Blood of guiltleſs Beaſts requir'd,
For Man's Tranſgreſſion to atone.

7. I therefore come——come to fulfil
The Oracles thy Books impart :
8. 'Tis my Delight to do thy Will ;
Thy Law is written in my Heart.

PART II.

9. In full Aſſemblies I have told
Thy Truth and Righteouſneſs at large :
Nor did, Thou know'ſt, my Lips with-hold
From uttering what thou gav'ſt in Charge :
10. Nor kept within my Breaſt confin'd
Thy Faithfulneſs, and ſaving Grace ;
But preach'd thy Love, for all deſign'd,
That all might That, and Truth embrace.

11. Then let thoſe Mercies I declar'd
To others, Lord, extend to me :
Thy loving Kindneſs my Reward,
Thy Truth my ſafe Protection be.
12. For I with Troubles am diſtreſs'd,
Too vaſt and numberleſs to bear ;
Nor leſs with loads of Guilt oppreſs'd,
That plunge and ſink me to Deſpair.
As ſoon, alas ! I may recount
The Hairs on this afflicted Head ;
My vanquiſh'd Courage they ſurmount,
And fill my drooping Soul with Dread,

PART III.

13. But, Lord, to my Relief draw near ;
For never was more preſſing Need :
In my Deliv'rance, Lord, appear,
And add to that Deliv'rance Speed.

14. Confuſion

14. Confusion on their Heads return,
Who to destroy my Soul combine;
Let them, defeated, blush and mourn,
Ensnar'd in their own vile Design.

15. Their Doom let Desolation be
With Shame their Malice be repaid,
Who mock'd my Confidence in Thee,
And Sport of my Affliction made:
16. While those, who humbly seek thy Face,
To joyful Triumphs shall be rais'd;
And all, who prize thy saving Grace,
With me resound, the Lord be prais'd.

17. Thus, wretched tho' I am, and poor,
Of me th' Almighty Lord takes Care:
Thou, God, who only can'st restore,
To my Relief with Speed repair.

PSALM XLI.

1. HAPPY the Man, whose tender Care
relieves the Poor distress'd!
When he's by Troubles compass'd round,
The Lord shall give him Rest.
2. The Lord his Life, with Blessings crown'd,
in Safety shall prolong;
And disappoint the Will of those,
that seek to do him Wrong.

3. If he in languishing Estate,
oppress'd with Sickness, lie;
The Lord will easy make his Bed,
and inward Strength supply.
4. Secure of this, to Thee, my God,
I thus my Pray'r address'd:
" Lord, for thy Mercy, heal my Soul,
" tho' I have much transgress'd.

5. My

5. My cruel Foes, with ſland'rous Words,
attempt to wound my Fame :
" When ſhall he die (ſay they,) and Men
" forget his very Name ?"
6. Suppoſe they formal Viſits make,
'tis all but empty Show :
They gather Miſchief in their Hearts,
and vent it where they go.

7, 8. With private Whiſpers, ſuch as theſe,
to hurt me they deviſe :
" A ſore Diſeaſe afflicts him now :
" he's fall'n, no more to riſe."
9. My own familiar Boſom-friend,
on whom I moſt rely'd,
Has me, whoſe daily Gueſt he was,
with open Scorn defy'd.

10. But thou my ſad and wretched State,
in Mercy, Lord, regard ;
And raiſe me up, that all their Crimes
may meet their juſt Reward.
11. By this I know, thy gracious Ear
is open when I call ;
Becauſe Thou ſuffer'ſt not my Foes
to triumph in my Fall.

12. Thy tender Care ſecures my Life
from Danger and Diſgrace ;
And Thou vouchſaf'ſt to ſet me ſtill
before thy glorious Face.
13. Let therefore *Iſrael's* Lord and God
from Age to Age be bleſt ;
And all the People's glad Applauſe
with loud Amens expreſs'd.

PSALM XLII.

1 AS pants the Hart for cooling Streams,
when heated in the Chace;
So longs my Soul, O God, for Thee,
and thy refreſhing Grace.
2. For Thee, my God, the living God,
my thirſty Soul doth pine:
O! when ſhall I behold thy Face,
Thou Majeſty Divine?

3. Tears are my conſtant Food, while thus
inſulting Foes upbraid:
"Deluded Wretch! where's now thy G
"and where his promis'd Aid?"
4. I ſigh whene'er my muſing Thoughts
thoſe happy Days preſent,
When I with Troops of pious Friends
thy Temple did frequent:

When I advanc'd with Songs of Praiſe,
my ſolemn Vows to pay;
And led the joyful ſacred Throng,
that kept the feſtal Day.
5. Why reſtleſs, why caſt down, my Sou
truſt God; and He'll employ
His Aid for thee, and change theſe Sig
to thankful Hymns of Joy.

6. My Soul's caſt down, O God; but thin
on Thee and *Sion*, ſtill;
From *Jordan*'s Bank, from *Hermon*'s Hei
and *Miſſar*'s humbler Hill.
7. One Trouble calls another on;
and, burſting o're my Head,
Fall ſpouting down, till round my Soul,
a roaring Sea is ſpread.

8.

8. But when thy Presence, Lord of Life,
has once dispell'd this Storm,
To Thee I'll midnight Anthems sing,
and all my Vows perform.
9. God of my Strength, how long shall I,
like one forgotten, mourn,
Forlorn, forsaken, and expos'd
to my Oppressors Scorn?

10. My Heart is pierc'd, as with a Sword,
whil'st thus my Foes upbraid;
"Vain Boaster, where is now thy God?
"and where his promis'd Aid?"
11. Why restless, why cast down, my Soul?
hope still; and thou shalt sing
The Praise of Him who is thy God,
thy Health's eternal Spring.

PSALM XLIII.

1 JUST Judge of Heav'n, against my Foes
Do Thou Assert my injur'd Right:
O! set me free my God from those
That in Deceit and Wrong delight.
2. Since Thou art still my only Stay,
Why leav'st Thou me in deep Distress?
Why go I mourning all the Day,
Whilst me insulting Foes oppress?

3. Let me with Light and Truth be blest;
Be these my Guides, and lead the Way,
Till on thy holy Hill I rest,
And in thy sacred Temple pray.
4. Then will I there fresh Altars raise
To God, who is my only Joy;
And well-tun'd Harps with Songs of Praise,
Shall all my grateful Hours employ.

5. Why then caſt down, my Soul ? and why
So much oppreſs'd with anxious Care ?
On God, thy God, for Aid rely ;
Who will thy ruin'd State repair.

PSALM XLIV.

1 O LORD, our Fathers oft have told,
in our attentive Ears,
Thy Wonders in their Days perform'd,
and elder Times than theirs :
2. How Thou, to plant them here, didſt drive
the Heathen from this Land,
Diſpeopled by repeated Strokes
of thy avenging Hand.

3. For not their Courage, nor their Sword,
to them Poſſeſſion gave ;
Nor Strength, that, from unequal Force,
their fainting Troops could ſave ;
But thy Right-hand, and pow'rful Arm,
whoſe Succour they implor'd ;
Thy Preſence with the choſen Race,
who thy great Name ador'd.

4. As Thee their God our Fathers own'd ;
Thou art our Sov'reign King ;
O ! therefore, as Thou didſt to them,
to us Deliv'rance bring !
5. Thro' thy victorious Name, our Arms
the proudeſt Foe ſhall quell ;
And cruſh them with repeated Strokes,
as oft as they rebel.

6. I'll neither truſt my Bow nor Sword,
when I in Fight engage :
7. But Thee, who haſt our Foes ſubdu'd,
and ſham'd their ſpiteful Rage.

8. T

8. To Thee the Triumph we aſcribe,
from whom the Conqueſt came:
In God we will rejoice all Day,
and ever bleſs his Name.

PART II.

9. But Thou haſt caſt us off; and now
moſt ſhamefully we yield;
For Thou no more vouchſaf'ſt to lead
our Armies to the Field.
10. Since when, to ev'ry upſtart Foe
we turn our Backs in Fight;
And with our Spoil their Malice feaſt,
who bear us ancient Spite.

11. To Slaughter doom'd, we fall, like Sheep
into their butch'ring Hands;
Or (what's more wretched yet) ſurvive,
diſpers'd thro' heathen Lands.
12. Thy People Thou haſt ſold for Slaves;
and ſet their Price ſo low,
That not thy Treaſure, by the Sale,
but their Diſgrace, may grow;

13,14. Reproach'd by all the Nations round,
the Heathens Bye-word grown;
Whoſe Scorn of us is both in Speech,
and mocking Geſtures, ſhown.
15. Confuſion ſtrikes me blind; my Face
in conſcious Shame I hide;
16. While we are ſcoff'd. and God blaſphem'd,
by their licentious Pride.

PART III.

17. On us this Heap of Woes is fall'n;
all this we have endur'd;
Yet have not, Lord, renounc'd thy Name,
or Faith to Thee abjur'd:

18. But in thy righteous Paths have kept
our Hearts and Steps with Care;
19. Tho' Thou haſt broken all our Strength,
and we almoſt deſpair.

20. Could we, forgetting Thy great Name,
on other Gods rely.
21. And not the Searcher of all Hearts
the treach'rous Crime deſcry?
22. Thou ſeeſt what Suff'rings for thy ſake
we ev'ry Day ſuſtain;
All ſlaughter'd, or reſerv'd like Sheep
appointed to be ſlain.

23. Awake, ariſe; let ſeeming Sleep
no longer thee detain;
Nor let us, Lord, who ſue to Thee,
forever ſue in vain.
24. O! wherefore hideſt Thou thy Face
from our afflicted State,
25. Whoſe Souls and Bodies ſink to Earth
with Grief's oppreſſive Weight?

26. Ariſe, O Lord, and timely Haſte
to our Deliv'rance make:
Redeem us, Lord, if not for ours,
yet for thy Mercies Sake.

PSALM XLV.

1 WHILE I the King's loud Praiſe rehearſe,
indited by my Heart,
My Tongue is like the Pen of him
that writes with ready Art.
2. How matchleſs is thy Form, O King!
thy Mouth with Grace o'reflows:
Becauſe freſh Bleſſings God on Thee
eternally beſtows.

3. Gird

3. Gird on thy Sword, moſt mighty Prince;
and, clad in rich Array,
With glorious Ornaments of Pow'r,
majeſtick Pomp diſplay.
4. Ride on in State, and ſtill protect
the Meek, the Juſt, the True;
Whilſt thy Right-hand with ſwift Revenge
does all thy Foes purſue.

5. How ſharp thy Weapons are to them
that dare thy Pow'r oppoſe!
Down, down they fall, while thro' their Heart
the pointed Arrow goes.
6. But thy firm Throne, O God, is fix'd
for ever to endure;
Thy Sceptre's Sway ſhall always laſt,
by righteous Laws ſecure.

7. Becauſe thy Heart, by Juſtice led,
did upright Ways approve,
And hated ſtill the crooked Paths
where wand'ring Sinners rove;
Therefore did God, thy God, on thee
the Oil of Gladneſs ſhed;
And has, above thy Fellows round,
advanc'd thy lofty Head.

8. With Caſſia, Aloes, and Myrrh,
thy royal Robes abound:
Which, from the ſtately Wardrobe brought,
ſpread grateful Odours round.
9. Among the honourable Train
did princely Virgins wait;
The Queen was plac'd at thy Right-hand,
in golden Robes of State.

PART II.

10. But thou, O royal Bride, give Ear,
and to my Words attend :
Forget thy native Country now,
and ev'ry former Friend.

11. So ſhall thy Beauty charm the King,
nor ſhall his Love decay :
For He is now become thy Lord ;
to Him due Rev'rence pay.
12. The *Tyrian* Matrons, rich and proud,
ſhall humble preſents make ;
And all the wealthy Nations ſue,
thy Favour to partake.

13. The King's fair Daughter's beauteous Soul
all inward Graces fill ;
Her Raiment is of pureſt Gold,
adorn'd with coſtly Skill.
14. She in her nuptial Garments dreſs'd,
with Needles richly wrought,
Attended by her Virgin Train,
ſhall to the King be brought.

15. With all the State of ſolemn Joy
the Triumph moves along ;
Till, with wide Gates, the royal Court
receives the pompous Throng,
16. Thou, in thy royal Father's room,
muſt princely Sons expect ;
Whom thou to diff'rent Realms may'ſt ſend,
to govern and protect :

17. Whilſt this my Song to future Times
tranſmits thy glorious Name ;
And makes the World with one Conſent
thy laſting Praiſe proclaim.

PSALM XLVI.

1 GOD is our Refuge in Diſtreſs ;
A preſent Help, when Dangers preſs :
In Him, undaunted, we'll confide :
2, 3. Tho' Earth were from her Centre toſs'd,
And Mountains in the Ocean loſt,
Tore piece-meal by the roaring Tide.

4. A gentler Stream with Gladneſs ſtill
The City of our Lord ſhall fill,
The royal Seat of God moſt high ;
5. God dwells in *Sion*, whoſe fair Tow'rs
Shall mock th' Aſſaults of earthly Pow'rs,
While his almighty Aid is nigh.

6. In Tumults when the Heathen rag'd,
And Kingdoms War againſt us wag'd,
He thunder'd, and diſpers'd their Pow'rs :
7. The Lord of Hoſt conducts our Arms,
Our Tow'r of Refuge in Alarms,
Our Fathers guardian God, and ours.

8. Come ſee the Wonders He has wrought,
On Earth what Deſolation brought ;
9. How He has calm'd the jarring World :
He broke the warlike Spear and Bow ;
With them their thund'ring Chariots too
Into devouring Flames were hurl'd.

10. Submit to God's almighty Sway ;
For Him the Heathen ſhall obey,
And Earth her ſov'reign Lord confeſs :
11. The God of Hoſts conducts our Arms,
Our Tow'r of Refuge in Alarms,
As to our Fathers in Diſtreſs.

PSALM XLVII.

1 O All ye People, clap your Hands,
And with triumphant Voices sing:
No Force the mighty Pow'r withstands
Of God, the universal King.
3, 4. He shall opposing Nations quell,
And with Success our Battles fight;
Shall fix the Place where we must dwell,
The Pride of *Jacob*, his Delight.

5, 6. God is gone up, our Lord and King,
With Shouts of Joy, and Trumpets Sound.
To Him repeated Praises sing,
And let the chearful Song go round.
7, 8. Your utmost Skill in Praise be shown,
For Him, who all the World commands;
Who sits upon his righteous Throne,
And spreads his Sway o'er heathen Lands.

9. Our Chiefs, and Tribes, that far from hence
T' adore the God of *Abr'am* came;
Found Him their constant sure Defence,
How great and glorious is his Name!

PSALM XLVIII.

1 THE Lord, the only God, is great,
and greatly to be prais'd
In *Sion*, on whose happy Mount
his sacred Throne is rais'd.
2. Her Tow'rs, the Joy of all the Earth,
with beauteous Prospect rise;
On her north-Side th' almighty King's
imperial City lies.

3. God in her Palaces is known:
his Presence is her Guard:
4. Confed'rate Kings withdrew their Siege,
and of Success despair'd.

5. Ther

5. They view'd her Walls, admir'd and fled,
with Grief and Terror ſtruck;
6. Like Women, whom the ſudden Pangs
of Travail had o'ertook.

7. No wretched Crew of Mariners
appear like them forlorn
When Fleets from *Tarſhiſh*' wealthy Coaſts
by eaſtern Winds are torn.
8. In *Sion* we have ſeen perform'd
a Work that was foretold,
In Pledge that God, for Times to come,
his City will uphold.

9. Not in our Fortreſſes and Walls
did we, O God, confide;
But on the Temple fix'd our Hopes,
in which Thou doſt reſide.
10. According to thy ſov'reign Name,
thy Praiſe thro' Earth extends;
Thy pow'rful Arm, as Juſtice guides,
chaſtiſes, or defends.

11. Let *Sion*'s Mount with Joy reſound,
her Daughters all be taught,
In Songs his Judgments to extol,
who this Deliv'rance wrought.
12. Compaſs her Walls with ſolemn Pomp;
your Eyes quite round her caſt;
Count all her Tow'rs, and ſee if there
you find one Stone diſplac'd.

13. Her Forts and Palaces ſurvey;
obſerve their Order well;
That, with Aſſurance, to your Heirs
this Wonder you may tell.

14. This

14. This God is ours, and will be ours,
Whilst we in Him confide;
Who, as He has preserv'd us now,
till Death will be our Guide.

PSALM XLIX.

1, LET all the list'ning World attend,
2. and my Instructions hear:
Let High and Low, and Rich and Poor,
with joint Consent give Ear:
3. My Mouth, with sacred Wisdom fill'd,
shall good Advice impart;
The sound Result of prudent Thoughts,
digested in my Heart.

4. To Parables of weighty Sense
I will my Ear incline;
While to my tuneful Harp I sing,
dark Words of deep Design.
5. Why should my Courage fail in Times
of Danger, and of Doubt;
When Sinners, that would me supplant,
have compass'd me about?

6. Those Men, that all their Hope and Trust
in Heaps of Treasure place;
And boasting, triumph, when they see
their ill-got Wealth increase;
7. Are yet unable from the Grave
their dearest Friend to free;
Nor can, by Force of costly Bribes,
reverse God's firm Decree.

8, 9. Their vain Endeavours they must quit;
the Price is held too high:
No Sums can purchase such a Grant,
that Man shall never die.

10. No

10. Not Wiſdom can the Wiſe exempt,
nor Fools their Folly ſave;
But both muſt perish, and, in Death,
their Wealth to others leave.

11. For tho' they think their ſtately Seats
ſhall ne'er to Ruin fall;
But their Remembrance laſt in Lands,
which by their Names they call;
12. Yet ſhall their Fame be ſoon forgot,
how great ſoe'er their State:
With Beaſts their Memory, and they,
ſhall ſhare one common Fate.

PART II.

13. How great their Folly is, who thus
abſurd Concluſions make!
And yet their Children, unreclaim'd,
repeat the groſs Miſtake.
14. They all, like Sheep to Slaughter led,
the Prey of Death are made;
Their Beauty, while the Juſt rejoice,
within the Grave ſhall fade.

15. But God will yet redeem my Soul;
and from the greedy Grave
His greater Pow'r ſhall ſet me free,
and to Himſelf receive.
16. Then fear not thou, when worldly Men
in envy'd Wealth abound;
Nor tho' their proſp'rous Houſe increaſe,
with State and Honour crown'd.

17. For, when they're ſummon'd hence by (Death;
they leave all this behind;
No Shadow of their former Pomp
within the Grave they find:

18 And

18. And yet they tho't their State was bleſt,
caught in the Flatt'rer's Snare;
Who praiſes thoſe that ſlight all elſe,
and of themſelves take care.

19. In their Forefathers Steps they tread;
and when, like them, they die,
Their wretched Anceſtors, and they,
in endleſs Darkneſs lie.
20. For Man, how great ſoe'er his State;
unleſs he's truly wiſe,
As like a ſenſual Beaſt he lives,
ſo, like a Beaſt, he dies.

PSALM L.

1, THE Lord hath ſpoke, the mighty G
2. Hath ſent his Summons all abroad,
From dawning Light, till Day declines:
The liſt'ning Earth his Voice hath heard,
And he from *Sion* hath appear'd,
Where Beauty in Perfection ſhines.

3, 4. Our God ſhall come, and keep no more
Miſconſtru'd Silence, as before!
But waſting Flames before Him ſend:
Around ſhall Tempeſts fiercely rage,
While He does Heav'n and Earth engage
His juſt Tribunal to attend,

5, 6. Aſſemble all my Saints to me
(Thus runs the great divine Decree,)
That in my laſting Cov'nant live:
And Off'rings bring with couſtant Care:
(The Heav'ns his Juſtice ſhall declare;
For God himſelf ſhall Sentence give).

7. Atten

7. Attend, my People; *Israel* hear;
Thy ſtrong Accuſer I'll appear;
Thy God, thy only God, am I:
8. 'Tis not of Off'rings I complain,
Which, daily in my Temple ſlain,
My ſacred Altar did ſupply.

6. Will this alone Atonement make?
No Bullock from thy Stall I'll take,
Nor He-goat from thy Fold accept;
10. The Foreſt Beaſts, that range alone,
The Cattle too, are all my own,
That on a thouſand Hills are kept.

11. I know the Fowls, that build their Neſts
In craggy Rocks; and ſavage Beaſts,
That looſely haunt the open Fields:
12. If ſeiz'd with Hunger I could be,
I need not ſeek Relief from thee,
Since the World's mine, and all it yields.

13. Think'ſt thou that I have any Need
On ſlaughter'd Bulls and Goats to feed,
To eat their Fleſh, and drink their Blood?
14. The Sacrifices I require,
Are Hearts which Love and Zeal inſpire,
And Vows with ſtricteſt Care made good.

15. In Time of Trouble call on me,
And I will ſet thee ſafe and free;
And thou Returns of Praiſe ſhalt make.
16. But to the Wicked thus ſaid God:
How dar'ſt thou teach my Laws abroad,
Or in thy Mouth my Cov'nant take?

17. For ſtubborn thou, confirm'd in Sin,
Haſt Proof againſt Inſtruction been,

And

And of my Word didſt lightly ſpeak.
18. When thou a ſubtle Thief didſt ſee,
Thou gladly didſt with him agree,
And with Adult'rers didſt partake.

19. Vile Slander is thy chief Delight;
Thy Tongue, by Envy mov'd, and Spite,
Deceitful Tales doſt hourly ſpread:
20. Thou doſt with hateful Scandals wound,
Thy Brother, and with Lyes confound
The Offſpring of thy Mother's Bed.

21. Theſe Things didſt thou, whom ſtill I ſtro
To gain with Silence, and with Love:
Till thou didſt wickedly ſurmiſe,
That I was ſuch a one as thou:
But I'll reprove and ſhame thee now,
And ſet thy Sins before thine Eyes.

22. Mark this, ye wicked Fools, leſt I
Let all my Bolts of Vengeance fly,
while none ſhall dare your Cauſe to own:
23. Who praiſes me, due Honour gives;
And to the Man that juſtly lives,
My ſtrong Salvation ſhall be ſhown.

PSALM LI.

1 HAVE Mercy, Lord, on me,
as Thou wert ever kind:
Let me, oppreſs'd with Loads of Guilt,
thy wonted Mercy find.
2, 3. Waſh off my ſoul Offence,
and cleanſe me from my Sin:
For I confeſs my Crime, and ſee
how great my Guilt has been.

4. Agai

4. Againſt Thee, Lord, alone,
and only in thy Sight,
Have I tranſgreſs'd ; and tho' condemn'd,
muſt own thy Judgments right.
5. In Guilt each Part was form'd
of all this ſinful Frame ;
In Guilt I was conceiv'd, and born
the Heir of Sin and Shame.

6. Yet Thou, whoſe ſearching Eye
does inward Truth require,
In ſecret didſt with Wiſdom's Laws
my tender Soul inſpire.
7. With Hyſſop purge me Lord ;
and ſo I clean ſhall be :
I ſhall with Snow in Whiteneſs vie,
when purify'd by Thee.

8. Make me to hear with Joy
thy kind forgiving Voice ;
That ſo the Bones which Thou haſt broke,
may with freſh Strength rejoice.
9, 10. Blot our my crying Sins ;
nor me in Anger view ;
Create in me a Heart that's clean,
an upright Mind renew.

PART II.

11. Withdraw not Thou thy Help,
nor caſt me from thy Sight ;
Nor let thy Holy Spirit take
its everlaſting Flight.
12. The Joy thy Favour gives,
let me again obtain ;
And thy free Spirit's firm Support
my fainting Soul ſuſtain.

13. So

13. So I thy righteous Ways
to Sinners will impart;
Whilſt my Advice ſhall wicked Men
to thy juſt Laws convert.
14. My Guilt of Blood remove,
my Saviour and my God;
And my glad Tongue ſhall loudly tell
thy righteous Acts abroad.

15. Do Thou unlock my Lips.
with Sorrow clos'd, and Shame:
So ſhall my Mouth thy wond'rous Praiſe
to all the World proclaim.
16. Could Sacrifice atone.
whole Flocks and Herds ſhould die;
But on ſuch Off'rings Thou diſdain'ſt
to caſt a gracious Eye.

17. A broken Sprit is
by God moſt highly priz'd;
By Him a broken contrite Heart
ſhall never be deſpis'd.
18. Let *Sion* Favour find,
of thy Good-will aſſur'd;
And thy own City flouriſh long,
by lofty Walls ſecur'd.

19. The Juſt ſhall then attend,
and pleaſing Tribute pay;
And Sacrifice of choiceſt Kind,
upon thy Altar lay.

PSALM LII.

1 IN vain, O Man of lawleſs Might,
thou boaſt'ſt thyſelf in Ill;
Since God, the God in whom I truſt,
vouchſafes his Favour ſtill.

2. Thy

2. Thy wicked Tongue does ſland'rous Tales
maliciouſly deviſe ;
And, ſharper than a Razor ſet,
it wounds with treach'rous Lyes.

3,4. Thy Thoughts are more on Ill, than Good,
on Lyes, than Truth, employ'd ;
Thy Tongue delights in Words, by which
the Guiltleſs are deſtroy'd.
5. God ſhall for ever blaſt thy Hopes,
and ſnatch thee ſoon away :
Nor in thy Dwelling-place permit,
nor in the World, to ſtay.

6. The Juſt, with pious Fear ſhall ſee
the Downfal of thy Pride ;
And at thy ſudden Ruin laugh,
and thus thy Fall deride :
7. " See there the Man that haughty was,
" who proudly God defy'd,
" Who truſted in his Wealth, and ſtill
" on wicked Arts rely'd."

8. But I am like thoſe Olive-plants,
that ſhade God's Temple round ;
And hope with his indulgent Grace
to be for ever crown'd.
9. So ſhall my Soul with Praiſe, O God,
extol thy wond'rous Love ;
And on thy Name with Patience wait
for this thy Saints approve.

PSALM LIII.

1 THE wicked Fools muſt ſure ſuppoſe
that God is but a Name :
This groſs Miſtake their Practice ſhows,
ſince Virtue all diſclaim.

2. The

2. The Lord look'd down from Heav'n's high (Tow'r,
the Sons of Men to view,
To ſee if any own'd his Pow'r,
or Truth or Juſtice knew.

3. But all, He ſaw, were backward gone,
degen'rate grown and baſe ;
None for Religion, car'd, not one
of all the ſinful Race.
4. But are thoſe Workers of Deceit
ſo dull and ſenſeleſs grown,
That they like Bread my People eat,
and God's juſt Pow'r diſown ?

5. Their cauſeleſs Fears ſhall ſtrangely grow;
and they, deſpis'd of God,
Shall ſoon be foil'd : His Hand ſhall throw
their ſhatter'd Bones abroad.
6. Would He his ſaving Pow'r employ,
to break our ſervile Band,
Loud Shouts of univerſal Joy
ſhould eccho thro' the Land.

PSALM LIV.

1, LORD, ſave me, for thy glorious Name;
2. and in thy Strength appear,
To judge my Cauſe ; accept my Pray'r,
and to my Words give Ear.
3. Mere Strangers, whom I never wrong'd,
to ruin me deſign'd ;
And cruel Men, that fear no God,
againſt my Soul combin'd.

4, 5. But God takes part with all my Friends;
and He's the ſureſt Guard :
The God of Truth ſhall give my Foes
their Falſhood's juſt Reward ;

6. While

6. While I my grateful Off'rings bring,
and ſacrifice with Joy;
And in his Praiſe my Time to come
delightfully employ.

7. From dreadful Danger and Diſtreſs
the Lord hath ſet me free:
Thro' Him ſhall I, of all my Foes,
the juſt Deſtruction ſee.

PSALM LV.

1 GIVE Ear, Thou Judge of all the Earth,
and liſten when I pray;
Nor from thy humble Suppliant turn
thy glorious Face away.
2. Attend to this my ſad Complaint,
and hear my grievous Moans;
Whilſt I my mournful Caſe declare
with artleſs Sighs and Groans.

3. Hark! how the Foe inſults aloud!
how fierce Oppreſſors rage!
Whoſe ſland'rous Tongues with wrathful Hate
againſt my Fame engage.
4,5. My Heart is rack'd with Pain, my Soul
with deadly Frights diſtreſs'd;
With Fear and Trembling compaſs'd round,
with Horror quite oppreſs'd.

6. How often wiſh'd I then, that I
the Dove's ſwift Wings could get;
That I might take my ſpeedy Flight,
and ſeek a ſafe Retreat!
7, 8. Then would I wander far from hence;
and in wild Deſarts ſtray,
Till all this furious Storm were ſpent,
this Tempeſt paſt away.

PART II.

9. Deſtroy, O Lord, their ill Deſigns,
their Counſels ſoon divide ;
For through the City my griev'd Eyes
have Strife and Rapine ſpy'd.
10. By Day and Night on ev'ry Wall
they walk their conſtant Round ;
And, in the midſt of all her Strength,
are Grief and Miſchief found.

11. Whoe'er thro' ev'ry Part ſhall roam,
will freſh Diſorders meet ;
Deceit and Guile their conſtant Poſts
maintain in ev'ry Street.
12. For 'twas not any open Foe,
that falſe Reflections made ;
For then I could with Eaſe have borne
the bitter Things he ſaid :

'Twas none who Hatred had profeſs'd,
that did againſt me riſe ;
For then I had withdrawn myſelf
from his malicious Eyes.
13, 14. But 'twas ev'n thou, my Guide, m
whom tend'reſt Love did join : [Frien
Whoſe ſweet Advice I valu'd moſt,
whoſe Pray'rs are mix'd with mine.

15. Sure, Vengeance equal to their Crimes
ſuch Traitors muſt ſurpriſe,
And ſudden Death requite thoſe Ills
they wickedly deviſe.
16, 17. But I will call on God, who ſtill
ſhall in my Aid appear :
At Morn, and Noon, and Night I'll pray,
and He my Voice ſhall hear.

PART

PART III.

18. God has releas'd my Soul from thoſe,
that did with me contend ;
And made a num'rous Hoſt of Friends
my righteous Cauſe defend.
19. For He, who was my Help of old,
ſhall now his Suppliant hear ;
And puniſh thoſe, whoſe proſp'rous State
makes them no God to fear.

20. Whom can I truſt, if faithleſs Men
perfidiouſly deviſe
To ruin me, their peaceful Friend,
and break the ſtrongeſt Ties ?
21. Tho' ſoft and melting are their Words,
their Hearts with War abound :
Their Speeches are more ſmooth than Oil,
and yet like Swords they wound.

22. Do thou, my Soul, on God depend,
and He ſhall thee ſuſtain :
He aids the Juſt, whom to ſupplant
the Wicked ſtrive in vain.
23. My Foes, that trade in Lies and Blood,
ſhall all untimely die ;
Whilſt I, for Health, and Length of Days,
on Thee my God, rely.

PSALM LVI.

1 DO Thou, O God, in Mercy help ;
for Man my Life purſues :
To cruſh me with repeated Wrongs,
he daily Strife renews.
2. Continually my ſpiteful Foes
to ruin me combine :
Thou ſeeſt, who ſitt'ſt inthron'd on high,
what mighty Numbers join.

3. But

3. But, tho' ſometimes ſurpriz'd by Fear
(on Danger's firſt Alarm) ;
Yet ſtill for Succour I depend
on thy almighty Arm,
4. God's faithful Promiſe I ſhall praiſe,
on which I now rely :
In God I truſt, and, truſting him,
the Arm of Fleſh defy.

5. They wreſt my Words, and make 'em ſpeak
a Senſe they never meant :
Their Thoughts are all, with reſtleſs Spite,
on my Deſtruction bent.
6. In cloſe Aſſemblies they combine,
and wicked Projects lay :
They watch my Steps, and lie in wait
to make my Soul their Prey.

7. Shall ſuch Injuſtice ſtill eſcape ?
O righteous God, ariſe ;
Let thy juſt Wrath (too long provok'd)
this impious Race chaſtiſe.
8. Thou numb'reſt all my wand'ring Steps,
ſince firſt compel'd to flee :
My very Tears are treaſur'd up,
and regiſter'd by Thee.

9. When therefore I invoke thy Aid,
my Foes ſhall be o'erthrown ;
For I am well aſſur'd, that God
my righteous Cauſe will own.
10, 11. I'll truſt God's Word, and ſo deſpiſe
the Force that Man can raiſe :
12. To Thee, O God, my Vows are due :
to Thee I'll render Praiſe.

13. Thou

13. Thou haſt retriev'd my Soul from Death,
and thou wilt ſtill ſecure
The Liſe thou haſt ſo oft preſerv'd,
and make my Footſteps ſure:
That thus, protected by thy Pow'r,
I may this Light enjoy:
And in the Service of my God
my lengthen'd Days employ.

PSALM LVII.

1 THY Mercy, Lord, to me extend:
On thy Protection I depend;
And to thy Wing for Shelter haſte,
Till this outrageous Storm is paſt.
2. To thy Tribunal, Lord, I fly,
Thou ſov'reign Judge, and God moſt High,
Who Wonders haſt for me begun,
And wilt not leave thy Work undone.

3. From Heav'n protect me by thy Arm,
And ſhame all thoſe who ſeek my Harm:
To my Relief thy Mercy ſend,
And Truth, on which my Hopes depend.
4. For I with ſavage Men converſe,
Like hungry Lions wild and fierce,
With Men whoſe Teeth are Spears, their Words
Invenom'd Darts, and two-edg'd Swords.

5. Be Thou, O God, exalted high;
And, as thy Glory fills the Sky,
So let it be on Earth diſplay'd;
Till Thou art here, as there, obey'd.
6. To take me, they their Net prepar'd,
And had almoſt my Soul enſnar'd;
But fell themſelves, by juſt Decree,
Into the Pit they made for me.

7. O God, my Heart is fix'd, 'tis bent,
It's thankful Tribute to present ;
And, with my Heart, my Voice I'll raise
To Thee, my God, in Songs of Praise.
8. Awake, my Glory, Harp and Lute,
No longer let your Strings be mute :
And I, my tuneful Part to take,
Will with the early Dawn awake.

9. Thy Praises, Lord, I will resound
To all the list'ning Nations round :
10. Thy Mercy highest Heav'n transcends ;
Thy Truth beyond the Clouds extends.
11. Be Thou, O God, exalted high ;
And, as thy Glory fills the Sky,
So let it be on Earth display'd ;
Till Thou art here, as there, obey'd.

PSALM LVIII.

1 SPEAK, O ye Judges of the Earth,
if just your Sentence be ;
Or must not Innocence appeal
to Heav'n, from your Decree ?
2. Your wicked Hearts and Judgments are
alike by Malice sway'd ;
Your griping Hands, by weighty Bribes,
to Violence betray'd.

3. To Virtue, Strangers from the Womb,
their Infant Steps went wrong :
They prattled Slander, and in Lyes
employ'd their lisping Tongue.
4. No Serpent of parch'd *Afric*'s Breed
does ranker Poison bear ;
The drowsy Adder will as soon
unlock his sullen Ear.

5. Unmov'd

5. Unmov'd by good Advice, and deaf
as Adders they remain ;
From whom the ſkilful Charmer's Voice
can no Attention gain.
6. Defeat, O God, their threat'ning Rage,
and timely break their Pow'r :
Diſarm theſe growing Lions Jaws,
e're practis'd to devour.

7. Let now their Inſolence at Height,
like ebbing Tides be ſpent ;
Their ſhiver'd Darts deceive their Aim,
when they their bow have bent :
8. Like Snails, let them diſſolve to Slime ;
like haſty Births become,
Unworthy to behold the Sun,
and dead within the Womb.

9. E're Thorns can make the Fleſh-pots boil,
tempeſtuous Wrath ſhall come
From God, and ſnatch them hence alive
to their eternal Doom.
10. The Righteous ſhall rejoice to ſee
their Crimes ſuch Vengeance meet ;
And Saints in Perſecutors Blood
ſhall dip their harmleſs Feet.

11. Tranſgreſſors then with Grief ſhall ſee
juſt Men Rewards obtain ;
And own a God whoſe Juſtice will
the guilty Earth arraign.

PSALM LIX.

1 DELIVER me, O Lord my God,
from all my ſpiteful Foes :
In my Defence oppoſe thy Pow'r
to theirs, who me oppoſe.

2. Preſerve me from a wicked Race,
who make a Trade of Ill;
Protect me from remorſeleſs Men,
who ſeek my Blood to ſpill.

3. They lie in wait, and mighty Pow'rs
againſt my Life combine,
Implacable; yet, Lord, Thou know'ſt,
for no Offence of mine.
4. In Haſte they run about, and watch
my guiltleſs Life to take:
Look down, O Lord, on my Diſtreſs,
and to my Help awake.

5. Thou Lord of Hoſts, and *Iſrael*'s God,
their heathen Rage ſuppreſs;
Relentleſs Vengeance take on thoſe,
who ſtubbornly tranſgreſs.
6. At Evening to beſet my Houſe,
like growling Dogs they meet;
While others through the City range,
and ranſack ev'ry Street.

7. Their Throats invenom'd Slander breathe,
their Tongues are ſharpen'd Swords:
"Who hears? (ſay they); or, hearing dares
"reprove our lawleſs Words?"
8. But from thy Throne Thou ſhalt, O Lord,
their baffled Plots deride;
And ſoon to Scorn and Shame expoſe
their boaſted heathen Pride.

9. On Thee I wait; 'tis on thy Strength
for Succour I depend:
'Tis Thou, O God, art my Defence,
who only canſt defend.

10. Th

10. Thy Mercy, Lord, which has so oft
from Danger set me free,
Shall crown my Wishes, and subdue
my haughty Foes to me.

11. Destroy them not, O Lord, at once
restrain thy vengeful Blow;
Lest we, ingratefully, too soon
forget their Overthrow.
Disperse them through the Nations round,
by thy avenging Pow'r:
Do Thou bring down their haughty Pride,
O Lord, our Shield and Tow'r.

12. Now in the Height of all their Hopes,
their Arrogance chastise;
Whose Tongues have sinn'd without Restraint,
and Curses join'd with Lyes.
13. Nor shalt Thou, whilst their Race endures,
thine Anger, Lord, suppress;
That distant Lands, by their just Doom,
may Israel's God confess.

14. At Ev'ning let them still persist
like growling Dogs, to meet;
Still wander all the City round,
and traverse ev'ry Street.
15. Then, as for Malice now they do,
for Hunger let them stray;
And yell their vain Complaints aloud,
defeated of their Prey:

16. Whilst early I thy Mercy sing,
thy wond'rous Pow'r confess:
For Thou hast been my sure Defence,
my Refuge in Distress.

17. To Thee, with never-ceasing Praise,
O God, my Strength, I'll sing:
Thou art my God, the Rock from whence
my Health and Safety spring.

PSALM LX.

1 O GOD, who hast our Troops dispers'd,
Forsaking those who left Thee first;
As we thy just Displeasure mourn,
To us, in Mercy, Lord, return.
2. Our Strength, that firm as Earth did stand,
Is rent by thy avenging Hand:
O! heal the Breaches Thou hast made:
We shake, we fall, without thy Aid!

3. Our Folly's sad Effects we feel;
For, drunk with Discord's Cup, we reel.
4. But now, for them who Thee rever'd,
Thou hast thy Truth's bright Banner rear'd.
5. Let thy Right-hand thy Saints protect:
Lord, here the Pray'rs, that we direct.
6. The Holy God has spoke; and I,
O'erjoy'd, on his firm Word rely.

To Thee in Portions I'll divide
Fair Sichem's Soil, Samaria's Pride:
To Sichem Succoth next I'll join,
And measure out her Vale by Line.
7. Manasseh, Gilead, both subscribe
To my Commands, with Ephraim's Tribe:
Ephraim by Arms supports my Cause,
And Judah by religious Laws.

8. Moab my Slave and Drudge shall be,
Nor Edom from my Yoke get free;
Proud Palestine's imperious State
Shall humbly on our Triumph wait.

9. But who ſhall quell theſe mighty Pow'rs,
And clear my Way to *Edom*'s Tow'rs ?
Or through her guarded Frontiers tread
The Path that does to Conqueſt lead ?
10. Ev'n Thou, O God who haſt diſpers'd
Our Troops (for we forſook Thee firſt),
Thoſe, whom Thou didſt in Wrath forſake,
Aton'd, Thou wilt victorious make.

11. Do Thou our fainting Cauſe ſuſtain;
For human Succours are but vain.
12. Freſh Strength and Courage God beſtows :
'Tis He treads down our proudeſt Foes.

PSALM LXI.

1 LORD, hear my Cry, regard my Pray'r
which I, oppreſs'd with Grief.
2. From Earth's remoteſt Parts addreſs
to Thee for kind Relief.
O ! lodge me ſafe beyond the Reach
of perſecuting Pow'r,
3. Thou, who ſo oft from ſpiteful Foes
haſt been my ſhelt'ring Tow'r.

4. So ſhall I in thy ſacred Courts
ſecure from Danger lie ;
Beneath the Covert of thy Wings,
all future Storms defy.
5. In Sign my Vows are heard, once more,
I o'er thy Choſen reign :
6. O ! bleſs with long and proſp'rous Life
the King Thou didſt ordain.

7. Confirm his Throne, and make his Reign
accepted in thy Sight ;
And let thy Truth and Mercy both
in his Defence unite.

8. So ſhall I ever ſing thy Praiſe,
thy Name for ever bleſs;
Devote my proſp'rous Days to pay
the Vows of my Diſtreſs.

PSALM LXII.

1, MY Soul for Help on God relies;
2. From Him alone my Safety flows:
My Rock, my Health, that Strength ſupplies,
To bear the Shock of all my Foes.
3. How long will ye contrive my Fall,
Which will but haſten on your own!
You'll totter like a bending Wall,
Or Fence of uncemented Stone.

4. To make my envy'd Honours leſs,
They ſtrive with Lyes, their chief Delight;
For they, tho' with their Mouth they bleſs,
In private curſe with inward Spite.
5,6. But thou, my Soul, on God rely;
On Him alone thy Truſt repoſe:
My Rock and Health with Strength ſupply,
To bear the Shock of all my Foes.

7. God does his ſaving Health diſpenſe,
And flowing Bleſſings daily ſend:
He is my Fortreſs and Defence;
On Him my Soul ſhall ſtill depend.
8. In Him, ye People, always truſt;
Before his Throne pour out your Hearts;
For God, the Merciful and Juſt,
His timely Aid to us imparts.

9. The Vulgar fickle are and frail;
The Great diſſemble and betray;
And, laid in Truth's impartial Scale
The lighteſt Things will both outweigh.

10. Then

10. Then truſt not in oppreſſive Ways ;
By Spoil and Rapine grow not vain ;
Nor let your Hearts, if Wealth increaſe,
Be ſet too much upon your Gain.

11. For God has oft His Will expreſs'd,
And I this Truth have fully known ;
To be of boundleſs Pow'r poſſeſs'd,
Belongs, of Right, to God alone.
12. Though Mercy is his darling Grace,
In which He chiefly takes Delight ;
Yet will He all the human Race
According to their Works requite.

PSALM LXIII.

1 O GOD, my gracious God, to Thee,
My Morning Pray'rs ſhall offer'd be ;
For Thee my thirſty Soul does pant ;
My fainting Fleſh implores thy Grace,
Within this dry and barren Place,
Where I refreſhing Waters want.

2. O ! to my longing Eyes once more
That View of glorious Pow'r reſtore,
Which thy majeſtic Houſe diſplays :
3. Becauſe to me thy wond'rous Love
Than Life itſelf does dearer prove,
My Lips ſhall always ſpeak thy Praiſe.

4. My Life, while I that Life enjoy,
In bleſſing God I will employ ;
With lifted Hands adore his Name :
5. My Soul's Content ſhall be as great
As theirs, who choiceſt Dainties eat,
While I with Joy his Praiſe proclaim.

6. When down I lie, ſweet Sleep to find,
Thou, Lord, art preſent to my Mind ;

And when I wake in Dead of Night.
7. Becauſe Thou ſtill doſt Succour bring,
Beneath the Shadow of thy Wing
I reſt with Safety and Delight.

8. My Soul, when Foes would me devour,
Cleaves faſt to Thee, whoſe matchleſs Pow'r
In her Support is daily ſhown:
9. But thoſe the righteous Lord ſhall ſlay,
That my Deſtruction wiſh; and they,
that ſeek my Life, ſhall loſe their own.

10, 11. They by untimely Ends ſhall die,
Their Fleſh a Prey to Foxes lie;
But God ſhall fill the King with Joy:
Who ſwears by Thee ſhall ſtill rejoice;
Whilſt the falſe Tongue, and lying Voice,
Thou, Lord, ſhalt ſilence and deſtroy.

PSALM LXIV.

1 LORD, hear the Voice of my Complaint;
to my Requeſt give Ear;
Preſerve my Life from cruel Foes,
and free my Soul from Fear.
2. O! hide me with thy tender Care
in ſome ſecure Retreat,
From Sinners that againſt me riſe;
and all their Plots defeat.

3. See how, intent to work my Harm,
they whet their Tongues like Swords;
And bend their Bows to ſhoot their Darts,
ſharp Lyes and bitter Words.
4. Lurking in private, at the Juſt
they take their ſecret Aim;
And ſuddenly at him they ſhoot,
quite void of Fear and Shame.

5. To

5. To carry on their ill Designs
they mutually agree ;
They speak of laying private Snares,
and think that none shall see.
6. With utmost Diligence and Care
their wicked Plots they lay :
The deep Designs of all their Hearts
are only to betray.

7. But God, to Anger justly mov'd,
His dreadful Bow shall bend,
And on his flying Arrow's Point
shall swift Destruction send.
8. Those Slanders which their Mouths did vent,
upon themselves shall fall ;
Their Crimes disclos'd shall make them be
despis'd and shunn'd by all.

9. The World shall then God's Pow'r confess ;
and Nations trembling stand ;
Convinc'd, that 'tis the mighty Work
of his avenging Hand :
10. Whilst righteous Men, by God secur'd,
in Him shall gladly trust ;
And all the list'ning Earth shall hear
loud Triumphs of the Just.

PSALM LXV.

1 FOR Thee, O God, our constant Praise
In Sion waits, thy chosen Seat :
Our promis'd Altars there we'll raise,
And all our zealous Vows complete.
2. O Thou, who to my humble Pray'r
Didst always bend thy list'ning Ear,
To Thee shall all Mankind repair,
And at thy gracious Throne appear.

3. Our

3. Our Sins (tho' numberless) in vain
To stop thy flowing Mercy try;
Whilst Thou o'erlook'st the guilty Stain,
And washest out the crimson Dye.
4. Blest is the Man, who near Thee plac'd,
Within thy sacred Dwelling lives!
Whilst we, at humbler Distance, taste
The vast Delights thy Temple gives.

5. By wond'rous Acts, O God most Just,
Have we thy gracious Answer found:
In Thee remotest Nations trust,
And those whom stormy Waves surround.
6,7. God, by His Strength, sets fast the Hills,
And does His matchless Pow'r engage;
With which the Sea's loud Waves He stills,
And angry Crouds tumultuous Rage.

PART II.

8. Thou, Lord, dost barb'rous Lands dismay,
When they thy dreadful Tokens view:
With Joy they see the Night and Day
Each others Track by Turns, pursue.
9. From out thy unexhausted Store
Thy Rain relieves the thirsty Ground;
Makes Lands, that barren were before,
With Corn and useful Fruits abound.

10. On rising Ridges down it pours,
And ev'ry furrow'd Valley fills:
Thou makest them soft with gentle Show'rs,
In which a blest Increase distills.
11. Thy Goodness does the circling Year
With fresh Returns of Plenty crown;
And where thy glorious Paths appear,
Thy fruitful Clouds drop Fatness down.

12. The

12. They drop on barren Forrests, chang'd
By them to Pastures fresh and green :
The Hills about, in Order rang'd,
In beauteous Robes of Joy are seen.
13. Large Flocks with fleecy Wool adorn
The chearful Downs ; the Vallies bring
A plenteous Crop of full-ear'd Corn,
And seem, for Joy, to shout and sing.

PSALM LXVI.

1, LET all the Lands with Shouts of Joy
2. to God their Voices raise ;
Sing Psalms in Honour to his Name,
and spread His glorious Praise.
3. And let them say, How dreadful, Lord,
in all thy Works art Thou !
To thy great Pow'r thy stubborn Foes
shall all be forc'd to bow.

4. Thro' all the Earth the Nations round
shall Thee their God confess ;
And with glad Hymns their awful Dread
of thy great Name express.
5. O ! come, behold the Works of God ;
and then with me you'll own,
That He to all the Sons of Men
has wond'rous Judgments shown.

6. He made the Sea become dry Land,
through which our Fathers walk'd ;
Whilst to each other of his Might
with Joy his People talk'd.
7. He by his Pow'r for ever rules ;
his Eyes the World survey :
Let no presumptuous Man rebel
against his sov'reign Sway.

PART II.

8, 9. O! all ye Nations, bless our God,
and loudly speak his Praise;
Who keeps our Soul alive, and still
confirms our stedfast Ways.
10. For thou hast try'd us, Lord, as Fire
does try the precious Ore:
11. Thou brought'st us into Streights, where we
oppressing Burdens bore.

12. Insulting Foes did us their Slaves,
thro' Fire and Water chase;
But yet, at last Thou brought'st us forth
into a wealthy Place.
13. Burnt-off'rings to thy House I'll bring,
and there my Vows I'll pay:
14. Which I with solemn Zeal did make
in Trouble's dismal Day.

15. Then shall the richest Incense smoke,
the fattest Rams shall fall,
The choicest Goats from out the Fold,
and Bullocks from the Stall.
16. O! come, all ye that fear the Lord;
attend with heedful Care,
Whilst I, what God for me has done,
with grateful Joy declare.

17, 18. As I, before, His Aid implor'd,
so now I praise His Name;
Who, if my Heart had harbour'd Sin,
would all my Pray'rs disclaim.
19. But God to me, when e'er I cry'd,
his gracious Ear did bend;
And to the Voice of my Request,
with constant Love, attend.

20. Then

20. Then bless'd for ever be my God,
who never when I pray,
With-holds his Mercy from my Soul,
nor turn's his Face away!

PSALM LXVII.

1 TO bless thy chosen Race,
in Mercy, Lord, incline;
And cause the Brightness of thy Face
on all thy Saints to shine;
2. That so thy wond'rous Way
may through the World be known;
While distant Lands their Tribute pay,
and thy Salvation own.

3. Let diff'ring Nations join
to celebrate thy Fame;
Let all the World, O Lord, combine
to praise thy glorious Name.
4. O let them shout and sing,
dissolv'd in pious Mirth;
For Thou, the righteous Judge and King,
shalt govern all the Earth.

5. Let diff'ring Nations join
to celebrate thy Fame;
Let all the World, O Lord, combine
to praise thy glorious Name.
6. Then shall the teeming Ground
a large Increase disclose;
And we with Plenty shall be crown'd,
which God, our God, bestows.

7. Then God upon our Land
shall constant Blessings show'r;
And all the World in Awe shall stand
of His resistless Pow'r.

PSALM

PSALM LXVIII.

1 LET God, the God of Battle, rise,
And scatter His presumptuous Foes:
Let shameful Rout their Host surprise,
Who spitefully his Pow'r oppose.
2. As Smoke in Tempests Rage is lost,
Or Wax into the Furnace cast;
So let their sacrilegious Host
Before his wrathful Presence waste.

3. But let the Servants of his Will
His Favour's gentle Beams enjoy;
Their upright Hearts let Gladness fill,
And chearful Songs their Tongues employ.
4. To Him your Voice in Anthems raise:
JEHOVAH's awful Name he bears:
In him rejoice; extol his Praise,
Who rides upon high-rolling Spheres.

5. Him, from his Empire of the Skies,
To this low World Compassion draws,
The Orphan's Claim to patronize,
And judge the injur'd Widow's Cause.
6. 'Tis God, who from a foreign Soil
Restores poor Exiles to their Home;
Makes Captives free; and fruitless Toil,
Their proud Oppressors righteous Doom.

7. 'Twas so of old, when Thou didst lead
In Person, Lord, our Armies forth;
Strange Terrors thro' the Desert spread,
Convulsions shook th' astonish'd Earth.
8. The breaking Clouds did Rain distill,
And Heav'n's high Arches shook with Fear:
How then should *Sinai*'s humble Hill
Of *Israel*'s God the Presence bear!

9. T

9. Thy Hand, at famiſh'd Earth's Complaint,
Reliev'd her from celeſtial Stores;
And, when thy Heritage was faint,
Aſſwag'd the Drought with plenteous Show'rs.
10. Where Savages had rang'd before,
At Eaſe Thou mad'ſt our Tribes reſide;
And in the Deſert for the Poor,
Thy generous Bounty did provide.

PART II.

11. Thou gav'ſt the Word; we ſallied forth,
And in that pow'rful Word o'ercame;
Whilſt Virgin-troops, with Songs of Mirth,
In State our Conqueſt did proclaim.
12. Vaſt Armies, by ſuch Gen'rals led,
As yet had ne'er receiv'd a Foil,
Forſook their Camp with ſudden Dread,
And to our Women left the Spoil.

13. Though *Egypt*'s Drudges you have been,
Your Army's Wings ſhall ſhine as bright,
As Doves in golden Sunſhine ſeen,
Or ſilver'd o'er with paler Light.
14. 'Twas ſo, when God's almighty Hand
O'er ſcatter'd Kings the Conqueſt won;
Our Troops, drawn up on *Jordan*'s Strand,
High *Salmon*'s glitt'ring Snow outſhone.

15. From thence to *Jordan*'s farther Coaſt,
And *Baſhan*'s Hill, we did advance:
No more her Height ſhall *Baſhan* boaſt,
But that ſhe's God's Inheritance.
16. But wherefore (tho' the Honour's great)
Should this, O Mountain, ſwell your Pride?
For *Sion* is His choſen Seat,
Where He forever will reſide.

17. His

17. His Chariots numberleſs ; his Pow'rs
Are heav'nly Hoſts, that wait his Will :
His Preſence now fills *Sion*'s Tow'rs,
As once it honour'd *Sinai*'s Hill.
18. Aſcending high, in Triumph Thou
Captivity haſt captive led ;
And on thy People didſt beſtow
The Spoil of Armies, once their Dread.

Ev'n Rebels ſhall partake thy Grace,
And humble Proſelytes repair
To worſhip at thy Dwelling-place,
And all the World pay Homage there.
19. For Benefits each Day beſtow'd,
Be daily His great Name ador'd ;
20. Who is our Saviour, and our God,
Of Life and Death the ſov'reign Lord.

21. But Juſtice for his harden'd Foes
Proportion'd Vengeance hath decreed,
To wound the hoary Head of thoſe,
Who in preſumptuous Crimes proceed.
22. The Lord has thus in Thunder ſpoke:
" As I ſubdu'd proud *Baſhan*'s King,
" Once more I'll break my People's Yoke,
" And from the Deep my Servants bring :

23. " Their Feet ſhall with a crimſon Flood
" Of ſlaughter'd Foes be cover'd o'er ;
" Nor Earth receive ſuch impious Blood,
" But leave for Dogs th' unhallow'd Gore."

PART III.

24. When, marching to thy bleſt Abode,
The wond'ring Multitude ſurvey'd
The pompous State of Thee, our God,
In Robes of Majeſty array'd ;

25. Sweet-

25. Sweet-ſinging *Levites* led the Van;
Loud Inſtruments brought up the Rear;
Between both Troops a Virgin-Train
With Voice and Timbrel charm'd the Ear.
26. This was the Burden of their Song:
"In full Aſſemblies bleſs the Lord:
"All who to *Iſrael*'s Tribes belong,
"The God of *Iſrael*'s Praiſe record."

27. Not little *Benjamin* alone
From neighb'ring Bounds did there attend,
Nor only *Judah*'s nearer Throne
Her Counſellors in State did ſend;
But *Zebulon*'s remoter Seat,
And *Napthali*'s more diſtant Coaſt,
(The grand Proceſſion to complete)
Sent up their Tribes a princely Hoſt.

28. Thus God to Strength and Union brought
Our Tribes, at Striſe till that bleſt Hour:
This Work, which Thou, O God, haſt wrought,
Confirm with freſh Recruits of Pow'r.
29. To viſit *Salem*, Lord, deſcend,
And *Sion* thy terreſtrial Throne;
Where Kings with Preſents ſhall attend,
And Thee with offer'd Crowns atone.

30. Break down the Spearmens Ranks, who threat
Like pamper'd Herds of ſavage Might:
Their ſilver-armour'd Chiefs defeat,
Who in deſtructive War delight.
31. *Egypt* ſhall then to God ſtretch forth
Her Hands, and *Afric* Homage bring:
32. The ſcatter'd Kingdoms of the Earth
Their common Sov'reign's Praiſes ſing;

33. Who,

33. Who, mounted on the loftieſt Sphere
Of ancient Heav'n ſublimely rides;
From whence his dreadful Voice we hear,
Like that of warring Winds and Tides.
34. Aſcribe ye Pow'r to God moſt High:
Of humble *Iſrael* He takes care;
Whoſe Strength, from out the duſky Sky,
Darts ſhining Terrors through the Air.

35. How dreadful are the ſacred Courts,
Where God has fix'd his earthly Throne!
His Strength His feeble Saints ſupports!
To God give Praiſe, to Him alone.

PSALM LXIX.

1 SAVE me, O God from Waves that roll,
And preſs to overwhelm my Soul.
2. With painful Steps in Mire I tread,
And Deluges o'erflow my Head.
3. With reſtleſs Cries my Spirits faint;
My Voice is hoarſe with long Complaint;
My Sight decays with tedious Pain,
Whilſt for my God I wait in vain.

4. My Hairs, tho' num'rous, are but few,
Compar'd with Foes that me purſue
With groundleſs Hate, grown now of Might,
To execute their lawleſs Spite;
They force me, guiltleſs, to reſign,
As Rapine, what by Right was mine.
5. Thou, Lord, my Fooliſhneſs doſt ſee,
Nor are my Sins conceal'd from Thee.

6. Lord God of Hoſts, take timely Care,
Leſt, for my ſake, thy Saints deſpair:
7. Since I have ſuffer'd for thy Name
Reproach and hide my Face in Shame;

8.

8. A Stranger to my Country grown,
Nor to my neareſt Kindred known ;
A Foreigner, expos'd to Scorn
By Brethren of my Mother born.

9. For Zeal to thy lov'd Houſe and Name
Conſumes me like devouring Flame ;
Concern'd at their Affronts to Thee,
More than at Slanders caſt on me.
10. My very Tears and Abſtinence
They conſtrue in a ſpightful Senſe.
11. When cloath'd with Sackcloth for their ſake,
They me their common Proverb make.

12. Their Judges make my Wrongs their Jeſt,
Thoſe Wrongs they ought to have redreſs'd.
How ſhould I then expect to be
From Libels of lewd Drunkards free ?
13. But, Lord, to Thee I will repair
For Help, with humble, timely Pray'r :
Relieve me from thy Mercy's Store :
Diſplay thy Truth's preſerving Pow'r.

14. From threatning Dangers me relieve,
And from the Mire my Feet retrieve ;
From ſpiteful Foes in Safety keep,
And ſnatch me from the raging Deep.
15. Controul the Deluge, er'e it ſpread,
And roll its Waves above my Head ;
Nor deep Deſtruction's yawning Pit
To cloſe her Jaws on me permit.

16. Lord, hear the humble Pray'r I make,
For thy tranſcending Goodneſs' ſake ;
Relieve thy Supplicant once more
From thy abounding Mercy's Store.

17. Nor

17. Nor from thy Servant hide thy Face:
Make haste; for desp'rate is my Case:
18. Thy timely Succour interpose,
And shield me from remorseless Foes.

19. Thou know'st what Infamy and Scorn
I from my Enemies have borne;
Nor can their close-dissembled Spite,
Or darkest Plots, escape thy Sight.
20. Reproach and Grief have broke my Heart:
I look'd for some to take my Part,
To pity or relieve my Pain;
But look'd, alas! for both in vain;

21. With Hunger pin'd, for Food I call:
Instead of Food, they give me Gall:
And when with Thirst my Spirits sink,
They give me Vinegar to drink.
22. Their Table therefore to their Health
Shall prove a Snare, a Trap their Wealth;
23. Perpetual Darkness seize their Eyes;
And sudden Blasts their Hopes surprise.

24. On them thou shalt thy Fury pour,
Till thy fierce Wrath their Race devour;
25. And make their House a dismal Cell,
Where none will e'er vouchsafe to dwell.
26. For new Afflictions they procur'd
For him, who had thy Stripes endur'd;
And made the Wounds thy Scourge had torn,
To bleed afresh with sharper Scorn.

27. Sin shall to Sin their Steps betray,
Till they to Truth have lost the Way.
28. From Life thou shalt exclude their Soul,
Nor with the Just their Names inroll.

29. But me, howe'er diſtreſs'd and poor,
Thy ſtrong Salvation ſhall reſtore :
30. Thy Pow'r with Songs I'll then proclaim,
And celebrate with Thanks thy Name.

31. Our God ſhall this more highly prize,
Than Herds or Flocks in Sacrifice :
32. Which humble Saints with Joy ſhall ſee,
And hope for like Redreſs with me.
33. For God regards the Poor's Complaint ;
Sets Pris'ners free from cloſe Reſtraint.
34. Let Heav'n, Earth, Sea, their Voices raiſe,
And all the World reſound his Praiſe.

35. For God will *Sion*'s Walls erect ;
Fair *Judah*'s Cities He'll protect ;
Till all her ſcatter'd Sons repair
To undiſturb'd Poſſeſſion there.
36. This Bleſſing they ſhall, at their Death,
To their religious Heirs bequeath ;
And they to endleſs Ages more,
Of ſuch as His bleſt Name adore.

PSALM LXX.

1 O LORD, to my Relief draw near ;
For never was more preſſing Need :
For my Deliv'rance, Lord, appear,
And add to that Deliv'rance Speed.
2. Confuſion on their Heads return,
Who to deſtroy my Soul combine :
Let them, defeated, bluſh and mourn,
Enſnar'd in their own vile Deſign.

3. Their Doom let Deſolation be ;
With Shame their Malice be repaid,
Who mock'd my Confidence in Thee,
And Sport of my Affliction made :

4. While

4. While those, who humbly seek thy Face,
To joyful Triumphs shall be rais'd;
And all, who prize thy saving Grace,
With me shall sing, The Lord be prais'd.
Thus wretched though I am, and poor,
The mighty Lord of me takes care:
Thou, God, who only canst restore,
To my Relief with Speed repair.

PSALM LXXI.

1, IN Thee I put my stedfast Trust;
2. defend me, Lord, from Shame:
Incline thine Ear, and save my Soul;
for righteous is thy Name.
3. Be Thou my strong Abiding-place,
to which I may resort:
'Tis thy Decree that keeps me safe;
Thou art my Rock and Fort.

4, 5. From cruel and ungodly Men
protect and set me free;
For from my earliest Youth till now,
my Hope has been in Thee.
6. Thy constant Care did safely guard
my tender infant Days;
Thou took'st me from my Mother's Womb,
to sing thy constant Praise.

7, 8. While some on me with Wonder gaze,
thy Hand supports me still:
Thy Honour therefore, and thy Praise,
my Mouth shall always fill.
9. Reject not then thy Servant, Lord,
when I with Age decay:
Forsake me not, when worn with Years,
my Vigour fades away.

10. My

10. My Foes, againſt my Fame and me,
with crafty Malice ſpeak ;
Againſt my Soul they lay their Snares,
and mutual Counſel take.
11. "His God, ſay they, forſakes him now,
"on whom he did rely :
"Purſue and take him, whilſt no Hope
"of timely Aid is nigh."

12. But Thou, my God, withdraw not far :
for ſpeedy Help I call ;
13. To Shame and Ruin bring my Foes,
that ſeek to work my Fall.
14. But as for me, my ſtedfaſt Hope
ſhall on thy Pow'r depend ;
And I in grateful Songs of Praiſe
my Time to come will ſpend.

PART II.

15. Thy righteous Acts, and ſaving Health,
my Mouth ſhall ſtill declare ;
Unable yet to count them all,
tho' ſumm'd with utmoſt Care,
16. While God vouchſafes me his Support,
I'll in his Strength go on ;
All other Righteouſneſs diſclaim,
and mention his alone.

17. Thou, Lord, haſt taught me from my Youth,
to praiſe thy glorious Name :
And ever ſince thy wondrous Works
have been my conſtant Theme.
18. Then now forſake me not, when I
am grey and feeble grown ;
Till I to theſe, and future Times,
thy Strength and Pow'r have ſhown.

19. How high thy Juſtice ſoars, O God!
how great and wond'rous are
The mighty Works which Thou haſt done!
who may with Thee compare!
20. Me, whom thy Hand has ſorely preſs'd.
thy Grace ſhall yet relieve:
And from the loweſt Depth of Woe
with tender Care retrieve.

21. Through Thee, my Time to come ſhall be
with Pow'r and Greatneſs crown'd;
And me, who diſmal Years have paſs'd,
thy Comforts ſhall ſurround:
22. Therefore with Pſaltery and Harp,
thy Truth, O Lord, I'll praiſe;
To Thee, the God of *Jacob*'s Race,
my Voice in Anthems raiſe.

23. Then Joy ſhall fill my Mouth, and Songs
employ my chearful Voice;
My grateful Soul, by Thee redeem'd,
ſhall in thy Strength rejoice.
24. My Tongue thy juſt and righteous Acts
ſhall all the Day proclaim;
Becauſe Thou didſt confound my Foes,
and brought'ſt them all to Shame.

PSALM LXXII.

1 LORD, let thy juſt Decrees the King
in all his Ways direct;
And let his Son, throughout his Reign,
thy righteous Laws reſpect.
2. So ſhall he ſtill thy People judge
with pure and upright Mind,
Whilſt all the helpleſs Poor ſhall him
their juſt Protector find.

3. Then Hills and Mountains ſhall bring forth
the happy Fruits of Peace;
Which all the Land ſhall own to be
the Work of Righteouſneſs:
4. Whilſt he the poor and needy Race
ſhall rule with gentle Sway,
And from their humble Necks ſhall take
oppreſſive Yokes away.

5. In ev'ry Heart, thy awful Fear
ſhall then be rooted faſt,
As long as Sun and Moon endure.
or Time itſelf ſhall laſt.
6. He ſhall deſcend like Rain, that chears
the Meadows ſecond Birth;
Or like warm Show'rs, whoſe gentle Drops
refreſh the thirſty Earth.

7. In his bleſt Days the Juſt and Good
ſhall be with Favour crown'd;
The happy Land ſhall ev'ry-where
with endleſs Peace abound.
8. His uncontroul'd Dominion ſhall
from Sea to Sea extend;
Begin at proud *Euphrates'* Streams,
at Nature's Limits end.

9. To him the ſavage Nations round
ſhall bow their ſervile Heads:
His vanquiſh'd Foes ſhall lick the Duſt,
where he his Conqueſt ſpreads.
10. The Kings of *Tarſhiſh*, and the Iſles,
ſhall coſtly Preſents bring;
From ſpicy *Sheba* Gifts ſhall come,
and wealthy *Saba's* King.

11. To him ſhall ev'ry King on Earth
his humble Homage pay ;
And diff'ring Nations gladly join
to own his righteous Sway.
12. For he ſhall ſet the Needy free,
when they for Succour cry ;
Shall ſave the Helpleſs, and the Poor,
and all their Wants ſupply.

PART II.

13. His Providence, for needy Souls,
ſhall due Supplies prepare ;
And over their defenceleſs Lives
ſhall watch with tender Care.
14. He ſhall preſerve and keep their Souls
from Fraud and Rapine free;
And in his Sight their guiltleſs Blood
of mighty Price ſhall be.

15. Therefore ſhall God his Life and Reign
to many Years extend ;
Whilſt eaſtern Princes Tribute pay,
and golden Preſents ſend.
For him ſhall conſtant Pray'rs be made
thro' all his proſp'rous Days :
His juſt Dominion ſhall afford
a laſting Theme of Praiſe.

16. Of uſeful Grain, through all the Land,
great Plenty ſhall appear :
A Handful ſown on Mountain-tops
a mighty Crop ſhall bear :
Its Fruit, like Cedars ſhook by Winds,
a rattling Noiſe ſhall yield :
The City too ſhall thrive, and vie,
for Plenty, with the Field.

17. The Mem'ry of his glorious Name
thro' endleſs Years ſhall run;
His ſpotleſs Fame ſhall ſhine as bright
and laſting as the Sun.
In him the Nations of the World
ſhall be completely bleſs'd,
And his unbounded Happineſs
by ev'ry Tongue confeſs'd.

18. Then bleſs'd be God, the mighty Lord,
the God whom *Iſrael* fears;
Who only wond'rous in his Works,
beyond Compare, appears.
19. Let Earth be with his Glory fill'd;
for ever bleſs his Name;
Whilſt to his Praiſe the liſt'ning World
their glad Aſſent proclaim.

PSALM LXXIII.

1 AT length by certain Proofs, 'tis plain
That God will to his Saints be kind;
That all whoſe Hearts are pure and clean,
Shall his protecting Favour find.
2, 3. Till this ſuſtaining Truth I knew,
My ſtagg'ring Feet had almoſt fail'd:
I griev'd, the Sinner's Wealth to view,
And envy'd when the Fools prevail'd.

4, 5. They to the Grave in Peace deſcend,
And, whilſt they live, are hale and ſtrong;
No Plague or Troubles them offend,
Which oft to other Men belong.
6, 7. With Pride, as with a Chain, they're held,
And Rapine ſeems their Robe of State;
Their Eyes ſtand out, with Fatneſs ſwell'd;
They grow, beyond their Wiſhes, great.

8. 9. With Hearts corrupt, and lofty Talk,
Oppreſſive Methods they defend;
Their Tongue thro' all the Earth does walk,
Their Blaſphemies to Heav'n aſcend.
10. And yet admiring Crouds are found,
Who ſervile Viſits duely make;
Becauſe with Plenty they abound,
Of which their flatt'ring Slaves partake.

11. Their fond Opinion theſe purſue,
Till they with them profanely cry,
"How ſhould the Lord our Actions view?
"Can He perceive, who dwells ſo high?
12. Behold the Wicked! theſe are they
Who openly their Sins profeſs;
And yet their Wealth's encreas'd each Day,
And all their Actions meet Succeſs.

13, 14. "Then have I cleans'd my Heart (ſaid
"And waſh'd my Hands from Guilt, in vain
"If all the Day oppreſs'd I lie,
"And ev'ry Morning ſuffer Pain."
15. Thus did I once to ſpeak intend:
But if ſuch Things I raſhly ſay,
Thy Children, Lord, I muſt offend,
And baſely ſhould their Cauſe betray.

PART II.

16, 17. To fathom this, my Thoughts I bent
But found the Caſe too hard for me;
Till to the Houſe of God I went:
Then I their End did plainly ſee.
18. How high ſoe'er advanc'd, they all
On ſlipp'ry Places looſely ſtand:
Thence into Ruin headlong fall,
Caſt down by thy avenging Hand.

19, 20. How dreadful and how quick their Fate!
Despis'd by Thee, when they're destroy'd;
As waking Men with Scorn do treat
The Fancies that their Dreams employ'd;
21, 22. Thus was my Heart with Grief oppreſt,
My Reins were rack'd with reſtleſs Pains;
So ſtupid was I, like a Beaſt,
Who no reflecting Thought retains.

23, 24. Yet ſtill thy Preſence me ſupply'd,
And thy Right-hand Aſſiſtance gave;
Thou firſt ſhalt with thy Counſel guide,
And then to Glory me receive.
25. Whom then in Heav'n but Thee alone
Have I, whoſe Favour I require?
Throughout the ſpacious Earth there's none,
That I beſides Thee can deſire.

26. My trembling Fleſh, and aching Heart,
May often fail to ſuccour me;
But God ſhall inward Strength impart,
And my eternal Portion be.
27. For they that far from Thee remove,
Shall into ſudden Ruin fall:
If after other Gods they rove,
Thy Vengeance ſhall deſtroy them all.

28. But as for me, 'tis good and juſt,
That I ſhould ſtill to God repair;
In Him I always put my Truſt,
And will his wondrous Works declare.

PSALM LXXIV.

1 WHY haſt Thou caſt us off, O God?
wilt Thou no more return?
Oh! why againſt thy choſen Flock
does thy fierce Anger burn?

2. Think on thy ancient Purchaſe, Lord,
the Land that is thy own,
By Thee redeem'd; and *Sion*'s Mount,
where once thy Glory ſhone.

3. Oh, come and view our ruin'd State!
how long our Troubles laſt!
See how the Foe with wicked Rage
has laid thy Temple waſte!
4. Thy Foes blaſpheme thy Name; where late
thy zealous Servants pray'd,
The Heathen there, with haughty Pomp,
their Banners have diſplay'd.

5, 6. Thoſe curious Carvings, which did once
advance the Artiſts Fame
With Ax and Hammer they deſtroy,
like Works of vulgar Frame.
7. Thy holy Temple they have burnt;
and what eſcap'd the Flame,
Has been profan'd, and quite defac'd,
tho' ſacred to thy Name.

8. Thy Worſhip wholly to deſtroy
maliciouſly they aim'd;
And all the ſacred Places burn'd,
where we thy Praiſe proclaim'd.
9. Yet of thy Preſence Thou vouchſaf'ſt
no tender Signs to ſend:
We have no Prophet now, that knows
when this ſad State ſhall end.

PART II.

10. But, Lord, how long wilt Thou permit
th' inſulting Foe to boaſt?
Shall all the Honour of thy Name
for evermore be loſt?

11. Why

11. Why hold'ſt Thou back thy ſtrong Right-
and on thy patient Breaſt, [hand,
When Vengeance calls to ſtretch it forth,
ſo calmly lett'ſt it reſt ?

12. Thou heretofore, with kingly Pow'r,
in our Defence haſt fought ;
For us, throughout the wond'ring World,
haſt great Salvation wrought.
13. 'Twas Thou, O God, that didſt the Sea,
by thy own Strength, divide :
Thou brak'ſt the wat'ry Monſters Head,
the Waves o'erwhelm'd their Pride.

14. The greateſt, fierceſt of them all
that ſeem'd the Deep to ſway,
Was by thy Pow'r deſtroy'd, and made
to ſavage Beaſts a Prey.
15. Thou clav'ſt the ſolid Rock, and mad'ſt
the Waters largely flow :
Again, Thou mad'ſt, thro' parting Streams,
thy wond'ring People go.

16. Thine is the chearful Day, and thine
the black Return of Night ;
Thou haſt prepar'd the glorious Sun,
and ev'ry feebler Light.
17. By Thee the Borders of the Earth
in perfect Order ſtand :
The Summer's Warmth, and Winter's Cold,
attend on thy Command.

PART III.

18. Remember, Lord, how ſcornful Foes
have daily urg'd our Shame ;
And how the fooliſh People have
blaſphem'd thy holy Name.

19. O, free thy mourning Turtle-dove,
by ſinful Crouds beſet;
Nor the Aſſembly of thy Poor
for evermore forget.

20. Thy antient Cov'nant, Lord, regard,
and make thy Promiſe good;
For now each Corner of the Land
is fill'd with Men of Blood.
21. O let not the Oppreſs'd return,
with Sorrow cloath'd, and Shame;
But let the Helpleſs and the Poor
for ever praiſe thy Name.

22. Ariſe, O God, in our Behalf;
thy Cauſe and ours maintain:
Remember how inſulting Fools
each Day thy Name profane!
23, Make Thou the Boaſtings of thy Foes
for ever, Lord, to ceaſe;
Whoſe Inſolence, if unchaſtiz'd,
will more and more increaſe.

PSALM LXXV.

1 TO Thee, O God, we render Praiſe,
to Thee with Thanks repair;
For, that thy Name to us is nigh,
thy wond'rous Works declare.
2. In *Iſrael* when my Throne is fix'd,
with me ſhall Juſtice reign.
3. The Land with Diſcord ſhakes; but I
the ſinking Frame ſuſtain.

4. Deluded Wretches I advis'd
their Errors to redreſs;
And warn'd bold Sinners, that they ſhould
their ſwelling Pride ſuppreſs.

5. Be

5. Bear not yourſelves ſo high, as if
no Pow'r could yours reſtrain :
Submit your ſtubborn Necks, and learn
to ſpeak with leſs Diſdain,

6. For that Promotion, which to gain
your vain Ambition ſtrives,
From neither Eaſt, nor Weſt, nor yet
from ſouthern Climes arrives.
7. For God the great Diſpoſer is,
and ſov'reign Judge alone,
Who caſts the Proud to Earth, and lifts
the Humble to a Throne.

8. His Hand holds forth a dreadful Cup ;
with purple Wine 'tis crown'd ;
The deadly Mixture, which his Wrath
deals out to Nations round.
Of this his Saints ſometimes may taſte ;
but wicked Men ſhall ſqueeze
The bitter Dregs, and be condemn'd
to drink the very Lees.

9. His Prophet I, to all the World
this Meſſage will relate :
The Juſtice then of *Jacob*'s God
my Song ſhall celebrate.
10. The Wicked's Pride I will reduce,
their Cruelty diſarm ;
Exalt the Juſt, and ſeat him high,
above the Reach of Harm.

PSALM LXXXVI.

1 IN *Judah* the Almighty's known
(Almighty, there, by Wonders ſhown :)
His Name in *Jacob* does excel :

2. His

2. His Sanctuary in *Salem* ſtands :
The Majeſty that Heaven commands
In *Sion* condeſcends to dwell.

3. He brake the Bow and Arrows there,
The Shield, the temper'd Sword, and Spear;
There ſlain the mighty Army lay :
4. Whence *Sion*'s Fame thro' Earth is ſpread,
Of greater Glory, greater Dread,
Than Hills where Robbers lodge their Prey.

5. Their valiant Chiefs, who came for Spoil,
Themſelves met there a ſhameful Foil :
Securely down to Sleep they lay !
But wak'd no more ; their ſtouteſt Band
Ne'er lifted one reſiſting Hand
'gainſt his that did their Legions ſlay.

6. When *Jacob*'s God began to frown,
Both Horſe and Charioteers o'erthrown,
Together ſlept in endleſs Night.
7. When Thou, whom Earth and Heav'n revere,
Doſt once with wrathful Look appear,
What mortal Pow'r can ſtand thy Sight?

8. Pronounc'd from Heav'n, Earth heard it's [Doom;
Grew huſh'd with Fear when Thou did'ſt come,
9. The Meek with Juſtice to reſtore.
10. The Wrath of Man ſhall yield Thee Praiſe:
Its laſt Attempts but ſerve to raiſe
The Triumphs of almighty Pow'r.

11. Vow to the Lord ; ye Nations, bring
Vow'd Preſents to th' eternal King :
Thus to his Name due Rev'rence pay,

12. Who

12. Who proudeſt Potentates can quell,
To earthly Kings more terrible,
Than, to their trembling Subjects, they.

PSALM LXXVII.

1 TO God I cry'd who to my Help
did graciouſly repair ;
2. In Trouble's diſmal Day I ſought
my God with humble Pray'r.
All Night my feſt'ring Wound did run ;
no Med'cine gave Relief ;
My Soul no Comfort would admit,
my Soul indulg'd her Grief.

3. I thought on God, and Favours paſs'd ;
but that increas'd my Pain :
I found my Spirit more oppreſs'd,
the more I did complain.
4. Thro' ev'ry Watch of tedious Night
thou keep'ſt my Eyes awake ;
My Grief is ſwell'd to that Exceſs,
I ſigh, but cannot ſpeak.

5. I call'd to mind the Days of old,
with ſignal Mercy crown'd ;
Thoſe famous Years of antient Times,
for Miracles renown'd.
6. By Night I recollect my Songs,
on former Triumphs made ;
Then ſearch, conſult, and aſk my Heart,
where's now that wond'rous Aid ?

7. Has God for ever caſt us off ?
withdrawn his Favour quite ?
8. Are both his Mercy and his Truth
retir'd to endleſs Night ?

9. Can

9. Can his long-practis'd Love forget
its wonted Aids to bring?
Has He in Wrath ſhut up and ſeal'd
his Mercy's healing Spring?

10. I ſaid, My Weakneſs hints theſe Fears;
but I'll my Fears diſband;
I'll yet remember the moſt High,
and Years of his Right-hand.
11. I'll call to mind his Works of old,
the Wonders of his Might;
12. On them my Heart ſhall meditate,
my Tongue ſhall them recite.

13. Safe lodg'd from human Search on high,
O God, thy Councils are!
Who is ſo great a God as ours?
who can with Him compare?
14. Long ſince a God of Wonders Thee
thy reſcu'd People found:
15. Long ſince haſt Thou thy choſen Seed
with ſtrong Deliv'rance crown'd.

16. When Thee, O God, the Waters ſaw,
the frighted Billows ſhrunk;
The troubled Depths themſelves for Fear
beneath their Channels ſunk,
17. The Clouds pour'd down, while rending [Skies
did with their Noiſe conſpire;
Thy Arrows all abroad were ſent,
wing'd with avenging Fire.

18. Heav'n with thy Thunder's Voice was torn,
whilſt all the lower World
With Lightning blaz'd, Earth ſhook and ſeem'd
from her Foundations hurl'd.

19. Thro'

19. Thro' rolling Streams Thou find'ſt thy
thy Paths in Waters lie; [Way,
Thy wond'rous Paſſage, where no Sight
thy Footſteps can deſcry.

20. Thou led'ſt thy People like a Flock;
ſafe through the deſart Land,
By *Moſes*, their meek ſkilful Guide,
and *Aaron*'s ſacred Hand.

PSALM LXXVIII.

1 HEAR, O my People, to my Law,
devout Attention lend;
Let the Inſtruction of my Mouth
deep in your Hearts deſcend.
2. My Tongue, by Inſpiration taught,
ſhall Parables unfold,
Dark Oracles, but underſtood,
and own'd for Truths of old;

3. Which we from ſacred Regiſters
of ancient Times have known,
And our Forefathers pious Care
to us has handed down.
4. We will not hide them from our Sons;
our Offſpring ſhall be taught
The Praiſes of the Lord, whoſe Strength
has Works of Wonder wrought.

5. For *Jacob* he this Law ordain'd,
this League with *Iſr'el* made;
With Charge, to be from Age to Age,
from Race to Race convey'd.
6. That Generations yet to come
ſhould to their unborn Heirs
Religiouſly tranſmit the ſame,
and they again to theirs.

7. To

7. To teach them that in God alone
their Hope ſecurely ſtands ;
That they ſhould ne'er his Works forget,
but keep his juſt Commands.
8. Leſt, like their Fathers, they might prove
a ſtiff rebellious Race,
Falſe-hearted, fickle to their God,
unſtedfaſt in his Grace.

9. Such were revolting *Ephraim*'s Sons,
who, tho' to Warfare bred,
And ſkillful Archers arm'd with Bows,
from Field ignobly fled.
10, 11. They falſify'd their League with God,
his Orders diſobey'd,
Forgot his Works and Miracles
before their Eyes diſplay'd.

12. Nor Wonders, which their Fathers ſaw,
did they in Mind retain ;
Prodigious Things in *Egypt* done,
and *Zoan*'s fertile Plain.
13. He cut the Seas to let them paſs,
reſtrain'd the preſſing Flood ;
While pil'd on Heaps, on either Side,
the ſolid Water ſtood.

14. A wondrous Pillar led them on,
compos'd of Shade and Light ;
A ſhelt'ring Cloud it prov'd by Day,
a leading Fire by Night.
15. When Drought oppreſs'd them, where no [Stream
the Wilderneſs ſupply'd,
He cleft the Rock, whoſe flinty Breaſt
diſſolv'd into a Tide.

16. Streams

16. Streams from the ſolid Rock He brought,
which down in Rivers fell,
That trav'ling with their Camp each Day
renew'd the Miracle.
17. Yet there they ſinn'd againſt Him more,
provoking the moſt High ;
In that ſame Deſart where He did
their fainting Souls ſupply.

18. They firſt incens'd Him in their Hearts,
that did his Power diſtruſt,
And long'd for Meat, not urg'd by Want,
but to indulge their Luſt.
19. Then utter'd their blaſpheming Doubts,
" can God, ſay they, prepare
" A Table in the Wilderneſs,
" ſet out with various Fare ?

20. " He ſmote the flinty Rock ('tis true)
" and guſhing Streams enſu'd ;
" But can He Corn and Fleſh provide
" for ſuch a Multitude ? "
21. The Lord with Indignation heard :
from Heav'n avenging Flame
On *Jacob* fell, conſuming Wrath
on thankleſs *Iſr'el* came.

22. Becauſe their unbelieving Hearts
in God would not confide,
Nor truſt his Care, who had from Heav'n
their Wants ſo oft ſupply'd.
23. Tho' He had made his Clouds diſcharge
Proviſions down in Show'rs ;
And when Earth fail'd, reliev'd their Needs
from his celeſtial Stores.

24. Tho'

24. Tho' tasteful Manna was rain'd down
their Hunger to relieve ;
Tho' from the Stores of Heav'n they did
sustaining Corn receive.
25. Thus Man with Angel's sacred Food,
ingrateful Man, was fed ;
Not sparingly, for still they found
a plenteous Table spread.

26. From Heav'n He made an east Wind blow,
then did the South command
27. To rain down Flesh like Dust, and Fowls
like Sea's unnumber'd Sand.
28. Within their Trenches He let fall
the luscious easy Prey,
And all around their spreading Camp
the feather'd Booty lay.

29. They fed, were fill'd, He gave them Leave
their Appetites to feast ;
30, 31. Yet still their wanton Lust crav'd on
nor with their Hunger ceas'd.
But whilst, in their luxurions Mouths,
they did their Dainties chew,
The Wrath of God smote down their Chiefs,
and *Isr'el's* Chosen slew.

PART II.

32. Yet still they sinn'd, nor would afford
his Miracles Belief ;
33. Therefore thro' fruitless Travels He
consum'd their Lives in Grief.
34. When some were slain, the rest return'd
to God with early Cry ;
35. Own'd Him the Rock of their Defence,
their Saviour, God most High.

36. But

36. But this was ſeign'd Submiſſion all,
their Heart their Tongue bely'd ;
37. Their Heart was ſtill perverſe, nor would
firm in his League abide.
38. Yet, full of Mercy, He forgave,
nor did with Death chaſtiſe ;
But turn'd his kindled Wrath aſide,
or would not let it riſe.

39. For He remember'd they were Fleſh,
that could not long remain ;
A murmuring Wind that's quickly paſt,
and ne'er returns again.
40. How oft did they provoke Him there,
how oft his Patience grieve,
In that ſame Deſart where He did
their fainting Souls relieve.

41. They tempted Him by turning back,
and wickedly repin'd ;
When *Iſr'el*'s God refus'd to be
by their Deſires confin'd.
42. Nor call'd to mind the Hand and Day
that their Redemption brought ?
43. His Signs in *Egypt*, wond'rous Works
in *Zoan*'s Valley wrought.

44. He turn'd their Rivers into Blood,
that Man and Beaſt forbore ;
And rather choſe to die of Thirſt,
than drink the putrid Gore.
45. He ſent devouring Swarms of Flies,
hoarſe Frogs annoy'd their Soil,
46. Locuſts and Caterpillars reap'd
the Harveſt of their Toil.

47. Their

47. Their Vines with batt'ring Hail were broke,
with Frost the Fig-tree dies;
48. Lightning and Hail made Flocks and Herds
one general Sacrifice.
49. He turn'd his Anger loose, and set
no Time for it to cease;
And with their Plagues bad Angels sent
their Torments to increase.

50. He clear'd a Passage for his Wrath
to ravage uncontroul'd;
The Murrain on their Firstlings seiz'd
in ev'ry Field and Fold.
51. The deadly Pest from Beast to Man,
from Field to City came;
It slew their Heirs, their eldest Hopes,
through all the Tents of *Ham*.

52. But his own Tribe, like folded Sheep,
he brought from their Distress;
And them conducted like a Flock,
throughout the Wilderness.
53. He led them on, and in their Way
no Cause of Fear they found;
But march'd securely through those Deeps,
in which their Foes were drown'd.

54. Nor ceas'd his Care till them He brought
safe to his promis'd Land,
And to his holy Mount, the Prize
of his victorious Hand.
55. To them the out-cast Heathen's Land
He did by Lot divide;
And in their Foes abandon'd Tents,
made *Isr'el*'s Tribes reside.

PART

PART III.

56. Yet ſtill they tempted, ſtill provok'd
the Wrath of God moſt High ;
Nor would to practiſe his Commands
their ſtubborn Hearts apply :
57. But in their faithleſs Father's Steps
perverſely choſe to go :
They turn'd aſide, like Arrows ſhot
from ſome deceitful Bow.

58. For Him to Fury they provok'd
with Altars ſet on high ;
And with their graven Images
inflam'd his Jealouſy.
59. When God heard this, on *Iſr'el*'s Tribes
his Wrath and Hatred fell ;
60. He quitted *Shiloh*, and the Tents
where once he choſe to dwell.

61. To vile Captivity his Ark,
his Glory to Diſdain,
62. His People to the Sword He gave,
nor would his Wrath reſtrain.
63. Deſtructive War their ableſt Youth
untimely did confound ;
No Virgin was to th' Altar led,
with nuptial Garlands crown'd.

64. In Fight the Sacrificer fell,
the Prieſt a Victim bled ;
And Widows who their Death ſhould mourn,
themſelves of Grief were dead.
65. Then as a Giant rouz'd from Sleep,
whom Wine had throughly warm'd,
Shouts out aloud ; the Lord awak'd,
and his proud Foe alarm'd.

66. He

66. He ſmote their Hoſt, that from the Field
a ſcatter'd Remnant came,
With Wounds imprinted on their Backs
of everlaſting Shame.
67. With Conqueſts crown'd, He *Joſeph*'s Tents,
and *Ephraim*'s Tribe forſook ;
68. But *Judah* choſe, and *Sion*'s Mount
for his lov'd Dwelling took.

69. His Temple He erected there,
with Spires exalted high :
While deep and fix'd as that of Earth,
the ſtrong Foundations lie.
70. His faithful Servant *David* too,
He for his Choice did own,
And from the Sheepfolds him advanc'd
to ſit on *Judah*'s Throne.

71. From tending on the teeming Ewes,
He brought him forth to feed
His own Inheritance, the Tribes
of *Iſr'el*'s choſen Seed.
72. Exalted thus, the Monarch prov'd
a faithful Shepherd ſtill ;
He fed them with an upright Heart,
and guided them with Skill.

PSALM LXXIX.

1 BEHOLD, O God, how heathen Hoſts
have thy Poſſeſſion ſeiz'd !
Thy ſacred Houſe they have defil'd,
thy holy City raz'd !
2. The mangled Bodies of thy Saints,
abroad unburied lay ;
Their Fleſh expos'd to ſavage Beaſts,
and rav'nous Birds of Prey.

3. Quit

3. Quite thro' *Jeruſ'lem* was their Blood
like common Water ſhed;
And none were left alive to pay
laſt Duties to the Dead.
4. The neighb'ring Lands our ſmall Remains
with loud Reproaches wound;
And we a laughing Stock are made
to all the Nations round.

5. How long wilt Thou be angry, Lord,
muſt we for ever mourn?
Shall thy devouring jealous Rage,
like Fire for ever burn?
6. On foreign Lands that know not Thee,
thy heavy Vengeance ſhow'r;
Thoſe ſinful Kingdoms let it cruſh,
that have not own'd thy Pow'r.

7. For their devouring Jaws have prey'd
on *Jacob*'s choſen Race;
And to a barren Deſart turn'd
their fruitful Dwelling-place.
8. O think not on our former Sins,
but ſpeedily prevent
The utter Ruin of thy Saints,
almoſt with Sorrow ſpent.

9. Thou God of our Salvation, help,
and free our Souls from Blame;
So ſhall our Pardon and Defence
exalt thy glorious Name.
10. Let Infidels, that ſcoffing ſay,
"where is the God they boaſt?"
In Vengeance for thy ſlaughter'd Saints,
perceive Thee to their Coſt.

11. Lord

11. Lord, hear the ſighing Pris'ner Moans,
thy ſaving Pow'r extend;
Preſerve the Wretches doom'd to die,
from that untimely End.
12. On them, who us oppreſs, let all
our Suff'rings be repaid;
Make their Confuſion ſeven times more
than what on us they laid.

13. So we thy People and thy Flock,
ſhall ever praiſe thy Name;
And with glad Hearts our grateful Thanks
from Age to Age proclaim.

PSALM LXXX.

1 O *Iſr'el*'s Shepherd, *Joſeph*'s Guide,
Our Pray'rs to thee vouchſafe to hear;
Thou that do'ſt on the Cherubs ride,
Again in ſolemn State appear.
2. Behold how *Benjamin* expects,
With *Ephraim* and *Manaſſeh* join'd,
In our Deliv'rance, the Effects
Of thy reſiſtleſs Strength to find.

3. Do thou convert us, Lord, do Thou
The Luſtre of thy Face diſplay;
And all the Ills we ſuffer now,
Like ſcatter'd Clouds ſhall paſs away.
4. O Thou, whom heav'nly Hoſts obey,
How long ſhall thy fierce Anger burn?
How long thy ſuff'ring People pray,
And to their Pray'rs have no Return?

5. When hungry, we are forc'd to drench
Our ſcanty Food in Floods of Woe;
When dry, our raging Thirſt we quench
With Streams of Tears that largely flow.

6. For

6. For us the heathen Nations round,
As for a common Prey, conteſt :
Our Foes with ſpiteful Joy abound,
And at our loſt Condition jeſt.

7. Do Thou convert us, Lord, do Thou
The Luſtre of thy Face diſplay,
And all the Ills we ſuffer now,
Like ſcatter'd Clouds ſhall paſs away.

PART II.

8. Thou brought'ſt a Vine from *Egypt*'s Land ;
And caſting out the heathen Race,
Didſt plant it with thine own right Hand,
And firmly fix'd it in their Place.
9. Before it Thou prepar'dſt the Way,
And mad'ſt it take a laſting Root,
Which, bleſs'd with thy indulgent Ray,
O'er all the Land did widely ſhoot.

10, 11. The Hills were cover'd with its Shade,
Its goodly Boughs did Cedars ſeem :
Its Branches to the Sea were ſpread,
And reach'd to proud *Euphrates* Stream.
12. Why then haſt Thou its Hedge o'erthrown,
Which Thou haſt made ſo firm and ſtrong ?
Whilſt all its Grapes, defenceleſs grown,
Are pluck'd by thoſe that paſs along.

13. See how the briſtling foreſt Boar
With dreadful Fury lays it waſte :
Hark ! how the ſavage Monſters roar,
And to their helpleſs Prey make haſte.

PART III.

14. To Thee, O God of Hoſts, we pray
Thy wonted Goodneſs, Lord, renew ;

From Heav'n thy Throne this Vine ſurvey,
And her ſad State with Pity view.
15. Behold the Vineyard, made by Thee,
Which thy right Hand did guard ſo long;
And keep that Branch from Danger free,
Which for thyſelf thou mad'ſt ſo ſtrong.

16. To waſting Flames 'tis made a Prey,
And all its ſpreading Boughs cut down;
At thy Rebuke they ſoon decay,
And periſh at thy dreadful Frown.
17. Crown Thou the King with good Succeſs,
By thy right Hand ſecur'd from Wrong:
The Son of Man in Mercy bleſs,
Whom for thyſelf Thou mad'ſt ſo ſtrong.

18. So ſhall we ſtill continue free,
From whatſoe'er deſerves thy Blame;
And if once more reviv'd by Thee,
Will always praiſe thy holy Name.
19. Do Thou convert us, Lord, do Thou
The Luſtre of thy Face diſplay,
And all the Ills we ſuffer now,
Like ſcatter'd Clouds ſhall paſs away

PSALM LXXXI.

1 TO God, our never-failing Strength,
with loud Applauſes ſing:
And jointly make a chearful Noiſe
to *Jacob*'s awful King.
2. Compoſe a Hymn of Praiſe, and touch
your Inſtruments of Joy;
Let Pſalteries and pleaſant Harps,
your grateful Skill employ.

3. Let

3. Let Trumpets at the great new Moon
their joyful Voices raiſe,
To celebrate th' appointed Time,
the ſolemn Day of Praiſe.
4. For this a Statute was of old,
which *Jacob*'s God decreed,
To be with pious Care obſerv'd
by *Iſr'el*'s choſen Seed.

5. This He for a Memorial fix'd,
when freed from *Egypt*'s Land ;
Strange Nations barb'rous Speech we heard,
but could not underſtand.
6. Your burthen'd Shoulders I reliev'd,
(thus ſeem'd our God to ſay)
Your ſervile Hands by Me were freed
from lab'ring in the Clay.

7. Your Anceſtors, with Wrongs oppreſs'd,
to Me for Aid did call :
With Pity I their Suff'rings ſaw,
and ſet them free from all.
They ſought for me, and from the Cloud
in Thunder I reply'd :
At *Meribah*'s contentious Stream
their Faith and Duty try'd,

PART II.

8. While I my ſolemn Will declare,
my choſen People, hear :
If thou, O *Iſr'el*, to my Words
wilt lend thy liſt'ning Ear ;
9. Then ſhall no God beſides myſelf
within thy Coaſts be found :
Nor ſhalt thou worſhip any God
of all the Nations round.

10. The Lord thy God am I, who thee
brought forth from *Egypt*'s Land :
'Tis I, that all thy just Desires
supply with lib'ral Hand.
11. But they, my chosen Race refus'd
to hearken to my Voice ;
Nor would rebellious *Isr'el*'s Sons
make me their happy Choice.

12. So I provok'd, resign'd them up,
to ev'ry Lust a Prey ;
And in their own perverse Designs
permitted them to stray.
13. O that my People wisely would
my just Commandments heed !
And *Isr'el* in my righteous Ways
with pious Care proceed !

14. Then should my heavy Judgments fall
on all that them oppose ;
And my avenging Hand be turn'd
against their num'rous Foes.
15. Their Enemies and mine should all
before my Footstool bend :
But as for them, their happy State
should never know an End.

16. All Parts with Plenty should abound ;
with finest Wheat their Field :
The barren Rocks, to please their Taste,
should richest Honey yield.

PSALM LXXXII.

1 GOD in the great Assembly stands,
where his impartial Eye
In State surveys the earthly Gods,
and does their Judgments try.

2, 3. How

2, 3. How dare ye then unjuſtly judge,
or be to Sinners kind?
Defend the Orphans, and the Poor:
let ſuch your Juſtice find.

4. Protect the humble helpleſs Man,
reduc'd to deep Diſtreſs,
And let not him become a Prey
to ſuch as would oppreſs.
5. They neither know, nor will they learn,
but blindly rove and ſtray:
Juſtice and Truth, the World's Support,
thro' all the Land decay.

6. Well then might God in Anger ſay,
"I've call'd you by my Name:
"I've ſaid y'are Gods, the Sons and Heirs
of my immortal Fame;
7. "But ne'ertheleſs your unjuſt Deeds
"to ſtrict Account I'll call:
"You all ſhall die like common Men,
"like other Tyrants fall."

8. Ariſe, and thy juſt Judgments, Lord,
throughout the Earth diſplay;
And all the Nations of the World
ſhall own thy righteous Sway.

PSALM LXXXIII.

1 HOLD not thy Peace, O Lord our God,
no longer ſilent be;
Nor with conſenting quiet Looks
our Ruin calmly ſee!
2. For lo! the Tumults of thy Foes
o'er all the Land are ſpread;
And they, which hate thy Saints and Thee,
lift up their threatning Head.

3. Againſt thy zealous People, Lord,
they craftily combine :
And to deſtroy thy choſen Saints
have laid their cloſe Deſign.
4. " Come let us cut them off, ſay they,
" their Nation quite deface ;
" That no Remembrance may remain
" of *Iſr'el*'s hated Race."

5. Thus they againſt thy People's Peace
conſult with one Conſent :
And diff'ring Nations jointly leagu'd
their common Malice vent.
6. The *Iſhm'elites* that dwell in Tents,
with warlike *Edom* join'd ;
And *Moab*'s Sons our Ruin vow,
with *Hagar*'s Race combin'd.

7. Proud *Ammon*'s Offspring, *Gebal* too
with *Amalek* conſpire :
The Lords of *Paleſtine*, and all
the wealthy Sons of *Tyre*.
8. All theſe the ſtrong *Aſſyrian* King
their firm Ally have got ;
Who with a pow'rful Army aids
th' inceſtuous Race of *Lot*.

PART II.

9. But let ſuch Vengeance come to them,
as once to *Midian* came ;
To *Jabin* and proud *Siſera*,
at *Kiſhon*'s fatal Stream.
10. When thy right Hand their num'rous Hoſts
near *Endor* did confound,
And left their Carcaſes for Dung
to feed the hungry Ground.

11. Let all their mighty Men the Fate
of *Zeb* and *Oreb* ſhare:
As *Zeba* and *Zalmunnah*, ſo
let all their Princes fare.
12. Who, with the ſame Deſign inſpir'd,
thus vainly boaſting ſpake,
"In firm Poſſeſſion for ourſelves
"let us God's Houſes take."

13. To Ruin let them haſte, like Wheels
which downward ſwiftly move:
Like Chaff before the Winds, let all
their ſcatter'd Forces prove.
14, 15. As Flames conſume dry Wood or Heath,
that on parch'd Mountains grows,
So let thy fierce purſuing Wrath
with Terror ſtrike thy Foes.

16, 17. Lord, ſhroud their Faces with Diſgrace,
that they may own thy Name:
Or them confound, whoſe harden'd Hearts
thy gentler Means diſclaim.
18. So ſhall the wond'ring World confeſs
that thou, who claim'ſt alone
Jehovah's Name, o'er all the Earth
haſt rais'd thy lofty Throne.

PSALM LXXXIV.

1 O GOD of Hoſts, the mighty Lord,
how lovely is the Place,
Where Thou, enthron'd in Glory, ſhew'ſt
the Brightneſs of thy Face!
2. My longing Soul faints with Deſire,
to view thy bleſt Abode:
My panting Heart and Fleſh cry out
for Thee the living God.

3. The Birds, more happy far than I,
around thy Temple throng;
Securely there they build, and there
ſecurely hatch their Young.
4. O Lord of Hoſts, my King and God,
how highly bleſt are they,
Who in thy Temple always dwell,
and there thy Praiſe diſplay!

5. Thrice happy they, whoſe Choice has Thee
their ſure Protection made,
Who long to tread the ſacred Ways
that to thy Dwelling lead!
6. Who paſs thro' *Baca*'s thirſty Vale,
yet no Refreſhment want:
Their Pools are fill'd with Rain, which Thou
at their Requeſt doſt grant.

7. Thus they proceed from Strength to Strength,
and ſtill approach more near;
'Till all on *Sion*'s holy Mount
before their God appear.
8. O Lord, the mighty God of Hoſts,
my juſt Requeſts regard!
Thou God of *Jacob*, let my Pray'r
be ſtill with Favour heard;

9. Behold, O God, for Thou alone
can'ſt timely Aid diſpenſe:
On thy anointed Servant look,
be Thou his ſtrong Defence.
10. For in thy Courts one ſingle Day
'tis better to attend,
Then, Lord, in any Place beſides
a thouſand Days to ſpend.

Much

Much rather in God's Houſe will I
the meaneſt Office take,
Than in the wealthy Tents of Sin
my pompous Dwelling make.
11. For God, who is our Sun and Shield,
will Grace and Glory give ;
And no good Thing will he with-hold
from them that juſtly live.

12. Thou God, whom heav'nly Hoſts obey,
how highly bleſt is he,
Whoſe Hope and Truſt, ſecurely plac'd,
is ſtill repos'd on Thee !

PSALM LXXXV.

1. LORD, Thou haſt granted to thy Land,
the Favours we implor'd,
And faithful *Jacob*'s captive Race
moſt graciouſly reſtor'd.
2, 3. Thy People's Sins thou haſt abſolv'd,
and all their Guilt defac'd :
Thou haſt not let thy Wrath flame on,
nor thy fierce Anger laſt.

4. O God our Saviour, all our Hearts
to thy Obedience turn ;
That, kindled by our former Sins,
thy Wrath no more may burn.
5, 6. For why ſhould'ſt thou be angry ſtill,
and Wrath ſo long retain ?
Revive us, Lord, and let thy Saints
thy wonted Comfort gain.

7. Thy gracious Favour Lord, diſplay,
which we have long implor'd ;
And for thy wond'rous Mercy's ſake,
thy wonted Aid afford.

8. God's Anſwer patiently I'll wait;
for he with glad Succeſs,
(If they no more to Folly turn)
his mourning Saints will bleſs.

9. To all that fear his holy Name,
his ſure Salvation's near;
And in its former happy State
our Nation ſhall appear.
10. For Mercy now with Truth is join'd;
and Righteouſneſs with Peace,
Like kind Companions abſent long,
with friendly Arms embrace.

11, 12. Truth from the Earth ſhall ſpring, whilſt [Heav'n
ſhall Streams of Juſtice pour;
And God, from whom all Goodneſs flows,
ſhall endleſs Plenty ſhow'r.
13. Before Him Righteouſneſs ſhall march,
and his juſt Paths prepare;
Whilſt we his holy Steps purſue
with conſtant Zeal and Care.

PSALM LXXXVI.

1 TO my Complaint, O Lord my God,
thy gracious Ear incline;
Hear me, diſtreſs'd, and deſtitute
of all Relief but thine;
2. Do Thou, O God, preſerve my Soul,
that does thy Name adore:
Thy Servant keep, and him, whoſe Truſt
relies on Thee, reſtore.

3. To me, who daily Thee invoke,
thy Mercy, Lord, extend;
4. Refreſh thy Servant's Soul, whoſe Hopes
on Thee alone depend.

5. Thou

5. Thou, Lord, art good, not only good,
but prompt to pardon too:
Of plenteous Mercy to all those,
who for thy Mercy sue.

6. To my repeated humble Pray'r,
O Lord, attentive be:
7. When troubled, I on Thee will call,
for Thou wilt answer me.
8. Among the Gods there's none like Thee,
O Lord, alone divine!
To Thee as much inferior they,
as are their Works to thine.

9. Therefore their great Creator, Thee,
the Nations shall adore;
Their long misguided Pray'rs and Praise
to thy blest Name restore.
10. All shall confess Thee great, and great
the Wonders Thou hast done;
Confess Thee God, Thee God supreme,
confess Thee God alone.

PART II.

11. Teach me thy Way, O Lord, and I
from Truth shall ne'er depart;
In Rev'rence to thy sacred Name
devoutly fix my Heart.
12. Thee will I praise, O Lord my God,
praise Thee with Heart sincere:
And to thy everlasting Name
eternal Trophies rear.

13. Thy boundless Mercy shewn to me,
transcends my Pow'r to tell,
For Thou hast oft redeem'd my Soul
from lowest Depths of Hell.

14. O

14. O God, the Sons of Pride and Strife
have my Destruction sought,
Regardless of thy Pow'r, that oft
has my Deliv'rance wrought:

15. But Thou thy constant Goodness didst
to my Assistance bring;
Of Patience, Mercy, and of Truth,
thou everlasting Spring!
16. O bounteous Lord, thy Grace and Strength
to me thy Servant show;
Thy kind Protection, Lord, on me,
thine Handmaid's Son bestow.

17. Some Signal give, which my proud Foes
may see with Shame and Rage,
When Thou, O Lord, for my Relief
and Comfort dost engage.

PSALM LXXXVII.

1 GOD's Temple crowns the holy Mount;
The Lord there condescends to dwell:
2. His *Sion*'s Gates in his Account,
Our *Isr'el*'s fairest Tents excel.
3. Fame glorious Things of Thee shall sing,
O City of th' almighty King!

4. I'll mention *Rahab* with due Praise,
In *Babylon*'s Applauses join,
The Fame of *Ethiopia* raise,
With that of *Tyre* and *Palestine*;
And grant that some, amongst them born,
Their Age and Country did adorn.

5. But still of *Sion* I'll aver,
That many such from her proceed;
Th' Almighty shall establish her.
6. His gen'ral List shall shew, when read,
That

That ſuch a Perſon there was born,
And ſuch did ſuch an Age adorn.

7. He'll *Sion* find with Numbers fill'd
Of ſuch as merit high Renown ;
For Hand and Voice Muſicians ſkill'd,
And (her tranſcending Fame to crown)
Of ſuch ſhe ſhall Succeſſions bring
Like Waters from a living Spring.

PSALM LXXXVIII.

1 TO Thee, my God and Saviour, I
By Day and Night addreſs my Cry :
2. Vouchſafe my mournful Voice to hear,
To my Diſtreſs incline thine Ear :
3. For Seas of Trouble me invade,
My Soul draws nigh to Death's cold Shade.
4. Like one whoſe Strength and Hopes are fled,
They number me among the Dead.

5. Like thoſe, who ſhrouded in the Grave,
From Thee no more Remembrance have ;
6. Caſt off from thy ſuſtaining Care,
Down to the Confines of Deſpair.
7. Thy Wrath has hard upon me lain,
Afflicting me with reſtleſs Pain :
Me all thy mountain Waves have preſt,
Too weak, alas ! to bear the leaſt.

8. Remov'd from Friends I ſigh alone,
In a loath'd Dungeon laid, where none
A Viſit will vouchſafe to me,
Confin'd, paſt Hopes of Liberty.
9. My Eyes from weeping never ceaſe,
They waſte, but ſtill my Griefs increaſe ;
Yet daily, Lord, to Thee I've pray'd,
With out-ſtretch'd Hands invok'd thy Aid.

10. Wilt

10. Wilt Thou by Miracle revive
The Dead, whom Thou forſook'ſt alive ?
From Death reſtore thy Praiſe to ſing,
Whom Thou from Priſon would'ſt not bring ?
11. Shall the mute Grave thy Love confeſs ?
A mould'ring Tomb thy Faithfulneſs ?
12. Thy Truth and Power Renown obtain,
Where Darkneſs and Oblivion reign ?

13. To Thee, O Lord, I cry, forlorn ;
My Pray'r prevents the early Morn.
14. Why haſt Thou, Lord, my Soul forſook,
Nor once vouchſaf'd a gracious Look ?
15. Prevailing Sorrows bear me down,
Which from my Youth with me have grown ;
Thy Terrors paſt diſtract my Mind,
And Fears of blacker Days behind.

16. Thy Wrath haſt burſt upon my Head,
Thy Terrors fill my Soul with Dread ;
17. Environ'd as with Waves combin'd,
And for a gen'ral Deluge join'd.
18. My Lovers, Friends, Familiars, all
Remov'd from Sight, and out of Call ;
To dark Oblivion all retir'd,
Dead, or at leaſt to me expir'd.

PSALM LXXXIX.

1 THY Mercies, Lord, ſhall be my Song,
My Song on them ſhall ever dwell :
To Ages yet unborn, my Tongue
Thy never-failing Truth ſhall tell.
2. I have affirm'd and ſtill maintain,
Thy Mercy ſhall for ever laſt ;
Thy Truth that does the Heav'ns ſuſtain,
Like them ſhall ſtand for ever faſt.

3. Thus

3. Thus ſpak'ſt Thou by thy Prophet's Voice ;
" With *David* I a League have made ;
" To him, my Servant, and my Choice,
" By ſolemn Oath this Grant convey'd ;
4. " While Earth, and Seas, and Skies endure,
" Thy Seed ſhall in my Sight remain ;
" To them thy Tongue I will enſure,
" They ſhall to endleſs Ages reign."

5. For ſuch ſtupendous Truth and Love,
Both Heav'n and Earth juſt Praiſes owe,
By Choirs of Angels ſung above,
And by aſſembled Saints below.
6. What Seraph of celeſtial Birth
To vie with *Iſr'el*'s God ſhall dare ?
Or who among the Gods of Earth,
With our almighty Lord compare ?

7. With Rev'rence and religious Dread,
His Saints ſhould to his Temple preſs ;
His Fear thro' all their Hearts ſhould ſpread,
Who his almighty Name confeſs.
8. Lord God of Armies, who can boaſt
Of Strength or Pow'r, like thine renown'd ?
Of ſuch a num'rous faithful Hoſt,
As that which does thy Throne ſurround ?

9. Thou doſt the lawleſs Sea controul,
And change the Proſpect of the Deep ;
Thou mak'ſt the ſleeping Billows roll,
Thou mak'ſt the rolling Billows ſleep.
10. Thou brak'ſt in pieces *Rahab*'s Pride,
And did'ſt oppreſſing Pow'r diſarm :
Thy ſcatter'd Foes have dearly try'd
The Force of thy reſiſtleſs Arm.

11. In

11. In Thee the sov'reign Right remains
Of Earth and Heav'n; Thee, Lord, alone
The World and all that it contains,
Their Maker and Preserver own.
12. The Poles on which the Globe does rest,
Were form'd by thy creating Voice?
Tabor and *Hermon* East and West,
In thy sustaining Pow'r rejoice.

13. Thy Arm is mighty, strong thy Hand,
Yet, Lord, Thou dost with Justice reign;
14. Possest of absolute Command,
Thou Truth and Mercy dost maintain.
15. Happy, thrice happy they, who hear
Thy sacred Trumpet's joyful Sound;
Who may at Festivals appear,
With thy most glorious Presence crown'd.

16. Thy Saints shall always be o'erjoy'd,
Who on thy sacred Name rely;
And, in thy Righteousness employ'd,
Above their Foes be rais'd on high.
17. For in thy Strength they shall advance,
Whose Conquests from thy Favour spring.
18. The Lord of Hosts is our Defence,
And *Isr'el*'s God our *Isr el*'s King.

19. Thus spak'st Thou by thy Prophet's Voice,
"A mighty Champion I will send.
"From *Judah*'s Tribe have I made Choice,
"Of one who shall the rest defend.
20. "My Servant *David* I have found,
"With holy Oil anointed him;
21. "Him shall the Hand support that crown'd,
"And guard that gave the Diadem.

22. "No

22. " No Prince from him ſhall Tribute force,
" No Son of Strife ſhall him annoy ;
23. " His ſpiteful Foes I will diſperſe,
" And them before his Face deſtroy.
24. " My Truth and Grace ſhall him ſuſtain ;
" His Armies, in well order'd Ranks,
25. " Shall conquer, from the *Tyrian* Main
" To *Tigris* and *Euphrates* Banks.

26. " Me for his Father he ſhall take,
" His God and Rock of Safety call ;
27. " Him I my firſt-born Son will make,
" And earthly Kings his Subjects all.
28. " To him my Mercy I'll ſecure,
" My Cov'nant make for ever faſt.
29. " His Seed for ever ſhall endure,
" His Throne, till Heav'n diſſolve, ſhall laſt.

PART II.

30. " But if his Heirs my Law forſake,
" And from my ſacred Precepts ſtray ;
31. " If they my righteous Statutes break,
" Nor ſtrictly my Commands obey ;
32. " Their Sins I'll viſit with a Rod,
" And for their Folly make them ſmart ;
33. " Yet will not ceaſe to be their God,
" Nor from my Truth, like them, depart.

34. " My Cov'nant I will ne'er revoke,
" But in Remembrance faſt retain ;
" The Thing, that once my Lips have ſpoke,
" Shall in eternal Force remain.
35. " Once have I ſworn, but once for all,
" And made my Holineſs the Tie,
" That I my Grant will ne'er recall,
" Nor to my Servant *David* lie.

36. " Whoſe

36. " Whose Throne and Race the constant Sun
" Shall, like his Course, establish'd see :
37. " Of this my Oath, thou conscious Moon,
" In Heav'n my faithful Witness be."
38. Such was thy gracious Promise, Lord,
But Thou hast now our Tribes forsook,
Thy own Anointed hast abhorr'd,
And turn'd on him thy wrathful Look.

39. Thou seemest to have render'd void
The Cov'nant with thy Servant made,
Thou hast his Dignity destroy'd,
And in the Dust his Honour laid.
40. Of strong Holds Thou hast him bereft,
And brought his Bulwarks to decay ;
41. His frontier Coasts defenceless left,
A public Scorn, and common Prey.

42. His Ruin does glad Triumphs yield
To Foes advanc'd by Thee to Might ;
43. Thou hast his conqu'ring Sword unsteel'd,
His Valour turn'd to shameful Flight.
44. His Glory is to Darkness fled,
His Throne is levell'd with the Ground :
45. His Youth to wretched Bondage led,
With Shame o'erwhelm'd and Sorrow drown'd.

46. How long shall we thy Absence mourn ?
Wilt Thou for ever, Lord, retire ?
Shall thy consuming Anger burn
'Till that and we at once expire ?
47. Consider, Lord, how short a Space
Thou dost for mortal Li e ordain ;
No Method to prolong the Race,
But loading it with Grief and Pain.

48. What

48. What Man is he that can controul
Death's ſtrict unalterable Doom?
Or reſcue from the Grave his Soul,
The Grave that muſt Mankind entomb?
49. Lord, where's thy Love, thy boundleſs [Grace,
The Oath to which thy Truth did ſeal,
Conſign'd to *David* and his Race,
The Grant which Time ſhou'd ne'er repeal?

50. See how thy Servants treated are
With Infamy, Reproach and Spite;
Which in my ſilent Breaſt I bear;
From Nations of licentious Might.
51. How they, reproaching thy great Name,
Have made thy Servant's Hope their Jeſt:
52. Yet thy juſt Praiſes we'll proclaim,
And ever ſing, *The Lord be bleſt.*

Amen, Amen.

PSALM XC.

1 O LORD, the Saviour and Defence
of us thy choſen Race,
From Age to Age Thou ſtill haſt been
our ſure abiding Place.
2. Before Thou brought'ſt the Mountains forth,
or th' Earth and World didſt frame,
Thou always wert the mighty God,
and ever art the ſame:

3. Thou turneſt Man, O Lord, to Duſt,
of which he firſt was made;
And when Thou ſpeak'ſt the Word, *Return*,
'tis inſtantly obey'd.
4. For in thy Sight a thouſand Years
are like a Day that's paſt,
Or like a Watch in Dead of Night,
whoſe Hours unminded waſte.

5. Thou

5. Thou ſweep'ſt us off as with a Flood,
we vaniſh hence like Dreams ;
At firſt we grow like Graſs that feels
the Sun's reviving Beams :
6. But howſoever freſh and fair,
its Morning Beauty ſhows ;
'Tis all cut down and wither'd quite
before the Evening cloſe.

7, 8. We by thine Anger are conſum'd,
and by thy Wrath diſmay'd ;
Our publick Crimes and ſecret Sins
before thy Sight are laid.
9. Beneath thy Anger's ſad Effects
our drooping Days we ſpend ;
Our unregarded Years break off,
like Tales that quickly end.

10. Our Term of Time is ſeventy Years,
an Age that few ſurvive :
But if, with more than common Strength,
to eighty we arrive ;
Yet then our boaſted Strength decays,
to Sorrow turn'd and Pain :
So ſoon the ſlender Thread is cut,
and we no more remain.

PART II.

11. But who thy Anger's dread Effects
does, as he ought, revere ?
And yet thy Wrath does fall or riſe,
as more or leſs we fear.
12. So teach us, Lord, th' uncertain Sum
of our ſhort Days to mind,
That to true Wiſdom all our Hearts
may ever be inclin'd.

13. O

13. O to thy Servants, Lord, return,
and ſpeedily relent!
As we of our Miſdeeds, do Thou
of our juſt Doom repent.
14. To ſatisfy and chear our Souls,
thy early Mercy ſend;
That we may all our Days to come,
in Joy and Comfort ſpend.

15. Let happy Times with large Amends
dry up our former Tears,
Or equal at the leaſt the Term
of our afflicted Years.
16. To all thy Servants, Lord, let this
thy wond'rous Work be known,
And to our Offspring yet unborn,
thy glorious Pow'r be ſhown.

17. Let thy bright Rays upon us ſhine,
give Thou our Work Succeſs;
The glorious Work we have in Hand
do Thou vouchſafe to bleſs.

PSALM XCI.

1 HE that has God his Guardian made,
Shall, under the Almighty's Shade,
Secure and undiſturb'd abide.
2. Thus to my Soul, of Him I'll ſay,
He is my Fortreſs and my Stay,
My God in whom I will conſide.

3. His tender Love and watchful Care
Shall free thee from the Fowler's Snare,
And from the noiſome Peſtilence:
4. He over thee his Wings ſhall ſpread,
And cover thy unguarded Head;
His Truth ſhall be thy ſtrong Defence.

5. No

5. No Terrors that ſurprize by Night,
Shall thy undaunted Courage fright,
Nor deadly Shafts that fly by Day;
6. Nor Plague, of unknown Riſe, that kills
In Darkneſs, nor infectious Ills
That in the hotteſt Seaſon ſlay.

7. A Thouſand at thy Side ſhall die,
At thy right Hand ten thouſand lie,
While thy firm Health untouch'd remains:
8. Thou only ſhalt look on and ſee
The wicked's ſad Cataſtrophe,
And count the Sinners mournful Gains.

9. Becauſe (with well-plac'd Confidence)
Thou mak'ſt the Lord thy ſure Defence,
And on the Higheſt do'ſt rely;
10. Therefore no Ill ſhall thee befal,
Nor to thy healthful Dwelling ſhall
Any infectious Plague draw nigh.

11. For He throughout thy happy Days,
To keep thee ſafe in all thy Ways,
Shall give his Angels ſtrict Commands;
12. And they, leſt thou ſhould'ſt chance to meet
With ſome rough Stone to wound thy Feet,
Shall bear thee ſafely in their Hands.

13. Dragons and Aſps that thirſt for Blood,
And Lions roaring for their Food,
Beneath his conqu'ring Feet ſhall lie.
14. Becauſe he lov'd and honour'd Me,
Therefore (ſays God) I'll ſet him free,
And fix his glorious Throne on high.

15. He'll call; I'll anſwer when he calls,
And reſcue him when Ill befals;

Increaſe his Honour and his Wealth :
16. And when, with undiſturb'd Content,
His long and happy Life is ſpent,
His End I'll crown with ſaving Health.

PSALM XCII.

1 HOW good and pleaſant muſt it be
to thank the Lord moſt high ;
And with repeated Hymns of Praiſe,
his Name to magnify.
2. With ev'ry Morning's early Dawn,
his Goodneſs to relate ;
And of his conſtant Truth, each Night
the glad Effects repeat.

3. To ten ſtring'd Inſtruments we'll ſing,
with tuneful Pſalt'ries join'd,
And to the Harp, with ſolemn Sounds
for ſacred Uſe deſign'd.
4. For thro' thy wondrous Works, O Lord,
Thou mak'ſt my Heart rejoice ;
The Thoughts of them ſhall make me glad,
and ſhout with chearful Voice.

5, 6. How wond'rous are thy Works, O Lord !
how deep are thy Decrees !
Whoſe winding Tracks, in ſecret laid,
no ſtupid Sinner ſees.
7. He little thinks, when wicked Men,
like Graſs, look freſh and gay ;
How ſoon their ſhort-liv'd Splendor muſt
for ever paſs away.

8, 9. But Thou, my God, art ſtill moſt High ;
and all thy lofty Foes,
Who thought they might ſecurely ſin,
ſhall be o'erwhelm'd with Woes.

10. Whilſt

10. Whilſt Thou exalt'ſt my ſov'reign Pow'r,
and mak'ſt it largely ſpread;
And with refreſhing Oil anoint'ſt
my conſecrated Head.

11. I ſoon ſhall ſee my ſtubborn Foes
to utter Ruin brought;
And hear the diſmal End of thoſe,
who have againſt me fought.
12. But righteous Men, like fruitful Palms,
ſhall make a glorious Show;
As Cedars that on *Lebanon*
in ſtately Order grow.

13, 14. Theſe, planted in the Houſe of God,
within his Courts ſhall thrive;
Their Vigour and their Luſtre both
ſhall in old Age revive.
15. Thus will the Lord his Juſtice ſhew;
and God, my ſtrong Defence,
Shall due Rewards to all the World
impartially diſpenſe.

PSALM XCIII.

1 WITH Glory clad, with Strength array'd,
The Lord, that o'er all Nature reigns,
The World's Foundations ſtrongly laid,
And the vaſt Fabrick ſtill ſuſtains.
2. How ſurely ſtabliſh'd is thy Throne!
Which ſhall no Change or Period ſee;
For Thou, O Lord, and Thou alone
Art God from all Eternity.

3, 4. The Floods, O Lord, lift up their Voice,
And toſs the troubled Waves on high;
But God above can ſtill their Noiſe,
And make the angry Sea comply.

5. Thy

5. Thy Promiſe, Lord, is ever ſure,
And they, that in thy Houſe would dwell,
That happy Station to ſecure,
Muſt ſtill in Holineſs excel.

PSALM XCIV.

1, 2. O GOD, to whom Revenge belongs,
thy Vengeance now diſcloſe;
Ariſe, thou Judge of all the Earth,
and cruſh thy haughty Foes.
3, 4. How long, O Lord, ſhall ſinful Men
their ſolemn Triumphs make?
How long their wicked Actions boaſt,
and inſolently ſpeak?

5, 6. Not only they thy Saints oppreſs,
but unprovok'd, they ſpill
The Widow's and the Stranger's Blood,
and helpleſs Orphans kill.
7. "And yet the Lord ſhall ne'er perceive,
(prophanely thus they ſpeak)
"Nor any Notice of our Deeds
"the God of *Jacob* take."

8. At length, ye ſtupid Fools, your Wants
endeavour to diſcern:
In Folly will you ſtill proceed,
and Wiſdom never learn?
9. 10. Can He be deaf who form'd the Ear,
or blind who fram'd the Eye?
Shall Earth's great Judge not puniſh thoſe,
who his known Will defy?

11. He fathoms all the Thoughts of Men,
to Him their Hearts lie bare;
His Eye ſurveys them all, and ſees
how vain their Counſels are.

PART II.

12. Bleſt is the Man whom Thou, O Lord,
in Kindneſs doſt chaſtiſe,
And by thy ſacred Rules to walk
do'ſt lovingly adviſe.
13. This Man ſhall Reſt and Safety find
in Seaſons of Diſtreſs:
Whilſt God prepares a Pit for thoſe,
that ſtubbornly tranſgreſs.

14. For God will never from his Saints
his Favour wholly take:
His own Poſſeſſion and his Lot,
he will not quite forſake.
15. The World ſhall then confeſs Thee juſt
in all that Thou haſt done;
And thoſe that chuſe thy upright Ways,
ſhall in thoſe Paths go on.

16. Who will appear in my Behalf,
(when wicked Men invade)
Or who, when Sinners would oppreſs,
my righteous Cauſe ſhall plead?
17, 18, 19. Long ſince had I in Silence ſlept,
but that the Lord was near,
To ſtay me when I ſlipt; when ſad,
my troubled Heart to chear.

20. Wilt Thou, who art a God moſt juſt,
their ſinful Throne ſuſtain,
Who make the Law a fair Pretence
their wicked Ends to gain?
21. Againſt the Lives of righteous Men
they form their cloſe Deſign;
And Blood of Innocents to ſpill,
in ſolemn League combine.

22. But

22. But my Defence is firmly plac'd
in God the Lord most high :
He is my Rock, to which I may
for Refuge always fly.
23. The Lord shall cause their ill Designs
on their own Heads to fall :
He in their Sins shall cut them off,
our God shall slay them all.

PSALM XCV.

1 O Come, loud Anthems let us sing,
Loud Thanks to our almighty King :
For we our Voices high should raise,
When our Salvation's Rock we praise.
2. Into his Presence let us haste,
To thank Him for his Favours past ;
To Him address in joyful Songs,
The Praise that to his Name belongs.

3. For God the Lord, enthron'd in State,
Is, with unrival'd Glory, great :
A King superior far to all,
Whom by his Title God we call.
4. The Depths of Earth are in his Hand,
Her secret Wealth at his Command ;
The Strength of Hills, that threat the Skies,
Subjected to his Empire lies.

5. The rolling Ocean's vast Abyss
By the same sov'reign Right is his :
'Tis mov'd by his almighty Hand,
That form'd and fix'd the solid Land.
6. O let us to his Courts repair,
And bow with Adoration there :
Down on our Knees devoutly all
Before the Lord our Maker fall.

7. For He's our God, our Shepherd He,
His Flock and Paſture Sheep are we.
If then you'll (like his Flock) draw near,
To-day if you his Voice will hear,
8. Let not your harden'd Hearts renew
Your Fathers Crimes and Judgments too;
Nor here provoke my Wrath, as they
In deſart Plains of *Meribah*.

9. When thro' the Wilderneſs they mov'd,
And Me with freſh Temptations prov'd:
They ſtill, through Unbelief, rebell'd,
While they my wond'rous Works beheld.
10, 11. They forty Years my Patience griev'd,
Tho' daily I their Wants reliev'd.
Then———'Tis a faithleſs Race, I ſaid,
Whoſe Heart from Me has always ſtray'd;

They ne'er will tread my righteous Path:
Therefore to them, in ſettled Wrath,
Since they deſpis'd my Reſt, I ſware,
That they ſhould never enter there.

PSALM XCVI.

1 SING to the Lord a new-made Song;
Let Earth in one aſſembled Throng,
Her common Patron's Praiſe reſound.
2. Sing to the Lord, and bleſs his Name,
From Day to Day his Praiſe proclaim,
Who us has with Salvation crown'd.
3. To heathen Lands his Fame rehearſe,
His Wonders to the Univerſe.

4. He's great and greatly to be prais'd;
In Majeſty and Glory rais'd
Above all other Deities.
5. For Pageantry and Idols all

Are they whom Gods the Heathen call :
He only rules who made the Skies.
6. With Majesty and Honour crown'd,
Beauty and Strength his Throne surround ;

7. Be therefore both to Him restor'd
By you, who have false Gods ador'd,
Ascribe due Honour to his Name ;
8. Peace-Off'rings on his Altar lay,
Before his Throne your Homage pay,
Which He, and He alone can claim.
9. To worship at his sacred Court,
Let all the trembling World resort.

10. Proclaim aloud, *Jehovah* reigns,
Whose Power the Universe sustains,
And banish'd Justice will restore.
11. Let therefore Heav'n new Joys confess,
And heav'nly Mirth let Earth express,
Its loud Applause the Ocean roar ;
Its mute Inhabitants rejoice,
And for this Triumph find a Voice.

12. For Joy let fertile Vallies sing,
The chearful Groves their Tribute bring ;
The tuneful Choir of Birds awake,
13. The Lord's Approach to celebrate,
Who now sets out with awful State,
His Circuit through the Earth to take.
From Heav'n to judge the World He's come,
With Justice to reward and doom.

PSALM XCVII.

1 JEHOVAH reigns, let all the Earth
In his just Government rejoice ;
Let all the Isles with sacred Mirth,
In his Applause unite their Voice.

2. Darkneſs and Clouds of awful Shade
His dazling Glory ſhroud in State ;
Juſtice and Truth his Guards are made,
And fix'd by his Pavilion wait.

3. Devouring Fire before his Face
His Foes around with Vengeance ſtruck ;
4. His Lightnings ſet the World on blaze ;
Earth ſaw it and with Terror ſhook.
5. The proudeſt Hills his Preſence felt,
Their Height nor Strength could Help afford,
The proudeſt Hills like Wax did melt
In Preſence of th' almighty Lord.

6. The Heav'ns his Righteouſneſs to ſhow,
With Storms of Fire our Foes purſu'd,
And all the trembling World below,
Have his deſcending Glory view'd.
7. Confounded be their impious Hoſt,
Who make the Gods to whom they pray ;
All who of Pageant Idols boaſt ;
To Him, ye Gods, your Worſhip pay.

8. Glad *Sion* of thy Triumph heard,
And *Judah*'s Daughters were o'erjoy'd ;
Becauſe thy righteous Judgments, Lord,
Have pagan Pride and Pow'r deſtroy'd.
9. For thou, O God, art ſeated high,
Above Earth's Potentates enthron'd :
Thou, Lord, unrival'd in the Sky,
Supreme by all the Gods art own'd.

10. You, who to ſerve this Lord aſpire,
Abhor what's Ill, and Truth eſteem :
He'll keep his Servants Souls entire,
And them from wicked Hands redeem.

11. For Seeds are ſown of glorious Light,
A future Harveſt for the Juſt ;
And Gladneſs for the Heart upright,
To recompenſe its pious Truſt.

12. Rejoice, ye righteous, in the Lord;
Memorials of his Holineſs,
Deep in your faithful Breaſts record,
And with your thankful Tongues confeſs.

PSALM XCVIII.

1 SING to the Lord a new-made Song,
who wondrous Things has done :
With his right Hand and holy Arm,
the Conqueſt he has won.
2. The Lord has through th' aſtoniſh'd World
diſplay'd his ſaving Might,
And made his righteous Acts appear
in all the Heathens Sight.

3. Of *Iſr'el's* Houſe his Love and Truth
have ever mindful been ;
Wide Earth's remoteſt Parts the Pow'r
of *Iſr'el's* God have ſeen.
4. Let therefore Earth's Inhabitants
their chearful Voices raiſe,
And all with univerſal Joy
reſound their Maker's Praiſe.

5. With Harps and Hymns ſoft Melody
into the Conſort bring,
6. The Trumpet and ſhrill Cornet's Sound
before th' almighty King.
7. Let the loud Ocean roar her Joy,
with all that Seas contain ;
The Earth and her Inhabitants
join Conſort with the Main.

8. With Joy let Riv'lets ſwell to Streams,
to ſpreading Torrents they ;
And ecchoing Vales, from Hill to Hill,
redoubled Shouts convey ;
9. To welcome down the World's great Judge,
who does with Juſtice come,
And with impartial Equity,
both to reward and doom.

PSALM XCIX.

1 JEHOVAH reigns, let therefore all
the guilty Nations quake ;
On Cherubs Wings He ſits enthron'd ;
let Earth's Foundations ſhake.
2. On *Sion*'s Hill He keeps his Court,
his Palace makes her Tow'rs ;
Yet thence his Sov'reignty extends
ſupreme o'er earthly Pow'rs.

3. Let therefore all with Praiſe addreſs
his great and dreadful Name,
And with his unreſiſted Might
his Holineſs proclaim.
4. For Truth and Juſtice, in his Reign,
of Strength and Pow'r take place :
His Judgments are with Righteouſneſs
diſpens'd to *Jacob*'s Race.

5. Therefore exalt the Lord our God,
before his Footſtool fall ;
And with his unreſiſted Might,
his Holineſs extol.
6. *Moſes* and *Aaron* thus of old,
amongſt his Prieſts ador'd ;
Amongſt his Prophets *Samuel* thus
his ſacred Name implor'd :

Diſtreſs'd,

Diſtreſs'd, upon the Lord they call'd,
who ne'er their Suit deny'd ;
But, as with Rev'rence they implor'd,
He graciouſly reply'd.
7. For with their Camp, to guide their March,
the cloudy Pillar mov'd :
They kept his Laws, and to his Will
obedient Servants prov'd.

8. He anſwer'd them, forgiving oft
his People for their Sake ;
And thoſe, who raſhly them oppos'd
did ſad Examples make.
9. With Worſhip at his ſacred Courts
exalt our God and Lord ;
For He, who only holy is,
alone ſhould be ador'd.

PSALM C.

1, WITH one Conſent let all the Earth
2. To God their chearful Voices raiſe :
Glad Homage pay with awful Mirth,
And ſing before him Songs of Praiſe.
3. Convinc'd that He is God alone,
From whom both we and all proceed ;
We, whom He chuſes for his own,
The Flock which He vouchſafes to feed.

4. O enter, then his Temple Gate.
Thence to his Courts devoutly preſs,
And ſtill your grateful Hymns repeat,
And ſtill his Name with Praiſes bleſs.
5. For He's the Lord ſupremely good,
His Mercy is for ever ſure ;
His Truth, which all times firmly ſtood,
To endleſs Ages ſhall endure.

PSALM CI.

1 OF Mercy's never-failing Spring,
And ſtedfaſt Judgment I will ſing;
And ſince they both to Thee belong,]
To Thee, O Lord, addreſs my Song.
2. When, Lord, Thou ſhalt with me reſide,
Wiſe Diſcipline my Reign ſhall guide;
With blameleſs Life myſelf I'll make
A Pattern for my Court to take.

3. No ill Deſign will I purſue,
Nor thoſe my Fav'rites make that do.
4. Who to Reproof has no Regard,
Him will I totally diſcard.
5. The private Slanderer ſhall be
In publick Juſtice doom'd by me:
From haughty Looks I'll turn aſide,
And mortify the Heart of Pride.

6. But Honeſty, call'd from her Cell,
In Splendor at my Court ſhall dwell:
Who Virtue's Practice make their Care,
Shall have the firſt Preferments there.
7. No Politicks ſhall recommend
His Countries Foe to be my Friend:
None e're ſhall to my Favour riſe
By flatt'ring or malicious Lies.

8. All thoſe who wicked Courſes take,
An early Sacrifice I'll make;
Cut off, deſtroy, 'till none remain
God's holy City to prophane.

PSALM CII.

1 WHEN I pour out my Soul in Pray'r
do, Thou, O Lord, attend;
To thy eternal Throne of Grace
let my ſad Cry aſcend.

2. O

2. O hide not Thou thy glorious Face
in Times of deep Diſtreſs:
Incline thine Ear, and when I call,
my Sorrows ſoon redreſs.

3. Each cloudy Portion of my Life
like ſcatter'd Smoke expires;
My ſhrivel'd Bones are like a Hearth,
that's parch'd with conſtant Fires.
4. My Heart, like Graſs that feels the Blaſt
of ſome infectious Wind,
Does languiſh ſo with Grief, that ſcarce
my needful Food I mind.

5. By reaſon of my ſad Eſtate
I ſpend my Breath in Groans;
My Fleſh is worn away, my Skin
ſcarce hides my ſtarting Bones.
6. I'm like a Pelican become,
that does in Deſarts mourn:
Or like an Owl that ſits all Day
on barren Trees forlorn.

7. In Watchings or in reſtleſs Dreams
the Night by me is ſpent,
As by thoſe ſolitary Birds,
that loneſome Roofs frequent.
8. All Day by railing Foes I'm made
the Subject of their Scorn;
Who all poſſeſs'd with furious Rage,
have my Deſtruction ſworn.

9. When grov'ling on the Ground I lie,
oppreſs'd with Grief and Fears,
My Bread is ſtrew'd with Aſhes o'er,
My Drink is mix'd with Tears.

10. Becauſe

10. Becauſe on me with double Weight
thy heavy Wrath doth lie :
For Thou, to make my Fall more great,
didſt lift me up on high.

11. My Days juſt haſt'ning to their End,
are like an Ev'ning Shade :
My Beauty does, like wither'd Graſs,
with waning Luſtre fade.
12. But thy eternal State, O Lord,
no Length of Time ſhall waſte :
The Mem'ry of thy wond'rous Works
from Age to Age ſhall laſt.

13. Thou ſhalt ariſe, and *Sion* view
with an unclouded Face :
For now her Time is come, thy own
appointed Day of Grace.
14. Her ſcatter'd Ruins by thy Saints
with Pity are ſurvey'd :
They grieve to ſee her lofty Spires
in Duſt and Rubbiſh laid.

15, 16. The Name and Glory of the Lord
all heathen Kings ſhall fear ;
When He ſhall *Sion* build again,
and in full State appear.
17, 18. When He regards the Poor's Requeſt,
nor ſlights their earneſt Pray'r ;
Our Sons for this recorded Grace,
ſhall his juſt Praiſe declare.

19. For God from his Abode on high,
his gracious Beams diſplay'd ;
The Lord, from Heav'n, his lofty Throne,
hath all the Earth ſurvey'd.

20. He

20. He liſten'd to the Captives Moans,
He heard their mournful Cry,
And freed, by his reſiſtleſs Pow'r,
the Wretches doom'd to die.

21. That they in *Sion*, where He dwells,
might celebrate his Fame,
And through the holy City ſing
loud Praiſes to his Name.
22. When all the Tribes aſſembling there,
their ſolemn Vows addreſs,
And neighb'ring Lands with glad Conſent,
the Lord their God confeſs.

23. But e'er my Race is run, my Strength
through his fierce Wrath decays;
He has, when all my Wiſhes bloom'd,
cut ſhort my hopeful Days.
24. Lord, end not Thou my Life, ſaid I,
when half is ſcarcely paſt:
Thy Years from worldly Changes free,
to endleſs Ages laſt.

25. The ſtrong Foundations of the Earth
of old by Thee were laid;
Thy Hands the beauteous Arch of Heav'n
with wond'rous Skill have made:
26, 27. Whilſt Thou for ever ſhalt endure,
they ſoon ſhall paſs away;
And like a Garment often worn,
ſhall tarniſh and decay.

Like that, when Thou ordain'ſt their Change,
to thy Command they bend;
But Thou continu'ſt ſtill the ſame,
nor have thy Years an End.

28. Thou

28. Thou to the Children of thy Saints,
shalt lasting Quiet give;
Whose happy Race securely fix'd,
shall in thy Presence live.

PSALM CIII.

1, MY Soul, inspir'd with sacred Love,
2. God's holy Name for ever bless:
Of all his Favours mindful prove,
And still thy grateful Thanks express.
3, 4. 'Tis He that all thy Sins forgives,
And after Sickness makes thee sound;
From Danger He thy Life retrieves,
By Him with Grace and Mercy crown'd.

5, 6. He with good Things my Mouth supplies,
My Vigor, Eagle-like, renews:
He, when the guiltless Suff'rer cries,
His Foe with just Revenge pursues.
7. God made of old his righteous Ways
To *Moses* and our Fathers known;
His Works to his eternal Praise,
Were to the Sons of *Jacob* shown.

8. The Lord abounds with tender Love,
And unexampled Acts of Grace:
His waken'd Wrath does slowly move,
His willing Mercy flows apace.
9. 10. God will not always harshly chide,
But with His Anger quickly part;
And loves his Punishments to guide,
More by his Love than our Desert.

11. As high as Heav'n its Arch extends
Above this little Spot of Clay:
So much his boundless Love transcends
The small Respects that we can pay.

12, 13. As

12, 13. As far as 'tis from East to West,
So far has He our Sins remov'd,
Who with a Father's tender Breast
Has such as fear'd Him always lov'd.

14, 15. For God, who all our Frame surveys,
Considers that we are but Clay:
How fresh so'er we seem, our Days
Like Grass or Flow'rs must fade away:
16, 17. Whilst they are nipt with sudden Blasts,
Nor can we find their former Place;
God's faithful Mercy ever lasts,
To those that fear Him, and their Race.

18. This shall attend on such as still
Proceed in his appointed Way;
And who not only know his Will,
Bnt to it just Obedience pay.
19, 20. The Lord, the universal King,
In Heav'n has fix'd his lofty Throne:
To Him, ye Angels, Praises sing,
In whose great Strength his Pow'r is shown.

Ye that his just Commands obey,
And hear and do his sacred Will:
21. Ye Hosts of his this Tribute pay,
Who still what He ordains fulfil.
22. Let ev'ry Creature jointly bless
The mighty Lord: And thou, my Heart,
With grateful Joy thy Thanks express,
And in this Consort bear thy Part.

PSALM CIV.

1 BLESS God, my Soul; Thou Lord, alone
Possessest Empire without Bounds,
With Honour Thou art crown'd, thy Throne
Eternal Majesty surrounds.

2. With

2. With Light Thou doſt thyſelf enrobe,
And Glory for a Garment take :
Heavens Curtains ſtretch beyond the Globe,
Thy Canopy of State to make.

3. God builds on liquid Air and forms
His Palace Chambers in the Skies ;
The Clouds his Chariots are, and Storms
The ſwift-wing'd Steeds with which he flies.
4. As bright as Flame, as ſwift as Wind,
His Miniſters Heav'n's Palace fill,
To have their ſundry Taſks aſſign'd :
All proud to ſerve their Sovereign's Will.

5, 6. Earth on her Centre fix'd He ſet,
Her Face with Waters overſpread ;
Nor proudeſt Mountains dar'd as yet,
To lift above the Waves their Head.
7. But when thy awful Face appear'd,
Th' inſulting Waves diſpers'd ; they fled,
When once thy Thunder's Voice they heard,
And by their Haſte confeſs'd their Dread.

8. Thence up by ſecret Tracks they creep,
And guſhing from the Mountain's Side,
Thro' Vallies travel to the Deep,
Appointed to receive their Tide.
9. There haſt thou fix'd the Ocean's Bounds,
The threatning Surges to repel ;
That they no more o'erpaſs their Mounds,
Nor to a ſecond Deluge ſwell.

PART II.

10. Yet thence in ſmaller Parties drawn,
The Sea recovers her loſt Hills ;
And ſtarting Springs from ev'ry Lawn,
Surprize the Vales with plenteous Rills.

11. The

11. The Fields tame Beaſts are thither led,
Weary with Labour, faint with Drought ;
And Aſſes on wild Mountains bred,
Have Senſe to find theſe Currents out.

12. There ſhady Trees from ſcorching Beams,
Yield Shelter to the feather'd Throng ;
They drink, and to the bounteous Streams
Return the Tribute of their Song.
13. His Rains from Heav'n parch'd Hills recruit,
That ſoon tranſmit the liquid Store ;
'Till Earth is burthen'd with her Fruit,
And Nature's Lap can hold no more.

14. Graſs, for our Cattle to devour,
He makes the Growth of ev'ry Field ;
Herbs, for Man's Uſe, of various Pow'r,
That either Food or Phyſick yield.
15. With cluſter'd Grapes he crowns the Vine,
To chear Man's Heart oppreſt with Cares,
Gives Oil that makes his Face to ſhine ;
And Corn, that waſted Strength repairs.

PART III.

16. The Trees of God, without the Care
Or Art of Man, with Sap are fed ;
The Mountain Cedar looks as fair,
As thoſe in royal Gardens bred.
17. Safe in the lofty Cedar's Arms
The Wand'rers of the Air may reſt ;
The hoſpitable Pine from Harms
Protects the Stork, her pious Gueſt.

18. Wild Goats the craggy Rock aſcend,
Its tow'ring Heights their Fortreſs make,
Whoſe Cells in Labyrinths extend,
Where feebler Creatures Refuge take.

19. The

16. The Moon's inconſtant Aſpect ſhows
Th' appointed Seaſons of the Year ;
Th' inſtructed Sun his Duty knows.
His Hours to riſe and diſappear.

20, 21. Darkneſs He makes the Earth to ſhroud,
When Foreſt Beaſts ſecurely ſtray ;
Young Lions roar their Wants aloud
To Providence that ſends them Prey.
22. They range all Night, on Slaughter bent,
'Till ſummon'd by the riſing Morn,
To ſkulk in Dens, with one Conſent,
The conſcious Ravagers return.

23. Forth to the Tillage of his Soil,
The Huſbandman ſecurely goes,
Commencing with the Sun his Toil,
With him returns to his Repoſe.
24. How various, Lord, thy Works are found;
For which thy Wiſdom we adore !
The Earth is with thy Treaſure crown'd,
'Till Nature's Hand can graſp no more.

PART IV.

25. But ſtill, the vaſt unfathom'd Main
Of Wonders a new Scene ſupplies,
Whoſe Depths Inhabitants contain,
Of ev'ry Form and ev'ry Size.
26. Full-freighted Ships from ev'ry Port,
There cut their unmoleſted Way ;
Leviathan, whom there to ſport
Thou mad'ſt, has Compaſs there to play.

27. Theſe various Troops of Sea and Land,
In Senſe of common Want agree :
All wait on thy diſpenſing Hand,
And have their daily Alms from Thee.

28. They

28. They gather what thy Stores diſperſe,
Without their Trouble to provide :
Thou op'ſt thy Hand, the Univerſe,
The craving World is all ſupply'd.

29. Thou for a Moment hid'ſt thy Face,
The num'rous Ranks of Creatures mourn ;
Thou tak'ſt their Breath, all Nature's Race
Forthwith to Mother-Earth return.
30. Again Thou ſen'dſt thy Spirit forth,
T'inſpire the Maſs with vital Seed ;
Nature's reſtor'd, and Parent-Earth
Smiles on her new-created Breed.

31. Thus through ſucceſſive Ages ſtands
Firm fix'd thy providential Care ;
Pleas'd with the Work of thy own Hands,
Thou doſt the Waſtes of Time repair.
32. One Look of thine, one wrathful Look,
Earth's panting Breaſt with Terror fills ;
One Touch from Thee, with Clouds of Smoak,
In Darkneſs ſhrouds the proudeſt Hills.

33. In praiſing God, while He prolongs
My Breath, I will that Breath employ ;
34. And join Devotion to my Songs
Sincere, as in Him is my Joy :
35. While Sinners from Earth's Face are hurl'd,
My Soul, praiſe thou his holy Name,
'Till with my Song, the liſt'ning World
Join Conſort, and his Praiſe proclaim.

PSALM CV.

1 O Render Thanks and bleſs the Lord ;
invoke his ſacred Name ;
Acquaint the Nations with his Deeds,
his matchleſs Deeds proclaim.

2. Sing

2. Sing to his Praiſe, in lofty Hymns
his wondrous Works rehearſe ;
Make them the Theme of your Diſcourſe,
and Subject of your Verſe.

3. Rejoice in his almighty Name,
alone to be ador'd ;
And let their Hearts o'erflow with Joy,
that humbly ſeek the Lord.
4. Seek ye the Lord, his ſaving Strength
devoutly ſtill implore ;
And where He's ever preſent, ſeek
his Face for evermore.

5. The Wonders that his Hands have wrought,
keep thankfully in Mind ;
The righteous Statutes of his Mouth,
and Laws to us aſſign'd.
6. Know ye his Servant *Abr'am's* Seed,
and *Jacob's* choſen Race,
7. He's ſtill our God, his Judgments ſtill
throughout the Earth take Place.

8. His Cov'nant He hath kept in Mind
for num'rous Ages paſt,
Which yet for thouſand Ages more,
in equal Force ſhall laſt.
9. Firſt ſign'd to *Ab'ram*, next by Oath
to *Iſaac* made ſecure ;
10. To *Jacob* and his Heirs a Law
for ever to endure :

11. That *Canaan's* Land ſhould be their Lot,
when yet but few they were :
12. But few in Number, and thoſe few
all friendleſs Strangers there.

13. In

13. In Pilgrimage, from Realm to Realm,
  ſecurely they remov'd ;
14. Whilſt proudeſt Monarchs for their ſakes,
  ſeverely He reprov'd :

15. " Theſe mine anointed are, ſaid He,
  " let none my Servants wrong,
" Nor treat the pooreſt Prophet ill
  " that does to Me belong."
16. A Dearth at laſt, by his Command,
  did through the Land prevail :
'Till Corn, the chief Support of Life,
  ſuſtaining Corn did fail.

17. But his indulgent Providence
  had pious *Joſeph* ſent,
Sold into *Egypt*, but their Death
  who ſold him to prevent.
18. His Feet with heavy Chains were cruſh'd,
  with Calumny his Fame :
19. 'Till God's appointed Time and Word
  to his Deliv'rance came.

20. The King his ſov'reign Order ſent,
  and reſcu'd him with Speed ;
Whom private Malice had confin'd,
  the People's Ruler freed.
21. His Court, Revenues, Realms, were all
  ſubjected to his Will ;
22. His greateſt Princes to controul,
  and teach his Stateſmen Skill.

PART II.

23. To *Egypt* then, invited Gueſts,
  half-famiſh'd *Iſr'el* came ;
And *Jacob* held, by royal Grant,
  the fertile Soil of *Ham*.

24. Th'

24. Th' Almighty there with ſuch Increaſe
his People multiply'd,
'Till with their proud Oppreſſors they
in Strength and Number vy'd ;

25. Their vaſt Increaſe th' *Egyptian* Hearts
with jealous Anger fir'd,
'Till they his Servants to deſtroy
by treach'rous Arts conſpir'd.
26. His Servant *Moſes* then He ſent,
his choſen *Aaron* too :
27. Impower'd with Signs and Miracles
to prove their Miſſion true.

28. He call'd for Darkneſs, Darkneſs came,
Nature his Summons knew ;
29. EachStream andLake, transform'd toBlood,
the wand'ring Fiſhes ſlew.
30. In putrid Floods, throughout the Land,
the Peſt of Frogs was bred :
From noiſome Fens ſent up to croak
at *Pharaoh*'s Board and Bed.

31. He gave the Sign, and Swarms of Flies
came down in cloudy Hoſts ;
Whilſt Earth's enliven'd Duſt below
bred Lice through all their Coaſts.
32. He ſent them batt'ring Hail for Rain,
and Fire for cooling Dew.
33. He ſmote their Vines, and foreſt Plants,
and Garden's Pride o'erthrew.

34. He ſpake the Word, and Locuſts came,
and Caterpillars join'd ;
They prey'd upon the poor Remains
the Storm had left behind.

35. From

35. From Trees to Herbage they deſcend,
no verdant Thing they ſpare;
But like the naked fallow Field,
leave all the Paſtures bare.

36. From Fields to Villages and Towns,
commiſſion'd Vengeance flew;
One fatal Stroke their eldeſt Hopes
and Strength of *Egypt* flew.
37. He brought his Servants forth, enrich'd
with *Egypt*'s borrow'd Wealth;
And, what tranſcends all Treaſures elſe,
enrich'd with vig'rous Health.

38. *Egypt* rejoic'd, in hopes to find
her Plagues with them remov'd;
Taught dearly now to fear worſe Ills,
by thoſe already prov'd.
39. Their ſhrouding Canopy by Day
a journeying Cloud was ſpread;
A fiery Pillar all the Night
their deſart Marches led.

40. They long'd for Fleſh; with Ev'ning Quails
He furniſh'd ev'ry Tent:
From Heav'ns own Granary, each Morn,
the Bread of Angels ſent.
41. He ſmote the Rock; whoſe flinty Breaſt
pour'd forth a guſhing Tide,
Whoſe flowing Stream, where'er they march'd,
the Deſart's Drought ſupply'd.

42. For ſtill He did on *Abr'am*'s Faith
and ancient League reflect:
43. He brought his People forth with Joy,
with Triumph his elect.

44. Quite

44. Quite rooting out their heathen Foes
from *Canaan*'s fertile Soil,
To them in cheap Poſſeſſion gave
the Fruit of others Toil :

45. That they his Statutes might obſerve,
his ſacred Laws obey.
For Benefits ſo vaſt, let us
our Songs of Praiſe repay.

PSALM CVI.

1 O Render Thanks to God above,
The Fountain of eternal Love ;
Whoſe Mercy firm through Ages paſt
Has ſtood, and ſhall for ever laſt.
2. Who can his mighty Deeds expreſs,
Not only vaſt, but numberleſs ?
What mortal Eloquence can raiſe,
His Tribute of immortal Praiſe ?

3. Happy are they, and only they,
Who from thy Judgments never ſtray :
Who know what's right ; nor only ſo,
But always practice what they know.
4. Extend to me that Favour Lord,
Thou to thy choſen doſt afford :
When Thou return'ſt to ſet them free,
Let thy Salvation viſit me.

5. O may I worthy prove to ſee
Thy Saints in full Proſperity ;
That I the joyful Choir may join ,
And count thy People's Triumph mine.
6. But ah ! can we expect ſuch Grace,
Of Parents vile, the viler Race ;
Who their Miſdeeds have acted o'er,
And with new Crimes increas'd the Score ?

7. Ingrateful,

7. Ingrateful ! they no longer thought
On all his Works in *Egypt* wrought ;
The red Sea they no ſooner view'd,
But they their baſe Diſtruſt renew'd.
8. Yet He, to vindicate his Name,
Once more to their Deliv'rance came,
To make his ſov'reign Pow'r be known,
That He is God, and He alone.

9. To right and left, at his Command,
The parting Deep diſclos'd her Sand ;
Where firm and dry the Paſſage lay,
As through ſome parch'd and deſart Way.
10. Thus reſcu'd from their Foes they were,
Who cloſely preſs'd upon their Rear,
11. Whoſe Rage purſu'd 'em to thoſe Waves,
That prov'd the raſh Purſuers Graves.

12. The watry Mountains ſudden Fall
O'erwhelm'd proud *Pharaoh*, Hoſt and all.
This Proof did ſtupid *Iſr'el* move
To own God's Truth, and praiſe his Love.

PART II.

13. But ſoon theſe Wonders they forgot,
And for his Counſel waited not ;
14. But luſting in the Wilderneſs,
Did Him with freſh Temptations preſs.
15. Strong Food at their Requeſt He ſent,
But made their Sin their Puniſhment.
16. Yet ſtill his Saints they did oppoſe,
The Prieſt and Prophet whom He choſe.

17. But Earth, the Quarrel to decide,
Her vengeful Jaws extended wide,
Raſh *Dathan* to her Centre drew,
With proud *Abiram*'s factious Crew.

18. The reſt of thoſe who did conſpire
To kindle wild Sedition's Fire,
With all their impious Train became
A Prey to Heav'n's devouring Flame.

19. Near *Horeb*'s Mount a Calf they made,
And to the molten Image pray'd;
20. Adoring what their Hands did frame,
They chang'd their Glory to their Shame.
21. Their God and Saviour they forgot,
And all his Works in *Egypt* wrought;
22. His Signs in *Ham*'s aſtoniſh'd Coaſt,
And where proud *Pharaoh*'s Troops were loſt.

23. Thus urg'd, his vengeful Hand He rear'd,
But *Moſes* in the Breach appear'd;
The Saint did for the Rebels pray,
And turn'd Heav'n's kindled Wrath away.
24, 25. Yet they his pleaſant Land deſpis'd,
Nor his repeated Promiſe priz'd,
Nor did th' Almighty's Voice obey;
But when God ſaid, *Go up*, would ſtay.

26, 27. This ſeal'd their Doom, without Redreſs
To periſh in the Wilderneſs;
Or elſe to be by heathen Hands
O'erthrown and ſcatter'd thro' the Lands.

PART III.

28. Yet unreclaim'd, this ſtubborn Race
Baal Peor's Worſhip did embrace;
Became his impious Gueſts, and fed
On Sacrifices to the Dead.
29. Thus they perſiſted to provoke
God's Vengeance to the final Stroke.
'Tis come:—the deadly Peſt is come
To execute their gen'ral Doom.

30. Be

30. But *Phinehas* fir'd with holy Rage,
(Th' Almighty's Vengeance to aſſwage)
Did, by two bold Offenders Fall,
Th' Atonement make that ranſom'd All.
31. As him a heav'nly Zeal had mov'd,
So Heav'n the zealous Act aprov'd;
To him confirming, and his Race,
The Prieſthood he ſo well did grace.

32. At *Meribah* God's Wrath they mov'd,
Who *Moſes* for their ſakes reprov'd;
33. Whoſe patient Soul they did provoke,
'Till raſhly the meek Prophet ſpoke.
34. Nor when poſſeſs'd of *Canaan*'s Land,
Did they perform their Lord's Command,
Nor his commiſſion'd Sword employ
The guilty Nations to deſtroy.

35. Nor only ſpar'd the Pagan Crew,
But mingling learnt their Vices too;
36. And Worſhip to thoſe Idols paid,
Which them to fatal Snares betray'd.
37, 38. To Devils they did ſacrifice
Their Children with relentleſs Eyes;
Approach'd their Altars thro' a Flood
Of their own Sons and Daughters Blood.

No cheaper Victims would appeaſe
Canaan's remorſeleſs Deities;
No Blood her Idols reconcile,
But that which did the Land defile.

PART IV.

39. Nor did theſe ſavage Cruelties
The harden'd Reprobates ſuffice;
For after their Hearts Luſts they went,
And daily did new Crimes invent.

40. But Sins of ſuch infernal Hue
God's Wrath againſt his People drew,
'Till He, their once indulgent Lord,
His own Inheritance abhor'd.

41. He them defenceleſs did expoſe
To their inſulting heathen Foes;
And made them on the Triumphs wait,
Of thoſe, who bore them greateſt Hate.
42. Nor thus his Indignation ceas'd;
Their Liſt of Tyrants He increas'd,
'Till they, who God's mild Sway declin'd,
Were made the Vaſſals of Mankind.

43. Yet, when diſtreſs'd, they did repent,
His Anger did as oft relent:
But freed, they did his Wrath provoke,
Renew'd their Sins, and He their Yoke.
44. Nor yet implacable He prov'd,
Nor heard their wretched Cries unmov'd;
45. But did to mind his Promiſe bring,
And Mercy's unexhauſted Spring.

46 Compaſſion too He did impart,
Ev'n to their Foes obdurate Heart,
And Pity for their Suff'rings bred
In thoſe who them to Bondage led.
47. Still ſave us, Lord, and *Iſr'el's* Bands
Together bring from heathen Lands;
So to thy Name our Thanks we'll raiſe,
And ever triumph in thy Praiſe.

48. Let *Iſr'el's* God be ever bleſs'd,
His Name eternally confeſs'd:
Let all his Saints with full Accord
Sing loud *Amens.*——*Praiſe ye the Lord.*

PSALM CVII.

1 TO God your grateful Voices raiſe,
Who does your daily Patron prove :
And let your never-ceaſing Praiſe
Attend on his eternal Love.

2, 3. Let thoſe give Thanks, whom He from [Bands,
Of proud oppreſſing Foes releas'd ;
And brought them back from diſtant Lands,
From North and South, and Weſt and Eaſt.

4, 5. Through lonely deſart Ways they went,
Nor cou'd a peopled City find :
'Till quite with Thirſt and Hunger ſpent,
Their fainting Soul within them pin'd.
6. Then ſoon to God's indulgent Ear
Did they their mournful Cry addreſs ;
Who graciouſly vouchſaf'd to hear,
And freed them from their deep Diſtreſs.

7. From crooked Paths He led them forth,
And in the certain Way did guide,
To wealthy Towns of great Reſort,
Where all their Wants were well ſupply'd.
8. O then that all the Earth, with me,
Would God for this his Goodneſs praiſe !
And for the mighty Works which He
Throughout the wond'ring World diſplays!

9. For He from Heav'n the ſad Eſtate
Of longing Souls with Pity views ;
To hungry Souls that pant for Meat,
His Goodneſs daily Food renews.

PART II.

10. Some lie, with Darkneſs compaſs'd round,
In Death's uncomfortable Shade ;
And with unwieldy Fetters bound,
By preſſing Cares more heavy made.

11, 12 Becauſe God's Counſel they defy'd
And lightly priz'd his holy Word,
With theſe Afflictions they were try'd:
They fell, and none could Help afford.

13. Then ſoon to God's indulgent Ear
Did they their mournful Cry addreſs;
Who graciouſly vouchſaf'd to hear,
And freed them from their deep Diſtreſs.
14. From diſmal Dungeons, dark as Night,
And Shade as black as Death's Abode,
He brought them forth to chearful Light,
And welcome Liberty beſtow'd.

15. O then that all the Earth, with me,
Would God for this his Goodneſs praiſe!
And for the mighty Works which He
Throughout the wond'ring World diſplays;
16. For He with his almighty Hand,
The Gates of Braſs in Pieces broke;
Nor cou'd the maſſy Bars withſtand,
Or temper'd Steel reſiſt his Stroke.

PART III.

17. Remorſeleſs Wretches, void of Senſe,
With bold Tranſgreſſions God defy;
And for their multiply'd Offence,
Oppreſs'd with ſore Diſeaſes lie:
18. Their Soul, a Prey to Pain and Fear,
Abhors to taſte the choiceſt Meats;
And they by faint Degrees draw near
To Death's inhoſpitable Gates.

19. Then ſtrait to God's indulgent Ear,
Do they their mournful Cry addreſs;
Who graciouſly vouchſafes to hear,
And frees them from their deep Diſtreſs.

20. He all their ſad Diſtempers heals,
His Word both Health and Safety gives ;
And when all human Succour fails,
From near Deſtruction them retrieves.

21. O then that all the Earth, with me,
Would God for this hisGoodneſs praiſe !
And for the mighty Works which He
Throughout the wond'ring World diſplays ;
22. With off'rings let his Altar flame,
Whilſt they their grateful Thanks expreſs,
And with loud Joy his holy Name
For all his Acts of Wonder bleſs !

PART IV.

23, 24. They that in Ships, with Courage bold,
O'er ſwelling Waves their Trade purſue,
Do God's amazing Works behold,
And in the Deep his Wonders view.
25. No ſooner his Command is paſt,
But forth the dreadful Tempeſt flies,
Which ſweeps the Sea with rapid Haſte,
And makes the ſtormy Billows riſe.

26. Sometimes the Ships, toſs'd up to Heav'n,
On Tops of mountain Waves appear ;
Then down the ſteep Abyſs are driv'n,
Whilſt ev'ry Soul diſſolves with Fear.
27. They reel and ſtagger to and fro,
Like Men with Fumes of Wine oppreſs'd ;
Nor do the ſkilful Seamen know
Which Way to ſteer, what Courſe is beſt.

28. Then ſtraight to God's indulgent Ear
They do their mournful Cry addreſs ;
Who graciouſly vouchſafes to hear,
And frees them from their deep Diſtreſs.

29, 30. He does the raging Storm appeaſe,
And makes the Billows calm and ſtill ;
With Joy they ſee their Fury ceaſe,
And their intended Courſe fulfil.

31. O then that all the Earth, with me,
Would God for this his Goodneſs praiſe !
And for the mighty Works which He
Throughout the wond'ring World diſplays !
32. Let them, where all the Tribes reſort,
Advance to Heav'n his glorious Name,
And in the Elders ſov'reign Court
With one Conſent his Praiſe proclaim !

PART V.

33, 34. A fruitful Land, where Streams abound,
God's juſt Revenge, if People ſin,
Will turn to dry and barren Ground
To puniſh thoſe that dwell therein.
35, 36. The parch'd and deſart Heath he makes
To flow with Streams and ſpringing Wells,
Which for his Lot the Hungry takes,
And in ſtrong Cities ſafely dwells.

37. 38. He ſows the Field, the Vineyard plants,
Which gratefully his Toil repay ;
Nor can, whilſt God his Bleſſing grants,
His fruitful Seed or Stock decay.
39. But when his Sins Heav'n's Wrath provoke,
His Health and Subſtance fade away ;
He feels th' Oppreſſor's galling Yoke,
And is of Grief the wretched Prey.

40. The Prince that ſlights what God commands,
Expos'd to Scorn, muſt quit his Throne ;
And over wild and deſart Lands,
Where no Path offers, ſtray alone.

41. Whilſt

41. Whilſt God, from all afflicting Cares,
Sets up the humble Man on high;
And makes in Time his num'rous Heirs
With his increaſing Flocks to vie.

42. 43. Then Sinners ſhall have nought to ſay,
The Juſt a decent Joy ſhall ſhow;
The Wiſe theſe ſtrange Events ſhall weigh,
And thence God's Goodneſs fully know.

PSALM CVIII.

1 O GOD, my Heart is fully bent,
to magnify thy Name;
My Tongue with chearful Songs of Praiſe
ſhall celebrate thy Fame.
2. Awake, my Lute; nor thou, my Harp,
thy warbling Notes delay;
Whilſt I with early Hymns of Joy
prevent the dawning Day.

3. To all the liſt'ning Tribes, O Lord,
thy Wonders I will tell,
And to thoſe Nations ſing thy Praiſe
that round about us dwell;
4. Becauſe thy Mercy's boundleſs Height
the higheſt Heav'n tranſcends,
And far beyond th' aſpiring Clouds
thy faithful Truth extends.

5. Be Thou, O God, exalted high
Above the ſtarry Frame:
And let the World, with one Conſent,
confeſs thy glorious Name.
6. That all thy choſen People Thee
their Saviour may declare;
Let thy right Hand protect me ſtill,
and anſwer Thou my Pray'r.

7. Since God himſelf has ſaid the Word,
whoſe Promiſe cannot fail,
With Joy I *Sichem* will divide,
and meaſure *Succoth*'s Vale;
8. *Gilead* is mine, *Manaſſeh* too,
and *Ephraim* owns my Cauſe:
Their Strength my regal Pow'r ſupports,
and *Judah* gives my Laws.

9. *Moab* I'll make my ſervile Drudge,
on vanquiſh'd *Edom* tread;
And through the proud *Philiſtine* Lands,
my conqu'ring Banners ſpread.
10. By whoſe Support and Aid ſhall I
their well-fenc'd City gain?
Who will my Troops ſecurely lead
thro' *Edom*'s guarded Plain?

11. Lord, wilt not Thou aſſiſt our Arms,
which late Thou didſt forſake?
And wilt not Thou, of theſe our Hoſts,
once more the Guidance take?
12. O to thy Servants in Diſtreſs
thy ſpeedy Succour ſend;
For vain it is on human Aid
for Safety to depend.

13. Then valiant Acts ſhall we perform,
if Thou thy Pow'r diſcloſe;
For God it is, and God alone,
that treads down all our Foes.

PSALM CIX.

1 O GOD, whoſe former Mercies make
my conſtant Praiſe thy Due,
Hold not thy Peace, but my ſad State
with wonted Favour view.

2. Fo

2. For ſinful Men, with lying Lips.
deceitful Speeches frame,
And with their ſtudy'd Slanders ſeek,
to wound my ſpotleſs Fame.

3. Their reſtleſs Hatred prompts them ſtill
malicious Lies to ſpread ;
And all againſt my Life combine,
by cauſeleſs Fury led.
4. Thoſe whom with tend'reſt Love I us'd,
my chief Oppoſers are ;
Whilſt I, of other Friends bereft,
reſort to Thee by Pray'r.

5. Since Miſchief, for the Good I did,
their ſtrange Reward does prove ;
And Hatred's the Return they make
for undiſſembled Love :
6. Their guilty Leader ſhall be made
to ſome ill Men a Slave :
And when he's try'd, his mortal Foe
for his Accuſer have.

7. His Guilt, when Sentence is pronounc'd,
ſhall meet a dreadful Fate,
Whilſt his rejected Pray'r but ſerves
his Crimes to aggravate.
8. He, ſnatch'd by ſome untimely Fate,
ſhan't live out half his Days :
Another, by divine Decree,
ſhall on his Office ſeize.

9, 10. His Seed ſhall Orphans be, his Wife
a Widow plung'd in Grief :
His vagrant Children beg their Bread,
where none can give Relief.

11. His

11. His ill got Riches ſhall be made
to Uſurers a Prey ;
The Fruit of all his Toil ſhall be
by Strangers born away.

12. None ſhall be found that to his Wants
their Mercy will extend,
Or to his helpleſs Orphan Seed
the leaſt Aſſiſtance lend.
13. A ſwift Deſtruction ſoon ſhall ſeize
on his unhappy Race ;
And the next Age his hated Name
ſhall utterly deface.

14. The Vengeance of his Father's Sins,
upon his Head ſhall fall ;
God on his Mother's Crimes ſhall think,
and puniſh him for all.
15. All theſe in horrid Order rank'd,
before the Lord ſhall ſtand,
'Till his fierce Anger quite cuts off
their Mem'ry from the Land.

PART II.

16. Becauſe he never Mercy ſhew'd.
but ſtill the Poor oppreſs'd ;
And ſought to ſlay the helpleſs Man,
with heavy Woes diſtreſs'd.
17. Therefore the Curſe he lov'd to vent,
ſhall his own Portion prove ;
And Bleſſing, which he ſtill abhor'd,
ſhall far from him remove.

18. Since he in curſing took ſuch Pride,
like Water it ſhall ſpread
Thro' all his Veins, and ſtick like Oil
with which his Bones are fed.

19. This

19. This, like a poiſon'd Robe, ſhall ſtill
his conſtant Cov'ring be ;
Or an evenom'd Belt, from which
he never ſhall be free.

20. Thus ſhall the Lord reward all thoſe,
that Ill to me deſign ;
That with malicious falſe Reports
againſt my Life combine,
21. But for thy glorious Name, O God,
do thou deliver me ;
And for thy gracious Mercy's Sake,
preſerve and ſet me free :

22. For I, to utmoſt Straits reduc'd.
am void of all Relief ;
My Heart is wounded with Diſtreſs
and quite pierc'd thro' with Grief.
23. I, like an Ev'ning Shade, decline,
which vaniſhes apace :
Like Locuſts up and down I'm toſs'd,
and have no certain Place.

24, 25. My Knees with Faſting are grown weak,
my Body lank and lean ;
All that behold me ſhake their Heads,
and treat me with Diſdain.
26. 27, But for thy Mercies ſake, O Lord,
do Thou my Foes withſtand ;
That all may ſee 'tis thy own Act,
the Work of thy right Hand.

28. Then let them curſe, ſo Thou but bleſs ;
let Shame the Portion be
Of all that my Deſtruction ſeek,
while I rejoice in Thee.

29. My

29. My Foe ſhall with Diſgrace be cloath'd,
and ſpite of all his Pride,
His own Confuſion, like a Cloak,
the guilty Wretch ſhall hide.

30. But I to God, in grateful Thanks,
my chearful Voice will raiſe ;
And where the great Aſſembly meets,
ſet forth his noble Praiſe.
31. For Him the Poor ſhall always find
their ſure and conſtant Friend ;
And He ſhall from unrighteous Dooms
their guiltleſs Souls defend.

PSALM CX.

1 THE Lord unto my Lord thus ſpake,
" 'Till I thyFoes thyFootſtool make,
" Sit thou in State, at my right Hand :
2. " Supreme in *Sion* thou ſhalt be,
" And all thy proud Oppreſſors ſee
" Subjected to thy juſt Command.

3. " Thee, in thy Pow'r's triumphant Day,
" The willing Nations ſhall obey ;
" And when thy riſing Beams they view,
" Shall all (redeem'd from Error's Night)
" Appear as numberleſs and bright
" As cryſtal Drops of Morning Dew."

4. The Lord hath ſworn, nor ſworn in vain,
That like *Melchiſedech*'s, thy Reign
And Prieſthood ſhall no Period know :
5. No proud Competitor to ſit
At thy right Hand will He permit ;
But in his Wrath crown'd Heads o'erthrow.

6. The ſentenc'd Heathen He ſhall ſlay,
And fill with Carcaſſes his Way,

'Till

'Till He hath ſtruck Earth's Tyrants dead:
7. But in the High-way Brooks ſhall firſt,
Like a poor Pilgrim, ſlake his Thirſt,
And then in Triumph raiſe his Head.

PSALM CXI.

1 PRaiſe ye the Lord; our God to praiſe
My Soul her utmoſt Pow'rs ſhall raiſe,
With private Friends, and in the Throng
Of Saints, his Praiſe ſhall be my Song.
2. His Works, for Greatneſs tho' renown'd,
His wond'rous Works with Eaſe are found
By thoſe who ſeek for them aright,
And in the pious Search delight.

3. His Works are all of matchleſs Fame,
And univerſal Glory claim;
His Truth confirm'd thro' Ages paſt,
Shall to eternal Ages laſt.
4. By Precept He has us enjoin'd,
To keep his wond'rous Works in Mind;
And to Poſterity record,
That good and gracious is our Lord.

5. His Bounty, like a flowing Tide,
Has all his Servant's Wants ſupply'd;
And He will ever keep in Mind,
His Cov'nant with our Fathers ſign'd.
6. At once aſtoniſh'd and o'erjoy'd,
They ſaw his matchleſs Pow'r employ'd;
Whereby the Heathen were ſuppreſs'd,
And we their Heritage poſſeſs'd.

7. Juſt are the Dealings of his Hands,
Immutable are his Commands,
8. By Truth and Equity ſuſtain'd,
And for eternal Rules ordain'd.

9. He

9. He set his Saints from Bondage free,
And then establish'd his Decree,
For ever to remain the same;
Holy and rev'rend is his Name.

10. Who Wisdom's sacred Prize would win,
Must with the Fear of God begin;
Immortal Praise and heav'nly Skill
Have they who know and do his Will.

PSALM CXII.

HALLELUJAH.

1 THAT Man is blest who stands in awe
Of God, and loves his sacred Law:
2. His Seed on Earth shall be renown'd,
And with successive Honours crown'd.
3. His House, the Seat of Wealth shall be
An inexhausted Treasury;
His Justice, free from all Decay,
Shall Blessings to his Heirs convey.

4. The Soul that's fill'd with Virtue's Light,
Shines brightest in Affliction's Night:
To pity the Distress'd inclin'd,
As well as just to all Mankind.
5. His lib'ral Favours he extends,
To some he gives, to others lends:
Yet what his Charity impairs,
He saves by Prudence in Affairs.

6. Beset with threatning Dangers round:
Unmov'd shall he maintain his Ground;
The sweet Remembrance of the Just
Shall flourish when he sleeps in Dust.
7. Ill Tidings never can surprize
His Heart, that fix'd on God relies:
8. On Safety's Rock he sits, and sees
The Shipwreck of his Enemies.

9. His

9. His Hands, while they his Alms beſtow'd,
His Glory's future Harveſt ſow'd,
Whence he ſhall reap Wealth, Fame, Renown,
A temp'ral and eternal Crown.
10. The Wicked ſhall his Triumph ſee,
And gnaſh their Teeth in Agony ;
While their unrighteous Hopes decay,
And vaniſh with themſelves away.

PSALM CXIII.

1 YE Saints and Servants of the Lord,
The Triumphs of his Name record ;
2. His ſacred Name for ever bleſs
3. Where-e'er the circling Sun diſplays
His riſing Beams or ſetting Rays,
Due Praiſe to his great Name addreſs.

4. God thro' the World extends his Sway
The Regions of eternal Day,
But Shadows of his Glory are,
5. To Him, whoſe Majeſty excels,
Who made the Heav'n in which He dwells,
Let no created Pow'r compare.

6. Though 'tis beneath his State to view
In higheſt Heav'n what Angels do,
Yet He to Earth vouchſafes his Care :
He takes the Needy from his Cell,
Advancing him in Courts to dwell,
Companion to the greateſt there.

7. When childleſs Families deſpair,
He ſends the Bleſſings of an Heir,
To reſcue their expiring Name :
Makes her that barren was, to bear,
And joyfully her Fruit to rear.
O then extol his matchleſs Fame ?

PSALM

PSALM CXIV.

1 WHEN *Isr'el* by th' Almighty led,
(Enrich'd, with their Oppressor's Spoil)
From *Egypt* march'd, and *Jacob*'s Seed
From Bondage in a foreign Soil;
2. *Jehovah*, for his Residence,
Chose out imperial *Judah*'s Tent,
His Mansion Royal, and from thence
Thro' *Isr'el*'s Camp his Orders sent.

3. The distant Sea with Terror saw,
And from th' Almighty's Presence fled;
Old *Jordan*'s Streams surpriz'd with Awe,
Retreated to their Fountain's Head.
4. The taller Mountains skipp'd, like Rams
When Danger near the Fold they hear;
The Hills skipp'd after them, like Lambs
Affrighted by their Leader's Fear.

5. O Sea, what made your Tide withdraw,
And naked leave your oozy Bed?
Why *Jordan* against Nature's Law,
Recoil'st thou to thy Fountain's Head?
6. Why Mountains did ye skip like Rams,
When Danger does approach the Fold?
Why after you the Hills like Lambs,
When they their Leader's Flight behold?

7. Earth tremble on; well may'st thou fear
Thy Lord and Maker's Face to see:
When *Jacob*'s awful God draws near,
'Tis time for Earth and Seas to flee.
8. To flee from God, who Nature's Law
Confirms and cancels at his Will?
Who Springs from flinty Rocks can draw,
And thirsty Vales with Water fill.

PSALM

PSALM CXV.

1 LORD, not to us, we claim no Share,
but to thy ſacred Name
Give Glory, for thy Mercy's ſake,
and Truth's eternal Fame.
2. Why ſhould the Heathen cry, where's now
the God whom we adore ?
3. Convince them that in Heav'n Thou art,
and uncontroul'd thy Pow'r.

4. Their Gods but Gold and Silver are,
the Works of mortal Hands ;
5. With ſpeechleſs Mouth, and ſightleſs Eyes,
the molten Idol ſtands.
6. The Pageant has both Ears and Noſe,
but neither hears nor ſmells ;
7. Its Hands and Feet nor feel, nor move ;
no Life within it dwells.

8. Such ſenſeleſs Stocks they are, that we
can nothing like them find ;
But thoſe who on their Help rely,
and them for Gods deſign'd.
9. O *Iſr'el*, make the Lord your Truſt,
who is your Help and Shield ;
10. Prieſts, Levites, truſt in Him alone,
who only Help can yield.

11. Let all, who truly fear the Lord,
on Him they fear rely ;
Who them in Danger can defend,
and all their Wants ſupply.
12, 13. Of us He oft has mindful been,
and *Iſr'el*'s Houſe will bleſs ;
Prieſts, Levites, Proſelytes, ev'n all
who his great Name confeſs.

14. On

14. On you, and on your Heirs He will
increase of Blessings bring :
15. Thrice happy you, who Fav'rites are
of this almighty King.
16. Heav'ns highest Orb of Glory, He
his Empire's Seat design'd ;
And gave his lower Globe of Earth
a Portion to Mankind.

17. They who in Death and Silence sleep
to Him no Praise afford :
18. But we will bless for evermore
our ever-living Lord.

PSALM CXVI.

1 MY Soul, with grateful Thoughts of Love
entirely is possest,
Because the Lord vouchsaf'd to hear
the Voice of my Request.
2. Since He has now his Ear inclin'd,
I never will despair ;
But still in all the Straits of Life
to Him address my Pray'r.

3. With deadly Sorrows compass'd round,
with Pains of Hell oppress'd ;
When Troubles seiz'd my aking Heart,
and Anguish rack'd my Breast :
4. On God's almighty Name I call'd,
and thus to Him I pray'd ;
" Lord I beseech Thee, save my Soul
" with Sorrows quite dismay'd ;

5, 6. How just and merciful is God,
how gracious is the Lord !
Who saves the Harmless, and to me
does timely Help afford.

7. Then

7. Then free from penſive Cares, my Soul
resume thy wonted Reſt;
For God has wond'rouſly to thee
his bounteous Love expreſt.

8. When Death alarm'd me, He remov'd
my Dangers and my Fears:
My Feet from falling He ſecur'd,
and dry'd my Eyes from Tears.
9. Therefore my Life's remaining Years,
which God to me ſhall lend,
Will I in Praiſes to his Name,
and in his Service ſpend.

10, 11. In God I truſted, and of Him
in greateſt Straits did boaſt;
(For in my Flight all Hopes of Aid
from faithleſs Men were loſt:)
12, 13. Then what Return to Him ſhall I
for all His Goodneſs make?
I'll praiſe his Name, and with glad Zeal
the Cup of Bleſſing take.

14, 15. I'll pay my Vows amongſt his Saints,
whoſe Blood (howe'er deſpis'd
By wicked Men) in God's Account
is always highly priz'd:
16. By various Ties, O Lord, muſt I
to thy Dominion bow;
Thy humble Handmaid's Son before,
thy ranſom'd Captive now!

17, 18. To Thee I'll Off'rings bring of Praiſe;
and whilſt I bleſs thy Name,
The juſt Performance of my Vows
to all thy Saints proclaim.

19. They

19. They in *Jeruſalem* ſhall meet,
and in thy Houſe ſhall join,
To bleſs thy Name with one Conſent,
and mix their Songs with mine.

PSALM CXVII.

1 WITH chearful Notes let all the Earth
to Heav'n their Voices raiſe:
Let all, inſpir'd with godly Mirth,
ſing ſolemn Hymns of Praiſe.
2. God's tender Mercy knows no Bound,
his Truth ſhall ne'er decay;
Then let the willing Nations round,
their grateful Tribute pay.

PSALM CXVIII.

1, O Praiſe the Lord, for He is good,
2. his Mercies ne'er decay:
That his kind Favours ever laſt,
let thankful *Iſr'el* ſay.
3, 4. Their Senſe of his eternal Love,
let *Aaron*'s Houſe expreſs;
And that it never fails, let all
that fear the Lord, confeſs.

3. To God I made my humble Moan,
with Troubles quite oppreſt;
And He releas'd me from my Straits,
and granted my Requeſt.
6. Since therefore God does on my Side
ſo graciouſly appear,
Why ſhould the vain Attempts of Men
poſſeſs my Soul with Fear?

7. Since God with thoſe that aid my Cauſe
vouchſafes my Part to take,
To all my Foes, I need not doubt,
a juſt Return to make.

8, 9. Fo

8, 9. For better 'tis to truſt in God,
and have the Lord our Friend,
Than on the greateſt human Pow'r
for Safety to depend.

10, 11. Tho' many Nations cloſely leagu'd,
did oft beſet me round :
Yet by his boundleſs Pow'r ſuſtain'd,
I did their Strength confound.
12. They ſwarm'd like Bees, and yet their Rage,
was but a ſhort-liv'd Blaze ;
For whilſt on God I ſtill rely'd,
I vanquiſh'd them with Eaſe.

13. When all united preſs'd me hard,
in hopes to make me fall ;
The Lord vouchſaf'd to take my Part,
and ſav'd me from them all.
14. The Honour of my ſtrange Eſcape
to Him alone belongs ;
He is my Saviour and my Strength,
He only claims my Songs.

15. Joy fills the Dwelling of the Juſt,
whom God has ſav'd from Harm ;
For wond'rous Things are brought to paſs
by his almighty Arm.
16. He, by his own reſiſtleſs Pow'r,
has endleſs Honour won ;
The ſaving Strength of his right Hand,
amazing Works has done.

17. God will not ſuffer me to fall,
but ſtill prolongs my Days ;
That by declaring all his Works
I may advance his Praiſe.

18. When

18. When God had ſorely me chaſtiz'd,
till quite of Hopes bereav'd,
His Mercy from the Gates of Death
my fainting Life repriev'd.

19. Then open wide the Temple Gates
to which the Juſt repair,
That I may enter in and praiſe
my great Deliv'rer there.
20, 21. Within thoſe Gates of God's Abode
to which the righteous preſs,
Since Thou haſt heard, and ſet me ſafe,
thy holy Name I'll bleſs.

22, 23. That which the Builders once refus'd,
is now the Corner Stone.
This is the wond'rous Work of God,
the Work of God alone.
24, 25. This Day is God's; let all the Land
exalt their chearful Voice:
Lord, we beſeech thee, ſave us now,
and make us ſtill rejoice.

26. Him that approaches in God's Name,
let all th' Aſſembly bleſs;
"We that belong to God's own Houſe
"have wiſh'd you good Succeſs."
27. God is the Lord, through whom we all
both Light and Comfort find;
Faſt to the Altar's Horns with Cords
the choſen Victim bind.

28. Thou art my Lord, O God, and ſtill
I'll praiſe thy holy Name;
Becauſe Thou only art my God,
I'll celebrate thy Fame.

29. O

29 O then with me give Thanks to God,
who ſtill does gracious prove ;
And let the Tribute of our Praiſe
be endleſs as his Love.

PSALM CXIX. *ALEPH.*

1 HOW bleſs'd are they who always keep
the pure and perfect Way !
Who never from the ſacred Paths
of God's Commandments ſtray !
2. Thrice bleſs'd ! who to his righteous Laws
have ſtill obedient been !
And have with fervent humble Zeal
his Favour ſought to win !

3. Such Men their utmoſt Caution uſe
to ſhun each wicked Deed ;
But in the Path which He directs
with conſtant Care proceed.
4. Thou ſtrictly haſt enjoin'd us, Lord,
to learn thy ſacred Will ;
And all our Diligence employ
thy Statutes to fulfil.

5. O then that thy moſt holy Will
might o'er my Ways preſide !
And I the Courſe of all my Life
by thy Direction guide !
6. Then with Aſſurance ſhould I walk,
from all Confuſion free ;
Convinc'd with Joy, that all my Ways
with thy Commands agree.

7. My upright Heart ſhall my glad Mouth
with chearful Praiſes fill ;
When, by thy righteous Judgments taught,
I ſhall have learnt thy Will.

8. So to thy ſacred Law ſhall I
all due Obſervance pay :
O then forſake me not, my God,
nor caſt me quite away.

BETH.

9. How ſhall the Young preſerve their Ways
from all Pollution free ?
By making ſtill their Courſe of Life
with thy Commands agree.
10. With hearty Zeal for Thee I ſeek,
to Thee for Succour pray ;
O ſuffer not my careleſs Steps
from thy right Paths to ſtray.

11. Safe in my Heart, and cloſely hid,
thy Word, my Treaſure, lies ;
To ſuccour me with timely Aid,
when ſinful Thoughts ariſe.
12. Secur'd by that, my grateful Soul
ſhall ever bleſs thy Name :
O teach me then by thy juſt Laws
my future Life to frame.

13. My Lips, unlock'd by pious Zeal,
to others have declar'd ;
How well the Judgments of thy Mouth
deſerve our beſt Regard.
14. Whilſt in the Way of thy Commands
more ſolid Joy I found,
Than had I been with vaſt Increaſe
of envy'd Riches crown'd.

15. Therefore thy juſt and upright Laws
ſhall always fill my Mind,
And thoſe ſound Rules which thou preſcrib'ſt,
all due Reſpect ſhall find.

16. To

16. To keep thy Statutes undefac'd
shall be my conſtant Joy ;
The ſtrict Remembrance of thy Word
ſhall all my Thoughts employ.

GIMEL.

17. Be gracious to thy Servant, Lord,
do Thou my Life defend,
That I according to thy Word
my Time to come may ſpend.
18. Enlighten both my Eyes and Mind,
that ſo I may diſcern
The wondrous Things which they behold,
who thy juſt Precepts learn.

19. Tho' like a Stranger in the Land,
from Place to Place I ſtray,
Thy righteous Judgments from my Sight,
remove not Thou away.
20. My fainting Soul is almoſt pin'd,
with earneſt Longing ſpent ;
Whilſt always on the eager Search
of thy juſt Will intent.

21. Thy ſharp Rebuke ſhall cruſh the Proud,
whom ſtill thy Curſe purſues ;
Since they to walk in thy right Ways
preſumptuouſly refuſe.
22. But far from me do Thou, O Lord,
Contempt and Shame remove ;
For I thy ſacred Laws affect
with undiſſembled Love.

23. Tho' Princes oft, in Council met,
againſt thy Servant ſpake ;
Yet I thy Statutes to obſerve,
my conſtant Bus'neſs make.

24. For thy Commands have always been
my Comfort and Delight;
By them I learn with prudent Care,
to guide my Steps aright.

DALETH.

25. My Soul oppreſs'd with deadly Care,
cloſe to the Duſt does cleave;
Revive me, Lord, and let me now
thy promis'd Aid receive.
26. To Thee I ſtill declar'd my Ways,
and thou inclin'dſt thine Ear;
O teach me then my future Life
by thy juſt Laws to ſteer.

27. If Thou wilt make me know thy Laws,
and by thy Guidance walk,
The wond'rous Works which Thou haſt done,
ſhall be my conſtant Talk.
28. But ſee, my Soul within me ſinks,
preſs'd down with weighty Care;
Do Thou, according to thy Word,
my waſted Strength repair.

29. Far, far from me be all falſe Ways,
and lying Arts remov'd!
But kindly grant I ſtill may keep
the Path by Thee approv'd.
30. Thy faithful Ways, thou God of Truth,
my happy Choice I've made;
Thy Judgments, as my Rule of Life,
before me always laid.

31. My Care has been to make my Life
with thy Commands agree;
O then preſerve thy Servant, Lord,
from Shame and Ruin free.

32. So in the Way of thy Commands
shall I with Pleasure run,
And with a Heart enlarg'd with Joy,
successfully go on.

H E.

33. Instruct me in thy Statutes, Lord,
thy righteous Paths display;
And I from them, through all my Life,
will never go astray.
34. If Thou true Wisdom from above
wilt graciously impart,
To keep thy perfect Laws I will
devote my zealous Heart.

35. Direct me in the sacred Ways
to which thy Precepts lead;
Because my chief Delight has been
thy righteous Paths to tread.
36. Do Thou to thy most just Commands
incline my willing Heart;
Let no Desire of worldly Wealth
from Thee my Thoughts divert.

37. From those vain Objects turn my Eyes,
which this false World displays;
But give me lively Power and Strength
to keep thy righteous Ways.
38. Confirm the Promise which Thou mad'st,
and give thy Servant Aid,
Who to transgress thy sacred Laws
is awfully afraid.

39. The foul Disgrace I justly fear,
in Mercy, Lord, remove;
For all the Judgments Thou ordain'st
are full of Grace and Love.

40. Thou know'ſt how, after thy Commands,
my longing Heart does pant;
O then make haſte to raiſe me up,
and promis'd Succour grant.

VAU.

41. Thy conſtant Bleſſing, Lord, beſtow
to chear my drooping Heart;
To me, according to thy Word,
thy ſaving Health impart.
42. So ſhall I, when my Foes upbraid,
this ready Anſwer make;
"In God I truſt, who never will
"his faithful Promiſe break."

43. Then let not quite the Word of Truth
be from my Mouth remov'd;
Since ſtill my Ground of ſtedfaſt Hope
thy juſt Decrees have prov'd.
44. So I to keep thy righteous Laws,
will all my Study bend;
From Age to Age, my Time to come
in their Obſervance ſpend.

45. E'er long I truſt to walk at large,
from all Incumbrance free;
Since I reſolve to make my Life
with thy Commands agree.
46. Thy Laws ſhall be my conſtant Talk;
and Princes ſhall attend,
While I the Juſtice of thy Ways
with Confidence defend.

47. My longing Heart and raviſh'd Soul
ſhall both o'erflow with Joy,
When in thy lov'd Commandments I
my happy Hours employ.

48. Then

48. Then will I to thy juſt Decrees
lift up my willing Hands :
My Care and Bus'neſs then ſhall be
to ſtudy thy Commands.

ZAIN.

49. According to thy promis'd Grace,
thy Favour, Lord, extend ;
Make good to me the Word, on which
thy Servant's Hopes depend.
50. That only Comfort in Diſtreſs
did all my Griefs controul ;
Thy Word, when Troubles hemm'd me round,
reviv'd my fainting Soul.

51. Inſulting Foes did proudly mock,
and all my Hopes deride ;
Yet, from thy Law, not all their Scoffs
could make me turn aſide.
52. Thy Judgments then, of ancient Date,
I quickly call'd to mind,
'Till raviſh'd with ſuch Thoughts, my Soul
did ſpeedy Comfort find.

53. Sometimes I ſtand amaz'd, like one
with deadly Horror ſtruck,
To think how all my ſinful Foes
have thy juſt Laws forſook.
54. But I thy Statutes and Decrees
my chearful Anthems made ;
Whilſt thro' ſtrange Lands and Deſarts wild
I like a Pilgrim ſtray'd.

55. Thy Name, that chear'd my Heart by Day,
has fill'd my Thoughts by Night ;
I then reſolv'd by thy juſt Laws,
to guide my Steps aright.

56. That Peace of Mind, which has my Soul
in deep Diſtreſs ſuſtain'd,
By ſtrict Obedience to thy Will
I happily obtain'd.

CHETH.

57. O Lord, my God, my Portion Thou
and ſure Poſſeſſion art;
Thy Words I ſtedfaſtly reſolve
to treaſure in my Heart.
58. With all the Strength of warm Deſires
I did thy Grace implore;
Diſcloſe, according to thy Word,
thy Mercies boundleſs Store.

59. With due Reflection and ſtrict Care
on all my Ways I thought;
And ſo, reclaim'd to thy juſt Paths,
my wand'ring Steps I brought.
60. I loſt no Time, but made great Haſte,
reſolv'd, without Delay,
To watch, that I might never more
from thy Commandments ſtray.

61. Tho' num'rous Troops of ſinful Men
to rob me have combin'd;
Yet I thy pure and righteous Laws
have ever kept in mind.
62. In dead of Night I will ariſe
to ſing thy ſolemn Praiſe;
Convinc'd how much I always ought
to love thy righteous Ways.

63. To ſuch as fear thy holy Name,
myſelf I cloſely join;
To all who their obedient Wills
to thy Commands reſign.

64. O'er

64. O'er all the Earth thy Mercy, Lord,
abundantly is ſhed;
O make me then exactly learn
thy ſacred Paths to tread.

TETH.

65. With me, thy Servant, Thou haſt dealt
moſt graciouſly, O Lord,
Repeated Benefits beſtow'd,
according to thy Word.
66. Teach me the ſacred Skill, by which
right Judgment is attain'd,
Who in Belief of thy Commands
have ſtedfaſtly remain'd.

67. Before Affliction ſtopp'd my Courſe,
my Footſteps went aſtray;
But I have ſince been diſciplin'd,
thy Precepts to obey.
68. Thou art, O Lord, ſupremely good,
and all Thou doſt is ſo;
On me, thy Statutes to diſcern,
thy ſaving Skill beſtow.

69. The proud have forg'd malicious Lies,
my ſpotleſs Fame to ſtain;
But my fix'd Heart, without Reſerve,
thy Precepts ſhall retain.
70. While pamper'd they, with proſp'rous Ills,
in ſenſual Pleaſures live,
My Soul can reliſh no Delight,
but what thy Precepts give.

71. 'Tis good for me that I have felt
Affliction's chaſt'ning Rod,
That I might duly learn and keep
the Statutes of my God.

72. The Law that from thy Mouth proceeds,
of more Esteem I hold,
Than untouch'd Mines, than thousand Mines
of Silver and of Gold.

JOD.

73. To me, who am the Workmanship
of thy almighty Hands,
The heav'nly Understanding give
to learn thy just Commands.
74. My Preservation to thy Saints
strong Comfort will afford,
To see Success attend my Hopes,
who trusted in thy Word.

75. That right thy Judgments are, I now
by sure Experience see;
And that in Faithfulness, O Lord,
Thou hast afflicted me.
76. O let thy tender Mercy now
afford me needful Aid:
According to thy Promise, Lord,
to me thy Servant made.

77. To me thy saving Grace restore,
that I again may live;
Whose Soul can relish no Delight,
but what thy Precepts give.
78. Defeat the proud, who unprovok'd,
to ruin me have sought,
Who only on thy sacred Laws
employ my harmless Thought.

79. Let those that fear thy Name espouse
my Cause, and those alone,
Who have by strict and pious Search
thy sacred Precepts known.

80. In

80. In thy bleſt Statutes let my Heart
continue always ſound,
That Guilt and Shame, the Sinner's Lot,
may never me confound.

CAPH.

81. My Soul with long Expectance faints
to ſee thy ſaving Grace:
Yet ſtill on thy unerring Word
my Confidence I place.
82. My very Eyes conſume and fail
with waiting for thy Word;
O! when wilt Thou thy kind Relief
and promis'd Aid afford?

83. My Skin like ſhrivel'd Parchment ſhows,
that long in Smoak is ſet;
Yet no Affliction me can force
thy Statutes to forget.
84. How many Days muſt I endure
of Sorrow and Diſtreſs?
When wilt Thou Judgment execute
on them who me oppreſs?

85. The proud have digg'd a Pit for me,
who have no other Foes,
But ſuch as are averſe to thee,
and thy juſt Laws oppoſe.
86. With Right and Truth's eternal Laws
all thy Commands agree;
Men perſecute me without Cauſe,
Thou, Lord, my Helper be.

87. With cloſe Deſigns againſt my Life
they had almoſt prevail'd;
But in Obedience to thy Will
my Duty never fail'd:

88. Thy

88. Thy wonted Kindness, Lord, restore,
my drooping Heart to chear;
That by thy righteous Statutes, I
my Life's whole Course may steer.

LAMED.

89. For ever, and for ever, Lord,
unchang'd thou dost remain;
Thy Word, establish'd in the Heav'ns,
does all their Orbs sustain.
90. Thro' circling Ages, Lord, thy Truth
immoveable shall stand,
As doth the Earth, which Thou uphold'st
by thy almighty Hand.

91. All Things the Course by Thee ordain'd,
ev'n to this Day fulfill;
They are thy faithful Subjects all,
and Servants of thy Will.
92. Unless thy sacred Law had been
my Comfort and Delight,
I must have fainted, and expir'd
in dark Affliction's Night.

93. Thy Precepts therefore from my Tho'ts
shall never, Lord, depart;
For Thou by them hast to new Life
restor'd my dying Heart.
94. As I am thine, entirely thine,
protect me, Lord, from Harm;
Who have thy Precepts sought to know,
and carefully perform.

95. The Wicked have their Ambush laid
my guiltless Life to take;
But in the midst of Danger I
thy Word my Study make.

96. I've

96. I've ſeen an End of what we call
Perfection here below :
But thy Commandments, like Thyſelf,
no Change or Period know.

M E M.

97. The Love that to thy Laws I bear,
no Language can diſplay ;
They with freſh Wonders entertain
my raviſh'd Thoughts all Day.
98. Thro' thy Commands I wiſer grow
than all my ſubtle Foes ;
For thy ſure Word doth me direct,
and all my Ways diſpoſe.

99. From me, my former Teachers now
may abler Counſel take ;
Becauſe thy ſacred Precepts I
my conſtant Study make.
100. In Underſtanding I excel
the Sages of our Days ;
Becauſe by thy unerring Rules
I order all my Ways.

101. My Feet with Care I have refrain'd
from ev'ry ſinful Way,
That to thy ſacred Word I might
entire Obedience pay.
102. I have not from thy Judgments ſtray'd,
by vain Deſires miſled ;
For, Lord, Thou haſt inſtructed me
thy righteous Paths to tread.

103. How ſweet are all thy Words to me ;
O what divine Repaſt !
How much more grateful to my Soul,
than Honey to my Taſte !

104. Taught

104. Taught by thy ſacred Precepts, I
with heav'nly Skill am bleſt,
Thro' which, the treach'rous Ways of Sin
I utterly deteſt.

N U N.

105. Thy Word is to my Feet a Lamp,
the Way of Truth to ſhow;
A Watch-light to point out the Path,
in which I ought to go.
106. I ſware (and from my ſolemn Oath
I'll never ſtart aſide)
That in thy righteous Judgments I
will ſtedfaſtly abide.

107. Since I with Griefs am ſo oppreſt,
that I can bear no more;
According to thy Word, do Thou
my fainting Soul reſtore.
108. Let ſtill my Sacrifice of Praiſe
with Thee Acceptance find;
And in thy righteous Judgments, Lord,
inſtruct my willing Mind.

109. Tho' ghaſtly Dangers me ſurround,
my Soul they cannot awe,
Nor with continual Terrors keep
from thinking on thy Law.
110. My wicked and invet'rate Foes
for me their Snares have laid;
Yet I have kept the upright Path,
nor from thy Precepts ſtray'd.

111. Thy Teſtimonies I have made
my Heritage and Choice;
For they, when other Comforts fail,
my drooping Heart rejoice.

112. My

112. My Heart with early Zeal began
thy Statutes to obey;
And 'till my Course of Life is done
shall keep thy upright Way.

SAMECH.

113. Deceitful Thoughts and Practices
I utterly detest;
But to thy Law Affection bear
too great to be express'd.
114. My Hiding-place, my Refuge-Tower,
and Shield art Thou, O Lord;
I firmly anchor all my Hopes
on thy unerring Word.

115. Hence ye that trade in Wickedness,
approach not my Abode;
For firmly I resolve to keep
the Precepts of my God.
116. According to thy gracious Word,
from Danger set me free;
Nor make me of those Hopes asham'd,
that I repose on Thee.

117. Uphold me, so shall I be safe,
and rescu'd from Distress;
To thy Decrees continually
my just Respect address.
118. The Wicked Thou hast trod to Earth,
who from thy Statutes stray'd;
Their vile Deceit the just Reward
of their own Falshood made.

117. The Wicked from thy holy Land
Thou dost like Dross remove;
Therefore, with such Justice charm'd,
thy Testimonies love.

120. Yet with that Love they make me dread,
  lest I should so offend,
When on Transgressors I behold
  thy Judgments thus descend.

A I N.

121. Judgment and Justice I have lov'd;
  O therefore, Lord, engage
In my Defence, nor give me up
  to my Oppressor's Rage.
122. Do Thou be Surety, Lord, for me,
  and so shall this Distress
Prove good for me; nor shall the proud
  my guiltless Soul oppress.

123. My Eyes, alas! begin to fail,
  in long Expectance held;
'Till thy Salvation they behold,
  and righteous Word fulfill'd.
124. To me, thy Servant in Distress,
  thy wonted Grace display,
And discipline my willing Heart
  thy Statutes to obey.

125. On me devoted to thy Fear,
  thy sacred Skill bestow,
That of thy Testimonies I
  the full Extent may know.
126. 'Tis Time, high Time for thee, O Lord,
  thy Vengeance to employ,
When Men with open Violence
  thy sacred Law destroy.

127. Yet their Contempt of thy Commands
  but makes their Value rise
In my Esteem, who purest Gold
  compar'd with them despise.

128. Thy

128. Thy Precepts therefore I account,
in all Respects, divine:
They teach me to discern the right,
and all false Ways decline.

P E.

129. The Wonders which thy Laws contain,
no Words can represent;
Therefore to learn and practise them,
my zealous Heart is bent.
130. The very Entrance to thy Word
cœlestial Light displays,
And Knowledge of true Happiness
to simplest Minds conveys.

131. With eager Hopes I waiting stood.
and fainted with Desire,
That of thy wise Commands I might
the sacred Skill acquire.
132. With Favour, Lord, look down on me,
who thy Relief implore;
As Thou art wont to visit those
that thy blest Name adore.

133. Directed by thy heav'nly Word,
let all my Footsteps be;
Nor Wickedness of any kind
dominion have o'er me.
134. Release, entirely set me free
from persecuting Hands,
That, unmolested, I may learn
and practise thy Commands.

135. On me, devoted to thy Fear,
Lord, make thy Face to shine:
Thy Statutes both to know and keep,
my Heart with Zeal incline.

136. My

136. My Eyes to weeping Fountains turn,
whence briny Rivers flow,
To ſee Mankind againſt thy Laws
in bold Defiance go.

TSADDI.

137. Thou art the righteous Judge, in whom
wrong'd Innocence may truſt ;
And, like Thyſelf, thy Judgments, Lord,
in all Reſpects are juſt.
138. Moſt juſt and true thoſe Statutes were,
which Thou didſt firſt decree ;
And all with Faithfulneſs perform'd,
ſucceeding Times ſhall ſee.

139. With Zeal my Fleſh conſumes away,
my Soul with Anguiſh frets,
To ſee my Foes contemn at once
thy Promiſes and Threats.
140. Yet each neglected Word of thine
(howe'er by them deſpis'd)
Is pure, and for eternal Truth
by me, thy Servant, priz'd.

141. Brought, for thy ſake, to low Eſtate,
Contempt from all I find ;
Yet no Affronts or Wrongs can drive
thy Precepts from my Mind.
142. Thy Righteouſneſs ſhall then endure,
when Time itſelf is paſt ;
Thy Law is Truth itſelf, that Truth
which ſhall forever laſt.

143. Tho' Trouble, Anguiſh, Doubts, and Dread
to compaſs me unite,
Beſet with Danger, ſtill I make
thy Precepts my Delight.

144. Eternal

144. Eternal and unerring Rules
thy Teſtimonies give :
Teach me the Wiſdom that will make
my Soul for ever live.

KOPH.

145. With my whole Heart to God I call'd,
Lord, hear my earneſt Cry ;
And I, thy Statutes to perform,
will all my Care apply.
146. Again more fervently I pray'd,
O ſave me, that I may
Thy Teſtimonies throughly know,
and ſtedfaſtly obey.

147. My earlier Pray'r the dawning Day
prevented, while I cry'd
To Him on whoſe engaging Word
my Hope alone rely'd.
148. With Zeal have I awak'd before
the midnight Watch was ſet,
That I of thy myſterious Word
might perfect Knowledge get.

149. Lord, hear my ſupplicating Voice,
and wonted Favour ſhew ;
O quicken me, and ſo approve
thy Judgments ever true.
150. My perſecuting Foes advance,
and hourly nearer draw ;
What Treatment can I hope from them
who violate thy Law ?

151. Tho' they draw nigh, my Comfort is
Thou, Lord, art yet more near ;
Thou, whoſe Commands are righteous all,
thy Promiſes ſincere.

152. Con-

152. Concerning thy divine Decrees,
my Soul has known of old
That they were true, and ſhall their Truth
to endleſs Ages hold.

RESCH.

153. Conſider my Affliction, Lord,
and me from Bondage draw;
Think on thy Servant in Diſtreſs,
who ne'er forgets thy Law.
154. Plead Thou my Cauſe; to that and me
thy timely Aid afford;
With Beams of Mercy quicken me,
according to thy Word.

155. From harden'd Sinners Thou remov'ſt
Salvation far away.
'Tis juſt Thou ſhould'ſt withdraw from them,
who from thy Statutes ſtray.
156. Since great thy tender Mercies are
to all who Thee adore;
According to thy Judgments, Lord,
my fainting Hopes reſtore.

157. A num'rous Hoſt of ſpiteful Foes
againſt my Life combine;
But all too few to force my Soul
thy Statutes to decline.
158. Thoſe bold Tranſgreſſors I beheld,
and was with Grief oppreſs'd,
To ſee with what audacious Pride
thy Cov'nant they tranſgreſs'd.

159. Yet while they ſlight, conſider, Lord,
how I thy Precepts love;
O therefore quicken me with Beams
of Mercy from above.

160. As from the Birth of Time thy Truth
has held through Ages paſt,
So ſhall thy righteous Judgments, firm,
to endleſs Ages laſt.

SCHIN.

161. Tho' mighty Tyrants, without Cauſe,
conſpire my Blood to ſhed,
Thy ſacred Word has Pow'r alone
to fill my Heart with Dread.
162. And yet that Word my joyful Breaſt
with heav'nly Rapture warms,
Nor Conqueſt, nor the Spoils of War,
have ſuch tranſporting Charms.

163. Perfidious Practices and Lies
I utterly deteſt;
But to thy Laws Affection bear,
too vaſt to be expreſt.
164. Sev'n times a Day, with grateful Voice,
thy Praiſes I reſound,
Becauſe I find thy Judgments all
with Truth and Juſtice crown'd.

165. Secure, ſubſtantial Peace have they
who truly love thy Law;
No ſmiling Miſchief them can tempt,
nor frowning Danger awe.
166. For thy Salvation I have hop'd,
and though ſo long delay'd,
With chearful Zeal and ſtricteſt Care
all thy Commands obey.

167. Thy Teſtimonies I have kept,
and conſtantly obey'd;
Becauſe the Love I bore to them,
thy Service eaſy made.

168. From

168. From ſtrict Obſervance of thy Laws,
I never yet withdrew;
Convinc'd that my moſt ſecret Ways
are open to thy View.

TAU.

169. To my Requeſt and earneſt Cry
attend, O gracious Lord;
Inſpire my Heart with heav'nly Skill,
according to thy Word.
170. Let my repeated Pray'r at laſt
before thy Throne appear;
According to thy plighted Word
for my Relief draw near.

171. Then ſhall my grateful Lips return
the Tribute of their Praiſe,
When Thou thy Counſels haſt reveal'd,
and taught me thy juſt Ways.
172. My Tongue the Praiſes of thy Word
ſhall thankfully reſound,
Becauſe thy Promiſes are all
with Truth and Juſtice crown'd.

173. Let thy almighty Arm appear,
and bring me timely Aid;
For I the Laws Thou haſt ordain'd,
my Heart's free Choice have made.
174. My Soul has waited long to ſee
thy ſaving Grace reſtor'd;
Nor Comfort knew, but what thy Laws,
thy heav'nly Laws afford.

175. Prolong my Life, that I may ſing
my great Reſtorer's Praiſe,
Whoſe Juſtice from the Depths of Woes
my fainting Soul ſhall raiſe.

176. Like

176. Like ſome loſt Sheep I've ſtray'd, 'till I
  deſpair my Way to find :
Thou therefore, Lord, thy Servant ſeek,
  who keeps thy Laws in Mind.

PSALM CXX.

1 IN deep Diſtreſs I oft have cry'd
  To God, who never yet deny'd
  To reſcue me oppreſs'd with Wrongs :
2. Once more, O Lord, Deliv'rance ſend,
From lying Lips my Soul defend,
  And from the Rage of ſland'ring Tongues.

3. What little Profit can accrue,
And yet what heavy Wrath is due,
  O thou perfidious Tongue, to thee ?
4. Thy Sting upon thyſelf ſhall turn ;
Of laſting Flames that fiercely burn,
  The conſtant Fuel thou ſhalt be.

5. But O ! how wretched is my Doom,
Who am a Sojourner become
  In barren *Meſech*'s deſart Soil !
With *Kedar*'s wicked Tents inclos'd,
To lawleſs Savages expos'd,
  Who live on nought but Theft and Spoil.

6. My hapleſs Dwelling is with thoſe
Who Peace and Amity oppoſe,
  And Pleaſure take in others Harms :
7. Sweet Peace is all I court and ſeek ;
But when to them of Peace I ſpeak,
  They ſtraight cry out, *To Arms, To Arms.*

PSALM CXXI.

1 TO *Sion*'s Hill I lift my Eyes,
  from thence expecting Aid ;
2. From *Sion*'s Hill and *Sion*'s God,
  who Heav'n and Earth has made. 3. Then

3. Then thou, my Soul, in Safety reſt;
thy Guardian will not ſleep:
4. His watchful Care that *Iſr'el* guards,
will *Iſr'el*'s Monarch keep.

5. Shelter'd beneath th' Almighty's Wings,
thou ſhalt ſecurely reſt,
6. Where neither Sun nor Moon ſhall thee
by Day or Night moleſt.
7. From common Accidents of Life
his Care ſhall guard thee ſtill;
From Evils undeſign'd, and Foes
that lie in wait to kill.

8. At Home, Abroad, in Peace in War,
thy God ſhall thee defend;
Conduct thee thro' Life's Pilgrimage,
ſafe to thy Journey's end.

PSALM CXXII.

1 O 'Twas a joyful Sound to hear
our Tribes devoutly ſay,
Up *Iſr'el*, to the Temple haſte,
and keep your Feſtal Day.
2. At *Salem*'s Courts we muſt appear,
with our aſſembled Pow'rs;
3. In ſtrong and beauteous Order rang'd,
like her united Tow'rs;

4. 'Tis thither by divine Command,
the Tribes of God repair,
Before his Ark to celebrate
his Name with Praiſe and Pray'r.
5. Tribunals ſtand erected there,
where Equity takes place;
There ſtand the Courts and Palaces
of royal *David*'s Race.

6. O,

6. O pray we then for *Salem*'s Peace,
for they ſhall proſp'rous be,
(Thou holy City of our God !)
who bear true Love to thee.
7. May Peace within thy ſacred Walls
a conſtant Gueſt be found,
With Plenty and Proſperity
thy Palaces be crown'd.

8. For my dear Brethren's Sake, and Friends,
no leſs than Brethren dear,
I'll pray—May Peace in *Salem*'s Tow'rs
a conſtant Gueſt appear.
9. But moſt of all, I'll ſeek thy Good,
and ever wiſh thee well,
For *Sion* and the Temple's Sake,
where God vouchſafes to dwell.

PSALM CXXIII.

1, ON Thee, who dwell'ſt above the Skies,
2. For Mercy wait my longing Eyes;
As Servants watch their Maſters Hands,
And Maids their Miſtreſſes Commands.
3, 4. O then have Mercy on us, Lord,
Thy gracious Aid to us afford:
To us whom cruel Foes oppreſs,
Grown rich and proud by our Diſtreſs.

PSALM CXXIV.

1 HAD not the Lord (may *Iſrael* ſay)
been pleas'd to interpoſe;
2. Had He not then eſpous'd our Cauſe,
when Men againſt us roſe;
3, 4, 5. Their Wrath had ſwallow'd us alive,
and rag'd without Controul;
Their Spite and Pride's united Floods
had quite o'erwhelm'd our Soul.

6. But prais'd be our eternal Lord,
who rescu'd us that Day,
Nor to their savage Jaws gave up
our threat'ned Lives a Prey.
7. Our Soul is like a Bird escap'd
from out the Fowler's Net;
The Snare is broke, their Hopes are cross'd,
and we at Freedom set.

8. Secure in his almighty Name,
our Confidence remains,
Who, as He made both Heav'n and Earth,
of both sole Monarch reigns.

PSALM CXXV.

1 WHO place on *Sion*'s God their Trust,
like *Sion*'s Rock shall stand;
Like her immoveably be fixt
by his almighty Hand.
2. Look how the Hills on ev'ry Side
Jerusalem inclose,
So stands the Lord around his Saints,
to guard them from their Foes.

3. The Wicked may afflict the Just,
but ne'er too long oppress,
Nor force him by Despair to seek
base Means for his Redress.
4. Be good, O righteous God, to those,
who righteous Deeds affect:
The Heart that Innocence retains,
let Innocence protect.

5. All those who walk in crooked Paths,
the Lord shall soon destroy;
Cut off th' Unjust, but crown the Saints
with lasting Peace and Joy.

PSALM CXXVI.

1 WHEN *Sion*'s God her Sons recall'd
from long Captivity,
It seem'd at first a pleasing Dream
of what we wish'd to see:
2. But soon in unaccustom'd Mirth,
we did our Voice employ,
And sung our great Creator's Praise
in thankful Hymns of Joy.

Our heathen Foes repining stood,
yet were compell'd to own,
That great and wond'rous was the Work
our God for us had done.
3. 'Twas great, say they, 'twas wond'rous (great,
much more should we confess;
The Lord has done great Things, whereof
we reap the glad Success.

4. To us bring back the Remnant, Lord,
of *Isr'el*'s captive Bands,
More welcome than refreshing Show'rs
to parch'd and thirsty Lands.
5. That we, whose Work commenc'd in Tears,
may see our Labours thrive,
'Till finish'd with Success, to make
our drooping Hearts revive.

6. Tho' he despond that sows his Grain,
yet doubtless he shall come
To bind his full-ear'd Sheaves, and bring
the joyful Harvest home.

PSALM CXXVII.

1 WE build with fruitless Cost, unless
the Lord the Pile sustain;
Unless the Lord the City keep,
the Watchman wakes in vain:

2. In vain we rise before the Day,
and late to Rest repair;
Allow no Respite to our Toil,
and eat the Bread of Care.

Supplies of Life, with Ease to them,
He on his Saints bestows;
He crowns their Labour with Success,
their Nights with sound Repose.
3. Children, those Comforts of our Life,
are Presents from the Lord;
He gives a num'rous Race of Heirs,
as Piety's Reward.

4. As Arrows in a Giant's Hand
when marching forth to War,
Ev'n so the Sons of sprightly Youth,
their Parents Safeguard are.
5. Happy the Man, whose Quiver's fill'd
with these prevailing Arms;
He needs not fear to meet his Foe,
at Law, or War's Alarms.

PSALM CXXVIII.

1 THE Man is blest, who fears the Lord,
nor only Worship pays,
But keeps his Steps confin'd with Care
to his appointed Ways.
2. He shall upon the sweet Returns
of his own Labour feed;
Without Dependance live, and see
his Wishes all succeed.

3. His Wife, like a fair fertile Vine,
her lovely Fruit shall bring;
His Children, like young olive Plants,
about his Table spring.

4, 5. Who

4, 5. Who fears the Lord, ſhall proſper thus;
him *Sion*'s God ſhall bleſs;
And grant him all his Days to ſee
Jeruſalem's Succeſs.

6. He ſhall live on, 'till Heirs from him
deſcend with vaſt Increaſe:
Much bleſs'd in his own proſp'rous State,
and more in *Iſr'el*'s Peace.

PSALM CXXIX.

1 FROM my Youth up may *Iſr'el* ſay,
they oft have me aſſail'd,
2. Reduc'd me oft to heavy Straits,
but never quite prevail'd.
3. They oft have plow'd my patient Back
with Furrows deep and long:
4. But our juſt God has broke their Chains,
and reſcu'd us from Wrong.

5. Defeat, Confuſion, ſhameful Rout
be ſtill the Doom of thoſe,
Their righteous Doom who *Sion* hate,
and *Sion*'s God oppoſe.
6. Like Corn upon our Houſes Tops,
untimely let them fade,
Which too much Heat, and want of Root,
has blaſted in the Blade:

7. Which in his Arms no Reaper takes,
but unregarded leaves;
Nor Binder thinks it worth his Pains
to fold it into Sheaves.
8. No Traveller that paſſes by,
vouchſafes a Minute's Stop,
To give it one kind Look, or crave
Heav'n's Bleſſing on the Crop.

PSALM CXXX.

1 FROM loweſt Depths of Woe,
to God I ſent my Cry;
2. Lord, hear my ſupplicating Voice,
and graciouſly reply.
3. Should'ſt thou ſeverely judge,
who can the Trial bear?
4. But Thou forgiv'ſt, leaſt we deſpond,
and quite renounce thy Fear.

5. My Soul with Patience waits
for Thee the living Lord;
My Hopes are on thy Promiſe built,
thy never-failing Word.
6. My longing Eyes look out
for thy enliv'ning Ray,
More duly than the Morning Watch
to ſpy the dawning Day.

7. Let *Iſr'el* truſt in God,
no Bounds his Mercy knows;
The plenteous Source and Spring from whence
eternal Succour flows.
8. Whoſe friendly Streams to us
Supplies in Want convey;
A healing Spring, a Spring to cleanſe,
and waſh our Guilt away.

PSALM CXXXI.

1 O Lord, I am not proud of Heart,
nor caſt a ſcornful Eye;
Nor my aſpiring Thoughts employ
in Things for me too high.
2. With infant Innocence, thou know'ſt
I have my ſelf demean'd;
Compos'd to quiet, like a Babe
that from the Breaſt is wean'd.

3. Like

3. Like me, let *Isr'el* hope in God,
his Aid alone implore;
Both now and ever truſt in Him,
who lives for evermore.

PSALM CXXXII.

1 LET *David*, Lord, a conſtant Place
in thy Remembrance find;
Let all the Sorrows he endur'd,
be ever in thy Mind.
2. Remember what a ſolemn Oath
to Thee, his Lord, he ſwore;
How to the mighty God he vow'd,
whom *Jacob*'s Sons adore:

3, 4. I will not go into my Houſe,
nor to my Bed aſcend;
No ſoft Repoſe ſhall cloſe my Eyes,
nor Sleep my Eye-lids bend;
5. 'Till for the Lord's deſign'd Abode
I mark the deſtin'd Ground;
'Till I a decent Place of Reſt
for *Jacob*'s God have found.

6. Th' appointed Place with Shouts of Joy,
at *Ephrata* we found,
And made the Woods and neighb'ring Fields
our glad Applauſe reſound.
7. O with due Rev'rence let us then
to his Abode repair;
And, proſtrate at his Footſtool fall'n,
pour out our humble Pray'r.

8. Ariſe, O Lord, and now poſſeſs
thy conſtant Place of Reſt;
Be that, not only with thy Ark,
but with thy Preſence bleſt.

9, 10. Cloath Thou thy Priests with Righteousness,
make Thou thy Saints rejoice;
And for thy Servant *David*'s Sake,
hear thy Anointed's Voice.

11. God ſware to *David* in his Truth,
(nor ſhall his Oath be vain)
One of thy Offspring after thee
upon thy Throne ſhall reign:
12. And if thy Seed my Cov'nant keep,
and to my Laws ſubmit:
Their Children too upon thy Throne
for evermore ſhall ſit.

13, 14. For *Sion* does in God's Eſteem
all other Seats excel;
His Place of everlaſting Reſt,
where He deſires to dwell.
15, 16. Her Store, ſays He, I will increaſe,
her Poor with Plenty bleſs;
Her Saints ſhall ſhout for Joy, her Prieſts
my ſaving Health confeſs.

17. There *David*'s Pow'r, ſhall long remain
in his ſucceſſive Line,
And my anointed Servant there
ſhall with freſh Luſtre ſhine.
18. The Faces of his vanquiſh'd Foes
Confuſion ſhall o'erſpread;
Whilſt with confirm'd Succeſs, his Crown
ſhall flouriſh on his Head.

PSALM CXXXIII.

1 HOW vaſt muſt their Advantage be!
how great their Pleaſure prove!
Who live like Brethren, and conſent
in Offices of Love!

2. True

2. True Love is like that precious Oil
which, pour'd on *Aaron*'s Head,
Ran down his Beard, and o'er his Robes
its costly Moisture shed.

3. 'Tis like refreshing Dew, which does
on *Hermon*'s Top distill;
Or like the early Drops, that fall
on *Sion*'s fruitful Hill.
4. For God to all, whose friendly Hearts
with mutual Love abound,
Has firmly promis'd Length of Days
with constant Blessings crown'd.

PSALM CXXXIV.

1 BLESS God, ye Servants that attend
upon his solemn State,
That in his Temple, Night by Night,
with humble Rev'rence wait:
2, 3. Within his House lift up your Hands,
and bless his holy Name;
From *Sion* bless thy *Isr'el*, Lord,
who Heav'n and Earth dist frame.

PSALM CXXXV.

1 O Praise the Lord with one Consent,
and magnify his Name;
Let all the Servants of the Lord
his worthy Praise proclaim.
2. Praise Him all ye that in his House,
attend with constant Care;
With those that to his outmost Courts
with humble Zeal repair.

3. For this our truest Int'rest is,
glad Hymns of Praise to sing;
And with loud Songs to bless his Name,
a most delightful Thing.

4. For God his own peculiar Choice
the Sons of *Jacob* makes;
And *Isr'el*'s Offspring for his own
most valu'd Treasure takes.

5. That God is great, we often have
by glad Experience found;
And seen how He with wond'rous Pow'r
above all Gods is crown'd.
6. For He with unresisted Strength
performs his sov'reign Will;
In Heav'n and Earth, and watry Stores
that Earth's deep Caverns fill.

7. He raises Vapours from the Ground,
which poiz'd in liquid Air,
Fall down at last in Show'rs thro' which
his dreadful Lightnings glare:
8. He from his Store-house brings the Winds;
and He with vengeful Hand,
The first-born slew of Man and Beast,
thro' *Egypt*'s mourning Land.

9. He dreadful Signs and Wonders shew'd
thro' stubborn *Egypt*'s Coasts,
Nor *Pharoah* could his Plagues escape,
nor all his num'rous Hosts.
10, 11. 'Twas He that various Nations smote,
and mighty Kings suppress'd;
Sihon and *Og*, and all besides,
who *Canaan*'s Land possess'd.

12, 13. Their Land upon his chosen Race
He firmly did entail;
For which his Fame shall always last,
his Praise shall never fail.

14. For

14. For God ſhall ſoon his People's Cauſe
with pitying Eyes ſurvey;
Repent Him of his Wrath, and turn
his kindled Rage away.

15. Thoſe Idols, whoſe falſe Worſhip ſpreads
o'er all the Heathen Lands,
Are made of Silver and of Gold,
the Work of human Hands.
16, 17. They move not their fictitious Tongues,
nor ſee with poliſh'd Eyes;
Their counterfeited Ears are deaf,
no Breath their Mouth ſupplies.

18. As ſenſeleſs as themſelves are they,
that all their Skill apply
To make them, or in dang'rous Times
on them for Aid rely.
19. Their juſt Returns of Thanks to God,
let grateful *Iſr'el* pay:
Nor let the Prieſts of *Aaron*'s Race
to bleſs the Lord delay.

20. Their Senſe of his unbounded Love
let *Levi*'s Houſe expreſs;
And let all thoſe that fear the Lord,
his Name for ever bleſs.
21. Let all with Thanks his wond'rous Works
in *Sion*'s Courts proclaim;
Let them in *Salem*, where He dwells,
exalt his holy Name.

PSALM CXXXVI.

1 TO God, the mighty Lord,
Your joyful Thanks repeat:
To him due Praiſe afford,
As good as He is great.

For

For God does prove
Our conſtant Friend,
His boundſeſs Love
Shall never end.

2, 3. To Him, whoſe wond'rous Pow'r
All other Gods obey,
Whom earthly Kings adore,
This grateful Homage pay:
For God, &c.

4, 5. By his almighty Hand
Amazing Works are wrought;
The Heav'ns by his Command
Were to Perfection brought.
For God, &c.

6. He ſpread the Ocean round
About the ſpacious Land;
And made the riſing Ground
Above the Waters ſtand.
For God, &c

7, 8, 9. Thro' Heav'n He did diſplay
His num'rous Hoſts of Light;
The Sun to rule by Day,
The Moon and Stars by Night,
For God, &c.

10, 11, 12. He ſtruck the Firſt-born dead
Of *Egypt*'s ſtubborn Land;
And thence his People led
With his reſiſtleſs Hand.
For God, &c

13, 14. By Him the raging Sea,
As if in Pieces rent,
Diſclos'd a middle Way,
Through which his People went.
For God &c.

15. Where

15. Where ſoon He overthrew
Proud *Pharaoh* and his Hoſt,
Who daring to purſue,
Were in the Billows loſt.
For God, *&c.*

16, 17, 18. Thro' Deſarts vaſt and wild
He led the choſen Seed;
And famous Princes foil'd,
And made great Monarchs bleed,
For God, *&c.*

19, 20. *Sihon*, whoſe potent Hand
Great *Ammon*'s Sceptre ſway'd;
And *Og*, whoſe ſtern Command
Rich *Baſhan*'s Land obey'd.
For God, *&c.*

21, 22. And of his wond'rous Grace,
Their Lands, whom He deſtroy'd.
He gave to *Iſr'el*'s Race,
To be by them enjoy'd.
For God, *&c.*

23, 24. He, in our Depth of Woes,
On us with Favour thought,
And from our cruel Foes
In Peace and Safety brought,
For God, *&c.*

25, 26. He does the Food ſupply,
On which all Creatures live:
To God who reigns on high
Eternal Praiſes give.
For God will prove
Our conſtant Friend,
His boundleſs Love
Shall never end.

PSALM

PSALM CXXXVII.

1 WHEN we, our weary'd Limbs to reſt,
Sat down by proud *Euphrates* Stream,
We wept, with doleful Thoughts oppreſt,
And *Sion* was our mournful Theme.
2. Our Harps, that when with Joy we ſung,
Were won't their tuneful Parts to bear,
With ſilent Strings neglected hung
On Willow-trees that wither'd there.

3. Mean while our Foes, who all conſpir'd
To triumph in our ſlaviſh Wrongs,
Muſick and Mirth of us requir'd,
" Come, ſing us one of *Sion*'s Songs."
4. How ſhall we tune our Voice to ſing?
Or touch our Harps with ſkilful Hands?
Shall Hymns of Joy to God our King
Be ſung by Slaves in foreign Lands?

5. O *Salem*, our once happy Seat!
When I of thee forgetful prove,
Let then my trembling Hand forget
The ſpeaking String with Art to move!
6. If I to mention thee forbear,
Eternal Silence ſeize my Tongue;
Or if I ſing one chearful Air,
Till thy Deliv'rance is my Song!

7. Remember, Lord, how *Edom*'s Race,
In thy own City's fatal Day,
Cry'd out, " Her ſtately Walls deface,
" And with the Ground quite level lay."
8. Proud *Babel*'s Daughter, doom'd to be
Of Grief and Woe the wretched Prey.
Bleſs'd is the Man, who ſhall to thee
The Wrongs thou laid'ſt on us, repay.

9. Thrice

9. Thrice bless'd, who with just Rage possest,
And deaf to all the Parents Moans,
Shall snatch thy Infants from the Breast,
And dash their Heads against the Stones.

PSALM CXXXVIII.

1 WITH my whole Heart, my God and King,
thy Praise I will proclaim;
Before the Gods with Joy I'll sing,
and bless thy holy Name.
2. I'll worship at thy sacred Seat;
and with thy Love inspir'd,
The Praises of thy Truth repeat,
o'er all thy Works admir'd.

3. Thou graciously inclin'dst thine Ear,
when I to Thee did cry;
And when my Soul was press'd with Fear,
didst inward Strength supply.
4. Therefore shall ev'ry earthly Prince
thy Name with Praise pursue,
Whom these admir'd Events convince
that all thy Works are true.

5. They all thy wond'rous Ways, O Lord,
with chearful Songs shall bless;
And all thy glorious Acts record,
thy awful Pow'r confess.
6. For God, altho' enthron'd on high,
does thence the poor respect;
The proud far off, his scornful Eye
beholds with just Neglect.

7. Tho' I with Troubles am oppress'd,
He shall my Foes disarm,
Relieve my Soul when most distress'd,
and keep me safe from Harm.

8. The

8. The Lord, whose Mercies ever last,
shall fix my happy State;
And mindful of his Favours past,
shall his own Work compleat.

PSALM CXXXIX.

1, THOU, Lord, by strictest Search hast
2. My rising up and lying down; [known
My secret Thoughts are known to Thee,
Known long before conceiv'd by me.
3. Thine Eye my Bed and Path surveys,
My publick Haunts and private Ways;
4. Thou know'st what 'tis my Lips would vent,
My yet unutter'd Words Intent.

5. Surrounded by thy Pow'r I stand,
On ev'ry Side I find thy Hand.
6. O Skill, for human Reach too high!
Too dazling bright for mortal Eye!
7. O could I so perfidious be,
To think of once deserting thee!
Where, Lord, could I thy Influence shun?
Or whither from thy Presence run?

8. If up to Heav'n I take my Flight,
'Tis there thou dwell'st enthron'd in Light:
Or sink to Hell's infernal Plains,
'Tis there almighty Vengeance reigns.
9. If I the Morning's Wings could gain,
And fly beyond the Western Main,
10. Thy swifter Hand would first arrive,
And there arrest thy Fugitive.

11. Or should I try to shun thy Sight
Beneath the sable Wings of Night;
One Glance from Thee, one piercing Ray
Would kindle Darkness into Day.

12. The

12. The Veil of Night is no Diſguiſe,
No Screen from thy all-ſearching Eyes:
Thro' Midnight Shades Thou find'ſt thy Way,
As in the blazing Noon of Day.

13. Thou know'ſt the Texture of my Heart,
My Reins and ev'ry vital Part;
Each ſingle Thread, in Nature's Loom,
By Thee was cover'd in the Womb.
14. I'll praiſe Thee from whoſe Hands I came,
A Work of ſuch a curious Frame;
The Wonders Thou in me haſt ſhown,
My Soul with grateful Joy muſt own.

15. Thine Eyes my Subſtance did ſurvey,
While yet a lifeleſs Maſs it lay,
In ſecret how exactly wrought,
E'er from its dark Incloſure brought.
16. Thou didſt the ſhapeleſs Embrio ſee,
Its Parts were regiſtred by Thee:
Thou ſaw'ſt the daily Growth they took,
Form'd by the Model of thy Book.

17. Let me acknowledge too, O God,
That ſince this Maze of Life I trod,
Thy Thoughts of Love to me ſurmount
The Pow'r of Numbers to recount.
18. Far ſooner could I reckon o'er
The Sands upon the Ocean's Shore:
Each Morn reviſing what I've done,
I find the Account but new begun.

19. The Wicked Thou ſhalt ſlay, O God:
Depart from me, ye Men of Blood,
20. Whoſe Tongues Heav'n's Majeſty profane,
And take th' Almighty's Name in vain.

21. Lord,

21. Lord, hate not I their impious Crew,
Who Thee with Enmity purſue ?
And does not Grief my Heart oppreſs,
When Reprobates thy Law tranſgreſs ?

22. Who practiſe Enmity to Thee,
Shall utmoſt Hatred have from me :
Such Men I utterly deteſt,
As if they were my Foes profeſt.
23, 24. Search, try, O God, my Thoughts and [Heart,
If Miſchief lurks in any Part ;
Correct me where I go aſtray,
And guide me in thy perfect Way.

PSALM CXL.

1 PRESERVE me, Lord, from crafty Foes
of treacherous Intent ;
2. And from the Sons of Violence,
on open Miſchief bent.
3. Their ſland'ring Tongue the Serpent's Sting
in ſharpneſs does exceed :
Between their Lips the Gall of Aſps
and Adders Venom breed.

4. Preſerve me, Lord, from wicked Hands
nor leave my Soul forlorn,
A Prey to Sons of Violence,
who have my Ruin ſworn.
5. The proud for me have laid their Snare
and ſpread their wily Net ;
With Traps and Gins where'er I move,
I find my Steps beſet.

6. But thus environ'd with Diſtreſs,
Thou art my God I ſaid ;
Lord, hear my ſupplicatiug Voice,
that calls to Thee for Aid.

7. O

7. O Lord, the God, whose saving Strength
kind Succour did convey,
And cover'd my advent'rous Head
in Battle's doubtful Day;

8. Permit not their unjust Designs
to answer their Desire;
Lest they, encourag'd by Success,
to bolder Crimes aspire.
9. Let first their Chiefs the sad Effects
of their Injustice mourn;
The Blast of their envenom'd Breath,
upon themselves return.

10. Let them who kindled first the Flame,
its Sacrifice become;
The Pit they digg'd for me, be made
their own untimely Tomb.
11. Tho' Slander's Breath may raise a Storm,
it quickly will decay;
Their Rage does but the Torrent swell,
that bears themselves away.

12. God will assert the poor Man's Cause,
and speedy Succour give;
The Just shall celebrate his Praise,
and in his Presence live.

PSALM CXLI.

1 TO Thee, O Lord, my Cries ascend,
O haste to my Relief;
And with accustom'd Pity hear
the Accents of my Grief.
2. Instead of Off'rings, let my Pray'r
like Morning Incense rise;
My lifted Hands supply the Place
of Ev'ning Sacrifice.

3. From

3. From hasty Language curb my Tongue,
and let a constant Guard
Still keep the Portal of my Lips,
with wary Silence barr'd.
4. From wicked Mens Designs and Deeds
my Heart and Hands restrain;
Nor let me in the Booty share
of their unrighteous Gain.

5. Let upright Men reprove my Faults,
and I shall think them kind;
Like Balm that heals a wounded Head,
I their Reproof shall find;
And in return, my fervent Pray'r
I shall for them address,
When they are tempted and reduc'd,
like me, to sore Distress.

6. When skulking in *Engedi*'s Rock,
I to their Chiefs appeal,
If one reproachful Word I spoke,
when I had Pow'r to kill.
7. Yet us they persecute to Death,
our scatter'd Ruins lie,
As thick as from the Hewer's Axe
the sever'd Splinters fly.

8. But, Lord, to Thee I still direct
my supplicating Eyes,
O leave not destitute my Soul,
whose Trust on Thee relies.
9. Do Thou preserve me from the Snares
that wicked Hands have laid;
Let them in their own Nets be caught,
while my Escape is made.

PSALM CXLII.

1 TO God with mournful Voice,
in deep Diſtreſs I pray'd;
2. Made him the Umpire of my Cauſe,
my Wrongs before Him laid.
3. Thou didſt my Steps direct,
when my griev'd Soul deſpair'd;
For where I thought to walk ſecure,
they had their Traps prepar'd.

4. I look'd, but found no Friend
to own me in Diſtreſs;
All Refuge fail'd, no Man vouchſaf'd
his Pity or Redreſs.
5. To God at laſt I pray'd,
Thou, Lord, my Refuge art.
My Portion in the Land of Life,
'till Life itſelf depart.

6. Reduc'd to greateſt Straits,
to Thee I make my Moan;
O ſave me from oppreſſive Foes,
for me too pow'rful grown.
7. That I may praiſe thy Name,
my Soul from Priſon bring;
Whilſt of thy kind Regard to me,
aſſembled Saints ſhall ſing.

PSALM CXLIII.

1 LORD, hear my Pray'r, and to my Cry
Thy wonted Audience lend;
In thy accuſtom'd Faith and Truth
a gracious Anſwer ſend.
2. Nor at thy ſtrict Tribunal bring
thy Servant to be try'd;
For in thy Sight no living Man
can e'er be juſtify'd.

3. The

3. The ſpiteful Foe purſues my Life,
whoſe Comforts all are fled;
He drives me into Caves as dark
as Manſions of the Dead.
4. My Spirit therefore is o'erwhelm'd,
and ſinks within my Breaſt;
My mournful Heart grows deſolate,
with heavy Woes oppreſt.

5. I call to mind the Days of old,
and Wonders Thou haſt wrought:
My former Dangers and Eſcapes
employ my muſing Thought.
6. To Thee my Hands in humble Prayer
I fervently ſtretch out;
My Soul for thy Refreſhment thirſts,
like Land oppreſt with Drought.

7. Hear me with Speed; my Spirit fails;
thy Face no longer hide,
Leſt I become forlorn, like them
that in the Grave reſide.
8. Thy Kindneſs early let me hear,
whoſe Truſt on Thee depends;
Teach me the Way where I ſhould go:
my Soul to Thee aſcends.

9. Do Thou, O Lord, from all my Foes
preſerve, and ſet me free;
A ſafe Retreat againſt their Rage,
my Soul implores from Thee.
10. Thou art my God, thy righteous Will
inſtruct me to obey;
Let thy good Spirit lead and keep
my Soul in thy right Way.

11. O for the ſake of thy great Name
revive my drooping Heart:
For thy Truth's Sake to me diſtreſs'd,
thy promis'd Aid impart.
12. In Pity to my Suff'rings, Lord,
reduce my Foes to Shame;
Slay them that perſecute a Soul
devoted to thy Name.

PSALM CXLIV.

1 FOR ever bleſt be God the Lord,
Who does his needful Aid impart,
At once both Strength and Skill afford
To wield my Arms with warlike Art.
2. His Goodneſs is my Fort and Tow'r,
My ſtrong Deliv'rance and my Shield;
In Him I truſt, whoſe matchleſs Pow'r
Makes to my Sway fierce Nations yield.

3. Lord, what's in Man, that thou ſhould'ſt love
Such tender Care of him to take?
What in his Offspring could Thee move
Such great Account of him to make?
4. The Life of Man does quickly fade,
His Thoughts but empty are and vain;
His Days are like a flying Shade,
Of whoſe ſhort Stay no Signs remain.

5. In ſolemn State, O God deſcend,
Whilſt Heav'n its lofty Head inclines;
The ſmoaking Hills aſunder rend,
Of thy Approach the awful Signs.
6. Diſcharge thy dreadful Lightning round,
And make thy ſcatter'd Foes retreat;
Them with thy pointed Arrows wound,
And their Deſtruction ſoon compleat.

7, 8. Do

7, 8. Do Thou, O Lord, from Heav'n engage
Thy boundleſs Pow'r my Foes to quell,
And ſnatch me from the ſtormy Rage
Of threat'ning Waves that proudly ſwell.
Fight Thou againſt my foreign Foes,
Who utter Speeches falſe and vain;
Who tho' in ſolemn Leagues they cloſe,
Their ſworn Engagements ne'er maintain.

9. So I to Thee, O King of Kings,
In joyful Hymns my Voice ſhall raiſe,
And Inſtruments of various Strings
Shall help me thus to ſing thy Praiſe.
10. "God does to Kings his Aid afford,
"To them his ſure Salvation ſends;
"'Tis He that from the murd'ring Sword,
"His Servant *David* ſtill defends."

11. Fight Thou againſt my foreign Foes,
Who utter Speeches falſe and vain;
Who tho' in ſolemn Leagues they cloſe,
Their ſworn Engagements, ne'er maintain.
12. Then our young Sons like Trees ſhall grow,
Well planted in ſome fruitful Place;
Our Daughters ſhall like Pillars ſhow,
Deſign'd ſome royal Court to grace.

13. Our Garners fill'd with various Store,
Shall us and ours with Plenty feed,
Our Sheep increaſing more and more,
Shall thouſands and ten thouſands breed.
14. Strong ſhall our lab'ring Oxen grow,
Nor in their conſtant Labour faint;
Whilſt we no War nor Slav'ry know,
And in our Streets hear no Complaint.

15. Thrice

15. Thrice happy is that People's Case,
Whose various Blessings thus abound:
Who God's true Worship still embrace,
And are with his Protection crown'd.

PSALM CXLV.

1, THEE I'll extol, my God and King,
2. thy endless Praise proclaim;
This Tribute daily I will bring,
and ever bless thy Name.
3. Thou, Lord, beyond Compare art great,
and highly to be prais'd;
Thy Majesty, with boundless Height,
above our Knowledge rais'd.

4. Renown'd for mighty Acts, thy Fame
to future Times extends;
From Age to Age thy glorious Name
successively descends.
5, 6. Whilst I thy Glory and Renown,
and wond'rous Works express,
The World with me thy Might shall own
and thy great Pow'r confess.

7. The Praise that to thy Love belongs,
they shall with Joy proclaim;
Thy Truth of all their grateful Songs
shall be the constant Theme.
8. The Lord is good; fresh Acts of Grace
his Pity still supplies;
His Anger moves with slowest Pace,
his willing Mercy flies.

9, 10. Thy Love thro' Earth extends its Fame,
to all thy Works exprest;
These shew thy Praise, whilst thy great Name
is by thy Servants blest.

11. They, with the glorious Prospect fir'd,
shall of thy Kingdom speak;
And thy great Pow'r, by all admir'd,
their lofty Subject make.

12. God's glorious Works of ancient Date,
shall thus to all be known;
And thus his Kingdom's royal State,
with publick Splendor shown.
13. His stedfast Throne, from Changes free,
shall stand for ever fast;
His boundless Sway no End shall see,
but Time itself out-last.

PART II.

14, 15. The Lord does them support that fall,
and makes the prostrate rise;
For his kind Aid all Creatures call,
who timely Food supplies.
16. Whate'er their various Wants require,
with open Hand he gives;
And so fulfils the just Desire
of ev'ry thing that lives.

17. 18. How holy is the Lord! how just!
how righteous all his Ways!
How nigh to him, who with firm Trust
for his Assistance prays!
19. He grants the full Desires of those
who Him with Fear adore;
And will their Troubles soon compose,
when they his Aid implore.

20. The Lord preserves all those with Care
whom grateful Love employs:
But Sinners, who his Vengeance dare,
with furious Rage destroys.

21. My

21. My Time to come, in Praiſes ſpent,
ſhall ſtill advance his Fame,
And all Mankind with one Conſent
for ever bleſs his Name.

PSALM CXLVI.

1, 2. O Praiſe the Lord and thou my Soul,
for ever bleſs his Name:
His wond'rous Love, while Life ſhall laſt,
my conſtant Praiſe ſhall claim.
3. On Kings, the greateſt Sons of Men,
let none for Aid rely:
They cannot ſave in dang'rous Times,
nor timely Help apply.

4. Depriv'd of Breath, to Duſt they turn,
and there neglected lie,
And all their Thoughts and vain Deſigns
together with them die.
5. Then happy he, who *Jacob*'s God
for his Protector takes;
Who ſtill, with well-plac'd Hope, the Lord
his conſtant Refuge makes.

6. The Lord, who made both Heav'n and Earth,
and all that they contain,
Will never quit his ſtedfaſt Truth,
nor make his Promiſe vain.
7. The poor oppreſt, from all their Wrongs
are eas'd by his Decree;
He gives the hungry needful Food,
and ſets the Pris'ners free.

8. By Him the blind receive their Sight,
the weak and fall'n He rears:
With kind Regard and tender Love
He for the righteous cares.

9. The Strangers He preſerves from Harm,
the Orphan kindly treats,
Defends the Widow, and the Wiles
of wicked Men defeats.

10. The God, that does in *Sion* dwell,
is our eternal King:
From Age to Age his Reign endures,
let all his Praiſes ſing.

PSALM CXLVII.

1 O Praiſe the Lord with Hymns of Joy,
and celebrate his Fame!
For pleaſant, good, and comely 'tis
to praiſe his holy Name.
2. His holy City God will build,
tho' levell'd with the Ground:
Bring back his People, tho' diſpers'd
thro' all the Nations round.

3, 4. He kindly heals the broken Hearts,
and all their Wounds does cloſe;
He tells the Numbers of the Stars,
their ſeveral Names He knows.
5, 6. Great is the Lord, and great his Pow'r,
his Wiſdom has no Bound;
The meek He raiſes, and throws down
the wicked to the Ground.

7. To God, the Lord, a Hymn of Praiſe
with grateful Voices ſing;
To Songs of Triumph tune the Harp,
and ſtrike each warbling String.
8. He covers Heav'n with Clouds, and thence
refreſhing Rain beſtows:
Thro' Him, on Mountain-tops, the Graſs
with wond'rous Plenty grows.

9. He,

9. He, ſavage Beaſts that looſely range,
with timely Food ſupplies ;
He feeds the Ravens tender Brood,
and ſtops their hungry Cries.
10. He values not the warlike Steed,
but does his Strength diſdain ;
The nimble Foot that ſwiftly runs,
no Prize from Him can gain.

11. But He, to Him that fears his Name,
his tender Love extends ;
To Him that on his boundleſs Grace
with ſtedfaſt Hope depends.
12, 13. Let *Sion* and *Jeruſalem*
to God their Praiſe addreſs ;
Who fenc'd their Gates with maſſy Bars,
and does their Children bleſs.

14, 15. Thro' all their Borders He gives Peace
with fineſt Wheat they're fed ;
He ſpeaks the Word, and what He wills
is done as ſoon as ſaid.
16. Large Flakes of Snow, like fleecy Wool,
deſcend at his Command ;
And hoary Froſt, like Aſhes ſpread,
is ſcatter'd o'er the Land.

17. When join'd to theſe, He does his Hail
in little Morſels break,
Who can againſt his piercing Cold
ſecure Defences make ?
18. He ſends his Word, which melts the Ice :
He makes his Wind to blow,
And ſoon the Streams, congeal'd before,
in plenteous Currents flow.

19. By Him his Statutes and Decrees
to *Jacob*'s Sons were ſhown;
And ſtill to *Iſr'el*'schoſen Seed
his righteous Laws are known.
20. No other Nation this can boaſt,
nor did He e'er afford
To heathen Lands his Oracles,
and Knowledge of his Word.

Hallelujah.

PSALM CXLVIII.

1, 2. YE boundleſs Realms of Joy,
Exalt your Maker's Fame:
His Praiſe your Song employ
Above the ſtarry Frame:
Your Voices raiſe,
Ye Cherubim
And Seraphim,
To ſing his Praiſe.

3, 4. Thou Moon that rul'ſt the Night,
And Sun that guid'ſt the Day,
Ye glitt'ring Stars of Light,
To Him your Homage pay:
His Praiſe declare,
Ye Heav'ns above,
And Clouds that move
In liquid Air.

5, 6. Let them adore the Lord,
And praiſe his holy Name,
By whoſe almighty Word
They all from Nothing came:
And all ſhall laſt,
From Changes free:
His firm Decree
Stands ever faſt.

7, 8. Let

7, 8. Let Earth her Tribute pay ;
Praiſe Him ye dreadful Whales,
And Fiſh that through the Sea
Glide ſwift with glitt'ring Scales :
Fire, Hail, and Snow,
And miſty Air,
And Winds that, where
He bids them, blow.

9, 10. By Hills and Mountains (all
In grateful Conſort join'd)
By Cedars ſtately tall,
And Trees for Fruit deſign'd :
By ev'ry Beaſt,
And creeping Thing,
And Fowl of Wing.
His Name be bleſt.

11, 12. Let all of royal Birth,
With thoſe of humbler Frame,
And Judges of the Earth,
His matchleſs Praiſe proclaim.
In this Deſign
Let Youths with Maids,
And hoary Heads
With Children join.

13. United Zeal be ſhown,
His wond'rous Fame to raiſe,
Whoſe glorious Name alone
Deſerves our endleſs Praiſe.
Earth's utmoſt Ends
His Pow'r obey :
His glorious Sway
The Sky tranſcends.

14. His chosen Saints to grace,
He sets them up on high,
And favours *Isr'el's* Race,
Who still to Him are nigh.
O therefore raise
Your grateful Voice,
And still rejoice
The Lord to praise.

PSALM CXLIX.

1, 2. O Praise ye the Lord,
prepare your glad Voice,
His Praise in the great
Assembly to sing.
In our great Creator
let *Isr'el* rejoice,
And Children of *Sion*
be glad in their King.

3, 4. Let them his great Name
extol in the Dance;
With Timbrel and Harp
his Praises express,
Who always takes Pleasure
his Saints to advance,
And with his Salvation
the humble to bless.

5, 6. With Glory adorn'd,
his People shall sing
To God, who their Beds
with Safety does shield;
Their Mouths fill'd with Praises
of Him their great King;
Whilst a two-edged Sword
their right Hand shall wield,

7, 8. Just

7, 8. Just Vengeance to take
for Injuries past;
To punish those Lands
for Ruin design'd;
With Chains, as their Captives,
to tie their Kings fast,
With Fetters of Iron
their Nobles to bind.

9. Thus shall they make good,
when them they destroy,
The dreadful Decree
which God does proclaim:
Such Honour and Triumph
his Saints shall enjoy,
O therefore forever
exalt his great Name!

PSALM CL.

1 O Praise the Lord in that blest Place,
From whence his Goodness largely flows:
Praise Him in Heav'n, where He his Face
Unveil'd in perfect Glory shows.
2. Praise Him for all the mighty Acts,
Which He on our Behalf has done;
His Kindness this Return exacts,
With which our Praise should equal run.

3. Let the shrill Trumpet's warlike Voice
Make Rocks and Hills his Praise rebound;
Praise Him with Harp's melodious Noise,
And gentle Psalt'ry's silver Sound.
4. Let Virgin Troops soft Timbrels bring,
And some with graceful Motion dance;
Let Instruments of various Strings,
With Organs join'd, his Praise advance.

5. Let

5. Let them who joyful Hymns compose,
To Cymbals set their Songs of Praise;
Cymbals of common Use, and those
That loudly sound on solemn Days.
6. Let all that vital Breath enjoy,
The Breath He does to them afford,
In just Returns of Praise employ:
Let ev'ry Creature praise the Lord.

THE END.

GLORIA PATRI, &c.

Common Measure.

TO Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
the God whom we adore,
Be Glory, as it was, is now,
and shall be evermore.

As Psalm 25.

TO God the Father, Son,
and Spirit, Glory be;
As 'twas, and is, and shall be so
to all Eternity.

As the 100th Psalm.

TO Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
The God whom Earth and Heav'n adore,
Be Glory as it was of Old,
Is now, and shall be evermore.

As Psalm 37, and last Part of the 113 Psalm Tune.

TO Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
The God whom Heav'n's triumphant Host,
And suff'ring Saints on Earth adore,

Be

Be Glory as in Ages paſt,
And now it is, and ſo ſhall laſt,
When Time itſelf muſt be no more.

As Pſalm 148.

TO God the Father, Son,
And Spirit ever bleſs'd,
Eternal Three in One,
All Worſhip be addreſs'd,
As heretofore
It was, is now,
And ſhall be ſo
For evermore.

As Pſalm 149.

BY Angels in Heav'n
of ev'ry Degree,
And Saints upon Earth,
all Praiſe be addreſs'd
To God in three Perſons,
one God ever bleſs'd;
As it has been, now is,
and always ſhall be.

To be ſung to any double Tune *in the* common Meaſure.

TO God, our Benefactor, bring
'The Tribute of your Praiſe;
Too ſmall for an almighty King,
But all that we can raiſe.

Glory to Thee, bleſs'd Three in One,
'The God whom we adore;
As was, and is, and ſhall be done,
When Time ſhall be no more.

The

The *Psalmist*'s Prayer for the Church.

Common Measure.

LORD, bless thy People, who to Thee
do all their Safety owe;
Feed Thou thy Flock, and raise them up,
when they are fallen low.

Another.

DElight to bless thy People, Lord,
defend and succour them;
Do good to *Sion*; build the Walls
of thy *Jerusalem*.

As the 100*th Psalm.*

THY People whom Thou lov'st, delight
To bless, defend and succour them;
Do good to *Sion*, Lord, and build
The Walls of thy *Jerusalem*.

Another.

OH! may thy Church, thy Turtle-Dove,
Mournful, yet chast, thy Pity move:
To Birds of Prey expose her not,
Tho' Poor, too dear to be forgot.

As Psalm 25.

LET *Sion* Favour find,
of thy good Will assur'd;
And thy own City flourish long,
by lofty Walls secur'd.

APPENDIX,

CONTAINING

A Number of

HYMNS,

Taken chiefly from

Dr. *WATTS*'s

SCRIPTURAL COLLECTION.

And they ſung a new Song, &c. Rev. V. 9.

BOSTON:

Printed for J. WINTER. 1760.

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HYMN I.

Rev. V. 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 12.

BEHOLD the Glories of the Lamb
amidſt his Father's Throne ;
Prepare new Honours for his Name,
and Songs before unknown.
2. Let Elders worſhip at his Feet,
the Church adore around,
With Vials full of Odours ſweet,
with Harps of ſweeteſt Sound.

3. Thoſe are the offer'd Prayers of Saints,
and theſe the Hymns they raiſe :
Jeſus is kind to our Complaints,
He loves to hear our Praiſe,
4. Now to the Lamb that once was ſlain,
be endleſs Bleſſings paid ;
Salvation, Glory, Joy remain
for ever on thy Head.

5. Thou haſt redeem'd our Souls with Blood,
haſt ſet the Pris'ners free,
Haſt made us Kings and Prieſts to God,
and we ſhall reign with Thee.
6. The Worlds of Nature and of Grace
are put beneath thy Pow'r ;
Then ſhorten theſe delaying Days,
and bring the promis'd Hour.

HYMN II.

Isa. LV. 1, 2, *&c.*

1 LET ev'ry mortal Ear attend,
and ev'ry Heart rejoice,
The Trumpet of the Gospel sounds
with an inviting Voice.
2. Ho! all ye hungry starving Souls,
that feed upon the Wind,
And vainly strive with earthly Toys
to fill an empty Mind:

3. Eternal Wisdom has prepar'd
a Soul-reviving Feast,
And bids your longing Appetites
the rich Provision taste.
4. Ho! ye that pant for living Streams,
and pine away and die;
Here you may quench your raging Thirst
with Springs that never dry.

5. Rivers of Love and Mercy here
in a rich Ocean join;
Salvation in Abundance flows,
like Floods of Milk and Wine.
6. Ye perishing and naked Poor,
who work with mighty Pain,
To weave a Garment of your own,
that will not hide your Sin;

7. Come naked and adorn your Souls,
in Robes prepar'd by God,
Wrought by the Labours of his Son,
and dy'd in his own Blood.
8. Dear Lord! the Treasures of thy Love
are everlasting Mines,
Deep as our helpless Miseries are,
and boundless as our Sins.

9. The

9. The happy Gates of Gospel-Grace
stand open Night and Day;
Lord, we are come to seek Supplies,
and drive our Wants away.

HYMN III.

Isa. XXVI, 1——5.

1 HOW honourable is the Place
where we adoring stand,
Sion, the Glory of the Earth,
and Beauty of the Land!
2. Bulwarks of mighty Grace defend
the City where we dwell;
The Walls of strong Salvation made,
defy th' Assaults of Hell.

3. Lift up the everlasting Gates,
the Doors wide open fling;
Enter ye Nations that obey
the Statutes of our King.
4. Here shall you taste unmingled Joys,
and live in perfect Peace;
You that have known *Jehovah*'s Name,
and ventur'd on his Grace.

5. Trust in the Lord, for ever trust,
and banish all your Fears;
Strength in the Lord *Jehovah* dwells,
eternal as his Years.

HYMN IV.

Isa. LV. 1, 2. Zech. XIII. 1. Mic. VII. 19. &c.

IN vain we lavish out our Lives
to gather empty Wind,
The choicest Blessings Earth can yield
will starve a hungry Mind.

2. Come, and the Lord ſhall feed our Souls
with more ſubſtantial Meat:
With ſuch as Saints in Glory love,
with ſuch as Angels eat.

3. Our God will every Want ſupply,
and fill our Hearts with Peace;
He gives by Cov'nant and by Oath
the Riches of his Grace.

4. Come, and He'll cleanſe our ſpotted Souls,
and waſh away our Stains
In the dear Fountain that his Son
pour'd from his dying Veins.

5. Our Guilt ſhall vaniſh all away,
tho' black as Hell before;
Our Sins ſhall ſink beneath the Sea,
and ſhall be found no more.

6. And leſt Pollution ſhould o'er-ſpread
our inward Pow'rs again,
His Spirit ſhall bedew our Souls
like purifying Rain.

7. Our Heart, that flinty ſtubborn Thing,
that Terrors cannot move,
That fears no Threatnings of his Wrath,
ſhall be diſſolv'd by Love.

8. Or He can take the Flint away,
that would not be refin'd,
And from the Treaſures of his Grace
beſtow a ſofter Mind.

9. There ſhall his ſacred Spirit dwell,
and deep engrave his Law,
And ev'ry Motion of our Souls
to ſwift Obedience draw.

10. Thus

10. Thus will He pour Salvation down,
and we ſhall render Praiſe;
We the dear People of his Love,
and He our God of Grace.

HYMN V.

Iſa. LII. 7, 8, 9, 10. Matt. XIII. 16, 17.

1 HOW beauteous are their Feet
who ſtand on *Sion*'s Hill,
Who bring Salvation on their Tongues,
and Words of Peace reveal!
2. How charming is their Voice!
how ſweet the Tidings are!
"*Sion* behold thy Saviour King,
"He reigns and triumphs here.

3. How happy are our Ears,
that hear this joyful Sound,
Which Kings and Prophets waited for,
and ſought but never found!
4. How bleſſed are our Eyes,
that ſee this heav'nly Light;
Prophets and Kings deſir'd it long,
but dy'd without the Sight!

5. The Watchmen join their Voice,
and tuneful Notes employ;
Jeruſalem breaks forth with Songs,
and Deſarts learn the Joy.
6. The Lord makes bare his Arm
thro' all the Earth abroad;
Let ev'ry Nation now behold
their Saviour and their God.

HYMN VI.

1 Pet. I. 3, 4, 5.

1 BLEST be the everlaſting God,
the Father of our Lord;
Be his abounding Mercy prais'd,
his Majeſty ador'd.
2. When from the Dead He rais'd his Son,
and call'd Him to the Sky,
He gave our Souls a lively Hope
that they ſhould never die.

3. What tho' our inbred Sins require
our Fleſh to ſee the Duſt,
Yet as the Lord our Saviour roſe,
ſo all his Followers muſt.
4. There's an Inheritance divine
reſerv'd againſt that Day,
'Tis uncorrupted, undefil'd,
and cannot waſte away.

5. Saints by the Pow'r of God are kept,
till the Salvation come;
We walk by Faith as Strangers here,
till Chriſt ſhall call us Home.

HYMN VII.

Iſa. XXVI. 8,——20.

1 IN thine own Ways, O God of Love,
We wait the Viſits of thy Grace;
Our Soul's Deſire is to thy Name,
And the Remembrance of thy Face.
2. My Thoughts are ſearching, Lord, for Thee,
Amongſt the Shades of loneſome Night:
My earneſt Pray'rs aſcend the Skies
Before the Dawn reſtores the Light.

3. Look

3. Look how rebellious Men, deride
The tender Patience of my God;
But they ſhall ſee thy lifted Hand,
And feel the Scourges of thy Rod.
4. Hark! the Eternal rends the Sky,
A mighty Voice before Him goes,
A Voice of Muſick to his Friends,
But threatning Thunder to his Foes.

5. Come, Children, to your Father's Arms,
Hide in the Chambers of my Grace,
Till the fierce Storms be overblown,
And my revenging Fury ceaſe.

HYMN VIII.

Iſa. XL. 27, 28, 29, 30.

1 WHence do our mournful Tho'ts ariſe?
and where's our Courage fled?
Has reſtleſs Sin and raging Hell
ſtruck all our Comforts dead?
2. Have we forgot th' almighty Name
that form'd the Earth and Sea?
And can an all-creating Arm
grow weary or decay?

3. Treaſures of everlaſting Might
in our *Jehovah* dwell;
He gives the Conqueſt to the weak,
and treads their Foes to Hell.
4. Mere mortal Power ſhall fade and die,
and youthful Vigour ceaſe,
But we that wait upon the Lord
ſhall feel our Strength increaſe.

5. The Saints ſhall mount on Eagles Wings,
and taſte the promis'd Bliſs,
'Till their unwearied Feet arrive
where perfect Pleaſure is.

HYMN IX.

Iſa. XLIX. 13, 14, *&c.*

1 NOW ſhall my inward Joys ariſe,
and burſt into a Song;
Almighty Love inſpires my Heart,
and Pleaſure tunes my Tongue.
2. God on his thirſty *Sion*-Hill
ſome Mercy-Drops has thrown
And ſolemn Oaths have bound his Love
to ſhow'r Salvation down.

3. Why do we then indulge our Fears,
Suſpicions and Complaints?
Is He a God, and ſhall his Grace
grow weary of his Saints?
4. Can a kind Woman e'er forget
the Infant of her Womb,
Among a thouſand tender Thoughts
her Suckling have no room?

5. "Yet, ſaith the Lord, ſhould Nature change,
"and Mothers Monſters prove,
"*Sion* ſtill dwells upon the Heart,
"of everlaſting Love.
6. "Deep on the Palms of both my Hands
"I have engrav'd her Name;
"My Hands ſhall raiſe her ruin'd Walls
"and build her broken Frame.

HYMN

HYMN X.

Rev. VII, 13, *&c.*

1 THeſe glorious Minds how bright they ſhine,
whence all their white Array?
How come they to the happy Seats
of everlaſting Day?
2. From tort'ring Pains to endleſs Joys
on fiery Wheels they rode.
And ſtrangely waſh'd their Raiment white
in *Jeſus'* dying Blood.

3. Now they approach a ſpotleſs God,
and bow before his Throne,
Their warbling Harps and ſacred Songs
adore the holy One.
4. The unvail'd Glories of his Face
amongſt his Saints reſide,
While the rich Treaſure of his Grace,
ſees all their Wants ſupply'd.

5. Tormenting Thirſt ſhall leave their Souls
and Hunger flee as faſt;
The Fruit of Life's immortal Tree
ſhall be their ſweet Repaſt,
6. The Lamb ſhall lead his heav'nly Flock
where living Fountains riſe,
And Love divine ſhall wipe away
the Sorrows of their Eyes.

HYMN XI.

Rev. XV. 3, *&c.*

1 WE ſing the Glories of thy Love,
we ſound thy dreadful Name;
The Chriſtian Church unites the Songs
Of *Moſes* and the Lamb.

2. Great

2. Great God, how wondrous are thy Works
of Vengeance and of Grace ?
Thou King of Saints, almighty Lord,
how juſt and true thy Ways ?

3. Who dares refuſe to fear thy Name,
or worſhip at thy Throne ?
Thy Judgments ſpeak thine Holineſs
thro' all the Nations known.

HYMN XII.

John XVI. 16, Luke XXII, 19. John XIV. 3.

1 JESUS is gone above the Skies,
Where our weak Senſes reach Him not,
And carnal Objects court our Eyes
To thruſt our Saviour from our Thought.
2, He knows what wandering Hearts we have
Apt to forget his lovely Face ;
And to refreſh our Minds He gave
Theſe kind Memorials of his Grace.

3. The Lord of Life this Table ſpread
With his own Fleſh and dying Blood ;
We on the rich Proviſion feed,
And taſte the Wine, and bleſs our God;
4. Let ſinful Sweets be all forgot,
And Earth grow leſs in our Eſteem ;
Chriſt and his Love fill ev'ry Thought,
And Faith and Hope be fix'd on Him.

5. While He is abſent from our Sight
'Tis to prepare our Souls a Place,
That we may dwell in heav'nly Light,
And live for ever near his Face.

6. Our

6. Our Eyes look upwards to the Hills
Whence our returning Lord ſhall come ;
We wait thy Chariots awful Wheels
To fetch our longing Spirits Home.

HYMN XIII.

Luke XIV. 17, 22, 23.

1 HOW ſweet and awful is the Place
with *Chriſt* within the Doors,
While everlaſting Love diſplays
the choiceſt of her Stores !
2. Here ev'ry Bowel of our God
with ſoft Compaſſion rolls,
Here Peace and Pardon bought with Blood
is Food for dying Souls.

3. While all our Hearts, and all our Songs,
join to admire the Feaſt,
Each of us cry with thankful Tongues,
" Lord, why was I a Gueſt ?
4. " Why was I made to hear thy Voice,
" and enter while there's Room ;
" When thouſands make a wretched Choice
" and rather ſtarve than come ?

5. 'Twas the ſame Love that ſpread the Feaſt,
that ſweetly forc'd us in,
Elſe we had ſtill refus'd to taſte.
and periſh'd in our Sin,
6. Pity the Nations, O our God,
conſtrain the earth to come ;
Send thy victorious Word abroad,
and bring the Strangers Home.

7. We

7. We long to ſee thy Churches full,
that all the choſen Race,
May with one Voice, and Heart, and Soul,
ſing thy redeeming Grace,

HYMN XIV.

Solomon's Song I. 7.

1 THOU whom my Soul admires above
All earthly Joys and earthly Love,
Tell me, dear Shepherd, let me know
Where doth thy ſweeteſt Paſture grow?
2. Where is the Shadow of that Rock,
That from the Sun defends thy Flock?
Fain would I feed among thy Sheep,
Among them reſt, among them ſleep.

3. Why ſhould thy Bride appear like one
That turns aſide to Paths unknown?
My conſtant Feet would never rove,
Would never ſeek another Love.
4. The Footſteps of thy Flock I ſee;
Thy ſweeteſt Paſtures here they be;
A wondrous Feaſt thy Love prepares,
Bought with thy Wounds, and Groans & Tears.

5. His dearest Fleſh He makes my Food,
And bids me drink his richeſt Blood:
Here to theſe Hills my Soul will come,
Till my Beloved lead me home.

HYMN XV.

Solomon's Song II. 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13.

1 THE Voice of my Beloved ſounds
Over the Rocks and riſing Grounds;
O'er Hills of Guilt, and Seas of Grief,
He leaps, He flies to my Relief.

2. Now

2. Now thro' the Veil of Flesh I see
With Eyes of Love He looks at me;
Now in the Gospel's clearest Glass
He shows the Beauties of his Face.

3. Gently He draws my Heart along,
Both with his Beauties and his Tongue:
"Rise," saith my Lord, "make haste away,
"No mortal Joys are worth thy Stay.
4. "The *Jewish* wintry State is gone,
"The Mists are fled, the Spring comes on,
"The sacred Turtle-Dove we hear
"Proclaim the new, the joyful Year.

5. "Th' immortal Vine of heav'nly Root,
"Blossoms and buds, and gives her Fruit."
Lo, we are come to taste the Wine:
Our Souls rejoice and bless the Vine.
6. And when we hear our *Jesus* say,
"Rise up my Love, make haste away"?
Our Hearts would fain out-fly the Wind,
And leave all earthly Loves behind.

HYMN XVI.

Solomon's Song III. 2, 11.

1 DAUGHTERS of *Sion*, come, behold
The Crown of Honor and of Gold,
Which the glad Church with Joys unknown
Plac'd on the Head of *Solomon*.
2. *Jesus*, thou everlasting King,
Accept the Tribute which we bring:
Accept the well-deserv'd Renown,
And wear our Praises as thy Crown.

3. Let every Act of Worship be
Like our Espousals, Lord, to Thee;

Lik

ke the dear Hour when from above
e first receiv'd thy Pledge of Love.
The Gladness of that happy Day,
ur Hearts would wish it long to stay;
or let our Faith forsake its Hold,
or Comfort sink, nor Love grow cold.

Still may each Minute as it flies,
ıcrease thy Praise, improve our Joys,
ill we are rais'd to sing thy Name
t the great Supper of the Lamb.
. O that the Months would roll away,
nd bring that Coronation-Day!
'he King of Grace shall fill the Throne
Vith all his Father's Glories on.

HYMN XVII.

Isa. LVII. 15, 16.

THUS saith the high and lofty One,
" I sit upon my holy Throne:
' My Name is God. I dwell on high;
' Dwell in my own Eternity.
:. " But I descend to Worlds below,
' On Earth I have a Mansion too;
' The humble Spirit and contrite
' Is an Abode of my Delight.

3. " The humble Soul my Words revive,
" I bid the mourning Sinner live;
" Heal all the broken Hearts I find,
" And ease the Sorrows of the Mind.
4. " When I contend against their Sin,
" I make them know how vile they've been;
" But should my Wrath for ever smoke,
" Their Souls would sink beneath my Stroke,

5. O

5. O may thy pard'ning Grace be nigh,
Left we ſhould faint, deſpair and die!
Thus ſhall our better Thoughts approve
The Methods of thy chaſt'ning Love.

HYMN XVII.

Matt. V. 3.——12.

1 BLEST are the humble Souls that ſee
Their Emptineſs and Poverty;
Treaſures of Grace to them are giv'n,
And Crowns of Joy laid up in Heav'n.
2. Bleſt are the Men of broken Heart,
Who mourn for Sin with inward Smart;
The Blood of *Chriſt* divinely flows
A healing Balm for all their Woes.

3. Bleſt are the Meek, who ſtand afar
From Rage and Paſſion, Noiſe and War;
God will ſecure their happy State
And plead their Cauſe againſt the Great.
4. Bleſt are the Souls that thirſt for Grace,
Hunger and long for Righteouſneſs;
They ſhall be well ſupply'd and fed
With living Streams and living bread.

5. Bleſt are the Men whoſe Bowels move
And melt with Sympathy and Love;
From *Chriſt* the Lord they ſhall obtain
Like Sympathy and Love again:
6. Bleſt are the Pure, whoſe Hearts are clean
From the defiling Powers of Sin;
With endleſs Pleaſures they ſhall ſee
A God of ſpotleſs Purity.

7. Bleſt are the Men of peaceful Life,
Who quench the Coals of growing Strife;

They

They ſhall be call'd the Heirs of Bliſs,
The Sons of God, the God of Peace.
8. Bleſt are the Suff'rers who partake
Of Pain and Shame for *Jeſus'* ſake;
Their Souls ſhall triumph in the Lord,
Glory and Joy are their Reward.

HYMN XIX.

2 Tim. I. 12.

1 I'M not aſham'd to own my Lord,
or to defend his Cauſe,
Maintain the Honour of his Word,
the Glory of his Croſs.
2. *Jeſus*, my God! I know his Name,
his Name is all my Truſt;
Nor will He put my Soul to Shame,
nor let my Hope be loſt.

3. Firm as his Throne his Promiſe ſtands:
and He can well ſecure
What I've committed to his Hands,
till the deciſive Hour.
4. Then will He own my worthleſs Name,
before his Father's Face,
And in the new *Jeruſalem*
appoint my Soul a Place,

HYMN XX.

2 Cor. 1, 5,—8.

1 THere is a Houſe not made with Hands,
eternal and on high,
And here my Spirit waiting ſtands
till God ſhall bid it fly.
2. Shortly this Priſon of my Clay
muſt be diſſolv'd and fall;
Then, O my Soul, with Joy obey
thy heav'nly Father's Call.

3. 'Tis

3. 'Tis He by his almighty Grace
that forms thee fit for Heav'n,
And as an Earneſt of the Place
has his own Spirit giv'n.
4. We walk by Faith of Joys to come,
Faith lives upon his Word ;
But while the Body is our Home
we're abſent from the Lord.

5. 'Tis pleaſant to believe thy Grace
but we had rather ſee ;
We would be abſent from the Fleſh
and preſent, Lord, with Thee.

HYMN XXI.

Matt. XXII. 37.———40.

1 THUS ſaith the firſt, the great Command,
" Let all thy inward Pow'rs unite
" To love thy Maker, and thy God,
" With utmoſt Vigour and Delight.
2. " Then ſhall thy Neighbour next in Place
" Share thine Affections and Eſteem,
" And let thy Kindneſs to thy ſelf
" Meaſure and rule thy Love to him,"

3. This is the Senſe that *Moſes* ſpoke,
This did the Prophets preach and prove ;
For Want of this the Law is broke,
And the whole Law's fulfill'd by Love.
4. But O ! how baſe our Paſſions are !
How cold our Charity aud Zeal !
Lord, fill our Souls with heav'nly Fire,
Or we ſhall ne'er perform thy Will.

HYMN

HYMN XXII.

Matt. XI. 28,——30.

1 "COME hither all ye weary Souls,
" Ye heavy laden Sinners come,
" I'll give you Reſt from all your Toils,
" And raiſe you to my heav'nly Home.
2. " They ſhall find Reſt that learn of me;
" I'm of a meek and lowly Mind;
" But Paſſion rages like the Sea,
" And Pride is reſtleſs as the Wind.

3. " Bleſs'd is the Man whoſe Shoulders take
" My Yoke, and bear it with Delight;
" My Yoke is eaſy to his Neck,
" My Grace ſhall make the Burden light."
4. *Jeſus*, we come at thy Command,
With Faith and Hope, and humble Zeal,
Reſign our Spirits to thy Hand,
To mould and guide us at thy Will.

HYMN XXIII.

Luke I. 68, *&c.*

1 NOW bleſt be *Iſr'el's* Lord and God,
whoſe Mercy at our Need
Has viſited his People's Grief,
and them from Bondage freed:
2. And rais'd in faithful *David's* Houſe
Salvation, which of old,
E'er ſince the World itſelf began,
his Prophets had foretold.

3. To ſave us from our ſpiteful Foes,
and keep his Oath in mind,
Which He to *Abr'am* heretofore,
and to our Fathers ſign'd.

4. That

4. That we, from Fear and Danger freed,
his Temple may frequent;
And all our Days, as in his Sight,
in holy Life be ſpent,

5. And thou, O Child, ſhalt then be call'd
God's Prophet, to declare
His Meſſage, and before his Face
his Paſſage to prepare.
6. To give them Light who now in Shades
of Night and Death abide;
And in the Way that leads to Peace
our Footſteps ſafely guide.

HYMN XXIV.

Luke I. 46, *&c.*

1 MY Soul and Spirit fill'd with Joy,
my God and Saviour praiſe;
Whoſe Goodneſs did from poor Eſtate
his humble Hand-maid raiſe.
2. Me bleſt of God, the God of Pow'r,
all Ages ſhall confeſs,
Whoſe Name is holy, and whoſe Love
his Saints ſhall ever bleſs.

3. The proud, and all their vain Deſigns,
He quickly did confound:
He caſt the mighty from their Seat,
the meek and humble crown'd.
4. The hungry with good Things are fill'd,
the rich with Hunger pin'd:
He ſent his Servant *Iſr'el* help,
and call'd his Love to mind;

5. Which to our Fathers heretofore,
by Oath He did enſure;
To *Abr'am* and his choſen Seed,
for ever to endure.

HYMN XXV.

Luke II. 29.

1 LORD let thy Servant now depart
Into thy promis'd Reſt,
Since my expecting Eyes have been
with thy Salvation bleſt:
2. Which, till this Time, thy favour'd Saints,
and Prophets, only knew,
Long ſince prepar'd, but now ſet forth
in all the People's View.

3. A Light to ſhew the heathen World
the Way to ſaving Grace:
But O! the Light and Glory both
of *Iſr'el*'s choſen Race.

HYMN XXVI.

Luke II. 8——15.

1 WHILE Shepherds watch'd theirFlocks by [Night,
all ſeated on the Ground,
The Angel of the Lord came down,
and Glory ſhone around.
2. "Fear not, ſaid he, (for mighty Dread
had ſeiz'd their troubled Mind,)
"Glad Tidings of great Joy I bring
"to you and all Mankind.

3. "To you, in *David*'s Town, this Day
"is born of *David*'s Line
"The Saviour, who is *Chriſt* the Lord;
"and this ſhall be the Sign.

4. The

4. "The heav'nly Babe you there ſhall find
"to human View diſplay'd,
"All meanly wrapt in ſwathing Bands,
"and in a Manger laid.

5. Thus ſpake the Seraph, and forthwith
appear'd a ſhining Throng
Of Angels, praiſing God, and thus
addreſt their joyful Song;
6. "All Glory be to God on High;
"and to the Earth be Peace;
"Good-will henceforth from Heav'n to Men,
"begin and never ceaſe.

HYMN XXVII.

1 Cor. 5. 7. Rom. 6. 9, *&c.*

1 SINCE *Chriſt* our Paſſover is ſlain
a Sacrifice for all;
Let all with thankful Hearts agree
to keep the Feſtival:
2. Not with the Leaven, as of old,
of Sin and Malice fed;
But with unfeign'd Sincerity,
and Truth's unleaven'd Bread.

3. *Chriſt* being rais'd by Pow'r divine,
and reſcu'd from the Grave,
Shall die no more, Death ſhall on Him
no more Dominion have;
4. For that He dy'd, 'twas for our Sins
He once vouchſaf'd to die,
But that He lives, He lives to God,
for all Eternity.

5. So

5. So count yourſelves as dead to Sin,
but graciouſly reſtor'd,
And made henceforth alive to God,
through *Jeſus Chriſt* our Lord.

HYMN XXVIII.

1. O GOD, we praiſe Thee, and confeſs,
that Thou the only Lord,
And everlaſting Father art
by all the Earth ador'd.
2. To ~~Thee all Angels~~ cry aloud,
to Thee the Pow'rs on high,
Both Cherubim and Seraphim,
continually do cry;

3. O holy, holy, holy, Lord,
whom heav'nly Hoſts obey;
The World is with the Glory fill'd
of thy majeſtick Sway.
4. Th' Apoſtles glorious Company,
and Prophets crown'd with Light,
With all the Martyrs noble Hoſt,
thy conſtant Praiſe recite.

5. The holy Church throughout the World,
O Lord, confeſſes Thee,
That Thou eternal Father art
of boundleſs Majeſty:
6. Thy honour'd true and only Son,
and holy Ghoſt the Spring
Of never-ceaſing Joy; O *Chriſt*
of Glory thou art King.

7. The Father's everlaſting Son,
Thou from on high didſt come

To ſave Mankind, and didſt not then
diſdain the Virgin's Womb.
8. And having overcome the Sting
of Death, Thou open'ſt wide
The Gates of Heav'n to all, who firm
in thy Belief abide.

PART II.

9. Crown'd with the Father's Glory Thou
at God's Right-hand do'ſt ſit;
Whence Thou ſhalt come to be our Judge,
to ſentence or acquit.
10. O therefore ſave thy Servants, Lord,
whoſe Souls ſo dearly coſt;
Nor let the Purchaſe of thy Blood,
thy precious Blood, be loſt.

11. We magnify Thee Day by Day;
and ever worſhip Thee.
Vouchſafe to keep us, Lord, this Day
from Sin and Danger free.
12. Have Mercy, Mercy, on us, Lord!
to us thy Grace extend,
According as for Mercy we
on Thee alone depend.

13. In Thee I have repos'd my Truſt,
and ever ſhall do ſo;
Preſerve me then from Ruin here,
and from eternal Woe.

HYMN XXIX.

Rev. IV. 11. & V. 9, *&c.*

1 THOU God, all Glory, Honour Pow'r
art worthy to receive:

Since all Things by thy Pow'r were made,
and by thy Bounty live.
2. And worthy is the Lamb all Pow'r
Honour and Wealth to gain,
Glory and Strength, who for our Sins
a Sacrifice was ſlain.

3. All worthy Thou, who haſt redeem'd,
and ranſom'd us to God,
From ev'ry Nation, ev'ry Coaſt
by thy moſt precious Blood.
4. Bleſſing and Honour, Glory, Pow'r
by all in Earth and Heav'n,
To Him that ſits upon the Throne,
and to the Lamb be giv'n.

HYMN XXX.

Rev. XIX. 5, *&c.*

1 ALL ye who faithful Servants are
of our almighty King,
Both high and low, and ſmall and great,
his Praiſe devoutly ſing.
2. Let us rejoice, and render Thanks
to his moſt holy Name;
Rejoice, rejoice, for now is come
the Marriage of the Lamb.

3. His Bride her ſelf has ready made
how pure and white her Dreſs!
Which is the Saints Integrity
and ſpotleſs Holineſs.
4. O therefore bleſt is ev'ry one
who to the Marriage Feaſt,
And holy Supper of the Lamb
is call'd a welcome Gueſt.

HYMN

HYMN XXXI.

Matth. VI. 9, &c.

1 OUR Father, who in Heaven art,
all hallow'd be thy Name;
Thy Kingdom come; thy Will be done,
throughout this earthly Frame.
2. As cheerfully as 'tis by those
who dwell with Thee on high;
Lord, let thy Bounty Day by Day
our daily Food supply;

3. As we forgive our Enemies,
thy Pardon, Lord, we crave;
Into Temptation lead us not,
but us from Evil save.
4. For Kingdom, Pow'r and Glory, all
belong, O Lord, to Thee;
Thine from Eternity they were,
and thine shall ever be.

HYMN XXXII.

1 Cor. XV. 20, 21. *Colos.* III. 1.

1 CHRIST from the Dead is rais'd, and made
the first Fruits of the Tomb;
For, as by Man came Death, by Man
did Resurrection come.
2. For, as in *Adam*, all Mankind
did Guilt and Death derive;
So, by the Righteousness of Christ,
shall all be made alive.

3. If then ye risen are with Christ,
seek only how to get
The Things that are above, where Christ
at God's right Hand is set.

HYMN XXXIII.

Another Verſion of *Luke* II. 8, &c.

SHepherds, rejoice, lift up your Eyes,
" and ſend your Fears away ;
" News from the Region of the Skies,
" Salvation's born to Day.

2. " *Jeſus*, the God whom Angels fear,
" comes down to dwell with you :
" To-day he makes his Entrance here,
" but not as Monarchs do.

3. " No Gold, nor purple ſwadling Bands,
" nor royal ſhining Things ;
" A Manger for his Cradle ſtands,
" and holds the King of Kings.

4. " Go, Shepherds, where the Infant lies,
" and ſee his humble Throne ;
" With Tears of Joy in all your Eyes,
" go, Shepherds, kiſs the Son."

5. Thus *Gabriel* ſang, and ſtrait around
the heavenly Armies throng,
They tune their Harps to lofty Sound,
and thus conclude the Song :

6. " Glory to God that reigns above,
" let Peace ſurround the Earth ;
" Mortals ſhall know their Maker's Love,
" at their Redeemer's Birth."

7. Lord ! and ſhall Angels have their Songs,
and Men no Tunes to raiſe ?
O may we loſe theſe uſeleſs Tongues
when they forget to praiſe !

8. Glory to God that reigns above,
that pitied us forlorn,
We join to ſing our Maker's Love,
for there's a Saviour born.

HYMN

HYMN XXXIV.

Eccles. XII. 1, *&c.*

1 CHildren, to your Creator, God,
your early Honours pay,
While Vanity and youthful Blood
would tempt your Thoughts astray.
2. The Memory of his mighty Name,
demands your first Regard;
Nor dare indulge a meaner Flame,
'till you have lov'd the Lord.

3. Be wise, and make his Favour sure
before the mournful Days,
When Youth and Mirth are known no more,
and Life and Strength decays.
4. No more the Blessings of a Feast
shall relish on the Tongue,
The heavy Ear forgets the Taste
and Pleasure of a Song.

5. Old Age, with all her dismal Train,
invades your golden Years
With Sighs, and Groans, and raging Pain,
and Death, that never spares.
6. What will you do when Light departs,
and leaves your withering Eyes,
Without one Beam to chear your Hearts,
from the superior Skies?

7. How will you meet God's frowning Brow,
or stand before his Seat,
While Nature's old Supporters bow,
nor bear their tott'ring Weight.
8. Can you expect your feeble Arms
shall make a strong Defence,
When Death, with terrible Alarms,
summons the Pris'ner hence?

9. The ſilver Bands of Nature burſt,
and let the Building fall;
The Fleſh goes down to mix with Duſt,
its vile Original.
10. Laden with Guilt (a heavy Load)
uncleans'd and unforgiv'n,
The Soul returns t' an angry God,
to be ſhut out from Heav'n.

HYMN XXXV.

Job I. 21.

1 NAked as from the Earth we came,
and crept to Life at firſt,
We to the Earth return again,
and mingle with our Duſt.
2. The dear Delights we here enjoy,
and fondly call our own,
Are but ſhort Favours borrow'd now,
to be repay'd anon.

3. 'Tis God that lifts our Comforts high,
or ſinks them in the Grave,
He gives, and (bleſſed be his Name)
He takes but what he gave.
4. Peace, all our angry Paſſions then,
let each rebellious Sigh
Be ſilent at his ſovereign Will,
and every Murmur die.

5. If ſmiling Mercy crown our Lives,
it's Praiſes ſhall be ſpread,
And we'll adore the Juſtice too
that ſtrikes our Comforts dead.

HYMN

HYMN XXXVI.

Rom. VIII. 33, *&c.*

1 WHO ſhall the Lord's Elect condemn ?
'Tis God that juſtifies their Souls,
And Mercy like a mighty Stream
O'er all their Sins divinely rolls.
2. Who ſhall adjudge the Saints to Hell ?
'Tis *Chriſt* that ſuffer'd in their Stead,
And the Salvation to fulfil
Behold Him riſing from the Dead.

3. He lives ! He lives ! and ſits above
For ever interceeding there ;
Who ſhall divide us from his Love,
Or what ſhall tempt us to deſpair ?
4. Shall Perſecution, or Diſtreſs,
Famine, or Sword, or Nakedneſs ?
He that hath lov'd us bears us thro',
And makes us more than Conqu'rors too.

5. Faith hath an over-coming Power,
It triumphs in the dying Hour ;
Chriſt is our Life, our Joy, our Hope,
Nor can we ſink with ſuch a Prop.
6. Not all that Men on Earth can do,
Nor Pow'rs on high, nor Pow'rs below,
Shall cauſe his Mercy to remove,
Or wean our Hearts from *Chriſt* our Love.

HYMN XXXVII.

Pſal. XLIX. 6, 9. Eccl. VIII. 8. Job III. 14, 15.

1 IN vain the wealthy Mortals toil,
And heap their ſhining Duſt in vain,
Look down and ſcorn the humble Poor,
And boaſt their lofty Hills of Gain.

2. Their golden Cordials cannot eaſe
Their pained Hearts or aching Heads,
Nor fright nor bribe approaching Death
From glittering Roofs and downy Beds.

3. The lingring, the unwilling Soul
The diſmal Summons muſt obey,
And bid a long, a ſad Farewell
To the pale Lump of lifeleſs Clay.
4. Thence they are huddled to the Grave,
Where Kings and Slaves have equal Thrones,
Their Bones without Diſtinction lie
Amongſt the Heap of meaner Bones.

HYMN XXXVIII.

Rev. V. 6, 7, 8, 9.

1 ALL mortal Vanities be gone,
Nor tempt my Eyes, nor tire my Ears,
Behold amidſt th' eternal Throne
A Viſion of the Lamb appears.
2. Glory his fleecy Robe adorns,
Mark'd with the bloody Death He bore;
Sev'n are his Eyes, and ſev'n his Horns,
To ſpeak his Wiſdom and his Pow'r.

3. Lo, He receives a ſealed Book
From Him that ſits upon the Throne;
Jeſus, my Lord, prevails to look
On dark Decrees, and Things unknown.
4. All the aſſembling Saints around
Fall worſhipping before the Lamb,
And in new Songs of Goſpel-Sound
Addreſs their Honours to his Name.

5. The Joy, the Shout, the Harmony
Flies o'er the everlaſting Hills,

" Worthy

« Worthy art Thou alone" (they cry)
« To read the Book, to loose the Seals."
6. Our Voices join the heav'nly Strain,
And with transporting Pleasure sing,
Worthy the Lamb, that once was slain,
To be our Teacher, and our King.

7. His Words of Prophecy reveal
Eternal Counsels, deep Designs;
His Grace and Vengeance shall fulfil
The peaceful and the dreadful Lines.
8. Thou hast redeem'd our Souls from Hell
With thine invaluable Blood;
And Wretches that did once rebel
Are now made Fav'rites of their God.

9. Worthy for ever is the Lord,
That dy'd for Treasons not his own,
By ev'ry Tongue to be ador'd,
And dwell upon his Father's Throne.

HYMN XXXIX.

2 Tim IV. 6, 7, 8, 18.

1 DEATH may dissolve my Body now,
and bear my Spirit home;
Why do my Minutes move so slow,
nor my Salvation come?
2. With heav'nly Weapons I have fought
the Battles of the Lord,
Finish'd my Course, and kept the Faith,
and wait the sure Reward.

3. God has laid up in Heav'n for me
a Crown which cannot fade;
The righteous Judge at that great Day
shall place it on my Head.

4. Nor hath the King of Grace decreed
this Prize for me alone;
But all that love, and long to ſee
th' Appearance of his Son.

5. *Jeſus*, the Lord, ſhall guard me ſafe
from ev'ry ill Deſign;
And to his heav'nly Kingdom keep
this feeble Soul of mine.
6. God is my everlaſting Aid,
and Hell ſhall rage in vain;
To Him be higheſt Glory paid,
and endleſs Praiſe. *Amen.*

HYMN XL.

Iſa. LXIII. 1, 2, 3. *&c.*

1 WHAT mighty Man, or mighty God,
comes travelling in State,
Along the *Idumean* Road
away from *Bozrah*'s Gate!
2. The Glory of his Robes proclaim
'tis ſome victorious King:
" Tis I, the juſt, th' almighty One
" that your Salvation bring.

3. Why, mighty Lord, thy Saints enquire,
why thine Apparel red?
And all thy Veſture ſtain'd like thoſe
who in the Wine-preſs tread?
4. " I by my ſelf have trod the Preſs,
" and cruſh'd my Foes alone,
" My Wrath has ſtruck the Rebels dead,
" my Fury ſtamp'd 'em down.

5. " 'Tis *Edom*'s Blood that dies my Robes
" with joyful ſcarlet Stains,

" The

"The Triumph that my Raiment wears
"ſprung from their bleeding Veins.
6. "Thus ſhall the Nations be deſtroy'd
"that dare inſult my Saints,
"I have an Arm t' avenge their Wrongs,
"an Ear for their Complaints.

HYMN XLI.

Nahum I. 1, 2, 3, *&c.*

1 ADORE and tremble, for our God
is a conſuming Fire,
His jealous Eyes his Wrath inflame,
and raiſe his Vengeance higher.
2. Almighty Vengeance, how it burns!
how bright his Fury glows!
Vaſt Magazines of Plagues and Storms
lie treaſur'd for his Foes.

3. Thoſe Heaps of Wrath by ſlow Degrees
are forc'd into a Flame,
But kindled, oh! how fierce they blaze!
and rend all Nature's Frame.
4. At his Approach the Mountains flee,
and ſeek a watry Grave;
The frighted Sea makes Haſte away,
and ſhrinks up ev'ry Wave.

5. Through the wide Air the weighty Rocks,
are ſwift as Hail-ſtones hurl'd:
Who dares engage his fiery Rage,
that ſhakes the ſolid World?
6. Yet, mighty God, thy ſov'reign Grace,
ſits Regent on the Throne,
The Refuge of thy choſen Race
when Wrath comes ruſhing down.

7. Thy

7. Thy Hand ſhall on rebellious Kings
a fiery Tempeſt pour,
While we beneath thy ſhelt'ring Wings
thy juſt Revenge adore.

HYMN XLII.

Iſa. XL. 28, 29, 30, 31.

1 AWAKE our Souls (away our Fears,
Let ev'ry trembling Thought be gone)
Awake, and run the heavenly Race,
And put a chearful Courage on.
2. True, 'tis a ſtrait and thorny Road,
And mortal Spirits tire and faint,
But they forget the mighty God
That feeds the Strength of ev'ry Saint.

3. The mighty God, whoſe matchleſs Pow'r
Is ever new and ever young,
And firm endures while endleſs Years
Their everlaſting Circles run.
4. From Thee the overflowing Spring,
Our Souls ſhall drink a freſh Supply,
While ſuch as truſt their native Strength
Shall melt away, and drop, and die.

5. Swift as an Eagle cuts the Air,
We'll mount aloft to thine Abode,
On Wings of Love our Souls ſhall fly,
Nor tire amidſt the heavenly Road.

HYMN XLIII.

Jude XXIV. 25.

1 TO God the only Wiſe,
our Saviour and our King,
Let all the Saints below the Skies
their humble Praiſes bring.

2. 'Tis

2. 'Tis his almighty Love,
his Counſel and his Care,
Preſerves us ſafe from Sin and Death,
and ev'ry hurtful Snare.

3. He will preſent our Souls
unblemiſh'd and compleat,
Before the Glory of his Face,
with Joys divinely great.
4. Then all the choſen Seed
ſhall meet around the Throne,
Shall bleſs the Conduct of his Grace,
and make his Wonders known.

5. To our Redeemer God
Wiſdom and Pow'r belongs,
Immortal Crowns of Majeſty,
and everlaſting Songs.

HYMN XLIV.

Rev. XII. 7.

LET mortal Tongues attempt to ſing
The Wars of Heav'n, when *Michael* ſtood
Chief General of th' eternal King,
And fought the Battles of our God.
2. Againſt the Dragon and his Hoſt
The Armies of the Lord prevail:
In vain they rage, in vain they boaſt,
Their Courage ſinks, their Weapons fail.

3. Down to the Earth was *Satan* thrown,
Down to the Earth his Legions fell;
Then was the Trump of Triumph blown,
And ſhook the dreadful Deeps of Hell.
4. Now is the Hour of Darkneſs paſt,
Chriſt has aſſum'd his reigning Pow'r;

Behold

Behold the great Accuſer caſt
Down from the Skies, to riſe no more.

5. 'Twas by thy Blood, immortal Lamb,
Thine Armies trod the Tempter down;
'Twas by thy Word and pow'rful Name
They gain'd the Battle and Renown.
6. Rejoice ye Heav'ns; let every Star
Shine with new Glories round the Sky;
Saints, while ye ſing the heav'nly War,
Raiſe your Deliverer's Name on high.

HYMN XLV.

Rev. I. 5, 6, 7.

1 NOW to the Lord that makes us know
The Wonders of his dying Love,
Be humble Honours paid below,
And ſtrains of nobler Praiſe above.
2. 'Twas He that cleans'd our fouleſt Sins,
And waſh'd us in his richeſt Blood;
'Tis He that makes us Prieſts and Kings,
And brings us Rebels near to God.

3. To *Jeſus* our atoning Prieſt,
To *Jeſus* our ſuperior King,
Be everlaſting Power confeſt,
And ev'ry Tongue his Glory ſing.
4. Behold, on flying Clouds He comes,
And ev'ry Eye ſhall ſee Him move;
Tho' with our Sins we pierc'd Him once,
Then He diſplays his pardoning Love.

5. The unbelieving World ſhall wail
While we rejoice to ſee the Day:
Come Lord: nor let thy Promiſe fail,
Nor let thy Chariots long delay.

HYMN XLVI.

Rev. V. 11, 12, 13.

1 COme let us join our chearful Songs,
with Angels round the Throne;
Ten thousand thousand are their Tongues,
but all their Joys are one.
2. "Worthy the Lamb that dy'd," they cry,
"to be exalted thus;"
Worthy the Lamb, our Lips reply,
for He was slain for us.

3. *Jesus* is worthy to receive
Honour and Power divine;
And Blessings more than we can give,
be, Lord, for ever thine.
4. Let all that dwell above the Sky,
and Air, and Earth, and Seas,
Conspire to lift thy Glories high,
and speak thine endless Praise.

5. The whole Creation join in one,
to bless the sacred Name
Of Him that sits upon the Throne,
and to adore the Lamb.

HYMN XLVII.

1 John iii. 1, &c. Gal. iv 6.

1 BEHOLD what wond'rous Grace
the Father has bestow'd
On Sinners of a mortal Race,
to call them Sons of God!
2. 'Tis no surprizing Thing,
that we should be unknown;
The *Jewish* World knew not their King,
God's everlasting Son:

3. Nor doth it yet appear
How great we must be made; But

But when we ſee our Saviour here,
we ſhall be like our Head.
4. A Hope ſo much divine
may Trials well endure,
May purge our Souls from Senſe and Sin:
as Chriſt the Lord is pure.

5. If in my Father's Love
I ſhare a filial Part,
Send down thy Spirit, like a Dove,
to reſt upon my Heart.
6. We would no longer lie
like Slaves beneath the Throne:
My Faith ſhall Abba Father cry,
and thou the Kindred own.

HYMN XLVIII.

Sol. Song VIII. 5, 6, 7, 13. 14.

1 WHO is this fair One in Diſtreſs,
That travels from the Wilderneſs?
And preſs'd with Sorrows and with Sins,
On her beloved Lord ſhe leans.
2. This is the Spouſe of Chriſt our God,
Bought with the Treaſures of his Blood:
And her Requeſt, and her Complaint,
Is but the Voice of ev'ry Saint.

3. "O let my Name engraven ſtand,
"Both on thy Heart and on thy Hand:
"Seal me upon thine Arm, and wear
"That Pledge of Love for ever there.
4. "Stronger than Death thy Love is known,
"Which Floods of Wrath could never drown;
"And Hell and Earth in vain combine
"To quench a Fire ſo much divine.

5. But I am jealous of my Heart,
"Leſt it ſhould once from Thee depart; "Then

" Then let thy Name be well impreſs'd,
" As a fair Signet on my Breaſt.
6. " 'Till Thou haſt brought me to thy Home,
" Where Fears and Doubts can never come,
" Thy Count'nance let me often ſee,
" And often Thou ſhalt hear from me.

7. " Come, my Beloved, haſte away
" Cut ſhort the Hours of thy Delay.
" Fly like a youthful Hart or Roe
" Over the Hills where Spices grow.

HYMN XLIX.

Job IV. 17,——21.

1 SHALL the vile Race of Fleſh and Blood
Contend with their Creator, God ?
Shall mortal Worms preſume to be
More holy, wiſe, or juſt, than He ?
2. Behold, He puts his Truſt in none
Of all the Spirits round his Throne ;
Their Natures, when compar'd with his,
Are neither holy, juſt, nor wiſe.

3. But how much meaner Things are they
Who ſpring from Duſt, and dwell in Clay !
Touch'd by the Finger of thy Wrath,
We faint and vaniſh like the Moth.
4. From Night to Day, from Day to Night,
We die by thouſands in thy Sight ;
Bury'd in Duſt whole Nations lie
Like a forgotten Vanity.

5. Almighty Power, to Thee we bow ;
How frail are we ! how glorious Thou !
No more the Sons of Earth ſhall dare
With an eternal God compare.

HYMN

HYMN L.

Eccles. IX. 4, 5, 6, 10.

1 LIFE is the Time to serve the Lord,
The Time t'insure the great Reward,
And while the Lamp holds out to burn.
The vilest Sinner may return.
2. Life is the Hour that God has giv'n
To 'scape from Hell, and fly to Heav'n;
The Day of Grace, and Mortals may
Secure the Blessings of the Day.

3. The Living know that they must die,
But all the Dead forgotten lie;
Their Mem'ry and their Sense is gone,
Alike unknowing and unknown.
4. Their Hatred and their Love is lost,
Their Envy buried in the Dust;
They have no Share in all that's done
Beneath the Circuit of the Sun.

5. Then what my Thoughts design to do,
My Hands, with all your Might pursue,
Since no Device, nor Work is found,
Nor Faith, nor Hope, beneath the Ground.
6. There are no Acts of Pardon pass'd
In the cold Grave, to which we haste;
But Darkness, Death, and long Despair,
Reign in eternal Silence there.

HYMN LI.

Rom. III. 19,——22.

1 VAIN are the Hopes the Sons of Men
on their own Works have built;
Their Hearts by Nature all unclean,
and all their Actions Guilt.
2. Let Jew and Gentile stop their Mouths
without a murm'ring Word,

And

And the whole Race of *Adam* ſtand
guilty before the Lord.

3. In vain we aſk God's righteous Law
to juſtify us now,
Since to convince and to condemn
is all the Law can do.
4. *Jeſus*, how glorious is thy Grace,
when in thy Name we truſt!
Our Faith receives a Righteouſneſs
that makes the Sinner juſt.

HYMN LII.

John III. 16, 17, 18.

1 NOT to condemn the Sons of Men
Did *Chriſt*, the Son of God appear:
No Weapons in his Hands are ſeen,
No flaming Sword, nor Thunder there.
2. Such was the Pity of our God,
He lov'd the Race of Man ſo well,
He ſent his Son to bear our Load
Of Sins, and ſave our Souls from Hell.

3. Sinners, believe the Saviour's Word,
Truſt in his mighty Name, and live;
A thouſand Joys his Lips afford,
His Hands a thouſand Bleſſings give.
4. But Vengeance and Damnation lyes
On Rebels who refuſe the Grace;
Who God's eternal Son deſpiſe,
The hotteſt Hell ſhall be their Place.

HYMN LIII.

1 Cor. II. 9, 10. Rev. XXI. 27.

1 NOR Eye hath ſeen, nor Ear has heard,
nor Senſe, nor Reaſon known,

What

What Joys the Father has prepar'd
for thoſe that love his Son.
2. But the good Spirit of the Lord
reveals a Heav'n to come;
The Beams of Glory in his Word
allure and guide us home.

3. Pure are the Joys above the Sky,
and all the Region Peace;
No wanton Lips nor envious Eye
can ſee or taſte the Bliſs.
4. Thoſe holy Gates for ever bar,
Pollution, Sin, and Shame;
None ſhall obtain Admittance there
but Foll'wers of the Lamb.

5. He keeps the Father's Book of Life,
there all their Names are found;
The Hypocrite in vain ſhall ſtrive
to tread the heav'nly Ground.

HYMN LIV.

Rom. VI. 1, 2, 6.

1 SHALL we go on to ſin,
becauſe thy Grace abounds,
Or crucify the Lord again
and open all his Wounds?
2. Forbid it, mighty God,
nor let it e'er be ſaid,
That we whoſe Sins are crucify'd,
ſhould raiſe them from the Dead.

3. We will be Slaves no more,
ſince *Chriſt* has made us free,
Has nail'd our Tyrants to his Croſs,
and bought our Liberty.

HYMN

HYMN LV.

Phil. III. 7, 8, 9.

1 NO more, my God, I boast no more
Of all the Duties I have done;
I quit the Hopes I held before
To trust the Merits of thy Son.
2. Now for the Love I bear his Name,
What was my Gain I count my Loss;
My former Pride I call my Shame,
And nail my Glory to his Cross.

3. Yes, and I must and will esteem
All Things but Loss for *Jesus'* sake:
O may my Soul be found in him,
And of his Righteousness partake!
4. The best Obedience of my Hands
Dares not appear before thy Throne;
But Faith can answer thy Demands,
By pleading what my Lord has done.

HYMN LVI. Rom. VII. 8, *&c.*

1 LORD, how secure my Conscience was,
and felt no inward Dread!
I was alive without the Law,
and thought my Sins were dead.
2. My Hopes of Heav'n were firm and bright;
but since the Precept came
With a convincing Pow'r and Light,
I find how vile I am.

3. My Guilt appear'd but small before,
'till terribly I saw
How perfect, holy, just and pure
was thine eternal Law.
4. Then felt my Soul the heavy Load,
my Sins reviv'd again,
I had provok'd a dreadful God,
and all my Hopes were slain.

5. I'm

5. I'm like a helpleſs Captive ſold,
under the Power of Sin;
I cannot do the Good I would
nor keep my Conſcience clean.
6. My God, I cry with ev'ry Breath
for ſome kind Pow'r to ſave,
To break the Yoke of Sin and Death,
and thus redeem the Slave.

HYMN LVII.

Joh. I. 17. Heb. III. 3, *&c.* X. 28.

1 THE Law by *Moſes* came,
but Peace, and Truth, and Love,
Were brought by *Chriſt* (a nobler Name)
deſcending from above.
2. Amidſt the Houſe of God
their diff'rent Works were done;
Moſes a faithful Servant ſtood,
but *Chriſt* a faithful Son.

3. Then to his new Commands
be ſtrict Obedience paid;
O'er all his Father's Houſe he ſtands
the Sovereign and the Head.
4. The Man that durſt deſpiſe
the Law that *Moſes* brought;
Behold! how terribly he dies
for his preſumptuous Fault.

5. But ſorer Vengeance falls
on that rebellious Race,
Who hate to hear when *Jeſus* calls,
and dare reſiſt his Grace.

HYMN LVIII.

Heb. IV. 15, 16, & V. 7. Matt. XII. 20.

1 WITH Joy we meditate the Grace
of our High-Prieſt above;

His

His Heart is made of Tenderneſs,
his Bowels melt with Love.
2. Touch'd with a Sympathy within
he knows our feeble Frame,
He knows what ſore Temptations mean
for he has felt the ſame.

3. But ſpotleſs, innocent and pure
the great Redeemer ſtood,
While *Satan*'s fiery Darts he bore,
and did reſiſt to Blood.
4. He in the Days of feeble Fleſh
pour'd our his Cries and Tears,
And in his Meaſure feels afreſh
what every Member bears

5. He'll never quench the ſmoaking Flax,
but raiſe it to a Flame;
The bruiſed Reed he never breaks,
nor ſcorns the meaneſt Name.
6. Then let our humble Faith addreſs
his Mercy and his Pow'r,
We ſhall obtain deliv'ring Grace
in the diſtreſſing Hour.

HYMN LIX. Titus II. 10,—13.

1 SO let our Lips and Lives expreſs
The holy Goſpel we profeſs,
So let our Works and Virtues ſhine,
To prove the Doctrine all divine.
2. Thus ſhall we beſt proclaim abroad
The Honours of our Saviour God;
When the Salvation reigns within,
And Grace ſubdues the Pow'r of Sin.

3. Our

3. Our Flesh and Sense must be deny'd,
Passion and Envy, Lust and Pride;
While Justice, Temp'rance, Truth and Love
Our inward Piety approve.
4. Religion bears our Spirits up
While we expect that blessed Hope,
The bright Appearance of the Lord
And Faith stands leaning on his Word.

HYMN LX.

1 Cor. XIII. 1. 2, 3.

1 HAD I the Tongues of Greeks and Jews,
And nobler Speech that Angels use,
If Love be absent, I am found
Like tinkling Brass, an empty Sound.
2. Were I inspir'd to preach and tell
All that is done in Heav'n and Hell,
Or could my Faith the World remove,
Still I am nothing without Love.

3. Should I distribute all my Store
To feed the Bowels of the Poor,
Or give my Body to the Flame,
To gain a Martyr's glorious Name.
4. If Love to God and Love to Men
Be absent, all my Hopes are vain:
Nor Tongues, nor Gifts, nor fiery Zeal,
The Work of Love can e'er fulfil.

HYMN LXI.

2 Tim. 1. 9, 10.

1 NOW to the Pow'r of God supreme
Be everlasting Honours giv'n,
He saves from Hell (we bless his Name)
He calls our wand'ring Feet to Heav'n.
2. Not for our Duties or Deserts,
But of his own abounding Grace,

He

He works Salvation in our Hearts,
And forms a People for his Praiſe.

3. 'Twas his own Purpoſe that begun
To reſcue Rebels doom'd to die;
He gave us Grace in Chriſt his Son
Before He ſpread the ſtarry Sky.
4. *Jeſus* the Lord appears at laſt,
And makes his Father's Counſels known;
Declares the great Tranſactions paſs'd,
And brings immortal Bleſſings down.

5. He dies; and in that dreadful Night
Did all the Pow'rs of Hell deſtroy;
Riſing He brought our Heav'n to Light,
And took Poſſeſſion of the Joy.

HYMN LXII.

Iſa. LIII. 1—5, 10—12.

1 WHO has believ'd thy Word,
or thy Salvation known?
Reveal thine Arm, almighty Lord,
and glorify thy Son.
2. The *Jews* eſteem'd Him here
too mean for their Belief;
Sorrows his chief Acquaintance were,
and his Companion, Grief.

3. They turn'd their Eyes away,
and treated Him with Scorn;
But 'twas their Grief upon Him lay,
their Sorrows He has born.
4. 'Twas for the ſtubborn *Jews*
and *Gentiles* then unknown,
The God of Juſtice pleas'd to bruiſe
his beſt-beloved Son.

5. "But I'll prolong his Days,
"and make his Kingdom ſtand,
"My Pleaſure (ſaith the God of Grace)
"ſhall proſper in his Hand.
6. "His joyful Soul ſhall ſee
"the Purchaſe of his Pain,
"And by his Knowledge juſtify
"the guilty Sons of Men.

7. "Ten thouſand captive Slaves
"releas'd from Death and Sin,
"Shall quit their Priſons and their Graves,
"and own his Pow'r divine.
8. "Heav'n ſhall advance my Son
"to Joys that Earth deny'd;
"Who ſaw the Follies Men had done,
"and bore their Sins, and dy'd."

HYMN LXIII.

1 HOW ſhort and haſty is our Life!
how vaſt our Souls Affairs!
Yet ſenſeleſs Mortals vainly ſtrive
to laviſh out their Years.
2. Our Days run thoughtleſly along,
without a Moment's Stay,
Juſt like a Story or a Song,
we paſs our Lives away.

3. God from on high invites us Home,
but we march heedleſs on,
And ever haſt'ning to the Tomb,
ſtoop downwards as we run.
4. How we deſerve the deepeſt Hell
that ſlight the Joys above!
What Chains of Vengeance ſhould we feel
that break ſuch Cords of Love!

5. Draw

5. Draw us, O God, with ſovereign Grace,
and lift our Thoughts on high,
That we may end this mortal Race,
and ſee Salvation nigh.

HYMN LXIV.

1 NOW to the Lord a noble Song!
Awake my Soul, awake my Tongue;
Hoſanna to th' eternal Name,
And all his boundleſs Love proclaim.
2. See where it ſhines in *Jeſus'* Face,
The brighteſt Image of his Grace;
God in the Perſon of his Son,
Has all his mightieſt Works out-done.

3. The ſpacious Earth, and ſpreading Flood
Proclaim the wiſe, the pow'rful God,
And thy rich Glories from afar,
Sparkle in ev'ry rolling Star.
4. But in his Looks a Glory ſtands,
The nobleſt Labour of thine Hands:
The pleaſing Luſtre of his Eyes
Out-ſhines the Wonders of the Skies.

5. Grace! 'tis a ſweet, a charming Theme;
My Thoughts rejoice at *Jeſus'* Name:
Ye Angels, dwell upon the Sound,
Ye Heav'ns, reflect it to the Ground.
6. O may I live to reach the Place
Where he unvails his lovely Face,
Where all his Beauties you behold,
And ſing his Name to Harps of Gold!

HYMN LXV.

Phil. II. 6, *&c.*

1 BRight King of Glory, dreadful God!
Our Spirits bow before thy Seat,

To Thee we lift an humble Thought,
And worſhip at thine awful Feet.
2. Thy Pow'r hath form'd, thy Wiſdom ſways
All Nature with a ſov'reign Word;
And the bright World of Stars obeys
The Will of their ſuperior Lord.

3. Mercy and Truth unite in one,
And ſmiling ſit at thy Right-Hand;
Eternal Juſtice guards thy Throne,
And Vengeance waits thy dread Command.
4. A thouſand Seraphs ſtrong and bright
Stand round the glorious Deity;
But who amongſt the Sons of Light
Pretends Compariſon with Thee?

5. Yet there is one of human Frame,
Jeſus, array'd in Fleſh and Blood,
Thinks it no Robbery to claim
A full Equality with God.
6. Their Glory ſhines with equal Beams;
Their Eſſence is for ever one,
Tho' they are known by different Names,
The Father-God, and God the Son.

7. Then let the Name of Chriſt our King
With equal Honours be ador'd;
His Praiſe let every Angel ſing,
And all the Nations own the Lord.

HYMN LXVI.

HARK! from the Tombs a doleful Sound;
my Ears attend the Cry,
"Ye living Men, come view the Ground,
"where you muſt ſhortly lie.
2. "Princes, this Clay muſt be your Bed
"in ſpight of all your Tow'rs;

"The

"The tall, the wiſe, the rev'rend Head
"muſt lie as low as ours.

3. Great God! is this our certain Doom?
and are we ſtill ſecure?
Still walking downwards to our Tomb,
and yet prepare no more?
4. Grant us the Pow'rs of quick'ning Grac
to fit our Souls to fly,
Then, when we drop this dying Fleſh,
we'll riſe above the Sky.

HYMN LXVII.

Zech XII. 7.

1 THUS ſaith the Ruler of the Skies,
"awake my dreadful Sword;
"Awake my Wrath, and ſmite the Man
"my Fellow", ſaith the Lord.
2. Vengeance receiv'd the dread Command,
and armed down ſhe flies,
Jeſus ſubmits t' his Father's Hand,
and bows his Head, and dies.

3. But oh! the Wiſdom and the Grace
that join with Vengeance now!
He dies to ſave our guilty Race,
and yet He riſes too.
4. A Perſon ſo divine was He
who yielded to be ſlain,
That He could give his Soul away,
and take his Life again.

5. Live, glorious Lord, and reign on high,
let ev'ry Nation ſing,
And Angels ſound with endleſs Joy
the Saviour and the King.

To Th
And w

HYMN LXVIII.

2. Th NFINITE Grief! amazing Woe!
All N behold my bleeding Lord!
And t and the *Jews* conſpir'd his Death,
The nd us'd the *Roman* Sword.
Oh! the ſharp Pangs of ſmarting Pain
3. My dear Redeemer bore,
And en knotty Whips, and ragged Thorns
Ete his ſacred Body tore!
Ar
4. But knotty Whips, and ragged Thorns
S in vain do I accuſe,
In vain I blame the *Roman* Bands,
and the more ſpightful *Jews*.
4. 'Twere you, my Sins, my cruel Sins,
his chief Tormentors were!
Each of my Crimes became a Nail,
and Unbelief the Spear.

5. 'Twere you, that pull'd the Vengeance down
upon his guiltleſs Head:
Break, break my Heart, oh! burſt mine Eyes,
and let my Sorrows bleed.
6. Strike, mighty Grace, my flinty Soul,
till melting Waters flow,
And deep Repentance drown mine Eyes,
in undiſſembled Woe.

HYMN LXIX.

Heb. XII. 18, &c.

1 NOT to the Terrors of the Lord,
the Tempeſt, Fire, and Smoke,
Not to the Thunder of that Word
which God on *Sinai* ſpoke;
2. But we are come to *Sion*'s Hill,
the City of our God,

Where

Where milder Words declare his Will,
and ſpread his Love abroad.

3. Behold th' innumerable Hoſt
of Angels cloath'd in Light;
Behold the Spirits of the Juſt
whoſe Faith is turn'd to Sight.
4. Behold the bleſt Aſſembly there,
whoſe Names are writ in Heav'n;
And God the Judge of all declares
Their vileſt Sins forgiv'n.

5. The Saints on Earth, and all the Dead
but one Communion make;
All join in *Chriſt* their living Head,
and of his Grace partake.
6. In ſuch Society as this
my weary Soul would reſt;
The Man that dwells where *Jeſus* is
muſt be forever bleſt.

HYMN LXX.

Iſa. L. 10, 11. Chap. XXVIII. 20.

"WHere are the Mourners (ſaith the Lord)
" That wait and tremble at my Word,
" That walk in Darkneſs all the Day?
" Come, make my Name your Truſt and Stay,
2. " No Works nor Duties of your own
" Can for the ſmalleſt Sin atone;
" The Robes that Nature may provide
" Will not your leaſt Pollutions hide.

3. " The ſofteſt Couch that Nature knows
" Can give the Conſcience no Repoſe:
" Look to my Righteouſneſs, and live;
" Comfort and Peace are mine to give.

4. " Ye

4. " Ye Sons of Pride that kindle Coals,
" With your own Hands to warm your Souls,
" Walk in the Light of your own Fire,
" Enjoy the Sparks that ye desire.

5. " This is your Portion at my Hands;
" Hell waits you with her Iron Bands,
" Ye shall lye down in Sorrow there,
" In Death, in Darkness, and Despair.

HYMN LXXI.

Job XI. 7, &c. XXV. 5. XXVI. 11.

CAN Creatures to Perfection find
Th' eternal uncreated Mind;
Or can the largest Stretch of Thought
Measure and search his Nature out!
2. 'Tis high as Heav'n, 'tis deep as Hell,
And what can mortals know or tell?
His Glory spreads beyond the Sky,
And all the shining Worlds on high.

3. But Man, vain Man, would fain be wise,
Born like a wild young Colt he flies
Thro' all the Follies of his Mind,
And smells and snuffs the empty Wind.
4. God is a King of Power unknown,
Firm are the Orders of his Throne;
If He resolve, who dare oppose,
Or ask Him why, or what He does?

5. He wounds the Heart, and He makes whole;
He calms the Tempest of the Soul:
When He shuts up in long Despair,
Who can remove the heavy Bar?
6. He frowns, and Darkness veils the Moon,
The fainting Sun grows dim at Noon:
The Pillars of Heav'ns starry Roof
Tremble and start at his Reproof.

7. He

7. He gave the vaulted Heav'n its Form,
The crooked Serpent, and the Worm;
He breaks the Billows with his Breath,
And ſmites the Sons of Pride to Death.
8. Theſe are a Portion of his Ways;
But who ſhall dare deſcribe his Face?
Who can endure his Light? or ſtand
To hear the Thunders of his Hand?

HYMN LXXII.

1 Cor. XI. 23, *&c.*

1 TWAS on that dark, that doleful Night
When Pow'rs of Earth and Hell aroſe,
Againſt the Son of God's Delight,
And Friends betray'd him to his Foes:
2. Before the mournful Scene began,
He took the Bread, and bleſs'd, and break:
What Love thro' all his Actions ran!
What wond'rous Words of Grace he ſpake!

3. "This is my Body, broke for Sin,
Receive and eat the living Food;"
Then took the Cup, and bleſs'd the Wine;
"'Tis the new Cov'nant in my Blood.
4. "Do this," (he cry'd)" till Time ſhall end,
"In Mem'ry of your dying Friend;
"Meet at my Table and record
"The Love of your departed Lord."

5. *Jeſus*, thy Feaſt we celebrate,
We ſhew thy Death, we ſing thy Name,
'Till thou return, and we ſhall eat
The Marriage-Supper of the Lamb.

HYMN

HYMN LXXIII.

Gal. VI. 14.

1 WHEN I ſurvey the wond'rous Croſs
On which the Prince of Glory dy'd,
My richeſt Gain I count but Loſs,
And pour Contempt on all my Pride.
2. Forbid it, Lord, that I ſhould boaſt
Save in the Death of *Chriſt* my God:
All the vain Things that charm me moſt,
I ſacrifice them to his Blood.

3. See from his Head, his Hands, his Feet,
Sorrow and Love flow mingled down!
Did e'er ſuch Love and Sorrow meet?
Or Thorns compoſe ſo rich a Crown?
4. His dying Crimſon, like a Robe,
Spreads o'er his Body on the Tree;
Then am I dead to all the Globe,
And all the Globe is dead to me.

5. Were the whole Realm of Nature mine,
That were a Preſent far too ſmall:
Love ſo amazing, ſo divine,
Demands my Soul, my Life, my All.

HYMN LXXIV.

Luke XIV. *ver.* 16, *&c.*

1 HOW rich are thy Proviſions, Lord!
Thy Table furniſh'd from above!
The Fruits of Life o'erſpread the Board,
The Cup o'erflows with heav'nly Love.
2. Thine antient Family the *Jews*,
Were firſt invited to the Feaſt:
We humbly take what they refuſe,
And *Gentiles* thy Salvation taſte.

3. We

3. We are the poor, the blind, the lame,
And Help was far, and Death was nigh!
But, at the Gospel-Call, we came,
And ev'ry Want receiv'd Supply.
4. From the Highway that leads to Hell,
From Paths of Darkness and Despair,
Lord, we are come with Thee to dwell,
Glad to enjoy thy Presence here.

5. What shall we pay th' eternal Son,
That left the Heav'n of his Abode,
And to this wretched Earth came down,
To bring us Wand'rers back to God!
6. It cost him Death, to save our Lives;
To buy our Souls, it cost his own;
And all the unknown Joys he gives,
Were bought with Agonies unknown.

7. Our everlasting Love is due
To Him that ransom'd Sinners lost;
And pity'd Rebels when He knew
The vast Expence his Love would cost.

HYMN LXXV.

1 GLORY to God the Father's Name,
who, from our sinful Race,
Chose out his Fav'rites to proclaim
the Honours of his Grace.
2. Glory to God the Son be paid,
who dwelt in humble Clay,
And, to redeem us from the Dead,
gave his own Life away.

3. Glory to God the Spirit give,
from whose almighty Pow'r
Our Souls their heav'nly Birth derive,
and bless the happy Hour.

4. Glory

4. Glory to God that reigns above,
th' eternal Three and One,
Who by the Wonders of his Love,
has made his Nature known.

HYMN LXXVI.

1 TO Him that chose us first,
Before the World began;
To Him that bore the Curse,
To save rebellious Man;
To Him that form'd
Our Hearts anew,
Is endless Praise
And Glory due.

The Father's Love shall run
Thro' our immortal Songs;
We bring to God the Son
Hosannas on our Tongues:
Our Lips address
The Spirit's Name
With equal Praise,
An Zeal the same.

3. Let ev'ry Saint above,
And Angel round the Throne,
Forever bless and love
The sacred Three in One:
Thus Heav'n shall raise
His Honours high,
When Earth and Time
Grow old and die.

FINIS.

ERRATA.

Page 10 l. 16. for therer *their*. p 22. l. 9. for the r. *that*. p. 24. l. 17. r. Lion. p. 56. l. 7. fr. Bot. r. *hear*. p. 81. l. 6. r. *torn*. p. 49. l. 9. fr. Bot. r. *were*. p. 102. l. 18. r. *hear*. p. 195. l. 6. r. *approved*.

HYMN LXXVII.

(*Hos.* 3. 5. *Luk.* 24. 44. *Psal.* 35. 12--14.)

1 BEHOLD the Love, the gen'rous Love
That holy *David* shows:
Hark, how his sounding Bowels move
To his afflicted Foes!

2 When they are sick, his Soul complains,
And seems to feel the Smart;
The Spirit of the Gospel reigns,
And melts his pious Heart,

3 How did his flowing Tears condole,
As for a Brother dead!
And Fasting mortify'd his Soul,
While for their Life he pray'd.

4 They groan'd, and curs'd him on their Bed:
Yet still he pleads and mourns;
And double Blessings on his Head
The righteous GOD returns.

5 O glorious Type of heav'nly Grace!
Thus *Christ* the Lord appears;
While Sinners curse, the Saviour prays,
And pities them with Tears.

6 He the true *David*, *Israel*'s King,
Blest and belov'd of GOD,
To save us Rebels dead in Sin
Pay'd his own dearest Blood.

HYMN LXXVIII.

(*Luk.* 1. 32. Ch. 10. 21. *Psal.* 21. 1--9.)

1 DAVID rejoic'd in GOD his Strength,
Rais'd to the Throne by special Grace,
But *Christ* the Son appears at length,
Fulfils the Triumph and the Praise.

2 How great is the *Messiah*'s Joy
In the Salvation of thy Hand!
Lord, thou hast rais'd his Kingdom high,
And giv'n the World to his Command.

3 Thy Goodness grants what-e'er he will,
Nor doth the least Request with-hold;
Blessings of Love prevent him still,
And Crowns of Glory, not of Gold.
4 Honour and Majesty divine
Around his sacred Temples shine;
Blest with the Favour of thy Face,
And Length of everlasting Days.

5 Thine Hand shall find out all his Foes;
And as a fi'ry Oven glows
With raging Heat and living Coals,
So shall thy Wrath devour their Souls.

HYMN LXXIX.

(*Isa.* 42. 1. *Heb.* 1. 5. &c. *Psal.* 89. 1, &c.)

1 FOR ever shall my Song record
The Truth and Mercy of the Lord:
Mercy and Truth for ever stand
Like Heav'n establish'd by his Hand.
2 Thus to his Son he sware, and said,
" With thee my Cov'nant first is made;
" In thee shall dying Sinners live;
" Glory and Grace are thine to give.

3 " Be thou my Prophet, thou my Priest;
" Thy Children shall be ever blest;
" Thou art my chosen King: thy Throne
" Shall stand eternal like my own.
4 " There's none of all my Sons above
" So much my Image, or my Love;

" Celestial

" Celeſtial Pow'rs thy Subjects are ;
" Then what can Earth to thee compare ?

5 " *David*, my Servant, whom I choſe
" To guard my Flock. to cruſh my Foes,
" And rais'd him to the *Jewiſh* Throne,
" Was but a Shadow of my Son.
6 Now let the Church rejoice, and ſing
Jeſus her Saviour and her King :
Angels his heavenly Wonders ſhow,
And Saints declare his Works below.

HYMN LXXX.

(*Matth.* 21. 15. 16. *Pſal.* 8. 1. 2.)

1 ALMIGHTY Ruler of the Skies,
Thro' the wide Earth thy Name is ſpread,
And thine eternal Glories riſe
O'er all the Heav'ns thy Hands have made.
2 To thee the Voices of the Young,
A Monument of Honour raiſe ;
And Babes with uninſtructed Tongue
Declare the Wonders of thy Praiſe.

3 Thy Pow'r aſſiſts their tender Age
To bring proud Rebels to the Ground,
To ſtill the bold Blaſphemer's Rage,
And all their Policies confound.
4 Children amidſt thy Temple throng
To ſee their great Redeemer's Face ;
The *Son of David* is their Song,
And Young *Hoſanna*'s fill the Place.

5 The frowning Scribes and angry Prieſts
In vain their impious Cavils bring ;
Revenge ſits ſilent in their Breaſts,
While *Jewiſh* Babes proclaim their King.

HYMN LXXXI.

(*Heb.* 2. 5, &c. *Psal.* 8. 3, &c.)

1 LORD, what was Man, when made at first,
Adam the Offspring of the Dust,
That thou should'st set him and his Race
But just below an Angel's Place?
2 That thou should'st raise his Nature so,
And make him Lord of all below,
Make every Beast and Bird submit,
And lay the Fishes at his Feet?

3 But, O what brighter Glories wait
To crown the second *Adam*'s State!
What Honours shall thy Son adorn,
Who condescended to be born?
4 See him below his Angels made;
See him in Dust amongst the Dead,
To save a ruin'd World from Sin:
But he shall reign with Pow'r divine.

5 The World to come redeem'd from all
The Mis'ries that attend the Fall,
New-made, and glorious, shall submit
At our exalted Saviour's Feet.

HYMN LXXXII.

(*Acts* 4. 24. Ch. 13. 33. *Heb* 1. 5. *Ps.* 2. 1, &c.)

1 MAKER and Sov'reign Lord
Of Heav'n, and Earth, and Seas,
Thy Providence confirms thy Word,
And answers thy Decrees.
2 The Things so long foretold
By *David* are fulfill'd,
When *Jews* and *Gentiles* join'd to slay
Jesus, thine holy Child.

3 Why

3 Why did the *Gentiles* rage,
And *Jews* with one Accord
Bend all their Counſels to deſtroy
Th' Anointed of the Lord?
4 Rulers and Kings agree
To form a vain Deſign;
Againſt the Lord their Pow'rs unite,
Againſt his Chriſt they joyn.

5 The Lord derides their Rage,
And will ſupport his Throne;
He that hath rais'd him from the Dead,
Hath own'd him for his Son.
6 Now he's aſcended high,
And aſks to rule the Earth;
The Merit of his Blood he pleads,
And pleads his heav'nly Birth.

7 He aſks, and God beſtows
A large Inheritance;
Far as the World's remoteſt Ends
His Kingdom ſhall advance.
8 The Nations that rebel
Muſt feel his Iron-Rod;
He'll vindicate thoſe Honours well
Which he receiv'd from God.

9 Be wiſe, ye Rulers, now,
And worſhip at his Throne;
With trembling Joy, ye People, bow
To God's exalted Son.
10 If once his Wrath ariſe,
Ye periſh on the Place:
Then bleſſed is the Soul that flies
For Refuge to his Grace.

HYMN LXXXIII.

(*Heb* 1. 10, &c. *Psalm* 102 23, &c.)

1 IT is the Lord our Saviour's Hand
Weakens our Strength amidst the Race;
Disease and Death at his Command
Arrest us, and cut short our Days.

2 Spare us, O Lord, aloud we pray,
Nor let our Sun go down at Noon:
Thy Years are one eternal Day;
And must thy Children die so soon!

3 Yet in the midst of Death and Grief
This Thought our Sorrow shall assuage;
"Our Father and our Saviour live:
"*Christ* is the same thro' ev'ry Age.

4 'Twas he this Earth's Foundation laid;
Heav'n is the Building of his Hand;
This Earth grows old, these Heavn's shall fade;
And all be chang'd at his Command.

5 The starry Curtains of the Sky
Like Garments shall be laid aside:
But still thy Throne stands firm and high;
Thy Church for ever must abide.

1 Before thy Face thy Church shall live,
And on thy Throne thy Children reign;
This dying World shall they survive,
And the dead Saints be rais'd again.

HYMN LXXXIV.

(*Heb.* 1. 6 *Psal.* 97. 6,---9.)

1 THE Lord is come; the Heav'ns proclaim
His Birth; the Nations learn his Name;
An unknown Star directs the Road
Of *Eastern* Sages to their GOD.

2 All

2 All ye bright Armies of the Skies,
Go, worſhip where the Saviour lies:
Angels and Kings before him bow,
Thoſe Gods on high and Gods below.

3 Let Idols totter to the Ground,
And their own Worſhippers confound
But *Judah* ſhout, but *Zion* ſing,
And Earth confeſs her ſov'reign King.

HYMN LXXXV.

(*Rom.* 15. 3. *Job.* 15. 25. Ch. 2. 17.
2. *Cor.* 6. 2. *Pſal.* 69. 1,---14.)

1 " SAVE me, O God, the ſwelling Floods
" Break in upon my Soul:
" I ſink; and Sorrows o'er my Head
" Like mighty Waters roll.
2 " I cry till all my Voice be gone,
" In Tears I waſte the Day;
" My God behold my longing Eyes,
" And ſhorten thy Delay.

3 " They hate my Soul without a Cauſe,
" And ſtill their Number grows
" More than the Hairs around my Head,
" And mighty are my Foes.
4 " 'Twas then I pay'd that dreadful Debt
" That Men could never pay;
" And gave thoſe Honours to thy Law,
" Which Sinners took away.

5 Thus in the great *Meſſiah*'s Name,
The royal Prophet mourns;
Thus he awakes our Hearts to Grief,
And gives us Joy by Turns.

6 " Now ſhall the Saints rejoice, and find
" Salvation in thy Name :
" For I have borne their heavy Load,
" Of Sorrow, Pain, and Shame.

7 " Grief like a Garment cloath'd me round,
" And Sackcloth was my Dreſs,
" While I procur'd for naked Souls
" A Robe of Righteouſneſs.
8 " Amongſt my Brethren and the *Jews*
" I like a Stranger ſtood,
" And bore their vile Reproach, to bring
" The *Gentiles* near to God.

9 " I came in ſinful Mortals Stead
" To do my Father's Will :
" Yet when I cleans'd my Father's Houſe,
" They ſcandaliz'd my Zeal.
10 " My Faſting and my holy Groans
" Were made the Drunkard's Song ;
" But God from his celeſtial Throne
" Heard my complaining Tongue.

11 " He ſav'd me from the dreadful Deep,
" Nor let my Soul be drown'd ;
" He rais'd and fix'd my ſinking Feet
" On well-eſtabliſht Ground.
12 " 'Twas in a moſt accepted Hour
" My Pray'r aroſe on high,
" And for my ſake my God ſhall hear
" The dying Sinner's Cry "

HYMN LXXXVI.

Mark 15. 23, 24. *Pſalm* 69. 14. &c.

1 NOW let our lips with holy Fear
And mournful Pleaſure ſing

The

The Suff'rings of our great High-Priest,
The Sorrows of our King.
2 He sinks in Floods of deep Distress;
How high the Waters rise!
While to his heav'nly Father's Ear
He sends perpetual Cries.

3 " Hear me, O Lord, and save thy Son,
" Nor hide thy shining Face;
" Why should thy Favourite look like one
" Forsaken of thy Grace?
4 " With Rage they persecute the Man
" That groans beneath thy Wound,
" While for a Sacrifice I pour
" My Life upon the Ground.

5 " They tread my Honour to the Dust,
" And laugh when I complain;
" Their sharp insulting Slanders add
" Fresh Anguish to my Pain.
6 " All my Reproach is known to Thee,
" The Scandal and the Shame;
" Reproach has broke my bleeding Heart,
" And Lies defile'd my Name.

7 " I lookt for Pity, but in vain;
" My Kindred are my Grief;
" I ask my Friends for Comfort round,
" But meet with no Relief.
8 " With Vinegar they mock my Thirst,
" They give me Gall for Food;
" And sporting with my dying Groans,
" They triumph in my Blood.

9 " Shine in to my distressed Soul,
" Let thy Compassions save;

" And tho' my Flesh sink down to Death,
" Redeem it from the Grave.
10 " I shall arise to praise thy Name,
" Shall reign in Worlds unknown;
" And thy Salvation, O my God,
" Shall seat me on thy Throne.

HYMN LXXXVII.

(*Rom.* 11. 11. 26 *Heb.* 12. 2. & 13. 13. *Psal.* 69. 29, &c)

1 FATHER, I sing thy wondrous Grace,
I bless my Saviour's Name;
He bought Salvation for the Poor,
And bore the Sinner's Shame.
2 His deep Distress has rais'd us high,
His Duty and his Zeal
Fulfill'd the Law which mortals broke,
And finish'd all thy Will.

3 His dying Groans, his living Songs
Shall better please my God,
Than Harp or Trumpet's solemn Sound,
Than Goats or Bullocks Blood.
4 This shall his humble Followers see,
And set their Hearts at rest;
They by his Death draw near to Thee,
And live for ever blest.

5 Let Heav'n and all that dwell on high
To God their Voices raise,
While Lands and Seas assist the Sky,
And join t'advance the Praise.
6 *Zion* is thine, Most holy God,
Thy Son shall bless her Gates;
And Glory purchas'd by his Blood
For thy own *Isr'el* waits.

HYMN

HYMN LXXXVIII.

Heb. 10. 4, &c. *Psal.* 40. 6---9.

1 THUS saith the Lord, "Your Work is vain,
" Give your burnt Off'rings o'er,
" In dying Goats and Bullocks slain
" My Soul delights no more.
2 Then spake the Saviour, " Lo, I'm here,
" My God, to do thy Will;
" What-e'er thy sacred Books declare
" Thy Servant shall fulfil.

3 " Thy Law is ever in my Sight,
" I keep it near my Heart:
" Mine Eyes are open'd with Delight
" To what thy Lips impart.
4 And see, the blest Redeemer comes,
Th' Eternal Son appears,
And at th' appointed Time assumes
The Body God prepares.

5 Much he reveal'd his Father's Grace,
And much his Truth he shew'd;
And preacht the Way of Righteousness,
Where great Assemblies stood.
6 His Father's Honour toucht his Heart,
He pity'd Sinners Cries,
And to fulfil a Saviour's Part
Was made a Sacrifice.

7 No Blood of Beasts on Altars shed
Could wash the Conscience clean:
But the rich Sacrifice he paid
Atones for all our Sin.
8 Then was the great Salvation spread,
And *Satan*'s Kingdom shook:
Thus by the Woman's promis'd Seed
The Serpent's Head was broke.

HYMN LXXXIX.

(*Act.* 2. 25, &c Ch. 13. 35, 36. *Psal.* 16. 8, &c.)

1 " I Set the Lord before ... Face,
" He bears my Courage up:
" My Heart and Tongue their Joys expreſs,
" My Fleſh ſhall reſt in Hope.

2 " My Spirit, Lord, thou wilt not leave
" Where Souls departed are;
" Nor quit my Body to the Grave
" To ſee Corruption there.

3 " Thou wilt reveal the Path of Life,
" And raiſe me to thy Throne:
" Thy Courts immortal Pleaſure give,
" Thy Preſence Joys unknown.

4 Thus in the Name of *Chriſt*, the Lord,
The holy *David* ſung,
And Providence fulfils the Word
Of his Prophetic Tongue.

5 *Jeſus*, whom ev'ry Saint adores,
Was crucify'd and ſlain;
Behold, the Tomb its Prey reſtores,
Behold, he lives again.

6 When ſhall my Feet ariſe and ſtand
On Heav'ns eternal Hills?
There ſits the Son at God's Right-hand,
And there the Father ſmiles.

HYMN XC.

(*Luke* 24. 51, 52. *Act.* 1. 9. *Pſal.* 47.)

1 O For a Shout of ſacred Joy
To God the Sov'reign King!
Let ev'ry Land their Tongues employ,
And Hymns of Triumph ſing.

2 *Jeſus*

2 *Jesus* our God ascends on high;
His heav'nly Guards around
Attend him rising through the Sky,
With Trumpets joyful Sound.

3 While Angels shout and praise their King,
Let Mortals learn their Strains;
Let all the Earth his Honours sing;
O'er all the Earth he reigns.
4 Rehearse his Praise with Awe profound,
Let Knowledge lead the Song;
Nor mock him with a solemn Sound
Upon a thoughtless Tongue.

5 In *Isr'el* stood his antient Throne,
He lov'd that chosen Race;
But now he calls the World his own,
And Heathens taste his Grace.
6 The *British* Kingdoms are the Lord's,
There *Abr'am*'s God is known;
While Pow'rs and Princes, Shields and Swords
Submit before his Throne.

HYMN XCI.

(*Eph.* 4. 8. *Heb.* 12. 18, &c. *Act.* 2. 33. *Psal.* 68. 17, 18.)

1 LORD, when thou didst ascend on high,
Ten Thousand Angels fill'd the Sky;
Those Heav'nly Guards around Thee wait,
Like Chariots that attend thy State.
2 Not *Sinai*'s Mountain could appear
More glorious when the Lord was there;
While he pronounc'd his dreadful Law,
And struck the chosen Tribes with Awe.

3 How

3 How bright the Triumph none can tell,
When the rebellious Pow'rs of Hell,
That Thousand Souls had Captive made,
Were all in Chains like Captives led.
4 Rais'd by his Father to the Throne,
He sent his promis'd Spirit down,
With Gifts and Grace for Rebel-Men,
That God might dwell on Earth again.

HYMN XCII.

(*Luk.* 4. 22. *Heb.* 1. 8, 9 Chap. 4. 12. 1. *Pet.* 2. 9 *Joh.* 3. 34 *Psal.* 45.)

1 MY Saviour and my King,
Thy Beauties are Divine;
Thy Lips with Blessings overflow,
And ev'ry Grace is thine.
2 Now make thy Glory known,
Gird on thy dreadful Sword,
And ride in Majesty to spread
The Conquests of thy Word.

3 Strike thro' thy stubborn Foes,
Or melt their Hearts t'obey,
While Justice, Meekness, Grace and Truth
Attend thy glorious Way.
4 Thy Laws, O God, are right;
Thy Throne shall ever stand;
And thy victor'ous Gospel proves
A Sceptre in thy Hand.

5 Thy Father and thy God,
Hath without Measure shed
His Spirit like a joyful Oil
T' anoint thy sacred Head.
6 Behold, at thy Right-hand
The *Gentile* Church is seen,

Like

Like a fair Bride in rich Attire;
And Princes guard the Queen.

7 Fair Bride, receive his Love,
Forget thy Father's House;
Forsake thy Gods, thy Idol-Gods,
And pay thy Lord thy Vows.
8 O let thy God and King
Thy sweetest Thoughts employ;
Thy Children shall his Honour sing
In Palaces of Joy.

HYMN XCIII.

(*Math.* 22. 9, 42, 1 *Pet.* 2. 4, &c. *Joh.* 12, 13. *Psal.* 118)

1 SEE what a living Stone
The Builders did refuse;
Yet God hath built his Church thereon
In spite of envious *Jews*.
2 The Scribe and angry Priest
Reject thine only Son;
Yet on this Rock shall *Zion* rest,
As the chief Corner-Stone.

3 The Work, O Lord, is thine,
And wondrous in our Eyes:
This Day declares it all divine,
This Day did *Jesus* rise.
4 This is the glorious Day
That our Redeemer made;
Let us rejoice and sing and pray,
Let all the Church be glad.

5 *Hosanna* to the King
Of *David*'s royal Blood;

Bless

Bless him, ye Saints; he comes to bring
Salvation from your God.
6 We bless thine holy Word,
Which all this Grace displays;
And offer on thine Altar, Lord,
Our Sacrifice of Praise.

HYMN XCIV.

(*Isai.* 45. 21, &c. *Rom.* 3. 21, 7. *Psal.* 71. 15, &c.)

1 MY Saviour, my Almighty Friend,
When I begin thy Praise,
Where will the growing Numbers end,
The Numbers of thy Grace?
2 Thou art my everlasting Trust,
Thy Goodness I adore;
And since I knew thy Graces first
I speak thy Glories more.

3 My Feet shall travel all the Length
Of the celestial Road,
And march with Courage in thy Strength
To see my Father-God.
4 When I am fill'd with sore Distress
For some surprizing Sin,
I'll plead thy perfect Righteousness,
And mention none but Thine.

5 How will my Lips rejoice to tell
The Vict'ries of my King!
My Soul redeem'd from Sin and Hell
Shall thy Salvation sing.
6 My Tongue shall all the Day proclaim
My Saviour and my God,
His Death has brought my Foes to Shame,
And drown'd them in his Blood.

7 Awake,

7 Awake, awake, my tuneful Pow'rs;
With this delightful Song
I'll entertain the darkeſt Hours,
Nor think the Seaſon long.

HYMN XCV.

(*Luk.* 3. 4, 5. *Heb.* 3. 7, &c. *Pſal.* 95.)

1 COME, let our Voices join to raiſe
A ſacred Song of ſolemn Praiſe:
GOD is a ſov'reign King; rehearſe
His Honours in exalted Verſe.
2 Come, let our Souls ~~addreſs~~ the Lord,
Who fram'd our Natures with his Word:
He is our Shepherd; we ~~the~~ Sheep
His Mercy choſe, his Paſtures keep.

3 Come, let us hear his Voice to-day,
The Counſels of his Love obey,
Nor let our hardned Hearts renew
The Sins and Plagues that *Iſr'el* knew.
4 *Iſr'el*, that ſaw his Works of Grace
Yet tempt their Maker to his Face;
A faithleſs unbelieving Brood,
That tir'd the Patience of their GOD.

5 Thus ſaith the Lord, "*How falſe they prove!*
"*Forget my Pow'r; abuſe my Love;*
"*Since they deſpiſe my Reſt, I ſware,*
"*Their Feet ſhall never enter there.*"
6 Look back, my Soul, with holy Dread,
And view thoſe antient Rebels dead;
Attend the offer'd Grace to Day,
Nor loſe the Bleſſings by Delay.

7 Seize the kind Promiſe while it waits,
And march to *Zion*'s heav'nly Gates;

Believe, and take the promis'd Rest;
Obey, and be forever blest.

HYMN XCVI.

(*Luk.* 1. 32,33. *Joh.* 1. 49, 51. *Psal.* 72. 8, &c.)

1 JESUS shall reign where'er the Sun
Does his successive Journeys run;
His Kingdom stretch from Shore to Shore,
Till Moons shall wax and wane no more.
2 Behold the Islands with their Kings,
And *Europe* her best Tribute brings;
From *North* to *South* the Princes meet
To pay their Homage at his Feet.

3 There *Persia* glorious to behold,
There *India* shines in *Eastern* Gold;
And barbarous Nations at his Word
Submit, and bow, and own their Lord.
4 For him shall endless Pray'r be made,
And Praises throng to crown his Head;
His Name like sweet Perfume shall rise
With every Morning-Sacrifice.

5 People and Realms of ev'ry Tongue
Dwell on his Love with sweetest Song;
And Infant-Voices shall proclaim
Their early Blessings on his Name.
6 Blessings abound where e'er he reigns,
The Prif'ner leaps to lose his Chains;
The Weary find eternal Rest,
And all the Sons of Want are blest.

7 Where he displays his healing Power,
Death and the Curse are known no more;
In him the Tribes of *Adam* boast
More Blessings than their Father lost.

8 Let

8 Let every Creature rise and bring,
Peculiar Honours to our King:
Angels descend with Songs again,
And Earth repeat the long *Amen*.

HYMN. XCVII.

(*Math.* 18. 20. 1. *Tim.* 3. 15. *Psal.* 132. 5, &c.)

1 NO Sleep nor Slumber to his Eyes
Good *David* would afford,
Till he had found below the Skies
A Dwelling for the Lord.
2 The Lord in *Zion* place'd his Name,
His Ark was settled there:
To *Zion* the whole Nation came,
To worship thrice a Year.

3 But we have no such Lengths to go,
Nor wander far abroad;
Where-e'er thy Saints assemble now
There is a House for GOD.
4 Arise, O King of Grace, arise,
And enter to thy Rest,
Lo! thy Church waits with longing Eyes
Thus to be own'd and blest.

5 Enter with all thy glorious Train,
Thy Spirit and thy Word;
All that the Ark did once contain
Could no such Grace afford.
6 Here, mighty GOD, accept our Vows,
Here let thy Praise be spread;
Bless the Provisions of thy House,
And fill thy Poor with Bread.

7 Here let the Son of *David* reign,
Let GOD's Anointed shine;

Justice

Justice and Truth his Court maintain,
With Love and Pow'er divine.
8 Here let him hold a lasting Throne,
And as his Kingdom grows,
Fresh Honours shall adorn his Crown,
And Shame confound his Foes.

HYMN XCVIII.

[*Eph.* 5. 19, 20. 2. *Thes.* 7. *Psal.* 97. 5.]

1 HE reigns; the Lord, the Saviour reigns!
Praise him in evangelic Strains:
Let the whole Earth in Songs rejoice,
And distant Islands join their Voice.
2 Deep are his Counsels and unknown;
But Grace and Truth support his Throne:
Tho' gloomy Clouds his Way surround,
Justice is their eternal Ground.

3 In Robes of Judgment, lo, he comes,
Shakes the wide Earth, & cleaves the Tombs;
Before him burns devouring Fire,
The Mountains melt, the Seas retire.
4 His Enemies with sore Dismay,
Fly from the Sight, and shun the Day;
Then lift your Heads, ye Saints, on high,
And sing, for your Redemption's nigh.

HYMN XCIX.

[*Psal.* 9. 10.]

1 SING to the LORD, who loud proclaims
His various, and his saving Names;
O may they not be heard alone,
But by our sure Experience known!
2 The great JEHOVAH be ador'd,
Th' Eternal, All-sufficient LORD,

He

He thro' the World most high confess'd,
By whom 'twas form'd, and is possess'd.

3 Awake, our noblest Pow'rs, to bless
The GOD of *Abr'am*, GOD of Peace;
Now by a dearer Title known,
Father and GOD of *Christ* his Son.
4 Thro' ev'ry Age his gracious Ear
Is open to his Servants Prayer;
Nor can one humble Soul complain,
That he hath sought his GOD in vain.

5 What unbelieving Heart shall dare
In Whispers to suggest a Fear,
While still He owns his antient Name?
The same his Pow'r, his Love the same!
6 To Thee our Souls in Faith arise,
To Thee we lift expecting Eyes;
And boldly thro' the Desart tread:
For GOD will guard, where GOD shall lead.

HYMN C.

(*Psal.* 35. 3.)

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

3 But O! may a degen'rate Soul,
Sinful and weak as mine,
Presume to raise a trembling Eye
To Blessings so divine?

4 The

4 The Luſtre of ſo bright a Scene
My feeble Heart o'erbears;
And Unbelief almoſt perverts
The Promiſe into Tears.

5 My Saviour-GOD, no Voice but Thine
Theſe dying Hopes can raiſe:
Speak thy Salvation to my Soul,
And turn its Tears to Praiſe.

6 *My Saviour-GOD* this broken Voice
Tranſported ſhall proclaim,
And call on all th' Angelic Harps
To ſound ſo ſweet a Name.

HYMN CI.

(*Pſal.* 45. 3, 4)

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

2 Gird on thy conqu'ring Sword,
Aſcend thy ſhining Car,
And march, Almighty Lord,
To wage thy holy War.
Before his Wheels
In glad Surprize,
Ye Valleys, riſe,
And ſink, ye Hills.

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

Thou

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

4 Before thine awful Face
Millions of Foes ſhall fall,
The Captives of thy Grace,
That Grace, which conquers all.
The World ſhall know,
Great King of Kings,
What wond'rous Things
Thine Arm can do.

5 Here to my willing Soul
Bend thy triumphant Way;
Here ev'ry Foe controul,
And all thy Pow'r diſplay.
My Heart, thy Throne,
Bleſt *Jeſus*, ſee,
Bows low to Thee,
To Thee alone.

HYMN CII.

(*Pſal.* 107. 31.)

YE Sons of Men, with Joy record
The various Wonders of the LORD;
And let his Pow'r and Goodneſs ſound
Thro' all your Tribes the World around.
2 Let the high Heav'ns your Songs invite,
Thoſe ſpacious Fields of brillant Light;
Where Sun, and Moon, and Planets roll,
And Stars, that glow from Pole to Pole.

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

Peopled with Life of various Forms,
Fishes and Fowls, and Beasts and Worms.
4 View the broad Sea's majestick Plains,
And think how wide its Maker reigns;
That Band remotest Nations joins,
And on each Wave his Goodness shines.

5 But, O that brighter World above,
Where lives and reigns incarnate Love!
God's only Son in Flesh array'd,
For Man a bleeding Victim made.
6 Thither, my Soul, with Rapture soar;
There in the Land of Praise adore:
This Theme demands an Angel's Tongue,
Demands a never-ending Songs.

HYMN CIII.

Psal 119 -9.

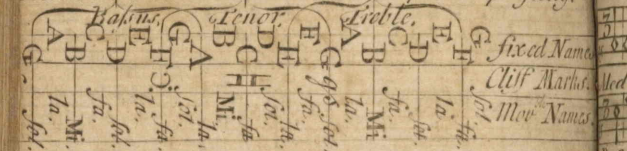
1 INDULGENT God, with pitying Eyes
The Sons of Men survey,
And see how youthful Sinners sport
In a destructive Way.
2 Ten thousand Dangers lurk around
To bear them to the Tomb;
Each in an Hour may plunge them down,
Where Hope can never come.

3 Reduce, O Lord, their wand'ring Minds,
Amus'd with airy Dreams,
That heav'nly Wisdom may dispel,
Their visionary Schemes.
4 With holy Caution may they walk,
And be thy Word their Guide;
Till each, the Desart safely pass'd,
On *Zion*'s Hill abide,

A M E N.

To learn to sing, observe THESE RULES.

Learn this Scale called Gamut by Heart perfectly.



Observe, each Line, and Space, is a distinct Key. B is Mi natural Key, which produces two natural Keys, one ending in C which is Sharp, the other in A which is Flatt, but to suit the various Cliffs to the five lines in Treble & Bass, the Tune ends in some other Key. B Mi is then accommodated to its natural Place by Flatts & Sharps set at the Beginning of the Tune which run thro' the whole Tune, unless where a contrary Flatt or sharp is placed.

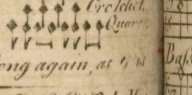
To find the Mi. Observe, the last Note of the Tune is the Key. A greater Third (two whole Notes) above the Key, is a Sharp Key. a less Third (one Note & half) above the Key, is a flatt Key. In all Sharp Keys a half Note below is Mi. In all flatt Keys the whole Note above the Key is Mi. or thus

B E & F be F flatt. Mi is in (E A (D)) but if (F F & C F C & G) be sharp Mi is in (F C G)
(B E & A)

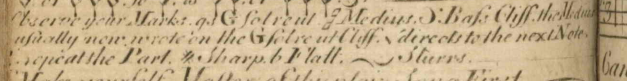
Name your Notes right. All Notes above Mi. ascending are fa sol la all below descending are la sol fa. Every Eighth is the same From Mi. to Mi. Half Notes Also raises a Note half a Note higher, as flatts sinks it half a Note lower. Keep Time, common Time is thus marked C. Triple Time thus 3. or 3/2.

The Proportion of Time is thus.

A Semibreve is	4	Beates of a Pendulum.
A Minim	2	
A Crotchet	1	
A Quaver	1/2	

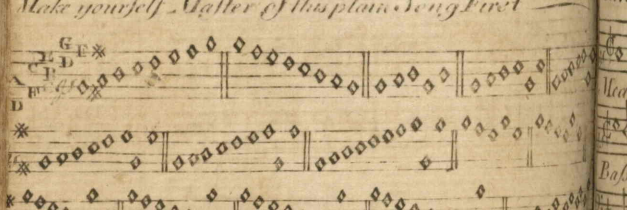


Dot on the right side of a Note make it half as long again, as it is

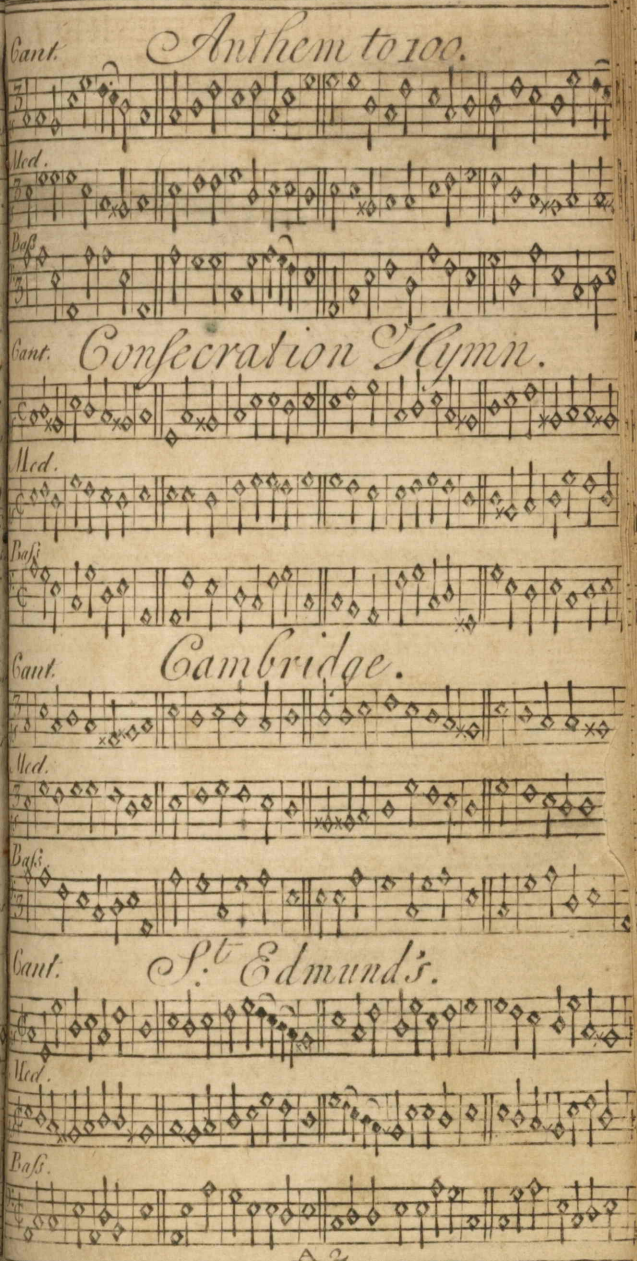


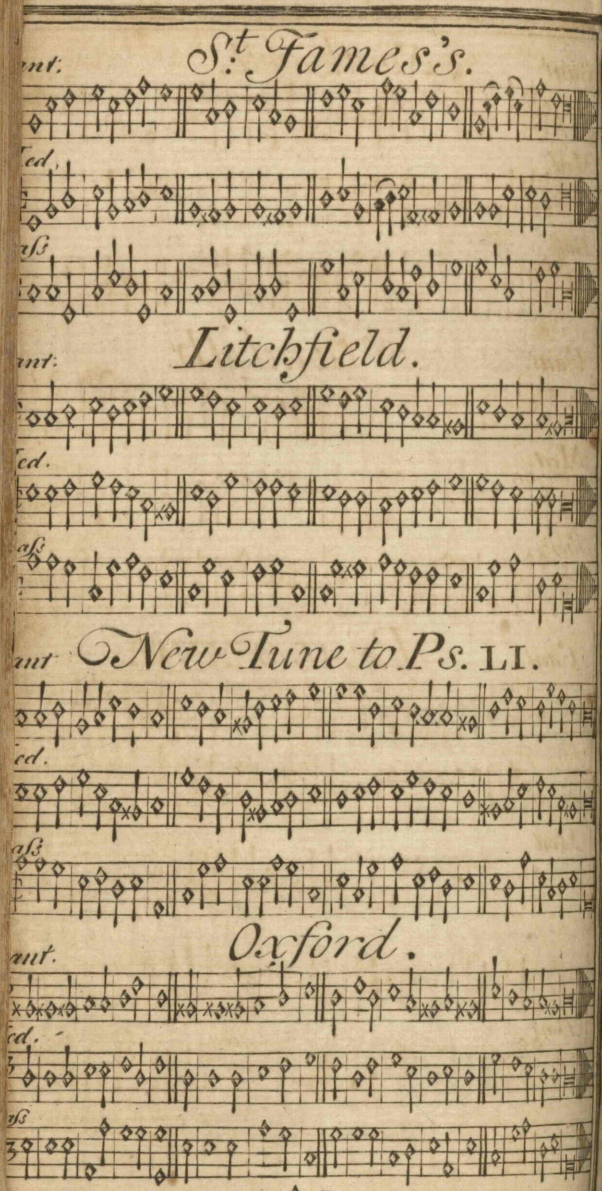
Observe your Marks. G Sol re ut. F Medius. C Bass. Cliff. the Medius is usually now wrote on the G Sol re ut Cliff. directs to the next Note. Repeat the Part. ♯ Sharp. ♭ Flatt. Slurs.

Make yourself Master of this plain Song First



Engrav'd Printed & Sold by Thomas Johnston Brattle street Boston


Cant.
Anthem to 100.
Med.
Bass
Cant.
Consecration Hymn.
Med.
Bass
Cant.
Cambridge.
Med.
Bass
Cant.
St. Edmund's.
Med.
Bass


St. James's.
Litchfield.
New Tune to Ps. LI.
Oxford.

Cant

Southwell.

Med.

Bass.

Cant.

Standish.

Med.

Bass

Cant.

PSALM XVIII.

Med.

Bass.

Windsor.

Cant.

Med.

Bass.

Exeter.

Cant.

Med.

Bass.

Glocester.

Cant.

Med.

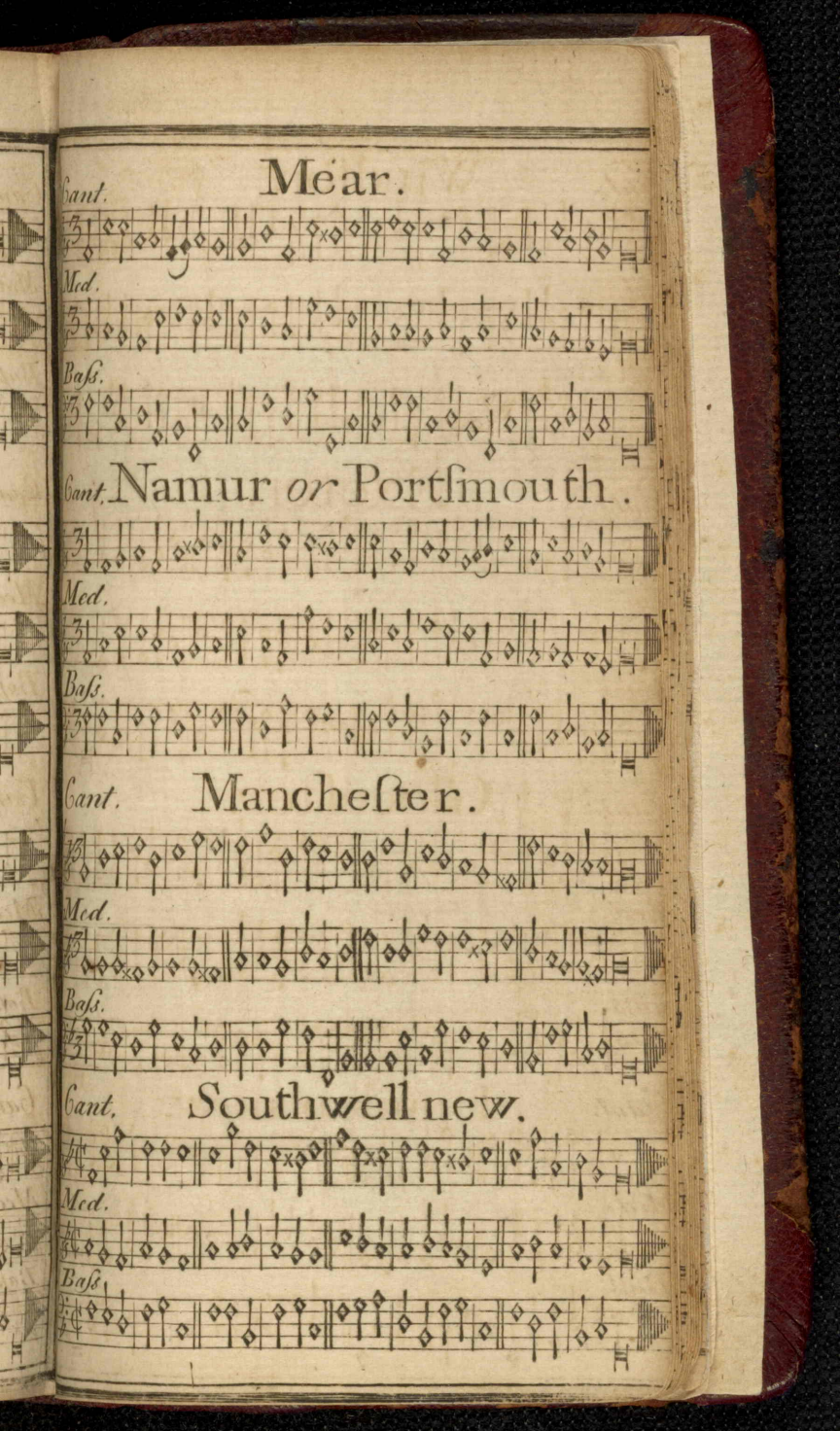
Bass

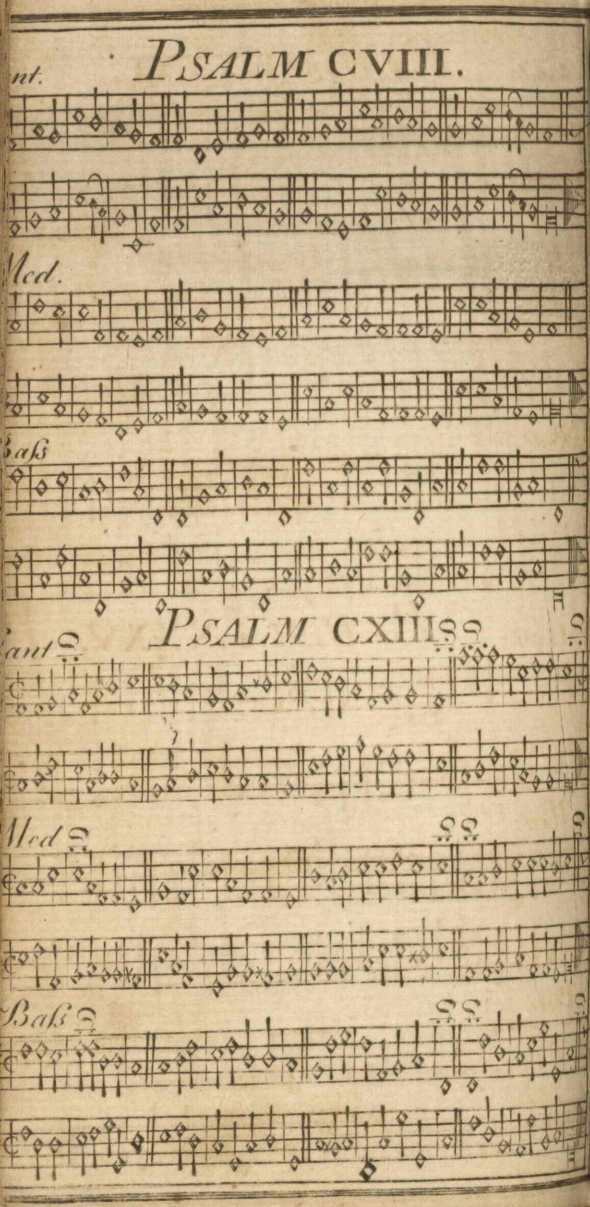
London new.

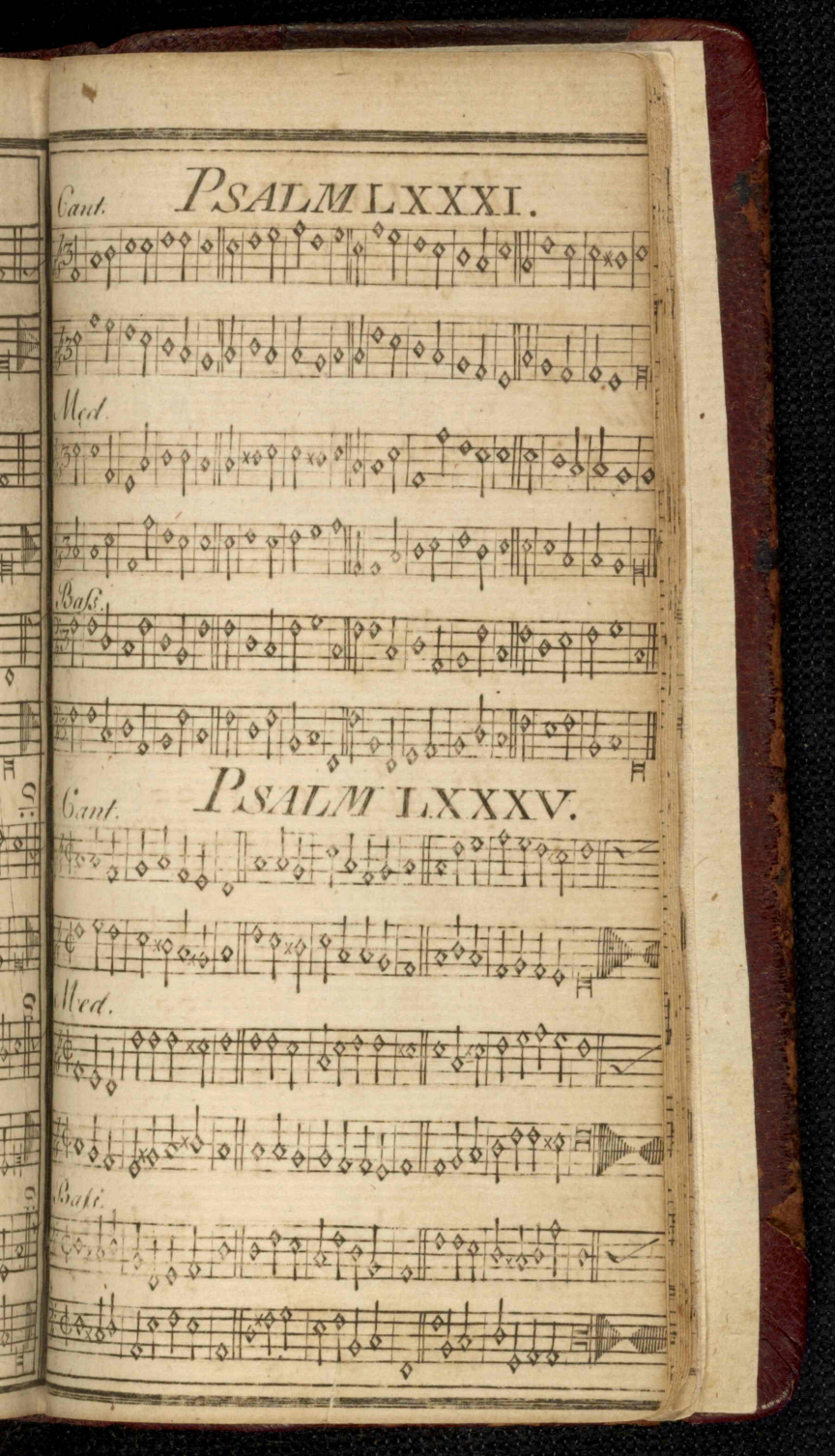
Cant.

Med.

Bass.


Mear.
Cant.
Med.
Bass.
Cant. Namur or Portsmouth.
Med.
Bass.
Cant. Manchester.
Med.
Bass.
Cant. Southwell new.
Med.
Bass.


PSALM CVIII.
Med.
Baß
PSALM CXIII.
Med
Baß


Cant.
PSALM LXXXI.
Med.
Bass.
Cant.
PSALM LXXXV.
Med.
Bass.

PSALM 136.

nt

Rest

Rest

Palatine Hymn.

Altus.

Cantus.

Tenor.

Bass.

Buckland.

Tenor.

Altus.

Med.

Bass.

Thos. Johnston sc.

B.

Cant. London old.

Med.

Bass.

Cant. on the Divine use of Musick.

Med

Cant. Bristol.

Med.

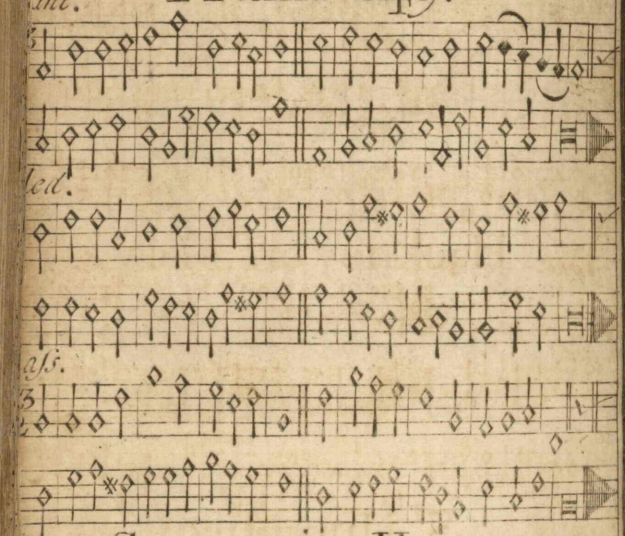
Bass.

Cant. Isle of White

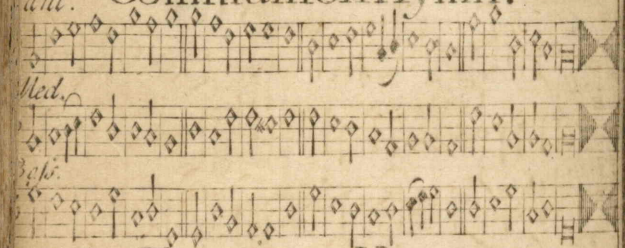
Med.

Bass.

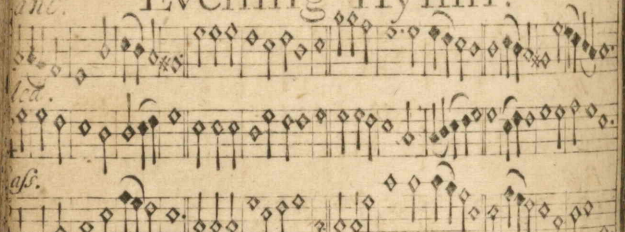
Psalm 149.

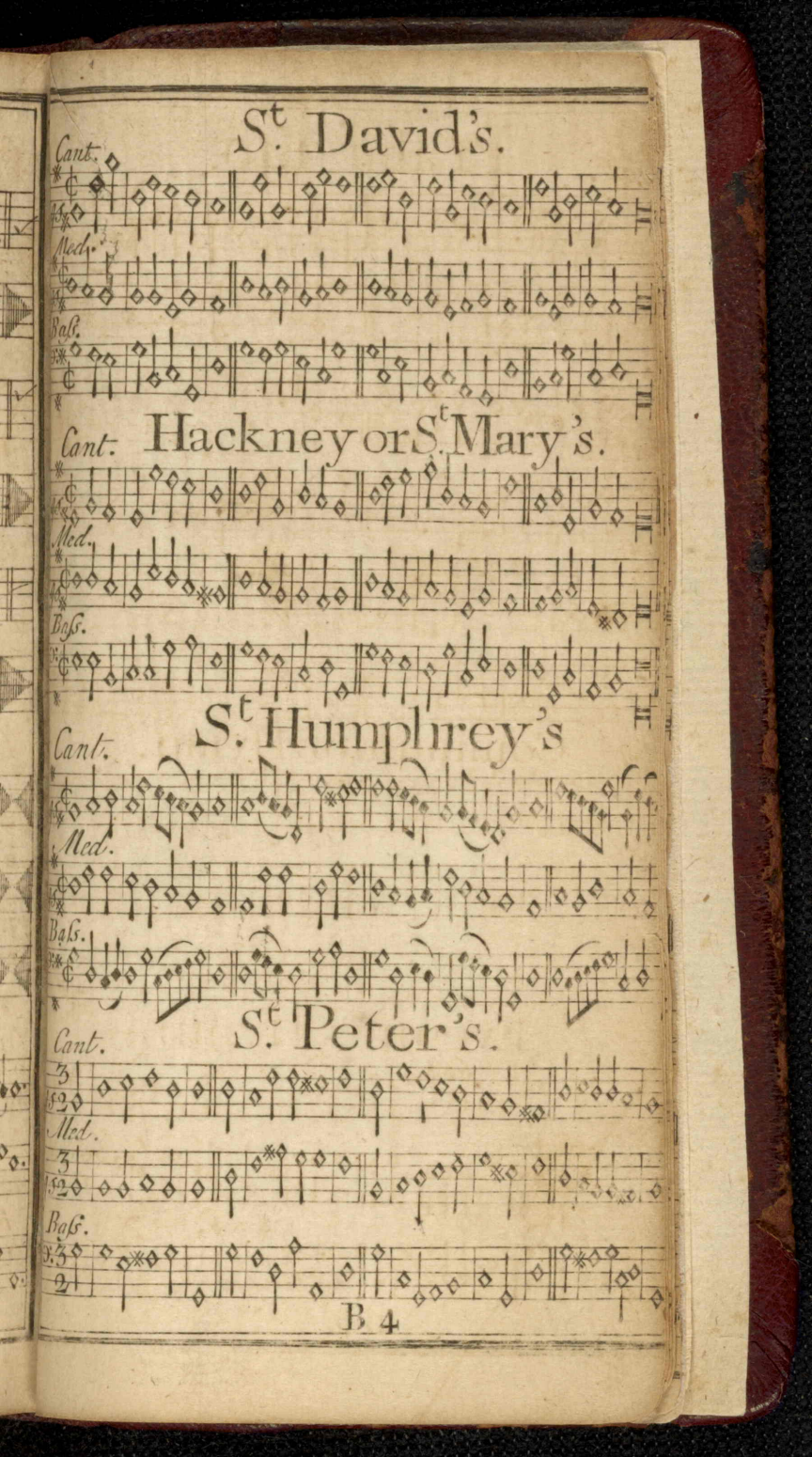


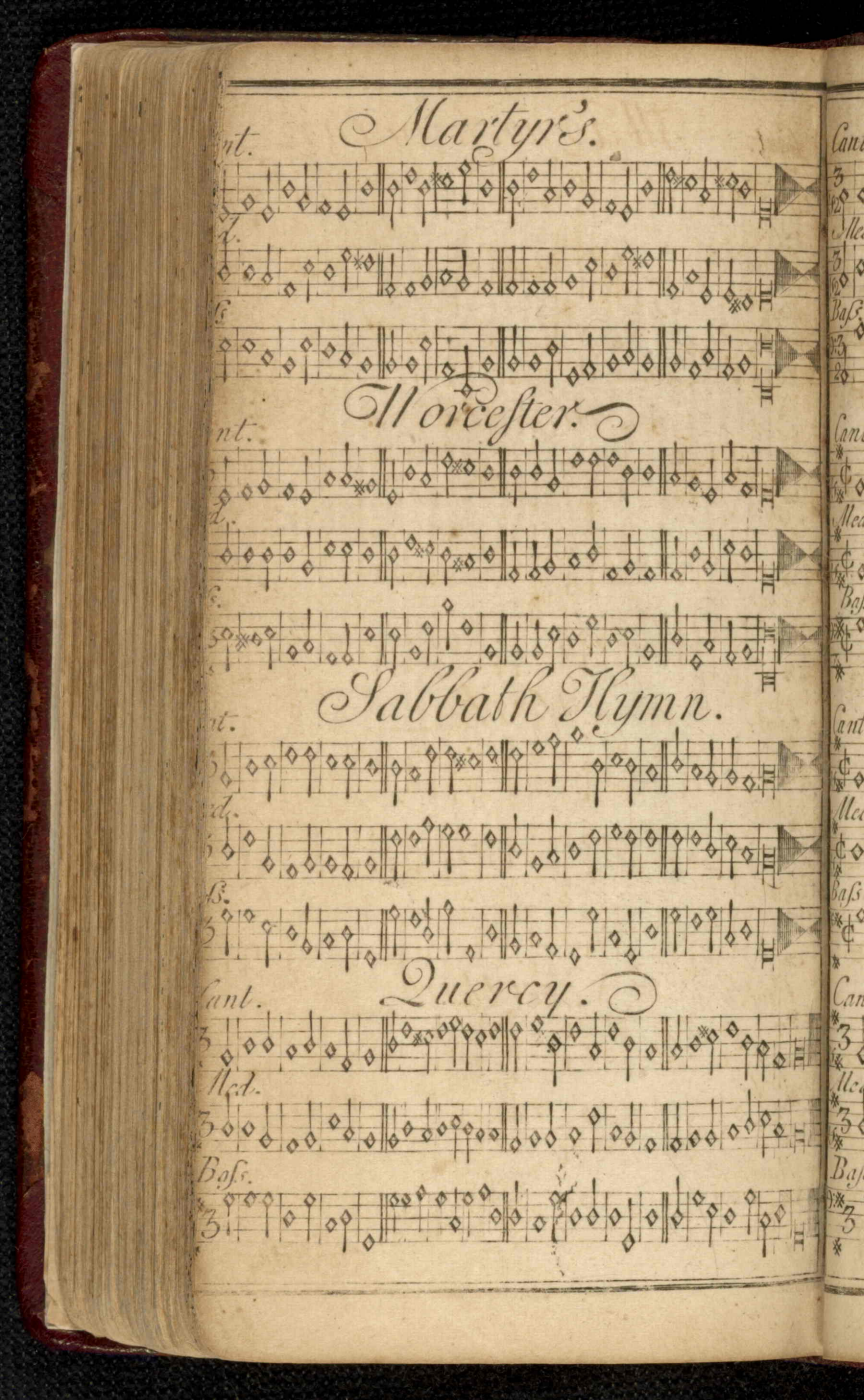
Communion Hymn.

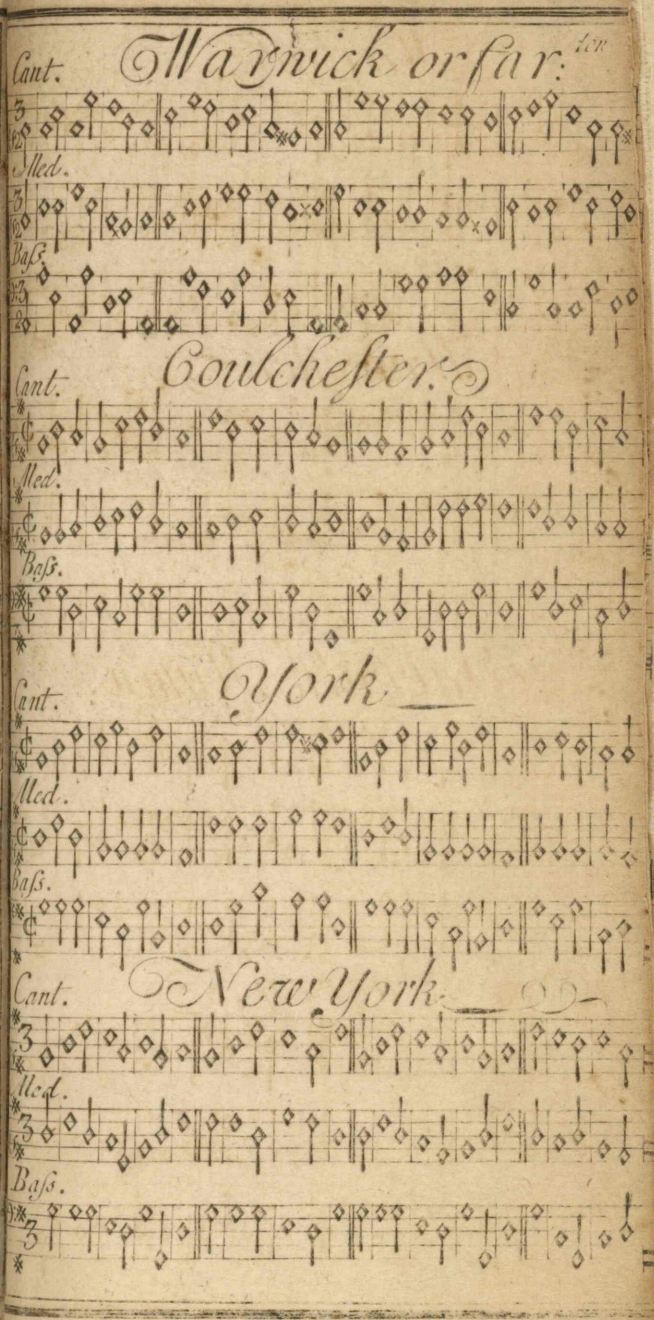


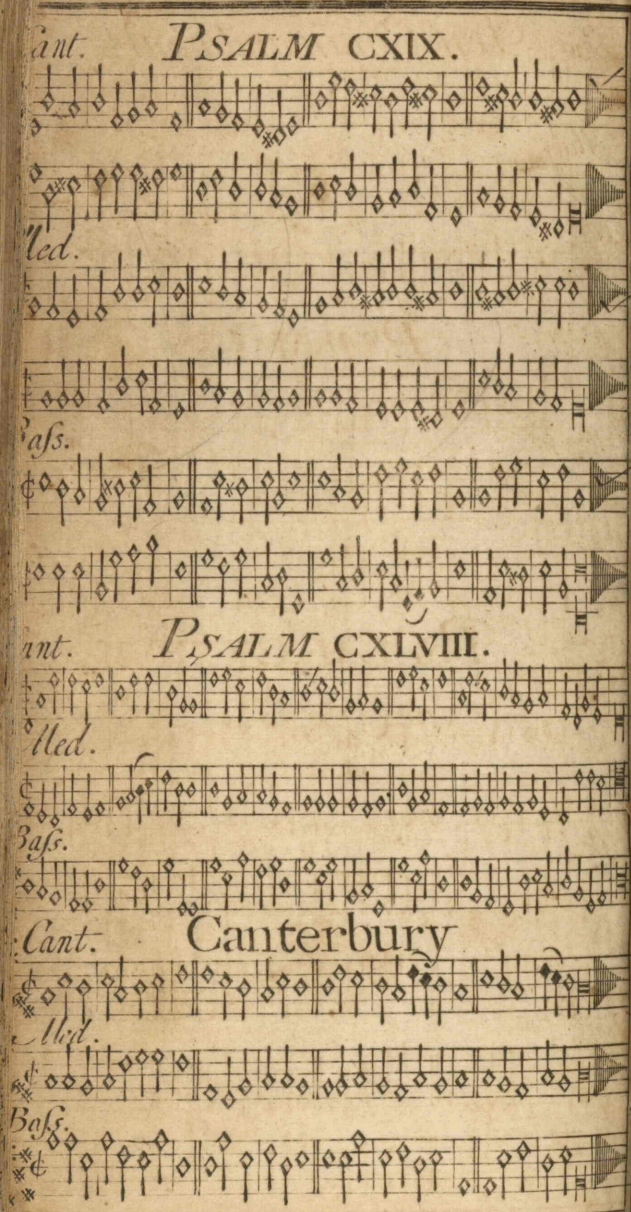
Evening Hymn.




St. David's.
Cant.
Med.
Bass.
Cant. Hackney or St. Mary's.
Med.
Bass.
St. Humphrey's
Cant.
Med.
Bass.
St. Peter's.
Cant.
Med.
Bass.


Martyr's.
Worcester.
Sabbath Hymn.
Quercy.


Warwick or far:ton
Cant.
Med.
Bass.
Coulchester.
Cant.
Med.
Bass.
York
Cant.
Med.
Bass.
New York
Cant.
Med.
Bass.


Cant.
PSALM CXIX.
Med.
Bass.
Cant.
PSALM CXLVIII.
Med.
Bass.
Cant.
Canterbury
Med.
Bass.

Cant. Ten Commandment.

Med.

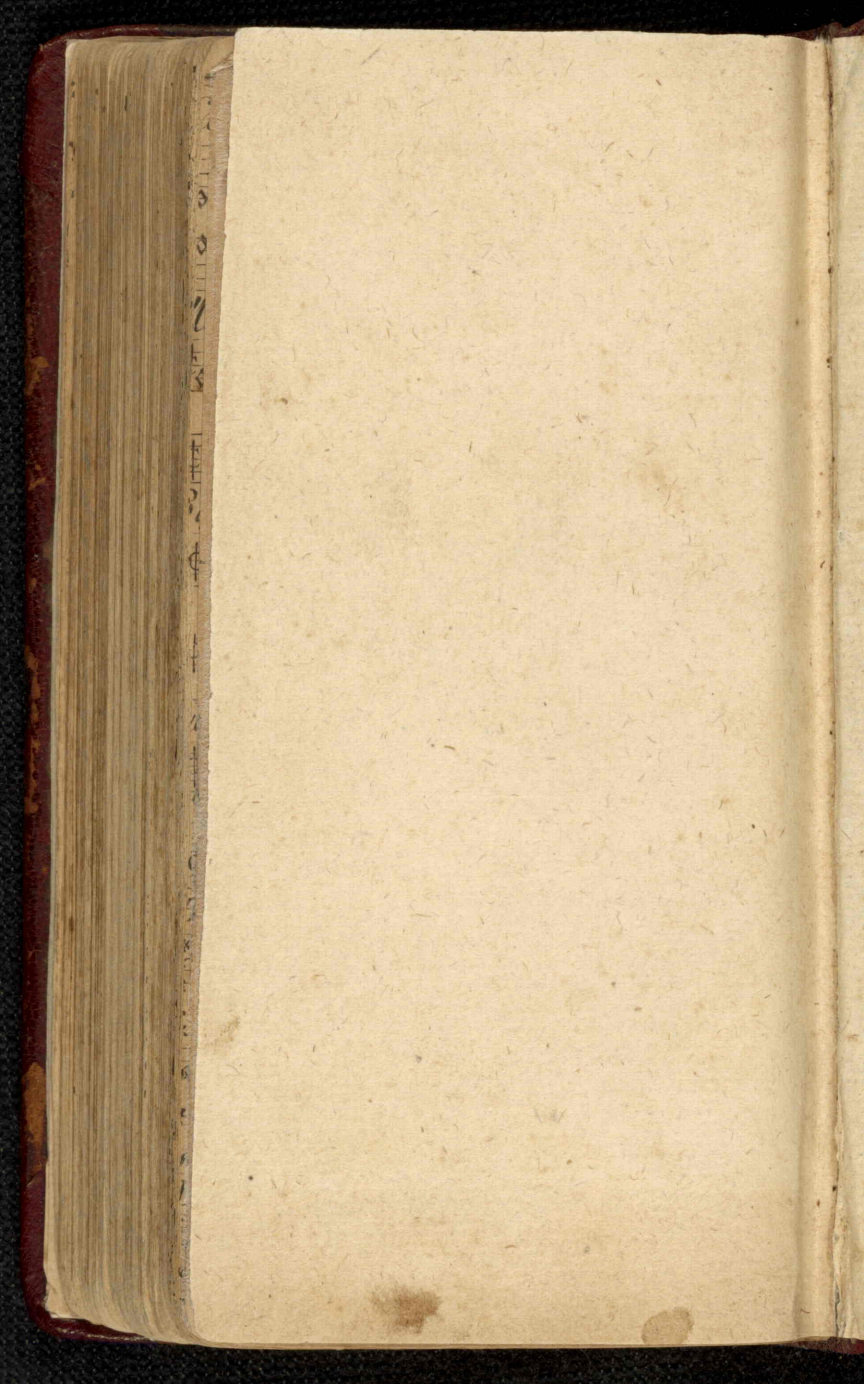
Bass.

Cant. PSALM C.

Med.

Bass.

Cant. PSALM. CXXXVII.

Med.

Bass.