

The Psalms of David

The Psalms of David

Imitated in the Language of the New Testament and
Applied to the Christian State and Worship

Isaac Watts

Originally Published 1719

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Publisher's Preface

Preparing THE PSALMS OF DAVID: IMITATED IN THE LANGUAGE OF THE NEW TESTAMENT AND APPLIED TO THE CHRISTIAN STATE AND WORSHIP by Isaac Watts for publication has been an educational experience. As I have learned more about Watts, his influence, and his thinking, I have come to understand that this book is not only a songbook but also an important part of history. Without Isaac Watts and this book, the Protestant Church would be far different today. In this preface, I will attempt to convey the historical setting of and thinking behind this psalter.

The Historical Setting

Isaac Watts was born in 1674 and died in 1748 at the age of 74. In 1534 during the Reformation the Church of England seceded from the Catholic Church. The newly created Church of England, or Anglican Church, was an established church supported by the government and consequently different from any American church today. During the 1600s and 1700s many English Protestants were opposed to Catholicism but felt that the established church, although Protestant, was in serious error or believed that the church should be independent of the state. The people holding these beliefs were called Dissenters, Separatists, or Non-Conformists. They contained many subgroups including Congregationalists, Quakers, Levelers, Puritans, Baptists, Anabaptists, and Presbyterians. (Presbyterians were the established church in Scotland, but in England they were Dissenters.)

The English Civil Wars between the Anglican King Charles I and the Puritan Parliament lasted from 1642 until 1651, and the related Westminster Assembly convened from 1643 until 1653. The Puritans controlled England until the restoration of the monarchy in 1660 at which time Anglicanism was reimposed and the Act of Uniformity in 1662 required all clergy to be ordained by the Church of England. The dissenters were legally excluded from full participation in civil and political life and sporadically persecuted after the restoration. Isaac Watts was born under these circumstances. When Isaac Watts was 14 years old in 1688 King William III of the Netherlands came to power in the Glorious Revolution. The subsequent Toleration Act of 1689 then legalized the religious dissenters.

Isaac Watts was a congregationalist dissenter like his father. He would have liked to carry out his studies at Oxford or

Cambridge but couldn't because of his dissenting views. Instead, he attended Stoke Newington, a dissenter school. The English church had been experiencing major changes for over 100 years, so this was a time when revolutionary change was possible. Isaac Watts decided to challenge the musical practices of the church and ended up revolutionizing its practices.

Key Theological Viewpoints

Learning a few theological positions will make it easier to understand Watts and his opposition. First are two opposing principles for planning church services.

- The **Regulative Principle** holds that scripture gives specific instructions for conducting corporate worship services. It follows that churches must obey these instructions doing everything that is commanded and not doing anything that is not commanded. Under the regulative principle, the objective of a church is to conform as closely as possible to God's instructions when planning worship services.
- The **Normative Principle** holds that anything not expressly forbidden in scripture is allowed in corporate worship services. It follows that churches are free to do whatever they think is best as long as it does not violate Biblical commands. Under the normative principle, the objective of a church is to stay within scriptural bounds while adapting to its circumstances.

A second pair of conflicting views are confessionalism and pietism.

- **Pietism** emphasizes heart religion and a personal experience with God. It stresses our experience and vibrant devotion. Revivals are pietistic. Pietism focuses on the individual believer and tries to lead him to a personal experience with God.
- **Confessionalism** emphasizes doctrinal orthodoxy. It stresses following all of God's instructions as faithfully as possible. This leads to creeds and confessions where our understanding of scripture is clearly laid out because it is essential for the church to precisely know God's commands in order for it to follow them closely. Confessionalism focuses on the body of believers as opposed to the individual.

A final theological position is “exclusive psalmody.” This is the belief that, due to the regulative principle, only the psalms should be sung in public worship. This position is only held by small pockets of the Church today, but at the time of Issac Watts, it was the dominant position. Watts was the biggest or one of the biggest reasons that it is no longer a widely held position.

These opposing viewpoints exist on a spectrum with most people sitting somewhere in the middle between the two positions. Issac Watts' work shifted the church from the Regulative Principle toward the Normative Principle, from Confessionalism toward Pietism, and away from exclusive psalmody.

The Progression of Psalters and Hymnals

There was no shortage of metrical psalters when Watts arrived on the scene. The first major metrical psalter was the French Strasbourg Psalter published by Calvin in 1539 which developed into the complete Genevan Psalter by 1562. The English living in Geneva would have sung psalms in English. The first English Psalter was the “Old Version” by Sternhold and Hopkins published in 1562 and was similar to the Genevan Psalter. In 1640 the Bay Psalter from Massachusetts Bay Colony became the first book published in English-speaking America. This was followed in 1650 by the Scottish Metrical Psalter. Finally, the “New Version” by Brady and Tate was published in 1696 when Watts was 22 years old. Each of these psalm books was widely used by the Church.

There were many other lesser known psalters produced such as the 1612 *Ainsworth Psalter* used by the Pilgrims and the 1718 *Psalterium Americanum* published by Cotton Mather. Several English poets wrote metrical versions of the psalms which could be sung. Isaac Watts mentions reviewing over twenty metrical psalters when considering whether or not to write his own psalm book.

Watts published HYMNS AND SPIRITUAL SONGS in 1707 when he was 33 years old. This book contained hymns (written by man) instead of psalms (authored by God). Earlier writers had composed hymns in English, but HYMNS AND SPIRITUAL SONGS was the first hymnal to enter widespread use. In this work Watts was pushing against exclusive psalmody.

Watts then published THE PSALMS OF DAVID in 1719 when he was 45 years old. In contrast to previous psalters, Watts' did

not directly translate the psalms but paraphrased and edited them. He believed that the psalms, as written, needed modification to be suitable for singing by modern Christians. Whereas previous psalters had attempted to translate the psalms into meter from the original Hebrew as accurately as possible, Watts tried to translate them in a way that would resonate with the people of his day. This was a push toward pietism and away from confessionalism. Watts was trying to create the right feelings within individual worshipers rather than precisely communicating the words of God.

Hymnody and paraphrasing were controversial, so Isaac Watts sought to defend his methodology. Three essays have been included in this psalter to help the reader understand Isaac Watts and his musical battles.

- “The Life of Isaac Watts” by Dr. Samuel Johnson is an excerpt from LIVES OF THE MOST EMINENT ENGLISH POETS. It is a biography of Watts that will help you understand the life and personality of this man.
- “A Short Essay Toward the Improvement of Psalmody” by Isaac Watts appeared as a preface in the first edition (1707) of HYMNS AND SPIRITUAL SONGS. It defends the practice of using hymns instead of psalms.
- The Preface to the first edition (1719) of THE PSALMS OF DAVID: IMITATED IN THE LANGUAGE OF THE NEW TESTAMENT, AND APPLIED TO THE CHRISTIAN STATE AND WORSHIP was written by Isaac Watts to defend his practice of paraphrasing the psalms instead of using a direct translation.

These essays have been modified from the original to increase readability: some long paragraphs have been broken into bullet points, spellings have been updated, excessive capitalization has been removed, and headings have been added. These essays provide an understanding of the thinking that went into composing these psalm arrangements and will help you understand the significance of this book.

Benjamin Leonard

January 2024

The Life of Isaac Watts

Dr. Samuel Johnson

Excerpt from *Lives of the Most Eminent English Poets*

The Poems of Dr. Watts were by my recommendation inserted in the late collection; the readers of which are to impute to me whatever pleasure or weariness they may find in the perusal of Blackmore, Watts, Pomfret, and Yealden.

Early Life and Education

Isaac Watts was born July 17, 1674, at Southampton, where his father of the same name, kept a boarding-school for young gentlemen, though common report makes him a shoe-maker. He appears, from the narrative of Dr. Gibbons, to have been neither indigent nor illiterate.

Isaac, the eldest of nine children, was given to books from his infancy; and began, we are told, to learn Latin when he was four years old, I suppose at home. He was afterwards taught Latin, Greek, and Hebrew, by Mr. Pinhorne, a clergyman, master of the freeschool at Southampton, to whom the gratitude of his scholar afterwards inscribed a Latin ode.

His proficiency at school was so conspicuous, that a subscription was proposed for his support at the University; but he declared his resolution to take his lot with the Dissenters. Such he was, as every Christian Church would rejoice to have adopted.

He therefore repaired in 1690 to an academy taught by Mr. Rowe, where he had for his companions and fellow-students Mr. Hughes the poet, and Dr. Horte, afterwards Archbishop of Tuam. Some Latin essays, supposed to have been written as exercises at this academy, show a degree of knowledge, both philosophical and theological, such as very few attain by a much longer course of study.

He was, as he hints in his *Miscellanies*, a maker of verses from fifteen to fifty, and in his youth he appears to have paid attention to Latin poetry. His verses to his brother, in the glyconic measure, written when he was seventeen, are remarkably easy and elegant. Some of his other odes are deformed by the pindaric folly then prevailing, and are written with such neglect of all metrical rules as is without example among the ancients; but his diction, though

perhaps not always exactly pure, has such copiousness and splendour, as shows that he was but at a very little distance from excellence.

His method of study was to impress the contents of his books upon his memory by abridging them, and by interleaving them, to amplify one system with supplements from another.

With the congregation of his tutor Mr. Rowe, who were, I believe, independents, he communicated in his nineteenth year.

At the age of twenty he left the academy, and spent two years in study and devotion at the house of his father, who treated him with great tenderness; and had the happiness, indulged to few parents, of living to see his son eminent for literature and venerable for piety.

The Ministry

He was then entertained by Sir John Hartopp five years, as domestic tutor to his son: and in that time particularly devoted himself to the study of the Holy Scriptures; and being chosen assistant to Dr. Chauncey, preached the first time on the birth-day that completed his twenty-fourth year; probably considering that as the day of a second nativity, by which he entered on a new period of existence.

In about three years he succeeded Dr. Chauncey; but soon after his entrance on his charge, he was seized by a dangerous illness, which sunk him to such weakness, that the congregation thought an assistant necessary, and appointed Mr. Price. His health then returned gradually, and he performed his duty, till (1712) he was seized by a fever of such violence and continuance, that from the feebleness which it brought upon him, he never perfectly recovered.

This calamitous state made the compassion of his friends necessary, and drew upon him the attention of Sir Thomas Abney, who received him into his house; where with a constancy of friendship and uniformity of conduct not often to be found, he was treated for thirty-six years with all the kindness that friendship could prompt, and all the attention that respect could dictate. Sir Thomas died about eight years afterwards; but he continued with the lady and her daughters to the end of his life. The lady died about a year after him.

A coalition like this, a state in which the notions of patronage and dependence were overpowered by the perception of reciprocal benefits, deserves a particular memorial; and I will not withhold from the reader Dr. Gibbons's representation, to which regard is to be paid as to the narrative of one who writes what he knows, and what is known likewise to multitudes besides.

"Our next observation shall be made upon that remarkably kind providence which brought the doctor into Sir Thomas Abney's family, and continued him there till his death, a period of no less than thirty-six years. In the midst of his sacred labours for the glory of God, and good of his generation he is seized with a most violent and threatening fever, which leaves him oppressed with great weakness, and puts a stop at least to his public services for four years. In this distressing season, doubly so to his active and pious spirit, he is invited to Sir Thomas Abney's family, nor ever removes from it till he had finished his days. Here he enjoyed the uninterrupted demonstrations of the truest friendship. Here, without any care of his own, he had everything which could contribute to the enjoyment of life, and favour the unwearied pursuits of his studies. Here he dwelt in a family, which, for piety, order, harmony, and every virtue, was an house of God. Here he had the privilege of a country recess, the fragrant bower, the spreading lawn, the flowery garden, and other advantages to sooth his mind and aid his restoration to health; to yield him, whenever he chose them, most grateful intervals from his laborious studies, and enable him to return to them with redoubled vigour and delight. Had it not been for this most happy event, he might as to outward view, have feebly, it may be painfully, dragged on through many more years of languor and inability for public service, and even for profitable study, or perhaps might have sunk into his grave under the overwhelming load of infirmities, in the midst of his days; and thus the church and world would have been deprived of those many excellent sermons and works which he drew up and published during his long residence in this family. In a few years after his coming hither, Sir Thomas Abney dies; but his amiable consort survives, who shows the Doctor the same respect and friendship as before, and most happily for him and great numbers besides; for, as her riches were great her generosity and munificence were in full proportion; her thread of life was drawn out to a great age, even beyond that of the Doctor's; and thus this excellent man, through her kindness, and that of her daughter, the present Mrs.

Elizabeth Abney, who in a like degree esteemed and honoured him, enjoyed all the benefits and felicities he experienced at his first entrance into this family, till his days were numbered and finished, and, like a shock of corn in its season, he ascended into the regions of perfect and immortal life and joy."

If this quotation has appeared long, let it be considered, that it comprises an account of six-and-thirty years, and those the years of Dr. Watts.

Writing and Speaking

From the time of his reception into this family, his life was no otherwise diversified than by successive publications. The series of his works I am not able to deduce; their number, and their variety, show the intenseness of his industry, and the extent of his capacity.

He was one of the first authors that taught the Dissenters to court attention by the graces of language. Whatever they had among them before, whether of learning or acuteness, was commonly obscured and blunted by coarseness and inelegance of style. He showed them, that zeal and purity might be expressed and enforced by polished diction.

He continued to the end of his life the teacher of a congregation, and no reader of his works can doubt his fidelity or diligence. In the pulpit, though his low stature, which very little exceeded five feet, graced him with no advantages of appearance, yet the gravity and propriety of his utterance made his discourses very efficacious. I once mentioned the reputation which Mr. Foster had gained by his proper delivery to my friend Dr. Hawkesworth, who told me, that in the art of pronunciation he was far inferior to Dr. Watts.

Such was his flow of thoughts, and such his promptitude of language, that in the latter part of his life he did not precompose his cursory sermons; but having adjusted the heads, and sketched out some particulars, trusted for success to his extemporary powers.

He did not endeavour to assist his eloquence by any gesticulations; for, as no corporeal actions have any correspondence with theological truth, he did not see how they could enforce it.

At the conclusion of weighty sentences he gave time, by a short pause, for the proper impression.

To stated and public instruction, he added familiar visits and personal application, and was careful to improve the opportunities which conversation offered of diffusing and increasing the influence of religion.

By his natural temper he was quick of resentment; but by his established and habitual practice, he was gentle, modest, and inoffensive. His tenderness appeared in his attention to children, and to the poor. To the poor, while he lived in the family of his friend, he allowed the third part of his annual revenue, though the whole was not a hundred a year; and for children, he condescended to lay aside the scholar, the philosopher, and the wit, to write little poems of devotion, and systems of instruction adapted to their wants and capacities, from the dawn of reason through its gradations of advance in the morning of life. Every man, acquainted with the common principles of human action, will look with veneration on the writer who is at one time combating Locke, and at another making a catechism for children in their fourth year. A voluntary descent from the dignity of science is perhaps the hardest lesson that humility can teach.

As his mind was capacious, his curiosity excursive, and his industry continual, his writings are very numerous, and his subjects various. With his theological works I am only enough acquainted to admire his meekness of opposition, and his mildness of censure. It was not only in his book but in his mind that orthodoxy was united with charity.

Of his philosophical pieces, his logic has been received into the universities, and therefore wants no private recommendation: if he owes part of it to Le Clerc, it must be considered that no man who undertakes merely to methodize or illustrate a system, pretends to be its author.

In his metaphysical disquisitions, it was observed by the late learned Dr. Dyer, that he confounded the idea of "space" with that of "empty space," and did not consider that though space might be without matter, yet matter being extended, could not be without space.

Few books have been perused by me with greater pleasure than his *Improvement of the Mind*, of which the radical principles may indeed be found in Locke's *Conduct of the Understanding*, but they are so expanded and ramified by Watts, as to confer upon him the merit of a work in the highest degree useful and pleasing. Whoever has the care of instructing others, may be charged with deficiency in his duty if this book is not recommended.

I have mentioned his treatises of theology as distinct from his other productions: but the truth is, that whatever he took in hand was, by his incessant solicitude for souls, converted to theology. As piety predominated in his mind, it is diffused over his works: under his direction it may be truly said, "Theologiae Philosophia ancillatur," philosophy is subservient to evangelical instruction; it is difficult to read a page without learning, or at least wishing to be better. The attention is caught by indirect instruction, and he that sat down only to reason, is on a sudden compelled to pray.

It was therefore with great propriety that, in 1728, he received From Edinburgh and Aberdeen an unsolicited diploma, by which he became a Doctor of Divinity. Academical honours would have more value, if they were always bestowed with equal judgement.

He continued many years to study and to preach, and to do good by his instruction and example: till at last the infirmities of age disabled him from the more laborious part of his ministerial functions, and being no longer capable of public duty, he offered to remit the salary appendant to it; but his congregation would not accept the resignation.

By degrees his weakness increased, and at last confined him to his chamber and his bed; where he was worn gradually away without pain, till he expired, Nov. 25, 1748, in the seventy-fifth year of his age.

Life in Summary

Few men have left behind such purity of character, or such monuments of laborious piety. He has provided instruction for all ages, from those who are lisping their first lessons, to the enlightened readers of Malbranche and Locke; he has left neither corporeal nor spiritual nature unexamined; he has taught the art of reasoning, and the science of the stars.

His character, therefore, must be formed from the multiplicity and diversity of his attainments, rather than from any single performance; for it would not be safe to claim for him the highest rank in any single denomination of literary dignity; yet perhaps there was nothing in which he would not have excelled, if he had not divided his powers to different pursuits.

As a poet, had he been only a poet, he would probably have stood high among the authors with whom he is now associated. For his judgement was exact, and he noted beauties and faults with very nice discernment; his

imagination, as the “Dacian Battle” proves, was vigorous and active, and the stores of knowledge were large by which his fancy was to be supplied. His ear was well-tuned, and his diction was elegant and copious. But his devotional poetry is, like that of others, unsatisfactory. The paucity of its topics enforces perpetual repetition, and the sanctity of the matter rejects the ornaments of figurative diction. It is sufficient for Watts to have done better than others what no man has done well.

His poems on other subjects seldom rise higher than might be expected from the amusements of a man of letters, and have different degrees of value as they are more or less laboured, or as the occasion was more or less favourable to invention.

He writes too often without regular measures, and too often in blank verse; the rhymes are not always sufficiently correspondent. He is particularly unhappy in coining names expressive of characters. His lines are commonly smooth and easy, and his thoughts always religiously pure; but who is there that, to so much piety and innocence, does not wish for a greater measure of sprightliness and vigour? He is at least one of the few poets with whom youth and ignorance may be safely pleased; and happy will be that reader whose mind is disposed by his verses, or his prose, to imitate him in all but his non-conformity, to copy his benevolence to man, and his reverence to God.

Preface to Hymns and Spiritual Songs

A Short Essay Toward the Improvement of Psalmody

Or, An Enquiry how the Psalms of David ought to be translated into Christian Songs, and how lawful and necessary it is to compose other Hymns according to the clearer Revelations of the Gospel, for the Use of the Christian Church.

Isaac Watts

To speak the glories of God in a religious song, or to breathe out the joys of our own spirits to God with the melody of our voice is an exalted part of divine worship. But so many are the imperfections in the practice of this duty, that the greatest part of Christians find but little edification or comfort in it. There are some churches that utterly disallow singing; and I'm persuaded, that the poor performance of it in the best societies, with the mistaken rules to which it is confined is one great reason of their entire neglect; for we are left at a loss to know what is the matter and manner of this duty; and therefore they utterly refuse: whereas if this glorious piece of worship were but seen in its original beauty, and one that believes not this ordinance, or is unlearned in this part of Christianity should come into such an assembly, he would be convinced of all; he would be judged of all, he would fall down on his face, and report that God was in the midst of it of a truth; 1 Cor. 14:24, 25.

Chief Scriptural Texts

In order to trace out the matter or subject of religious singing, let us collect into one view the chief texts of the New Testament where this worship is mentioned, and afterwards see what arguments may be deduced from thence, to prove, that 'tis proper to use spiritual songs of humane composure, as well as the Psalms of David or the words of other songs recorded in scripture.

The most considerable texts are these;

- Mat. 26:30 & Mark 14:26 relate, that our blessed Lord and his disciples sung an hymn.
- Acts 16:25 Paul and Silas prayed and sung praises unto God.

- 1 Cor. 14:15. I will sing with the spirit, and I will sing with the understanding also. Ver. 26. Every one of you hath a psalm.
- Eph. 5:19, 20. Speaking to yourselves in psalms and hymns, and spiritual songs; singing and making melody in your hearts to the Lord, giving thanks always for all things to God and the Father, in the name of our Lord Jesus Christ.
- Col 3:16, 17. Let the word of Christ dwell in you richly, in all wisdom teaching and admonishing one another in psalms and hymns, and spiritual songs; singing with grace in your hearts to the Lord: and whatsoever ye do in word or in deed, do all in the name of the Lord Jesus, giving thanks to God and the Father by him.
- Jam. 5:13. Is any among you afflicted, let him pray: is any merry, let him sing psalms.
- Rev. 5:9. And they sing a new song, saying, thou art worthy to take the book and to open the seals thereof, for thou wast slain and hast redeemed us to God by thy blood.
- Rev. 14:3. And they sung as it were a new song before the throne.
- Rev. 15:3. And they sing the Song of Moses, the Servant of God, and the Song of the Lamb, saying, great and marvellous are thy works, &c.
- To all these I might add Acts 4:24, &c. where it is supposed the disciples met together and sung; for they lift up their voice to God with one accord, and said, Lord! thou art our God, which hast made heaven and earth, and the sea, and all that in them is: who by the mouth of thy servant David hast said, why did the heathen rage, and the people imagine a vain thing. The kings of the earth stood up, and the rulers were gathered together against the Lord, and against his Christ. For of a truth, against thy holy child Jesus whom thou hast anointed, both Herod and Pontius Pilate, with the gentiles and the People of Israel, were gathered together for to do whatsoever thy hand and thy counsel determined before to be done, &c.

If we turn over the New Testament, and search out all the songs that are there written, we shall find the matter or subject of them as various as the occasions upon which they were sung or spoken: such are The Song of the Virgin Mary, Luke 1:46, &c. The Song of Zecharias, ver. 67 The Song of the Angels, Luke 2:13 and of Simeon, ver. 29. Besides many others in the Book of the Revelations.

Greek Words Used for Psalms

The three chief words used to express the matter of singing, are psalmoi, humnoi kai odai: psalms, hymns and songs, as the three verbs from which these are derived are generally used to express the act of singing, psallo, humneo, i ado. Now if it were lawful after so many learned contentions about these words, I would give my sense of them thus:

1. I think no man hath better explained the original meaning of these words than Zanchy. A psalm, psalmos, is such a song as usually is sung with other instruments besides the tongue. hymns, humnoi, such as are made only to express the praises, and set out the excellencies of God. Songs, odai, such as contain not only praises, but exhortations, prophesies, thanksgivings; and these only sung with the voice.
2. The scripture doth not always confine itself to the original meaning of all these words; for psalmos a psalm, and the word psallo, are used, 1 Cor. 14. and in other places of the New Testament, where we can never suppose the primitive church in those days had instruments of music. And the word ode a song, is used several times in the Book of Revelations, where harps are joined with voices in the emblematical prophesy.
3. The sense therefore of these words in the New Testament seems to be thus distinguished. A psalm is a general name for anything that is sung in divine worship, whatsoever be the particular theme or matter; and the verb psallo is designed to express the melody itself rather than to distinguish the matter of the song, or manner whereby the melody or music is performed; and therefore in Eph. 5:19. our translators have well rendered adontes kai psallontes, Singing and making melody; and it should be thus rendered, Jam. 5:13. Is any merry, let him make melody. I confess in the New Testament the noun psalmos refers generally to the Book of Psalms, and without doubt there are many of the palms of David and Asaph, and other songs among the books of the Old Testament which may be prudently chosen

and sung by Christians, and may be well accommodated to the lips and hearts of the church under the gospel. Yet this word is once used in another sense, as I shall show afterwards.

An hymn, whether implied in the verb humneo, or expressed in the noun humnos, doth always retain its original signification, and intend a song whose matter or design is praise: nor is there anything in the nature or use of the word either in scripture or other authors, that determines it to signify an immediate inspiration, or humane composure.

A song, ode, denotes any theme or subject composed into a form fit for singing, and seems to intend somewhat suited to the gospel state, rather than any Jewish psalms or songs in all the five verses in the New Testament where it is used.

Eph. 5:19 & Col. 3:16 'Tis joined with the word spiritual; and that seems to be used by the apostle in all his epistles, as a very distinguishing word between the law and gospel, the Jewish and the Christian worship. The Jews had carnal ordinances, and carnal commandments, and their state and dispensation is often called flesh, but the church under the gospel is a spiritual house, blessed with spiritual blessings, endowed with spiritual gifts, to worship God in spirit and in truth, to offer spiritual sacrifices, and to sing spiritual songs.

Rev. 5:9. & 14:3. There is mention of a new song, and that is pure evangelical language, suited to the New Testament, the New Covenant, the new and living way of access to God, and to the new commandment of him who sits upon the throne, and behold, he makes all things new. The words of this song are, worthy is the lamb, for thou wast slain, and hast redeemed us to God by thy blood, &c. and none could learn it but those who follow the Lamb, who were redeemed from among men, &c. and it must be noted here, that this Book of the Revelations describes the worship of the gospel-church on earth, as is agreed by all interpreters, though it borrows some of its emblems from the things of heaven, and some from the Jewish State. I might here remark also, that when a new song is mentioned in the Old Testament, it refers to the times of the Messiah, and is prophetic of the Kingdom of Christ, or at least it is a song indited upon a new occasion public or personal, and the words of it are accommodated to some new tokens of divine mercy.

Rev. 15:3 They sing the Song of Moses, the Servant of God, and the Song of the Lamb; that is, a song for temporal and

for spiritual deliverances; or, a song for all ancient or all later salvations of the church. As Moses was a redeemer from the House of Bondage, and a teacher of divine worship with harps and ceremonies; so the Lamb is a redeemer from Babylon and spiritual slavery, and he is the great prophet to teach his Church the spiritual worship of the gospel. The church now, under the salvations and instructions of the Lamb, sings with the voice to the glory of the vengeance and the grace of God, as Israel under the conduct of Moses sung with harps; for we must observe, that these visions of the Apostle John often represent divine things in a Gospel Church, in imitation of the ranks and orders of the Jewish Camp and Tribes, and by the rites and figures used in the time of Moses; and it would be as unreasonable to prove from this text, that we must sing the very words of the 15th of Exodus in a Christian Church, as to prove from this Book of the Revelations that we must use harps and altars, censers, fire and incense. But 'tis plain that the 15th of Exodus cannot be here intended, because the words of the song are mentioned just after, (viz.) great, and marvellous are thy works, Lord God Almighty, just and true are thy ways, thou King of Saints. Yet after all, if it could be proved, that the very song which Moses sung is here designed, still it must be confessed that the Song of the Lamb is also to be sung; and if the following words in this text are not to be esteemed the Song of Moses, then neither are they to be esteemed the Song of the Lamb; because there is not any express mention of the Lamb, or his death, or resurrection, or redemption; nor is there any other song in scripture that bears that title and consequently it must signify a Song composed to the praise of God for our deliverance by the Lamb, in imitation of the joy composed for deliverance by the hand of Moses: And thus at least we are to suit part of our psalmody to the Gospel State as well as borrow part from the Old Testament, which is the chief point I designed to prove.

Psalms Should be Translated Differently for Reading and Singing

The next enquiry then proceeds thus: how must the Psalms of David and other songs borrowed from scripture, be translated in order to be sung in Christian worship? Surely, it will be granted, that to prepare them for psalmody under the gospel, requires another sort of management in the translation, than to prepare them merely for reading as the Word of God in our language, and that upon these two accounts:

First, if it be the duty of the churches to sing psalms, they must necessarily be turned into such a sort of verse and metre as will best fit them for the whole church to join in the worship: now this will be very different from a translation of the original language word for word; for the lines must be confined to a certain number of syllables, and the stanza or verse to a certain number of lines, that so the tune being short the people may be acquainted with it, and be ready to sing without much difficulty; whereas if the words were merely translated out of the Hebrew as they are for reading, every psalm must be set through to music, and every syllable in it must have a particular musical note belonging to itself, as in anthems that are sung in cathedrals: but this would be so exceeding difficult to practice, that it would utterly exclude the greatest part of every congregation from a capacity of obeying God's command to sing. Now, in reducing a Hebrew or a Greek song to a form tolerably fit to be sung by an English Congregation, here and there a word of the original must be omitted, now and then a word or two superadded, and frequently a sentence or an expression a little altered and changed into another that is something akin to it: and yet greater alterations must the psalm suffer if we will have anything to do with rhyme; those that have labored with utmost toil to keep very close to the Hebrew have found it impossible; and when they have attained it most, have made but very poor music for a Christian Church. For it will often happen, that one of the most affectionate and most spiritual words in the prose will not submit to its due place in the metre, or does not end with a proper sound, and then it must be secluded, and another of less proper sense be put in the room of it: hereby some of the chief beauties and excellencies of David's poetry will be omitted and lost, which if not revived again, or recommended by some lively or pathetic expression in the English, will necessarily debase the divine song into dullness and contempt: and hereby also it becomes so far different from the inspired words in the original languages, that it is very hard for any man to say, that the version of Hopkins and Sternhold, the New England or the Scots Psalms, are in a strict sense the Word of God. Those persons therefore that will allow nothing to be sung but the words of inspiration or scripture ought to learn the Hebrew music, and sing in the Jewish language; or at least I can find no congregation with which they can heartily join according to their own principles, but the congregation of choristers in Cathedral Churches, who are the only Levites that sing praise unto the

Lord with the words of David and Asaph the Seer, 2 Chron. 29:30.

Secondly, another reason why the psalms ought not to be translated for singing just in the same manner as they are for reading, is this, that the design of these two duties is very different: by reading we learn what God speaks to us in his word; but when we sing, especially unto God, our chief design is, or should be, to speak our own hearts and our words to God. By reading we are instructed what have been the dealings of God with men in all ages, and how their hearts have been exercised in their wanderings from God, and temptations, or in their returns and breathings towards God again; but songs are generally expressions of our own experiences, or of his glories; we acquaint him what sense we have of his greatness and goodness, and that chiefly in those instances which have some relation to us: we breath out our souls towards him, and make addresses of praise and acknowledgment to him. Though I will not assert it unlawful to sing to God the words of other men which we have no concern in, and which, are very contrary to our circumstances and the frame of our spirits; yet it must be confessed abundantly more proper, when we address God in a song, to use such words as we can for the most part assume as our own: I own that 'tis not always necessary our songs should be direct addresses to God; some of them may be mere meditations of the history of divine providences, or the experiences of former saints; but even then, if those providences or experiences cannot be assumed by us as parallel to our own, nor spoken in our own names; yet still there ought to be some turns of expression that may make it look at least like our own present meditation, and that may represent it as a history which we ourselves are at that time recollecting. I know not one instance in scripture, of any later saint singing any part of a composure of former ages, that is not proper for his own time, without force expressions that tend to accommodate or apply it. But there are a multitude of examples amongst all the scriptural songs, that introduce the affairs of preceding ages in the method I have described.

- Psal. 44:1, &c. When David is recounting the wonders of God in planting the children of Israel in the land of Canaan, he begins his song thus, we have heard with our ears O God, our fathers have told us what works thou didst in their days, in times of old, how thou didst drive out the heathen with thy hand,

and plantedst them, how thou didst afflict the people, and cast them out.

- Psal. 78:2, &c. I will open my mouth in a parable, I will utter dark sayings of old which we have heard and known, and our fathers have told us, we will not hide them from their children, shewing to the generation to come the praises of the Lord. So he relates the converse and covenant of God with Abraham, Isaac and Israel, as a narration of former providences and experiences,
- Psal. 105:8, 9, 10, &c. So in the Virgin Mary's Song, and the Song of Zacharias. And I know not anything can be objected here, but that a prophet perhaps in some instances may assume the words of Christ or the saints in following ages; but it should be observed that this is almost always in such respects wherein persons or circumstances present were typical of what is future, and so their cases become parallel.

The True Method of Translating Ancient Psalms

By these considerations we are easily led into the true method of translating ancient songs into Christian worship. Psalms that are purely doctrinal, or merely historical, are subjects for our meditation, and may be translated for our present use with no variation, if it were possible; and in general, all those songs of scripture which the saints of following ages may assume for their own: such are the 1st, the 8th, the 19th, and many others. Some psalms may be applied to our use by the alteration of a pronoun, putting they in the place of we, and changing some expressions which are not suited to our case into a narration or rehearsal of God's dealings with others: there are other divine songs which cannot properly be accommodated to our use, and much less be assumed as our own without very great alterations, (viz.) such as are filled with some very particular troubles or enemies of a person, some places of journeying or residence, some uncommon circumstances of a society, to which there is scarce anything parallel in our day or case: such are many of the songs of David, whose persecutions and deliverances were very extraordinary: again, such as express the worship paid unto God by carnal ordinances and utensils of the tabernacle and temple. Now if these be converted into Christian songs in our nation, I think the names of Ammon and Moab may be as properly changed

into the names of the chief enemies of the gospel, so far as may be without public offence: Judah and Israel may be called England and Scotland, and the Land of Canaan may be translated into Great Britain; the cloudy and typical expressions of the legal dispensation should be turned into evangelical language, according to the explications of the New Testament: And when a Christian Psalmist, among the characters of a saint, Psal. 15:5. meets with the man that puts not out his money to usury, he ought to exchange one that is no oppressor for an oppressor or extortioner, since usury is not utterly forbidden to Christians, as it was by the Jewish Law; and wheresoever he finds the person or offices of our Lord Jesus Christ in prophecy, they ought rather to be translated in a way of history, and those evangelical truths should be stript of their veil of darkness, and dressed in such expressions that Christ may appear in them to all that sing. When he comes to Psal. 40:6 and reads there words, mine ears hast thou opened, he should learn from the apostle to say, a body hast thou prepared for me, Heb. 10:5. Instead of binding the sacrifice with cords to the horns of the altar, Psal. 118:27 we should offer up spiritual sacrifices (that is the prayer and praise of the heart and tongue) acceptable to God by Jesus Christ, 1 Pet. 2:5. Where there are any dark expressions, and difficult to be understood in the Hebrew songs, these should be left out in our psalmody, or at least made very plain by a paraphrase. Where there are sentences, or whole psalms, that can very difficultly be accommodated to our times, they may be utterly omitted. Such is Psal. 150 part of the 38, 45, 60, 68, 81, 108 and some others, as well as a great part of the Song of Solomon.

Perhaps 'twill be objected here, that the Book of Psalms would hereby be rendered very imperfect, and some weak persons might imagine this attempt to fall under the censure of Rev. 22:18, 19. that is, of taking away from, or adding to the words of the Book of God. But 'tis not difficult to reply that though the whole Book of Psalms was given to be read by us as God's Word for our use and instruction, yet it will never follow from thence that the whole was written as a psalter for the Christian Church to use in singing. For if this were the design of it, then every psalm, and every line of it might be at one time or another proper to be sung by Christians: But there are many hundred verses in that book which a Christian cannot properly assume in singing without a considerable alteration of the words, or at least without putting a very different meaning upon them, from what David had when he wrote them; and therefore there is

no necessity of translating always entire psalms, nor of preparing the whole book for English Psalmody. I might here add also Dr. Patrick's apology in his Century of Psalms first published, that he took but the same liberty which is allowed to every parish-clerk, to choose what psalm and what verses of it he would propose to the people to sing.

Give me leave here to mention several passages which were hardly made for Christian lips to assume without some alteration:

- Psal. 68:13, 14, 15, 16. Though ye have lain among the pots, yet shall ye be as the wings of a dove covered with silver, and her feathers with yellow gold: When the Almighty scattered kings in it, it was white as snow in salmon. The Hill of God is as the Hill of Bashan, &c. Why leap ye, ye hills, &c; ver. 25. The singers went before, the players on instruments followed after, amongst them were the damsels playing with timbrels: bless ye God in the congregation, even the Lord from the Fountain of Israel: There is little Benjamin with their ruler, the Princes of Judah and their Council, the Princes of Zebulun, and the Princes of Naphtali. Because of thy Temple at Jerusalem Kings shall bring presents unto thee. Rebuke the company of spearmen, the multitude of bulls, with the calves of the people, till everyone submit himself with pieces of silver.
- Psal. 71:2, 3, &c. Take a psalm, and bring hither the timbrel, the pleasant harp with the psaltery, blow up the trumpet in the new moon, in the time appointed on our solemn feast day, &c.
- Psal. 84:3, 6. The sparrow hath found an house, and the swallow a nest for herself, where she may lay her young, even thine altars, O Lord of Hosts, &c. Blessed is the man whose strength is in thee, in whose heart are the ways of them, who passing through the Valley of Bacha make it a well, the rain also filleth the pools.
- Psal: 108:2, 7, 8, 9. Awake psaltery and harp, I myself will awake early. God hath spoken in his holiness; I will rejoice, I will divide Shechem, and mete out the Vally of Succoth; Gilead is mine, Manasseh is mine, Ephraim also is the strength of mine head, Judah is my lawgiver, Moab is my washpot, over Edom will I cast out my shoe, over Philistia will I triumph; who

will bring me into the strong city, who will lead me into Edom

- Psal. 69:8 & 109. are so full of cursings that they hardly become the tongue of a follower of the blessed Jesus, who dying prayed for his own enemies; Father forgive them, for they know not what they do.
- Psal. 134. is suited to the temple or tabernacle worship; the title is, A Song of Degrees, that is, as interpreters believe, to be sung as the Kings of Israel went up by steps or degrees to the House of God; In the two first verses the King calls upon the Levites, which by night stand in the House of the Lord, to lift up their hands in the sanctuary, and to bless the Lord; the 3d verse is an antiphona or reply of the Levites to the King; the Lord that made heaven and earth bless thee out of Zion. 'Twould be endless to give an account of all the paragraphs of ancient songs, which can scarce ever be accommodated to gospel worship.

The patrons of another opinion will say we must sing the words of David, and apply them in our meditation to the things of the New Testament: but can we believe this to be the best method of worshiping God, to sing one thing and mean another? Besides that the very literal sense of many of these expressions is exceeding deep and difficult, and not one in twenty of a religious assembly can possibly understand them at this distance from the Jewish days; therefore to keep close to the language of David, we must break the commands of God by David, who requires that we sing his praises with understanding, Psal. 47:7 And I am persuaded, that St. Paul if he lived in our age and nation, would no more advise us to sing unintelligible sentences in London, than himself would sing in an unknown tongue at Corinth, 1 Cor. 14:15, 19. After all, if the literal sense were known, yet the application of many verses of David to our state and circumstances was never designed, and is utterly impossible; and even where it is possible, yet 'tis so exceeding difficult that very few persons in an assembly are capable of it; and when they attempt it, if their thoughts should be enquired one by one, you would find very various, wretched, and contradictory meanings put upon the words of the Hebrew Psalmist, and all for want of an evangelical translation of him. 'Tis very obvious and common to observe that persons of seriousness and judgment that consider what they sing, are often forced to

break off in the midst, to omit whole lines and verses, even where the best of our present translations are used; and thus the tune, and the sense, and their devotion is interrupted at once, because they dare not sing without understanding, and almost against their consciences. Whereas the more unthinking multitude go on singing in cheerful ignorance wheresoever the clerk guides them, across the River Jordan, through the Land of Gebal, Ammon and Amalek; He leads 'em into the strong city, he brings them into Edom; anon they follow him through the Valley of Bacha, till they come up to Jerusalem; they wait upon him into the Court of Burnt Offerings, and bind their sacrifice with cords to the horns of the altar; they enter so far into the temple, till they join their song in consort with the high sounding cymbals, their thoughts are bedarkened with the smoke of incense, and covered with Jewish veils. Such expressions as these are the beauties and perfections of a Hebrew song, they paint everything to the life: such language was suited by infinite wisdom to raise the affections of the saints of that day: but I fear they do but sink our devotion, and hurt our worship.

Two Rules for Christians Singing David's Psalms

I esteem the Book of Psalms the most valuable part of the Old Testament upon many accounts: I advise the reading and meditation of it more frequently than any single book of scripture; and what I advise I practice. Nothing is more proper to furnish our souls with devout thoughts, and lead us into a world of spiritual experiences: The expressions of it that are not Jewish or peculiar, give us constant assistance in prayer and in praise: But yet if we would prepare David's psalms to be sung by Christian lips, we should, observe these two plain rules.

Rule One

First, they ought to be translated it's such a manner as we have reason to believe David would have composed them if he had lived in our day: and therefore his poems are given as a pattern to be imitated in our compositions, rather than as the precise and invariable matter of our psalmody. 'Tis one of the excellencies of scripture songs, that they are exactly suited to the very purpose and design for which they were written, and that both in the matter, in the style, and in all their ornaments: this gives life and strength to the expression, it presents objects to the ears and to the eyes, and touches the heart in the most affecting manner. David's language is adapted to his own devotion, and to the worship

of the Jewish Church; he mentions the very places of his journeys, or retirements, of his sorrows, or his successes; he names the nations that were enemies of the Church, or that shall be its friends and though for the most part he leaves the single persons of his time nameless in the body of his psalm, yet he describes them there with great particularity, and often names them in the title. This gives us abundant ground to infer, that should the Sweet Singer of Israel return from the dead into our age, he would not sing the words of his own psalms without considerable alteration; and were he now to transcribe them, he would make them speak the present circumstances of the Church, and that in the language of the New Testament: he would see frequent occasion to insert the cross of Christ in his song, and often interline the confessions of his sins with the blood of the lamb; often would he describe the glories and the triumphs of our blessed Lord in long and flowing verse, even as St. Paul, when he mentions the name and honours of Christ can hardly part his lips from them again: his expressions would run ever bright and clear; such as here and there we find in a single verse of his old compositions, when he is transported beyond himself, and carried far away from Jewish shadows by the spirit of prophecy and the gospel. We have the more abundant reason to believe this, if we observe, that all along the sacred history as the revelations of God and his grace were made plainer, so the songs of the saints expressed that grace and those revelations according to the measure of their clearness and increase. Let us begin at the Song of Moses, Exod. 15. and proceed to David and Solomon, to the Song of the Virgin Mary, of Zacharias, Simeon, and the angels, the hosanna of the young children, the praises paid to God by the disciples in the acts, the doxologies of Paul, and the songs of the Christian Church in the Book of the Revelations: every beam of new light that broke into the world gave occasion of fresh joy to the saints, and they were taught to sing of salvation in all the degrees of its advancing glory.

Rule Two

Secondly, In the translation of Jewish songs for gospel worship, if scripture affords us any example, we should be ready to follow it, and the management thereof should be a pattern for us. Now though the disciples and primitive Christians had so many and so vast occasions for praise, yet I know but two pieces of songs they borrowed from the Book of Psalms. One is mentioned in Luke 19:38. where the disciples assume a part of a verse from the 118th psalm, but sing it with alterations and additions to the words of David.

The other is the beginning of the second psalm, sung by Peter and John and their company, Acts 4:23, 24, &c. You find there an addition of praise in the beginning, Lord thou art God which hast made heaven and earth, and the sea, and all that in them is. Then there is a narration of what David spoke, who by the mouth of thy servant David hast said, &c. next follow the two first verses of that psalm, but not in the very words of the Psalmist: afterwards an explication of the heathen and the people, (viz.) the gentiles and Israel: The kings and the rulers, (viz.) Herod and Pontius Pilate, and the holy child Jesus, is God's anointed. Then there is an enlargement of the matter of fact by a consideration of the hand of God in it, and the song concludes with the breathing of their desires towards God for mercies most precisely suited to their day and duty; and you find when they had sung, they went to prayer in the assembly, and then they preached the Word of God by the Holy Ghost, and with amazing success. O may I live to see psalmody performed in these evangelical beauties of holiness! May these ears of mine be entertained with such devotion in public, such prayer, such preaching, and such praise! may these eyes behold such returning glory in the churches! Then my soul shall be all admiration, my tongue shall humbly attempt to mingle in the worship, and assist the harmony and the joy.

Several Arguments Why it is Lawful and Necessary to Compose Spiritual Songs

After we have found the true method of translating Jewish songs for the use of the Christian Church, let us enquire also how lawful and necessary 'tis to compose spiritual songs of a more evangelic frame for the use of divine worship under the gospel.

First Argument

The first argument I shall borrow from all the foregoing discourse concerning the translation of the Psalms of David: for by that time they are fitted for Christian Psalmody, and have all the particularities of circumstance that related to David's person, and times altered and suited to our present case; and the language of Judaism is changed into the style of the gospel; the form and composure of the psalm can hardly be called inspired or divine: only the materials or the sense contained therein may in a large sense be called the Word of God, as it is borrowed from that word. Why then may it not be esteemed as lawful to take some divine sense and materials agreeable to the Word of God, and suited to the present case and experience of Christians, and compose

them into a spiritual song? Especially when we cannot find one ready penned in the Bible, whose subject is near akin to our present condition, or whose form is adapted to our present purpose.

Second Argument

The second argument shall be drawn from the several ends and designs of singing, which can never be sufficiently attained by confining ourselves to David's psalms, or the words of any songs in scripture. The first and chief intent of this part of worship, is to express unto God what sense and apprehensions we have of his essential glories; and what notice we take of his works of wisdom and power, vengeance and mercy; 'tis to vent the inward devotion of our spirits in words of melody, to speak our own experience of divine things, especially our religious joy; it would be tiresome to recount the endless instances out of the Book of Psalms and other divine songs, where this is made the chief business of them. In the texts of the New Testament where singing is required, the same designs are proposed; when the Ephesians are filled with the Spirit, the Enlightner and Comforter, they are charged to indulge those divine sensations, and let them break out into a spiritual song, Eph. 5:19. When any is merry or cheerful, the Apostle James bids him express it by singing. Giving thanks unto God, is the command of St. Paul to the saints while he enjoins psalmody on them; and speaking the Wonders of his power, justice and Grace, is the practice of the church constantly in the visions of St. John. To teach and admonish one another is mentioned by St. Paul as another design of singing; the improvement of our meditations, and the kindling divine affections within ourselves, is one of the purposes also of religious melody, if Eph. 5:19 be rightly translated. Now, how is it possible all these ends should be attained by a Christian, if he confines his meditations, his joys, and his praises, to the Hebrew Book of Psalms? Have we nothing more of the nature of God revealed to us than David had? Is not the mystery of the ever-blessed Trinity brought out of darkness into open light? Where can you find a psalm that speaks the miracles of wisdom and power as they are discovered in a crucified Christ? And how do we rob God the Son of the Glory of his dying love, if we speak of it only in the gloomy language of smoke and sacrifices, bullocks and goats, and the fat of lambs? Is not the ascent of Christ into heaven, and his triumph over principalities and powers of darkness a nobler entertainment for our tuneful meditations than the removing of the ark up to the City of

David, to the Hill of God, which is high as the Hill of Bashan? Is not our Heart often warmed with holy delight in the contemplation of the Son of God our dear redeemer whose love was stronger than death? Are not our souls possessed with a variety of divine affections, when we behold him who is our chief beloved hanging on the cursed tree, with the load of all our sins upon him, and giving up his soul to the sword of divine justice in the stead of rebels and enemies? And must these affections be confined only to our own bosoms, or never break forth but in Jewish language, and words which were not made to express the devotion of the gospel? The heaven and the hell that we are acquainted with by the discovery of God our Saviour, give us a more distinct knowledge of the future and eternal state, than all the former revelations of God to men: life and immortality is brought to light by the gospel; we are taught to look far into the invisible world, and take a prospect of the last awful scene of things: we see the graves opening, and the dead arising at the voice of the archangel, and the sounding of the trump of God; we behold the judge on his tribunal, and we hear the dreadful and the delightful sentences of decision that shall pass on all the sons and daughters of Adam; we are assured, that the saints shall arise to meet the Lord in the air, and so shall we be forever with the Lord: The apostle bids us, exhort or comfort one another with these words, 1 Thess. 4:17, 18. Now when the same apostle requires that the word of Christ must dwell richly in us in all wisdom, teaching and admonishing one another in psalms and spiritual songs; can we think he restrains us only to the Psalms of David, which speak very little of all these glories or terrors, and that in very obscure terms and dark hints of prophecy? Or shall it be supposed, that we must admonish one another of the old Jewish affairs and ceremonies in verse, and make melody with those weak and beggarly elements, and the yoke of bondage, and yet never dare to speak of the wonders of new discovery except in the plain and simple language of prose?

Perhaps 'twill be replied here, that there are some scriptural hymns in the Book of Revelations that describe the affairs of the New Testament, the death and kingdom of our Lord Jesus, and these are lawful to be sung in a Christian Church; I am glad that our friends of a different opinion will submit to sing anything that belongs to the gospel; I rejoice that the Bible hath any such pieces of Christian Psalmody in it; lest everything that is evangelical should utterly be excluded from this worship, by those who will sing nothing but what

is inspired; but how seldom are these gospel-songs used among our churches? how little respect is paid to them in comparison of the Jewish Psalms? how little mention would ever be made of them, if it were not to defend the patrons of Jewish Psalmody from the gross absurdity of an entire return to Judaism in this part of worship? But give me leave also to add, that these Christian Hymns are but very short, and very few; nor do they contain a hundredth part of those glorious revelations that are made to us by Christ Jesus and his apostles; nor can we suppose God excludes all other parts of the gospel from verse and singing.

Third Argument

Most express words of scripture furnish me with a third argument, Eph. 5:19, 20. & Col. 3:16, 17. Which are the two chief commands of the New Testament for singing; both bid us make melody, and give thanks to God the Father, in the name of our Lord Jesus Christ. This is one of the glories of gospel-worship, that all must be offered to the Father in his name. So very particular is our Lord Jesus in this command, that his last sermon to his disciples mentions it four times, John 14:13, 14. & 16:23, 24. Now why should we make conscience of praying in the name of Christ always, and offer up our praises in his name when we speak in prose? And yet when we give thanks in verse, we almost bind ourselves to take no more notice of the name of Christ than David or Moses did. Why should every part of divine worship under the Gospel be expressed in language suited to that gospel (viz.) praying, preaching, baptism and the Lord's Supper; and yet when we perform that part of worship which brings us nearest to the heavenly state, we must run back again to the law to borrow materials for this service? And when we are employed in the work of angels, we talk the language of the infant-church, and speak in types and shadows? While we bind ourselves to the words of David when he inclines his ear to a parable, and opens his dark saying upon the harp, Psal. 49:4. we have given too great countenance to those who still continue the use of the harp while they open the dark saying.

Fourth Argument

The fourth argument may be thus drawn up. There is almost an infinite number of different occasions for praise and thanksgivings; as well as for prayer, in the life of a Christian; and there is not a set of psalms already prepared that can answer all the varieties of the providence and the grace of God. Now if God will be praised for all his mercies, and

singing be one method of praise, we have some reason to believe that God doth not utterly confine us even to the forms of his own composing. This is thought a very sufficient reason to resist the imposition of any book of prayers; and I grant that no number of prayers of humane composure can express every new difficulty or future want of a Christian; scarce can we suppose a divine volume should do it, except it be equal to many folio's. However I can see nothing in the inspired Book of Praises that should persuade me that the Spirit of God designed it as a universal Psalm Book; nor that he intended these to include or provide for all the occasions of Thanksgiving that ever could befall Jews or Christians in a single or social capacity. We find in the history of scripture, that new favors received from God were continually the subject of new songs, and the very minute circumstances of the present providence are described in the verse. The destruction of Pharoah in the Red Sea; the victory of Barak over Sisera; the various deliverances, escapes and successes of the Son of Jesse are described in the Songs of Moses, Deborah and David. The Jews in a land of captivity sat by the rivers of Babylon, and remembered Sion; they could find none of the ancient songs of Sion fit to express their present sorrow and devotion, though some of them are mournful enough; then was that admirable and artful ode written, the 137th Psalm, which even in the judgment of the greatest humane critics, is not inferior to the finest heathen poems. 'Tis a more dull, and obscure, and unaffectionate method of worship to preach, or pray, or praise always in generals: it doth not reach the heart, nor touch the passions; God did not think any of his own inspired hymns clear and full and special enough to express the praise that was his due of new blessings of grace and providence; and therefore he put a new song into the mouths of Mary, Zecharias and Simeon; and 'tis but according to his own requirement, that the British Islands should make their present mercies under the gospel the subject of fresh praises; Isa. 42:9, 10. Behold the former things are come to pass, and new things do I declare; before they spring forth I tell you of them; sing unto the Lord a new song, and his praise from the end of the earth; ye that go down to the sea, and all that is therein; the isles and the inhabitants thereof. As for the new songs in the Revelations, the occasions of some of them are very particular, and relate to the fall of Anti-Christ; It can never be imagined that there are a complete collection of psalms to suit all the cases of a Christian Church: They are rather given to us as small originals, by imitation whereof the churches should be

furnished with matter for psalmody, by those who are capable of composing spiritual songs according to the various or special occasions of saints or churches. Now, shall we suppose the duty of singing to be so constantly provided for when there was any fresh occasion under the Old Testament, and just in the very beginning of the new, and yet that there is no manner of provision made ever since by ordinary or extraordinary gifts for the expression of our particular joys and thanksgivings? This would be to sink the gospel, which is a dispensation of the spirit, of liberty, of joy, and of glory, beneath the level of Judaism, when the saints were kept in hard bondage, and had not half so much occasion for praise.

Fifth Argument

The fifth argument may be borrowed from the extraordinary gift of the spirit to compose or sing spiritual songs in the primitive Church, expressed in 1 Cor 14:15, 26. The several parts of divine worship, praying, preaching and singing, were performed by immediate inspirations of the Holy Spirit in that day, for there two reasons. (1.) That there might be a discovery of divine power in them, and the seal of a miracle set to the several parts of Christian worship, to convince the world, and to confirm the church. (2.) Because there was not time to acquire a capacity of preaching, praying, and composing spiritual songs by diligence and study, together with the ordinary assistance of grace and blessing of providence, which would have taken up many years before the gospel could have been universally preached. But even in those times of inspiration, as Timothy himself was not to neglect the gift that was in him given by imposition of hands, so he was charged to give attendance to reading, to exhortation, to doctrine, to meditate upon these things, to give himself wholly to them, that his profiting might appear unto all, 1 Tim. 4:14, 15. And it is granted by all, that the ministers of the gospel in our day are to acquire and improve the gifts of knowledge, prayer and preaching, by reading, meditation and frequent exercise, together with earnest requests to God for the ordinary assistance of his Spirit, and, a blessing on their studies; why then should it be esteemed sinful, to acquire a capacity of composing a spiritual song? Or why is it unlawful to put this gift in exercise, for the use of singing in the Christian Church, since 'tis one of those three standing parts of worship which were at first practised and confirmed by inspiration and miracle?

Some may object here, that the words *psallo* and *psalmos*, which the apostle useth in this chapter, intend the Psalms of

David, and not any new song: but if we consult the whole frame and design of that chapter, it appears that their worship was all performed by extraordinary gifts: now, 'twas no very, extraordinary thing to bring forth, one of David's psalms; nor would it have been proper to have hindered the inspired worship with such an interposition of the ordinary service of an ancient Jewish Song; 'tis very credible therefore that the word psalm in this place signifies a new spiritual song, and 'tis so used frequently in the writings of the primitive fathers, as appears in the citations.

To close this rank of arguments, I might mention the divine delight that many pious souls have found in the use of spiritual, songs, suited to their own circumstances, and to, the Revelations of the New Testament. If the spiritual joy and consolation that particular persons have tasted in the general duty or singing, be esteemed a tolerable argument to encourage the duty and confirm the institution, I am well assured that the argument would grow strong apace, and seal this ordinance beyond contradiction, if we would but stand fast in the liberty of the gospel, and not tie our consciences up to mere forms of the Old Testament. The faith, the hope, the love, and the heavenly pleasure that many Christians have professed while they have been singing evangelical hymns; would probably be multiplied and diffused amongst the churches, if they would but breathe out their devotion in the songs of the Lamb as well as in the Song of Moses.

Additional Objections

Thus far have we proceeded in a way of argument drawn from scripture and the reason of things. Many objections have been prevented, or sufficient hints given for the removal of them. Those that remain and seem to have any considerable strength, shall be proposed with an attempt to answer them; for I would not have Christians venture upon the practice of anything in divine worship without due knowledge and conviction.

Objection 1. The directions given for psalmody in some parts of the Old Testament, lead us to the use of those songs which are inspired, Deut. 31: 16, 19, &c. and the Lord said unto Moses, write ye this song for you, and teach it the children of Israel, put it in their mouths, that this song may be a witness for me against the children of Israel; for when I shall have brought them into the land which I sware unto their fathers, which floweth with milk and honey, &c. Then they will turn unto other gods. And in Psal. 81:1, 2, 3, 4

where we are required to worship God by singing, we are not commanded to make a new psalm, but to make one that is already made, for the words run thus, sing aloud unto God our strength, make a joyful noise to the God of Jacob; take a psalm and bring hither the timbrel, the pleasant harp with the psaltery, blow up the trumpet in the new moon, in the time appointed, on our solemn feast-day, for this was a statute for Israel, and a law of the God of Jacob.

Answer 1. I have cited these texts at large wherein the objection lies, that an answer might appear plain in the text to every reader. How peculiarly do these commands refer to the Israelites? The very words of the precept confine it to the Jews, to the men that dwelt in Canaan, to the worship that is paid with timbrels and trumpets, to the days of the new moon, and solemn Jewish Festivals; and if we will insist upon these scriptures as precise rules of our present duty and worship, the men that use musical instruments in a Christian Church will take the same liberty of returning to Jewish ordinances, and use the same text to defend them.

Answer 2. But if we should grant ourselves under the gospel still obliged by these commands, yet they do not bind us up entirely to inspired forms of singing, since the same sort of expression is used concerning prayer; Hos. 14:2. take with you words, and say unto the Lord, take away all iniquity, and receive us graciously, &c. Now who is there that esteems himself confined to use no other prayer but scriptural forms? In other places, where these duties are enjoined, we are bid to pray, or to praise, or to sing; and why should we not be as much at liberty to suit the words and the sense to our present circumstances in singing as well as praying, or in praising with verse as well as praising in prose?

Objection 2. The examples of scripture direct us to inspired matter for singing: Deut. 31:21. Moses wrote this song the same day, and taught it to the children of Israel. I Chron. 16:7. David delivered first this song, to thank the Lord, into the hand of Asaph and his brethren. Now in his dying words, the sweet psalmist of Israel tells us, 2 Sam. 23:1, 2. The Spirit of the Lord spake by me, and his word was in my tongue. And in the days of Hezekiah, which was some ages after David: 2 Chron. 29:27, 28, 29, 30. Hezekiah commanded to offer the burnt offering upon the altar; and when the burnt offering began, the song of the Lord began also with the trumpets and with the instruments ordained by David King of Israel, &c. Moreover, Hezekiah the King and the

Princes commanded the Levites to sing praise to the Lord, with the words of David and of Asaph the Seer.

Answer. There are nothing but examples of Jewish, and very ceremonious worship; nor do they effectually prove, that the Jews themselves were forbidden upon all occasions whatsoever to use more private composures in their synagogues, though in the Temple 'tis probable that for the most part they sung inspired psalms. But it must be remembered, that these psalms are all suited to their dispensation, and yet without doubt they chose such out of them from time to time as best fitted their present case; and so will we Christians take as many of the Psalms of David and other scripture songs, as are suited to our dispensation and our circumstances; but there will be but very few in comparison of what the ancient Levites might use, especially if we must sing the very words of David and Asaph the Seer without omission or paraphrase.

Objection 3. We cannot pretend to make better spiritual songs than the Spirit of God himself has made, therefore if we should neglect these, and sing humane composures, we should incur the censure of the prophet Malachi, Chap. 1:13, 14. Ye brought that which was torn, and the lame, and the sick, thus ye brought an offering, saith the Lord, should I accept this of your hands?

Answer. 1. Can we pretend to make better prayers than the Spirit of God has made and scattered up and down through all the Old and New Testament? Can we compose better sermons than Moses or Solomon? Better than our Saviour and his apostles preached, and the Spirit of God hath recorded? Why then should not we use scripture forms of praying and preaching, as well as of singing? And tho we may hope for the ordinary assistance of the Spirit in our prayers and sermons, yet how can we expect that these shall be as good as those which were composed by his extraordinary inspiration?

Answer 2. Divine wisdom accommodates its inspirations, its gifts, its revelations, and its writings, to the particular cases and seasons in which he finds a saint or a church. Now though we cannot pretend to make a better prayer than that of Ezra or Daniel, or our Lord, for the day and design for which they were prepared; yet a song, a sermon, or a prayer that expresses my wants, my duties or my mercies, though it be composed by a humane gift, is much better for me than to tie myself to any inspired words in any part of worship which do not reach my case; and consequently can never be

proper to assist the exercise of my graces or raise my devotion.

Answer 3. I believe that phrases and sentences used by inspired writers are very proper to express our thoughts in prayer, preaching or praise; and God has frequently given witness in the hearts of christians how much he approves the language of scripture; but 'tis always with a proviso that those phrases be clear, and expressive of our present sense, and proper to our present purpose: Yet we are not to dress up our prayers, sermons or songs in the language of Judaism when we design to express the doctrines of the gospel: this would but darken divine counsel by words without knowledge; it would amuse and confound the more ignorant worshipers, 'twould disgust the more considerate, and give neither the one nor the other light or comfort: and I think it may be as proper in our churches to read a sermon of Moses or Isaiah instead of preaching the gospel, as to sing a psalm of David whose expressions chiefly refer to David the Shepherd, the king, the fugitive, the captain, the musician and the Jew. In short the prayers, sermons and songs in scripture are rather patterns by which we should frame our worship and adjust it to our present case, than forms of worship to which we should precisely and unchangeably confine ourselves. And as sermons which are conformable to the Holy Scripture in a large sense may be called the Word of God and the Word of Christ, and are usually and justly so-called if they are agreeable to the scripture and drawn from thence; so hymns of humane composure according to the spirit and doctrines of the gospel may be as well termed the Word of Christ, which is the proper matter for Christian Psalmody. Col. 3:16. whereas in the strictest and most limited sense of the word nothing deserves that title but the Hebrew and Greek originals.

Objection 4. In the New Testament there are promises of divine assistance to ministers and private christians in preaching the gospel and in prayer; but we have no promise of the Spirit of God to help us to compose psalms or hymns for our private use or for the use of the churches; and how can we practice in the worship of God what we have no promise of the Holy Spirit to encourage and assist us in?

Answer 1. There are many general promises of the presence of Christ with his ministers, and the supply of His Spirit in the discharge of all their duties for the edification of the church: now there are several performances which are necessary for the church's edification, to which there is no

peculiar promise made of the assistance of the Spirit in express words: such are, translating the Bible into our mother-tongue, composing our sermons or at least the substance and scheme of them before preaching, writing pious and useful treatises upon divine subjects, and diligent reading and study of books so written; nor is there any more express encouragement to expect the presence of the Spirit in turning the Psalms of David into rhyme and metre, than in composing new spiritual songs: and yet ministers that are fitted for such performances may pray and hope for divine assistance in them all, and trust in the general promises for help in particular services.

Answer 2. There is no need of these gifts of criticism or of poetry for all Christians nor all ministers, though it seems necessary that some should be furnished with them. A few persons in an age or a nation may translate the scriptures into the national language, and may compose a sufficient number of hymns to answer the chief designs and wants of the church for that day for public worship. Where there happen occasions very particular, the ministers of the gospel are not or should not be so utterly destitute of common ingenuity, as to be unable to compose or at least to collect a few tolerable verses proper for such a season.

Objection 5. We find no instances in scripture of humane composes sung by the people of God; and 'tis not good to practice such pieces of worship without a precedent.

Answer. Whensoever there was just occasion for an hymn according to some new and special providence, we almost everywhere find a new song recorded in scripture, and we call it inspired, nor do I know any just reason to suspect or doubt of the inspiration; but if there had been any one which was not the effect of an extraordinary gift but only composed by a good man, we should be ready to take it for inspired because mentioned in scripture; as we do too many expressions of the saints in that divine history, and make everything that a good man saith heavenly and divine: however if there can be no pretense made to such an example in scripture, yet so much reason, argument and encouragement as hath been already drawn from scripture sufficiently justifies this practice, since we perform many circumstantial of worship under the influence of a general command without express and special examples.

Objection 6. We ought to sing nothing to God but what is given us for this very end that it may be sung, lest we indulge will-worship and the inventions of men.

Answer 1. To convert the verses of David into English lines, to confine them to an exact number of syllables, and to make melody in particular tunes, may as well be called the inventions of men and will-worship: but these inventions are absolutely necessary for the performance of divine commands, and for the assistance of a whole congregation to sing; with any tolerable convenience, order or decency, as the Reverend Mr. Boyse has well proved.

Answer 2. Those that refuse to sing forms of humane composure though the sense be never so divine, generally allow it lawful to take any parts of scripture and alter and transpose the words into a form fit for singing; but to take a mere parable or story out of the Bible, and put some rhymes onto the end of every line of it, without giving it a new and pathetic turn, is but a dull way of making spiritual songs, and without a precedent too. David did not deal so with Genesis and Exodus, though he loved the words of the law as well as we pretend to value the words of the Gospels and Epistles. The most part of the New Testament as it stands in our Bible was never given us for psalms, hymns and spiritual songs; but for divine instruction and materials for this and other duties, that so we might borrow the doctrines and discoveries of the New Testament, and compose sermons and songs out of them: but if we take chapters and verses promiscuously out of the New Testament, and make them jingle and rhyme, and so sing them, we are guilty of singing what God never commanded to be sung, as much as if we composed spiritual songs by humane art agreeable to the sense of scripture and the Christian faith.

If the addition of humane testimony concerning the practice of churches in former or later ages might have any influence to establish the consciences of those who are doubtful in this matter, I might acquaint them that the churches of Germany and the Eastland Churches, use many divine hymns which are composed on several subjects of the Christian Religion, without any pretense to extraordinary gifts. The Church of England approves this practice, as appears in those spiritual songs at the end of the old translation of the Psalm Book, and some churches among the dissenters. The Christians of the first ages were wont to meet together on a day appointed before it was light, and to speak a song to Christ as to God.

- Thus Pliny the Roman testifies in a letter to Trajan the emperor in the beginning of the second century. Tertullian, who flourished about the beginning of the Third Century, relating the manner of administration

of the Lord's Supper, asserts that after they had eat and drank what was sufficient for those that must worship God by night, &c. Everyone was urged to sing unto God publicly either out of the Holy Scriptures, or according to their own genius and ability, *Apol. C. 39.*

- Origen, who flourished in the middle of the third century, speaks of singing hymns of praise to the Father in or by Christ in good rhyme, tune, metre and harmony. *Origen de Orat. Sect. 6.*
- Eusebius, B. 7. C. 19. quotes Dionisius writing against Nepos thus, Although I heartily love Nepos for his faith, his study of knowledge and the Holy Scriptures, as well as for various psalms and hymns composed by him, which are used to this day by some brethren, yet, &c.
- In the acts of the Council of Antioch mentioned by Eusebius, B.7. C.30. It was one of the accusations of Paulus Samosatenus the heretic Bishop of Antioch, that he abolished those psalms which were wont to be sung to the honour of the Lord Jesus Christ as novel and composed by modern authors, and that he appointed women on Easter Day in the middle of the church to sing psalms in his praise.
- And in the fragment of an anonymous author extant in Eusebius we find the heresy of Artemon, who denied the divinity of Christ, confuted not only by the scriptures and the writings of the precedent fathers, but also by the psalms and hymns of the brethren which were formerly composed by them, wherein they sung praises to the WORD of God, declaring Christ to be God.
- Such a privately composed hymn was that which Clemens Alexandrinus mentions as one commonly known among the Christians in his days, beginning *Kaire Phos, or Hail Light.*
- Spanheim in his sixth chapter of the fourth century of his Christian history speaks thus, besides hymns and songs, and private psalms, of which there was a great number in their solemn assemblies, the Psalm Book of David was brought into the Western Church in this age in the time of Damasus and Ambrose; but in the Eastern Church the singing of David's Psalter by

antiphony's or responses was brought in by Flavianus Antiochenus. The use of psalms composed by private persons seems not to be forbidden in the church till the council of Laodicea in the fourth century

Conclusion

Thus have I drawn together my thoughts upon this subject at the request of several ministers and private Christians who practice psalmody in this method themselves, and sing the songs of the Lamb as well as the Psalms of David in their public and private worship, and especially at the celebration of the Lord's Supper. I had designed and almost prepared a larger discourse, wherein the duty of singing and the manner of performance would have been considered. But this essay has already swelled beyond the bulk proposed: there are many that would rejoice to see evangelic songs more universally encouraged to the honour of their Lord Jesus, and to the joy and consolation of their fellow saints. If the Spirit of God shall make any of these arguments I have used successful to attain this glorious end, I shall take pleasure in the release of their souls from that part of Judaism which they have so long indulged. I hope the difficulties that appeared frightful and discouraging will be lost, and vanish by a diligent and fair perusal of what is written; yet those that pay a sacred reverence to the inspired writings, may still find it hard to yield to the conviction; scruples and relics of an old opinion will perhaps hang about their consciences still: a fear and jealousy of admitting any forms humane composure in the worship of singing will scarce permit their lips to practice that to which their understandings have given their assent. I would entreat such to give this discourse a thoughtful review; and though they may not judge every argument conclusive, nor every objection sufficiently removed, yet if there be but one unanswerable reason it ought to be attended to; and the whole put together may give such light and satisfaction as may encourage the practice of this duty. 'Tis very easy to make cavils and replies to the strongest reasonings; but let us have a care lest we rob our souls and the churches of those divine comforts of evangelic psalmody, by a fondness of our old and preconceived opinions. He that believeth may eat all things, and should not be forbidden: he may partake of flesh and drink wine; he may taste of the various pleasure of the gospel, and sing the new song: another who is weak eateth herbs, and satisfies himself with ancient melody. Let not him that eateth despise him that eateth not, and let not

him which eateth not judge him which eateth, for God hath received him, Rom. 14:2.

If the hymns and spiritual songs which are here presented to the world are so unhappy as to discourage the design of this essay, I will censure and reprove them myself: if they are condemned as being unsuitable to the capacity or experience of plain Christians, I will easily confess a variety of faults in them; 'twas hard to restrain my verse always within the bounds of my design; 'Twas hard to sink every line to the level of a whole congregation, and yet to keep it above contempt. However among so great a number of songs I hope there will be some found that speak the very language, and desires and sense of the meanest souls, and will be an assistance to their joy and worship. The blemishes of the rest may serve to awaken some more pious and judicious fancy to a more successful attempt; and whoever shall have the honour of such a performance, I promise myself a large share in the pleasure. But we must despair of hearing the new song of the lamb in its perfection and glory, till Babylon the Great is fallen, and the kingdoms of this world are become the kingdoms of the Lord and his Christ, till the new heavens and the new earth appear, till all the former things are passed away, and all things are made new.

Preface to The Psalms of David

Imitated in the Language of the New Testament, and
Applied to the Christian State and Worship

*An inquiry into the right way of fitting the Book of Psalms for
Christian worship.*

Isaac Watts

Though the Psalms of David are a work of admirable and divine composure, though they contain the noblest sentiments of piety, and breathe a most exalted spirit of devotion, yet when the best of Christians attempt to sing many of them in our common translations, that spirit of devotion vanishes and is lost, the psalm dies upon their lips, and they feel scarce any thing of the holy pleasure.

If I were to render the reason of it, I would give this for one of the chief, that the royal psalmist here expresses his own concerns in words exactly suited to his own thoughts, agreeable to his own personal character, and in the language of his own religion: This keeps all the springs of pious passion awake, when every line and syllable so nearly affects himself: This naturally raises in a devout mind a more transporting and sublime worship. But when we sing the same lines, we express nothing but the character, the concerns, and the religion of the Jewish King, while our own circumstances and our own religion (which are so widely different from his) have little to do with the sacred song; and our affections want something of property and interest in the words, to awaken them at first, and to keep them lively.

If this attempt of mine, through the divine blessing, becomes so happy as to remove this great inconvenience, and to introduce warm devotion into this part of divine worship, I shall esteem it an honorable service done to the Church of Christ.

'Tis necessary therefore that I should here inform my readers at large what the title page expresseth in a shorter way, and assure them that they are not to expect in this book an exact translation of the Psalms of David, for if I had not conceived a different design from all that have gone before me in this work, I had never attempted a service so full of Labour, though I must confess it has not wanted its pleasure too.

In order to give a plain account of my present undertaking I shall first represent the methods that my predecessors have followed in their versions: In the next place I hope to make it

evident that those methods can never attain the noblest and highest ends of Christian Psalmody; and then describe the course that I have taken, different from them all, together with some brief hints of the reasons that induced me to it.

The Methods of Watt's Predecessors

First, I will represent the methods that my predecessors have followed.

I have seen above twenty versions of the psalter by persons of richer and meaner talents; and how various soever their professions and their prefaces are, yet in the performance they all seem to aim at this one point, (viz.) to make the Hebrew Psalmist only speak English, and keep all his own characters still. Wheresoever the psalm introduces him as a soldier or a prophet, as a shepherd or a great musician, as a king on the throne or a fugitive in the wilderness, the translators ever represent him in the same circumstances; some of them lead an assembly of common Christians to worship God as near as possible in those very words; and they generally agree also to perform and repeat that worship in the ancient Jewish forms, whenever the psalmist uses them.

There are several psalms indeed which have scarce anything in them personal or peculiar to David or the Jews, such as Ps. 1, 19, 25, 37, 67, 100, etc., and these, if translated into the plain national language, are very proper materials for psalmody in all times and places; but there are but a few of this kind in comparison of the great number which have something of personal concerns, prophetical darknesses, Hebraisms, or Jewish affairs mingled with them.

I confess Mr. Milbourn and Mr. Darby in very different verse have now and then given an evangelic turn to the Hebrew sense, and Dr. Patrick hath gone much beyond them in this respect, that he hath made use of the present language of Christians in several psalms, and left many of the Judaisms. This is the thing that hath introduced him into the favour of so many religious assemblies. Even those very persons that have an aversion to sing anything in worship but David's psalms have been led insensibly to fall in with Dr. Patrick's performance by a relish of pious pleasure; never considering that his work is by no means a just translation, but a paraphrase; and there are scarce any that have departed farther from the inspired words of scripture than he hath often done, in order to suit his thought to the state and worship of Christianity. This I esteem his peculiar excellence

in those psalms wherein he has practiced it. This I have made my chief care and business in every psalm, and have attempted at least to exceed him in this as well as in the art of verse; and yet I have often kept nearer to the text.

But after all, this good man hath suffered himself so far to be carried away by custom, as to make all the other personal characters and circumstances of David appear strong and plain, except that of a Jew; and many of them he has represented in stronger and plainer terms than the original. This will appear to anyone who compares these following texts in Dr. Patrick with the Bible, (viz.) Psalms 4:2, 9:4,5, 18:43, 51:4, 60:6,7, 101:l, 141:6, 143:3. and several others: So that 'tis hard to find even in his version six or eight stanzas together in any psalm (that has personal or national affairs in it) fit to be assumed by a vulgar Christian, or proper to be sung by a whole congregation. This renders the performance of psalmody everywhere difficult to him that appoints the verses: but 'tis extremely troublesome in those assemblies where the psalm is sung without reading it line by line, which yet is, beyond all exception, the truest and best method, for here there can be no omission of a verse, though it is never so improper; but the whole church must run down to the next division of the psalm, and sing all that comes next to their lips, till the clerk puts them to silence. Or to remedy this inconvenience, if a wise man leads the song, he dwells always upon four or five and twenty pieces of some select psalms, though the whole 150 lie before him; and he is forced to run that narrow bound still for want of larger provision suited to our present circumstance.

I might here also remark to what a hard shift the minister is put to find proper hymns at the celebration of the Lord's Supper, where the people will sing nothing but out of David's Psalm Book: how perpetually do they repeat some part of the 2nd or the 118th psalm? And confine all the glorious joy and melody of that ordinance to a few obscure lines, because the translators have not indulged an evangelical turn to the words of David: no not in those very places where the Jewish psalmist seems to mean the gospel; but he was not able to speak it plain by reason of the infancy of that dispensation, and longs for the aid of a Christian poet. though to speak my own sense freely, I do not think David ever wrote a psalm of sufficient glory and sweetness to represent the blessings of this holy institution of Christ, even though it were explained by a copious commentator; therefore 'tis my opinion, that other spiritual songs should sometimes be used to render Christian psalmody complete.

But this is not my present business, and I have written on this subject elsewhere.

The Insufficiency of a Strict Translation of the Psalms

To proceed to the second part of my preface, which is to show how insufficient a strict translation of the psalms is to attain the designed end.

There are several songs of this royal author that seem improper for any person besides himself; so that I cannot believe that the whole Book of Psalms (even in the original) was appointed by God for the ordinary and constant worship of the Jewish sanctuary or the synagogues, though several of them might often be sung; much less are they all proper for a Christian Church: yet the way of a close translation of this whole Book of Hebrew Psalms for English psalmody has generally obtained among us.

Some pretend, 'tis but a just respect to the holy scriptures; for they have imbibed a fond opinion from their very childhood, that nothing is to be sung at church but the inspired writings, how different soever the sense is from our present state. But this opinion has been taken upon trust by the most part of its advocates, and borrowed chiefly from education, custom, and the authority of others; which, if duly examined, will appear to have been built upon too slight and feeble foundations; the weakness of it I shall show more at large in another place, but it appears of itself more eminently inconsistent in those persons that scruple to address God in prose in any precomposed forms whatsoever, and they give this reason, because they cannot be fitted to all our occasions; and yet in verse they confine their addresses to such forms as were fitted chiefly for Jewish worshippers, and for the special occasions of David the King.

Others maintain that a strict and scrupulous confinement to the sense of the original is necessary to do justice to the royal author, but in my judgment the royal author is most honoured when he is made most intelligible; and when his admirable composure are copied in such language as gives light and joy to the saints that live two thousand years after him; whereas such a mere translation of all his verse into English to be sung in our worship seems to darken our religion, to damp our delight, and forbid the Christian worshipper to pursue the song. How can we assume all his words in our personal and public addresses to God, when

our condition of life, our time, place, and religion are so vastly different from those of David?

I grant 'tis necessary and proper, that in translating every part of scripture for our reading or hearing, the sense of the original should be exactly and faithfully represented; for there we learn what God says to us in his word; but in singing for the most part the case is altered: For as the greatest number of the psalms are devotional, and there the psalmists express their own personal or national concerns; so we are taught by their example, what is the chief design of psalmody, (viz.) that we should represent our own sense of things in singing, and address ourselves to God expressing our own case; therefore the words should be so far adapted to the general state of the worshippers as that we might seldom sing those expressions in which we have no concern: or at least our translators of the psalms should observe this rule, that when the peculiar circumstances of ancient saints are formed into a song for our present and public use, they should be related in an historical manner; and not retain the personal pronouns I and we, where the translations cannot belong to any of us, nor be applied to our persons, churches or nation.

Moses, Deborah and the Princes of Israel, David, Asaph and Habakkuk, and all the saints under the Jewish State, sing their own joys and victories, their own hopes and fears and deliverances, as I have hinted before; and why must we under the gospel sing nothing else but the joys, hopes and fears of Asaph and David? Why must Christians be forbid all other melody, but what arises from the victories and deliverances of the Jews? David would have thought it very hard to be confined to the words of Moses, and sung nothing else on all his Rejoicing Days, but the drowning of Pharaoh in the fifteenth of Exodus. He might have supposed it a little unreasonable when he had peculiar occasions of mournfull music if he had been forced to keep close to Moses's prayer in the Ninetieth Psalm, and always sung over the shortness of human life, especially if he were not permitted the liberty of a paraphrase; and yet the special concerns of David and Moses were much more akin to each other than ours are to either of them, and they were both of the same religion, but ours is very different.

It is true, that David left us a richer variety of holy songs than all that went before him; but rich as it is, 'tis still far short of the glorious things that we Christians have to sing before the Lord. We and our churches have our own special

affairs as well as they: now if by a little turn of their words, or by the change of a short sentence, we may express our own meditations, joys and desires in the verses of those ancient psalmists, why should we be forbid this sweet privilege? Why should we be tied up to forms more than the Jews themselves were, and such as are much more improper for our age and state too? Let us remember that the very power of singing was given to human nature chiefly for this purpose, that our warmest affections of soul might break out into natural or divine melody, and the tongue of the worshipper express his own heart.

I confess 'tis not unlawful nor absurd for a person of knowledge and skill in divine things to sing any part of the Jewish Psalm Book, and consider it merely as the Word of God; from which by wise meditation he may draw some pious inferences for his own use: for instruction is allowed to be one end of psalmody. But where the words are obscure Hebraisms, or personate a Jew, a soldier, or a king speaking to himself or to God, this mode of instruction in a song seems not so natural or easy even to the most skillful Christian, and 'tis almost impracticable to the greatest part of mankind: and both the wise and the weak must confess this, that it does by no means raise their own devotion so well as if they were speaking in their own persons and expressing their own sense: besides that, the weaker Christian is ready to chime in with the words he sings, and use them as his own, though they are never so foreign to his purpose.

Now though it cannot be, that a large book of lively devotions should be so framed as to have every line perfectly suited to all the circumstances of every worshipper, but after the writer's utmost care there will still be found room for Christian wisdom to exercise the thoughts aright in singing when the words seem improper to our particular case; yet as far as possible every difficulty of this kind should be removed, and such sentences should by no means be chosen which can scarcely be used in their proper sense by any that are present.

I could never persuade myself that the best way to raise a devout frame in plain Christians was to bring a king or a captain into their churches, and let him lead and dictate the worship in his own style of royalty, or in the language of a field of battle. Does every menial servant in the assembly know how to use these words devoutly, (viz.) "when I receive the congregation I will judge uprightly," Psalm 75:2, "a bow of steel is broken by mine arms," — "as soon as they

hear of me they shall obey me," Psalm 18:34,44. Would I encourage a parish clerk to stand up in the middle of a country church, and bid all the people join with his words and say, "I will praise thee upon a psaltery;" or, "I will open up my dark sayings upon the harp;" when even our cathedrals sing only to the sound of an organ, most of the meaner churches can have no music but the voice, and others will have none besides? Why must all that would sing a psalm at church use such words as if they were to play upon harp and psaltery, when thousands never saw such an instrument, and know nothing of the art? You will tell me, perhaps, that when you take these expressions upon your lips, you mean only, that you will worship God according to his appointment now, even as David worshipped him in his day according to God's appointment then. But why will ye confine yourselves to speak one thing and mean another? Why must we be bound up to such words as can never be addressed to God in their own sense? And since the heart of a Christian cannot join herein with his lips, Why may not his lips be led to speak his heart? Experience itself has often shown that it interrupts the holy melody and spoils the devotion of many a sincere good man or woman, when in the midst of the song some speeches of David have been imposed upon their tongues, where he relates his own troubles, his banishment, or peculiar deliverances; when he speaks like a prince, a musician, or a prophet; or where the sense is so obscure that it cannot be understood without a learned commentator.

Here I may with courage address myself to the heart and conscience of many pious and observing Christians, and ask them, whether they have not found a most divine pleasure in singing, when the words of the psalm have happily expressed their frame of soul? Have you not felt a new joy spring within you when you could speak your own desires and hopes, your own faith, love and zeal in the language of the holy psalmist? Have not your Spirits taken wing, and mounted up near to God and glory with the song of David on your tongue? But on a sudden the clerk has proposed the next line to your lips with dark sayings and prophecies, with burnt offerings or hyssop, with new moons, and trumpets and timbrels in it, with confession of sins which you never committed, with complaints of sorrows such as you never felt, cursing such enemies as you never had, giving thanks for such things, places and actions, that you never knew. And how have all your souls been discomposed at once, and the strings of harmony all untuned! You could not proceed

in the song with your hearts, and your lips have sunk their joy and faltered in the tune; you have been balked and ashamed, and knew not whether it was best to be silent or to follow on with the clerk and the multitude, and sing with cold devotion, and perhaps in darkness, too, without thought or meaning.

Let it be replied here, that to prevent this inconvenience, such psalms or sentences may always be omitted by him that leads the song, or may have a more useful turn given in the mind of those that sing. But I answer, since such psalms or sentences are not to be sung, they may be as well omitted by the translator, or may have a more useful turn given in the verse than it is possible for all the singers to give on a sudden: and this is all that I contend for.

The Current Approach

I come therefore to the third thing I proposed, and that is to explain my own design; which in short is this; (viz.) to accommodate the Book of Psalms to Christian Worship: and in order to this 'tis necessary to divest David and Asaph, etc. of every other character but that of a psalmist and a saint, and to make them always speak the common sense and language of a Christian.

Attempting the word with this view I have entirely omitted several whole psalms, and large pieces of many others, and have chosen out of all of them such parts only as might easily and naturally be accommodated to the various occasions of the Christian Life, or at least might afford us some beautiful allusion to Christian Affairs: These I have copied and explained in the general style of the gospel; nor have I confined my expressions to any particular party or opinion; that in words prepared for public worship and for the lips of multitudes, there might not be a syllable offensive to sincere Christians whose judgments may differ in the lesser matters of religion.

Where the psalmist uses sharp invectives against his personal enemies, I have endeavored to turn the edge of them against our spiritual adversaries, sin, satan, and temptation. Where the flights of his faith and love are sublime, I have often sunk the expressions within the reach of an ordinary Christian. Where the words imply some peculiar wants or distresses, joys or blessings, I have used words of greater latitude and comprehension suited to the general circumstances of men.

Where the original runs in the form of prophecy concerning Christ and his salvation, I have given an historical turn to the sense: there is no necessity that we should always sing in the obscure and doubtful style of prediction, when the things foretold are brought into open light by a full accomplishment. Where the writers of the New Testament have cited or alluded to any part of the psalms, I have often indulged the liberty of paraphrase according to the words of Christ or his apostles. And surely this may be esteemed the Word of God still, though borrowed from several parts of the Holy Scripture. Where the psalmist describes religion by the fear of God, I have often joined faith and love to it. Where he speaks of the pardon of sin through the mercies of God, I have added the merits of a Saviour. Where he talks of sacrificing goats or bullocks, I rather choose to mention the sacrifice of Christ the Lamb of God. When he attends the ark with shouting into Zion, I sing the ascension of my Saviour into heaven, or his presence in his church on earth. Where he promises abundance of wealth, honour, and long life, I have changed some of these typical blessings for grace, glory and life eternal which are brought to light by the gospel, and promised in the New Testament: And I am fully satisfied that more honour is done to our blessed saviour by speaking his name, his graces and actions in his own language, according to the brighter discoveries he hath now made, than by going back again to the Jewish forms of worship, and the language of types and figures.

All men will confess this is just and necessary in preaching and praying, and I cannot find a reason why we should not sing praises also in a manner agreeable to the present and more glorious dispensation. No man can be persuaded, that to read a sermon of the royal preacher out of the Book of Ecclesiastes, or a prayer out of Ezra or Daniel is so edifying to a Christian church (though they were inspired) as a well composed prayer or sermon delivered in the usual language of the gospel of Christ. And why should the very words of the sweet singer of Israel be esteemed so necessary to Christian Psalmody, and the Jewish style so much preferable to the evangelical in our religious songs of praise?

Now since it appears so plain that the Hebrew Psalter is very improper to be the precise matter and style of our songs in a Christian Church; and since there is very good reason to believe that it is left to us not only as a most valuable part of the Word of God for our faith and practice, but as an admirable and divine pattern of spiritual songs and hymns under the gospel, I have chosen rather to imitate than to

translate; and thus to compose a psalm book for Christian after the manner of the Jewish Psalter.

If I could be persuaded that nothing ought to be such in worship but what was of immediate inspiration from God, surely I would recommend anthems only, (viz.) the psalms themselves as we read them in the Bible, set to music as they are sung by choristers in our cathedral churches: For these are nearest to the words of inspiration, and we must depart far from those words if we turn them into rhyme and meter of any sort. And upon the foot of this argument even the Scotch Version, which has been so much commended for its approach to the original, would be unlawful as well as others.

But since I believe that any divine sentence or Christian verse agreeable to scripture may be sung, though it be composed by men uninspired, I have not been so curious and exact in striving everywhere to express the ancient sense and meaning of David, but have rather expressed myself as I may suppose David would have done, had he lived in the days of Christianity. And by this means perhaps I have sometimes hit upon the true intent of the Spirit of God in those verses, farther and clearer than David himself could ever discover, as St. Peter encourages me to hope. I Peteter 1:11,12. In several other places I hope my reader will find a natural exposition of many a dark and doubtful text, and some new beauties and connexions of thought discovered in the Jewish poet, though not in the language of a Jew. In all places I have kept my grand design in view, and that is to teach my author to speak like a Christian. For why should I now address God, my Saviour, in a song with burnt sacrifices of fatlings and with the incense of rams? Why should I pray to be sprinkled with hyssop, or recur to the blood of bullocks and goats? Why should I bind my sacrifice with cords to the horns of an altar, or sing the praises of God to high-sounding cymbals, when the Gospel has shown me a nobler atonement for sin, and appointed a purer and more spiritual worship? Why must I join with David in his legal or prophetic language to curse my enemies, when my saviour in his sermons has taught me to love and bless them? Why may not a Christian omit all those passages of the Jewish Psalmist that tend to fill the mind with overwhelming sorrows, despairing thoughts, or bitter personal resentments, none of which are well suited to the spirit of Christianity, which is a dispensation of hope and joy and love? What need is there that I should wrap up the shining honours of my redeemer in the dark and shadowy language of a

religion that is now forever abolished, especially when Christians are so vehemently warned in the epistles of St. Paul against a Judaising spirit in their worship as well as doctrine? And what fault can there be in enlarging a little on the more useful subjects in the style of the gospel, where the psalm gives any occasion, since the Whole Religion of the Jews is censured often in the New Testament as a defective and imperfect thing?

Though I have aimed to provide for a variety of affairs in the Christian Life by the different metres, paraphrases, and divisions of the psalms, (of which I shall speak particularly) yet after all, there are a great many circumstances that attend common Christians, which cannot be agreeably expressed by any paraphrase of the words of David: and for these I have endeavored to provide in my book of hymns, that Christians might have something to sing in divine worship answerable to most or all their occasions: In the preface to that book I have shown the insufficiency of the common versions of the psalms, and given further reasons for my present attempt.

I am not so vain as to expect that the few short hints I have mentioned in that preface or in this should be sufficient to justify my performances in the judgment of all men, nor to convince and satisfy those who have long maintained different sentiments. All the favour therefore that I desire of my readers is this, that they would not censure this work till they have read my discourse of psalmody, which I hope will be shortly published, but let them read it with serious attention, and bring with them a generous and sincere soul, ready to be convinced and to receive truth where soever it can be found. In that treatise I have given a large and particular account of how the psalms of Jewish composure ought to be translated for Christian worship, and justified the rules I lay down by such reasons as seem to carry in them most plentiful evidence and a fair conviction.

If I might presume so much, I would entreat them also to forget their younger prejudices for a season so far as to make a few experiments of these songs; and try whether they are not suited through divine grace to kindle in them a fire of zeal and love, and to exalt the willing soul to an evangelic temper of joy and praise. And if they shall find by sweet experience any devout affections raised, and a holy frame of mind awakened within them by these attempts of Christian psalmistry, I persuade myself that I shall receive their thanks, and be assisted by their prayers towards the

recovery of my health and my public labours in the Church of Christ. Whatsoever sentiments they had formerly entertained, yet surely they will not suffer their old and doubtful opinions to prevail against their own inward sensations of piety and religious joy.

Book I

Psalms 1-41

Psalm 1:1.

Common Meter (8.6.8.6.)

The way and end of the righteous and the wicked.

1 Blest is the man who shuns the place
 Where sinners love to meet;
Who fears to tread their wicked ways,
 And hates the scoffer's seat:

2 But in the statutes of the Lord
 Has plac'd his chief delight;
By day he reads or hears the word,
 And meditates by night.

3 [He like a plant of generous kind,
 By living waters set,
Safe from the storms and blasting wind,
 Enjoys a peaceful state.]

4 Green as the leaf and ever fair
 Shall his profession shine,
While fruits of holiness appear
 Like clusters on the vine.

5 Not so the impious and unjust;
 What vain designs they form!
Their hopes are blown away like dust,
 Or chaff before the storm.

6 Sinners in judgment shall not stand
 Amongst the sons of grace,
When Christ the Judge, at his right hand,
 Appoints his saints a place.

7 His eye beholds the path they tread,
 His heart approves it well;
But crooked ways of sinners lead
 Down to the gates of hell.

Psalm 1:2.

Short Meter (6.6.8.6.)

The saint happy, the sinner miserable.

1 The man is ever blest
 Who shuns the sinner's ways,
 Among their counsels never stands,
 Nor takes the scorner's place;

2 But makes the Law of God
 His study and delight,
 Amidst the labours of the day,
 And watches of the night.

3 He like a tree shall thrive,
 With waters near the root:
 Fresh as the leaf his name shall live,
 His works are heavenly fruit.

4 Not so th' ungodly race,
 They no such blessings find;
 Their hopes shall flee like empty chaff
 Before the driving wind.

5 How will they bear to stand
 Before that judgment-seat,
 Where all the saints at Christ's right hand
 In full assembly meet?

6 He knows, and he approves
 The way the righteous go;
 But sinners and their works shall meet
 A dreadful overthrow.

Psalm 1:3.

Long Meter (8.8.8.8.)

The difference between the righteous and the wicked.

1 Happy the man whose cautious feet
 Shun the broad way that sinners go,
 Who hates the place where atheists meet,
 And fears to talk as scoffers do.

2 He loves t' employ his morning light
 Amongst the statutes of the Lord:
 And spends the wakeful hours at night,
 With pleasure pondering o'er the word.

3 He like a plant by gentle streams,
 Shall flourish in immortal green;
 And heaven will shine with kindest beams
 On every work his hands begin.

4 But sinners find their counsels crost;
 As chaff before the tempest flies,
 So shall their hopes be blown and lost,
 When the last trumpet shakes the skies.

5 In vain the rebel seeks to stand
 In judgment with the pious race;
 The dreadful Judge with stern command
 Divides him to a different place.

6 "Straight is the way my saints have trod,
 "I blest the path and drew it plain;
 "But you would choose the crooked road,
 "And down it leads to endless pain.

Psalm 2:1.
Short Meter (6.6.8.6.)
Christ dying, rising, interceding, and reigning.

1 [Maker and sovereign Lord
 Of heaven, 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 to slay
 Jesus, thine holy child.]

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 powers unite,
 Against his Christ they join.

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.

PAUSE.

6 Now he's ascended high,
 And asks to rule the earth;
 The merit of his blood be pleads,
 And pleads his heavenly 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.]

Psalm 2:2. Common Meter (8.6.8.6.)

1 Why did the nations join to slay
 The Lord's anointed Son?
 Why did they cast his laws away,
 And tread his gospel down?

2 The Lord that sits above the skies,
 Derides their rage below,
 He speaks with vengeance in his eyes,
 And strikes their spirits thro'.

3 "I call him my Eternal Son,
 "And raise him from the dead;
 "I make my holy hill his throne,
 "And wide his kingdom spread.

4 "Ask me, my Son, and then enjoy
 "The utmost heathen lands:
 "Thy rod of iron shall destroy
 "The rebel that withstands."

5 Be wise, ye rulers of the earth,
 Obey th' anointed Lord,
 Adore the king of heavenly birth,
 And tremble at his word.

6 With humble love address his throne,
 For if he frown ye die;
 Those are secure, and those alone,
 Who on his grace rely.

Psalm 2:3.

Long Meter (8.8.8.8.)

Christ's death, resurrection, and ascension.

1 Why did the Jews proclaim their rage?
 The Romans why their swords employ?
 Against the Lord their powers engage
 His dear anointed to destroy?

2 "Come, let us break his bands," they say,
 "This man shall never give us laws ;"
 And thus they cast his yoke away,
 And nail'd the monarch to the cross.

3 But God, who high in glory reigns,
 Laughs at their pride, their rage controls;
 He'll vex their hearts with inward pains,
 And speak in thunder to their souls.

4 "I will maintain the King I made
 "On Zion's everlasting hill,
 "My hand shall bring him from the dead,
 "And he shall stand your sovereign still."

5 [His wondrous rising from the earth
 Makes his eternal Godhead known!
 The Lord declares his heavenly birth,
 "This day have I begot my Son.

6 "Ascend, my Son, to my right hand,
 "There thou shalt ask, and I bestow
 "The utmost bounds of heathen lands;
 "To thee the northern isles shall bow."]

7 But nations that resist his grace
 Shall fall beneath his iron stroke;
 His rod shall crush his foes with ease
 As potters' earthen work is broke.

PAUSE.

8 Now, ye that sit on earthly thrones,
 Be wise, and serve the Lord, the Lamb;
 at his feet submit your crowns,
 Rejoice and tremble at his name.

9 With humble love address the Son,
 Lest he grow angry and ye die;
 His wrath will burn to worlds unknown
 If ye provoke his jealousy.

10 His storms shall drive you quick to hell:
 He is a God, and ye but dust:
 Happy the souls that know him well,
 And make his grace their only trust.

Psalm 3:1.

Common Meter (8.6.8.6.)

*Doubts and fears suppress; or, God our defence from sin and
 Satan.*

1 My God, how many are my fears!
 How fast my foes increase!
 Conspiring my eternal death,
 They break my present peace.

2 The lying tempter would persuade
 There's no relief in heaven;
 And all my swelling sins appear
 Too big to be forgiven.

3 But thou, my glory and my strength,
 Shalt on the tempter tread,
 Shalt silence all my threatening guilt,
 And raise my drooping head.

4 [I cry'd, and from his holy hill
 He bow'd a listening ear,
 I call'd my Father, and my God,
 And he subdu'd my fear.

5 He shed soft slumbers on mine eyes,
 In spite of all my foes;
 I woke, and wonder'd at the grace
 That guarded my repose.]

6 What though the hosts of death and hell
 All arm'd against me stood,
 Terrors no more shall shake my soul,
 My refuge is my God.

7 Arise, O Lord, fulfil thy grace,
 While I thy glory sing:
 My God has broke the serpent's teeth,
 And death has lost his sting.

8 Salvation to the Lord belongs,
 His arm alone can save;
 Blessings attend thy people here,
 And reach beyond the grave.

Psalm 3:2.
Long Meter (8.8.8.8.)
Verses 1-5,8
A morning Psalm.

1 O Lord, how many are my foes,
 In this weak state of flesh and blood!
 My peace they daily discompose,
 But my defence and hope is God.

2 Tir'd with the burdens of the day,
 To thee I rais'd an evening cry;
 Thou heardst when I began to pray,
 And thine almighty help was nigh.

3 Supported by thine heavenly aid,
 I laid me down and slept secure;
 Not death should make my heart afraid,
 Tho' I should wake and rise no more.

4 But God sustain'd me all the night;
 Salvation doth to God belong;
 He rais'd my head to see the light,
 And make his praise my morning song.

Psalm 4:1.
Long Meter (8.8.8.8.)

Verses 1-7

Hearing prayer; or, God our portion, and Christ our hope.

1 O God of grace and righteousness,
 Hear and attend when I complain;
 Thou hast enlarg'd me in distress,
 Bow down a gracious ear again.

2 Ye sons of men, in vain ye try
 To turn my glory into shame;
 How long will scoffers love to lie,
 And dare reproach my Saviour's name!

3 Know that the Lord divides his saints
 From all the tribes of men beside;
 He hears the cry of penitents
 For the dear sake of Christ that dy'd.

4 When our obedient hands have done
 A thousand works of righteousness,
 We put our trust in God alone,
 And glory in his pardoning grace.

5 Let the unthinking many say,
 "Who will bestow some earthly good?"
 But, Lord, thy light and love we pray,
 Our souls desire this heavenly food.

6 Then shall my cheerful powers rejoice
 At grace and favour so divine;
 Nor will I change my happy choice
 For all their corn and all their wine.

Psalm 4:2.
Common Meter (8.6.8.6.)
Verses 3-5,8.
An evening Psalm.

1 Lord, thou wilt hear me when I pray
 I am for ever thine:
 I fear before thee all the day,
 Nor would I dare to sin.

2 And while I rest my weary head
 From cares and business free,
 'Tis sweet conversing on my bed
 With my own heart and thee.

3 I pay this evening sacrifice;
 And when my work is done,
 Great God, my faith and hope relies
 Upon thy grace alone.

4 Thus with my thoughts compos'd to peace
 I'll give mine eyes to sleep;
 Thy hand in safety keeps my days,
 And will my slumbers keep.

Psalm 5.
Common Meter (8.6.8.6.)
For the Lord's day morning.

1 Lord, in the morning thou shalt hear
 My voice ascending high;
 To thee will I direct my prayer,
 To thee lift up mine eye;

2 Up to the hills where Christ is gone
 To plead for all his saints,
 Presenting at his Father's throne
 Our songs and our complaints.

3 Thou art a God before whose sight
 The wicked shall not stand;
 Sinners shall ne'er be thy delight,
 Nor dwell at thy right hand.

4 But to thy house will I resort,
 To taste thy mercies there;
 I will frequent thine holy court,
 And worship in thy fear.

5 O may thy Spirit guide my feet
 In ways of righteousness!
 Make every path of duty straight
 And plain before my face.

PAUSE.

6 My watchful enemies combine
 To tempt my feet astray;
 They flatter with a base design
 To make my soul their prey.

7 Lord, crush the serpent in the dust,
 And all his plots destroy;
 While those that in thy mercy trust
 For ever shout for joy.

8 The men that love and fear thy name
 Shall see their hopes fulfill'd;
 The mighty God will compass them
 With favour as a shield.

Psalm 6:1.

Common Meter (8.6.8.6.)

Complaint in sickness; or, diseases healed.

1 In anger, Lord, rebuke me not,
 Withdraw the dreadful storm;
 Nor let thy fury grow so hot
 Against a feeble worm.

2 My soul's bow'd down with heavy cares,
 My flesh with pain oppress'd;
 My couch is witness to my tears,
 My tears forbid my rest.

3 Sorrow and pain wear out my days;
 I waste the night with cries,
 Counting the minutes as they pass,
 Till the slow morning rise.

4 Shall I be still tormented more?
 Mine eye consum'd with grief?
 How long, my God, how long before
 Thine hand afford relief?

5 He hears when dust and ashes speak,
 He pities all our groans,
 He saves us for his mercy's sake
 And heals our broken bones.

6 The virtue of his sovereign word
 Restores our fainting breath;
 For silent graves praise not the Lord,
 Nor is he known in death.

Psalm 6:2.
Long Meter (8.8.8.8.)
Temptations in sickness overcome.

1 Lord, I can suffer thy rebukes,
 When thou with kindness dost chastise
 But thy fierce wrath I cannot bear,
 O let it not against me rise!

2 Pity my languishing estate,
 And ease the sorrows that I feel;
 The wounds thine heavy hand hath made,
 O let thy gentler touches heal.

3 See how I pass my weary days
 In sighs and groans; and when 'tis night
 My bed is water'd with my tears;
 My grief consumes and dims my sight.

4 Look how the powers of nature mourn!
 How long, almighty God, how long?
 When shall thine hour of grace return?
 When shall I make thy grace my song?

5 I feel my flesh so near the grave,
 My thoughts are tempted to despair;
 But graves can never praise the Lord,
 For all is dust and silence there.

6 Depart, ye tempters, from my soul,
 And all despairing thoughts depart;
 My God, who hears my humble moan,
 Will ease my flesh, and cheer my heart.

Psalm 7.

Common Meter (8.6.8.6.)

God's care of his people and punishment of persecutors.

1 My trust is in my heavenly Friend,
 My hope in thee, my God;
 Rise and my helpless life defend
 From those that seek my blood.

2 With insolence and fury they
 My soul in pieces tear,
 As hungry lions rend the prey
 When no deliverer's near.

3 If I had e'er provok'd them first,
 Or once abus'd my foe,
 Then let him tread my life to dust,
 And lay mine honour low.

4 If there be malice found in me,
 I know thy piercing eyes;
 I should not dare appeal to thee,
 Nor ask my God to rise.

5 Arise, my God, lift up thy hand,
 Their pride and power control;
 Awake to judgment and command
 Deliverance for my soul.

PAUSE.

6 [Let sinners and their wicked rage
 Be humbled to the dust;
 Shall not the God of truth engage
 To vindicate the just?

7 He knows the heart, he tries the reins,
 He will defend th' upright:
 His sharpest arrows he ordains
 Against the sons of spite.

8 For me their malice digg'd a pit,
 But there themselves are cast;
 My God makes all their mischief light
 On their own heads at last.]

9 That cruel persecuting race
 Must feel his dreadful sword;
 Awake, my soul, and praise the grace
 And justice of the Lord.

Psalm 8:1.

Short Meter (6.6.8.6.)

God's sovereignty and goodness; and man's dominion over the creatures.

1 O Lord, our heavenly King,
 Thy name is all divine;
 Thy glories round the earth are spread,
 And o'er the heavens they shine.

2 When to thy works on high
 I raise my wondering eyes,
 And see the moon complete in light
 Adorn the darksome skies:

3 When I survey the stars,
 And all their shining forms,
 Lord, what is man, that worthless thing,
 Akin to dust and worms?

4 Lord, what is worthless man,
 That thou shouldst love him so?
 Next to thine angels he is plac'd,
 And lord of all below.

5 Thine honours crown his head,
 While beasts like slaves obey,
 And birds that cut the air with wings,
 And fish that cleave the sea.

6 How rich thy bounties are!
 And wondrous are thy ways:
 Of dust and worms thy power can frame
 A monument of praise.

7 [Out of the mouths of babes
 And sucklings thou canst draw
 Surprising honours to thy name,
 And strike the world with awe.]

8 O Lord, our heavenly King,
 Thy name is all divine:
 Thy glories round the earth are spread,
 And o'er the heavens they shine.

Psalm 8:2.

Common Meter (8.6.8.6.)

Christ's condescension and glorification; or, God made man.

1 O Lord, our Lord, how wondrous great
 Is thine exalted name!
 The glories of thy heavenly state
 Let men and babes proclaim.

2 When I behold thy works on high,
 The moon that rules the night,
 And stars that well adorn the sky,
 Those moving worlds of light;

3 Lord, what is man, or all his race,
 Who dwells so far below,
 That thou shouldst visit him with grace,
 And love his nature so?

4 That thine eternal Son should bear
 To take a mortal form,
 Made lower than his angels are,
 To save a dying worm!

5 [Yet while he liv'd on earth unknown,
 And men would not adore,
 Th' obedient seas and fishes own
 His Godhead and his power.

6 The waves lay spread beneath his feet;
 And fish, at his command,
 Bring their large shoals to Peter's net,
 Bring tribute to his hand.

7 These lesser glories of the Son
 Shone thro' the fleshly cloud;
 Now we behold him on his throne,
 And men confess him God.]

8 Let him be crown'd with majesty,
 Who bow'd his head to death;
 And be his honours sounded high,
 By all things that have breath.

9 Jesus, our Lord, how wondrous great
 Is thine exalted name!
 The glories of thy heavenly state
 Let the whole earth proclaim.

Psalm 8:3. First Part

Long Meter (8.8.8.8.)

Verses 1-2, paraphrased

The Hosanna of the children; or, Infants praising God.

1 Almighty Ruler of the skies,
 Thro' the wide earth thy name is spread,
 And thine eternal glories rise
 O'er all the heavens 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 power 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 hosannas fill the place.

3 The frowning scribes and angry priests
 In vain their impious cavils bring;
 Revenge sits silent in their breasts,
 While Jewish babes proclaim their king.

Psalm 8:4. Second Part

Long Meter (8.8.8.8.)

Verses 3-9 paraphrased

Adam and Christ, lords of the old and the new creation.

1 Lord, what was man, when made at first,
 Adam the offspring of the dust,
 That thou shouldst set him and his race
 But just below an angel's place?

2 That thou shouldst 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 power divine.

5 The world to come, redeem'd from all
 The miseries that attend the fall,
 New made, and glorious, shall submit
 At our exalted Saviour's feet.

Psalm 9:1. First Part.

Common Meter (8.6.8.6.)

Verses 1-4, 9-11

Wrath and mercy from the judgment-seat.

1 With my whole heart I'll raise my song,
 Thy wonders I'll proclaim;
 Thou sov'reign judge of right and wrong
 Wilt put my foes to shame.

2 I'll sing thy majesty and grace;
 My God prepares his throne
 To judge the world in righteousness
 And make his vengeance known.

3 Then shall the Lord a refuge prove
 For all the poor opprest,
 To save the people of his love,
 And give the weary rest.

4 The men, that know thy name will trust
 In thy abundant grace;
 For thou hast ne'er forsook the just,
 Who humbly seek thy face.

5 Sing praises to the righteous Lord,
 Who dwells on Zion's hill,
 Who executes his threatening word,
 And doth his grace fulfil.

Psalm 9:2. Second Part. Common Meter (8.6.8.6.)

*Verses 12-20
 The wisdom and equity of providence.*

1 When the great Judge, supreme and just,
 Shall once inquire for blood,
 The humble souls, that mourn in dust,
 Shall find a faithful God.

2 He from the dreadful gates of death
 Does his own children raise:
 In Zion's gates, with cheerful breath,
 They sing their Father's praise.

3 His foes shall fail with heedless feet
 Into the pit they made;
 And sinners perish in the net
 That their own hands had spread.

4 Thus by thy judgments, mighty God!
 Are thy deep counsels known;
 When men of mischief are destroy'd,
 The snare must be their own.

PAUSE.

5 The wicked shall sink down to hell;
 Thy wrath devour the lands
 That dare forget thee, or rebel
 Against thy known commands.

6 Tho' saints to sore distress are brought,
 And wait and long complain,
 Their cries shall not be still forgot,
 Nor shall their hopes be vain.

7 [Rise, great Redeemer, from thy seat,
 To judge and save the poor;
 Let nations tremble at thy feet,
 And man prevail no more.

8 Thy thunder shall affright the proud,
 And put their hearts to pain,
 Make them confess that thou art God,
 And they but feeble men.]

Psalm 10.

Common Meter (8.6.8.6.)

Prayer heard, and saints saved; or, Pride, atheism, and oppression punished.

For a humiliation day.

1 Why doth the Lord stand off so far,
 And why conceal his face,
 When great calamities appear,
 And times of deep distress?

2 Lord, shall the wicked still deride
 Thy justice and thy pow'r?
 Shall they advance their heads in pride,
 And still thy saints devour?

3 They put thy judgments from their sight,
 And then insult the poor;
 They boast in their exalted height
 That they shall fall no more.

4 Arise, O God, lift up thine hand,
 Attend our humble cry;
 No enemy shall dare to stand
 When God ascends on high.

PAUSE.

5 Why do the men of malice rage,
 And say with foolish pride,
 "The God of heaven will ne'er engage
 To fight on Zion's side?"

6 But thou for ever art our Lord;
 And pow'rful is thine hand,
 As when the heathens felt thy sword,
 And perish'd from thy land.

7 Thou wilt prepare our hearts to pray,
 And cause thine ear to hear;
 He hearkens what his children say,
 And puts the world in fear.

8 Proud tyrants shall no more oppress,
 No more despise the just;
 And mighty sinners shall confess
 They are but earth and dust.

Psalm 11.

Long Meter (8.8.8.8.)

God loves the righteous and hates the wicked.

1 My refuge is the God of love;
 Why do my foes insult and cry,
 "Fly like a timorous trembling dove,
 To distant woods or mountains fly"?

2 If government be all destroy'd
 (That firm foundation of our peace)
 And violence make justice void,
 Where shall the righteous seek redress?

3 The Lord in heaven has fix'd his throne,
 His eye surveys the world below;
 To him all mortal things are known,
 His eyelids search our spirits thro'.

4 If he afflicts his saints so far
 To prove their love, and try their grace,
 What may the bold transgressors fear?
 His very soul abhors their ways.

5 On impious wretches he shall rain
 Tempests of brimstone, fire, and death,
 Such as he kindled on the plain
 Of Sodom with his angry breath.

6 The righteous Lord loves righteous souls,
 Whose thoughts and actions are sincere;
 And with a gracious eye beholds
 The men that his own image bear.

Psalm 12:1.
Long Meter (8.8.8.8.)

The saint's safety and hope in evil times; or, Sins of the tongue complained of, viz, blasphemy, falsehood, &c.

1 Lord, if thou dost not soon appear,
 Virtue and truth will fly away;
 A faithful man, amongst us here,
 Will scarce be found if thou delay.

2 The whole discourse, when neighbours meet,
 Is fill'd with trifles loose and vain;
 Their lips are flattery and deceit,
 And their proud language is profane.

3 But lips, that with deceit abound,
 Shall not maintain their triumph long;
 The God of vengeance will confound
 The flattering and blaspheming tongue.

4 "Yet shall our words be free," they cry,
 "Our tongue shall be controll'd by none:
 "Where is the Lord will ask us why?
 "Or say, our lips are not our own?"

5 The Lord who sees the poor opprest,
 And hears th' oppressor's haughty strain,
 Will rise to give his children rest,
 Nor shall they trust his word in vain.

6 Thy word, O Lord, tho' often try'd,
 Void of deceit shall still appear
 Not silver, seven times purify'd
 From dross and mixture, shines so clear.

7 Thy grace shall in the darkest hour
 Defend the holy soul from harm;
 Tho' when the vilest men have power
 On every side will sinners swarm.

Psalm 12:2.

Common Meter (8.6.8.6.)

Complaint of a general corruption of manners; or, The promise and signs of Christ's coming to judgment.

1 Help, Lord, for men of virtue fail,
 Religion loses ground,
 The sons of violence prevail,
 And treacheries abound.

2 Their oaths and promises they break,
 Yet act the flatterer's part;
 With fair deceitful lips they speak,
 And with a double heart.

3 If we reprove some hateful lie,
 How is their fury stirr'd!
 "Are not our lips our own" they cry,
 "And who shall be our lord?"

4 Scoffers appear on every side,
 Where a vile race of men
 Is rais'd to seats of power and pride,
 And bears the sword in vain.

PAUSE.

5 Lord, when iniquities abound,
 And blasphemy grows bold,
 When faith is hardly to be found,
 And love is waxing cold,

6 Is not thy chariot hastening on?
 Hast thou not given this sign?
 May we not trust and live upon
 A promise so divine?

7 "Yes," saith the Lord, "now will I rise,
 "And make oppressors flee;
 "I shall appear to their surprise,
 "And set my servants free."

8 Thy word, like silver seven times try'd,
 Thro' ages shall endure;
 The men that in thy truth confide,
 Shall find thy promise sure.

Psalm 13:1.

Long Meter (8.8.8.8.)

Pleading with God under desertion; or, Hope, in darkness.

1 How long, 0 Lord, shall I complain
 Like one that seeks his God in vain?
 Canst thou thy face for ever hide?
 And I still pray and be deny'd?

2 Shall I for ever be forgot
 As one whom thou regardest not?
 Still shall my soul thine absence mourn?
 And still despair of thy return?

3 How long shall my poor troubled breast
 Be with these anxious thoughts opprest?
 And Satan, my malicious foe,
 Rejoice to see me sunk so low.

4 Hear, Lord, and grant me quick relief,
 Before my death conclude my grief;
 If thou withhold thy heavenly light,
 I sleep in everlasting night.

5 How will the powers of darkness boast,
 If but one praying soul be lost!
 But I have trusted in thy grace,
 And shall again behold thy face.

6 Whate'er my fears or foes suggest,
 Thou art my hope, my joy, my rest;
 My heart shall feel thy love, and raise
 My cheerful voice to songs of praise.

Psalm 13:2.

Common Meter (8.6.8.6.)

Complaint under temptations of the devil.

- 1 How long wilt thou conceal thy face?
 My God, how long delay?
 When shall I feel those heavenly rays
 That chase my fears away?
- 2 How long shall my poor labouring soul
 Wrestle and toil in vain?
 Thy word can all my foes control,
 And ease my raging pain.
- 3 See how the prince of darkness tries
 All his malicious arts,
 He spreads a mist around my eyes,
 And throws his fiery darts.
- 4 Be thou my sun and thou my shield,
 My soul in safety keep;
 Make haste before mine eyes are seal'd
 In death's eternal sleep.
- 5 How would the tempter boast aloud
 If I become his prey!
 Behold the sons of hell grow proud
 At thy so long delay.
- 6 But they shall fly at thy rebuke,
 And Satan hide his head;
 He knows the terrors of thy look
 And hears thy voice with dread.
- 7 Thou wilt display that sovereign grace,
 Where all my hopes have hung;
 I shall employ my lips in praise,
 And victory shall be sung.

Psalm 14:1. First Part.
Common Meter (8.6.8.6.)
By nature all men are sinners.

1 Fools in their hearts believe and say,
 "That all religion's vain,
 "There is no God that reigns on high,
 "Or minds th' affairs of men."

2 From thoughts so dreadful and profane
 Corrupt discourse proceeds;
 And in their impious hands are found
 Abominable deeds.

3 The Lord, from his celestial throne
 Look'd down on things below,
 To find the man that sought his grace,
 Or did his justice know.

4 By nature all are gone astray,
 Their practice all the same;
 There's none that fears his Maker's hand,
 There's none that loves his name.

5 Their tongues are us'd to speak deceit,
 Their slanders never cease;
 How swift to mischief are their feet,
 Nor knew the paths of peace.

6 Such seeds of sin (that bitter root)
 In every heart are found;
 Nor can they bear diviner fruit,
 Till grace refine the ground.

Psalm 14:2. Second Part.
Common Meter (8.6.8.6.)
The folly of persecutors.

1 Are sinners now so senseless grown
 That they thy saints devour?
 And never worship at thy throne,
 Nor fear thine awful power?

2 Great God appear to their surprise,
 Reveal thy dreadful name;
 Let them no more thy wrath despise,
 Nor turn our hope to shame.

3 Dost thou not dwell among the just?
 And yet our foes deride,
 That we should make thy name our trust;
 Great God, confound their pride.

4 O that the joyful day were come
 To finish our distress!
 When God shall bring his children home,
 Our songs shall never cease.

Psalm 15:1.

Common Meter (8.6.8.6.)

Characters of a saint; or, a citizen of Zion; or, The qualifications of a Christian.

1 Who shall inhabit in thy hill,
 O God of holiness?
 Whom will the Lord admit to dwell
 So near his throne of grace?

2 The man that walks in pious ways,
 And works with righteous hands;
 That trusts his Maker's promises,
 And follows his commands.

3 He speaks the meaning of his heart,
 Nor slanders with his tongue;
 Will scarce believe an ill report,
 Nor do his neighbour wrong.

4 The wealthy sinner he contemns,
 Loves all that fear the Lord:
 And tho' to his own hurt he swears,
 Still he performs his word.

5 His hands disdain a golden bribe,
 And never gripe the poor;
 This man shall dwell with God on earth,
 And find his heaven secure.

Psalm 15:2.
Long Meter (8.8.8.8.)

Religion and justice, goodness and truth; or, Duties to God and man; or, The qualifications of a Christian.

1 Who shall ascend thy heavenly place,
 Great God, and dwell before thy face?

 The man that minds religion now,
 And humbly walks with God below:

2 Whose hands are pure, whose heart is clean,
 Whose lips still speak the thing they mean;
 No slanders dwell upon his tongue;
 He hates to do his neighbour wrong.

3 [Scarce will he trust an ill report,
 Nor vents it to his neighbour's hurt:
 Sinners of state he can despise,
 But saints are honour'd in his eyes.]

4 [Firm to his word he ever stood,
 And always makes his promise good;
 Nor dares to change the thing he swears,
 Whatever pain or loss he bears.]

5 [He never deals in bribing gold,
 And mourns that justice should be sold:
 While others gripe and grind the poor,
 Sweet charity attends his door.]

6 [He loves his enemies, and prays
 For those that curse him to his face;
 And doth to all men still the same
 That he would hope or wish from them.]

7 Yet when his holiest works are done,
 His soul depends on grace alone;
 This is the man thy face shall see,
 And dwell for ever Lord, with thee.

Psalm 16:1. First Part.

Long Meter (8.8.8.8.)

Confession of our poverty, and saints the best company; or, Good works profit men, not God.

1 Preserve me, Lord, in time of need
 For succour to thy throne I flee,
 But have no merits there to plead;
 My goodness cannot reach to thee.

2 Oft have my heart and tongue confess
 How empty and how poor I am;
 My praise can never make thee blest,
 Nor add new glories to thy name.

3 Yet, Lord, thy saints on earth may reap
 Some profit by the good we do;
 These are the company I keep,
 These are the choicest friends I know.

4 Let others choose the sons of mirth
 To give a relish to their wine,
 I love the men of heavenly birth,
 Whose thoughts and language are divine.

Psalm 16:2. Second Part.

Long Meter (8.8.8.8.)

Christ's all-sufficiency.

1 How fast their guilt and sorrows rise
 Who haste to seek some idol god!
 I will not taste their sacrifice,
 Their offerings of forbidden blood.

2 My God provides a richer cup,
 And nobler food to live upon;
 He for my life has offer'd up
 Jesus, his best beloved Son.

3 His love is my perpetual feast;
 By day his counsels guide me right;
 And be his name for ever blest,
 Who gives me sweet advice by night.

4 I set him still before mine eyes;
 At my right hand he stands prepar'd
 To keep my soul from all surprise,
 And be my everlasting guard.

Psalm 16:3. Third Part.

Long Meter (8.8.8.8.)

Courage in death, and hope of the resurrection.

1 When God is nigh, my faith is strong,
 His arm is my almighty prop:
 Be glad, my heart; rejoice, my tongue,
 My dying flesh shall rest in hope.

2 Tho' in the dust I lay my head,
 Yet, gracious God, thou wilt not leave
 My soul for ever with the dead,
 Nor lose thy children in the grave.

3 My flesh shall thy first call obey,
 Shake off the dust, and rise on high;
 Then shalt thou lead the wondrous way,
 Up to thy throne above the sky.

4 There streams of endless pleasure flow;
 And full discoveries of thy grace
 (Which we but tasted here below)
 Spread heavenly joys thro' all the place.

Psalm 16:4. First Part.

Common Meter (8.6.8.6.)

Verses 1-8

Support and counsel from God without merit.

1 Save me, O Lord, from every foe;
 In thee my trust I place,
 Tho' all the good that I can do
 Can ne'er deserve thy grace.

2 Yet if my God prolong my breath
 The saints may profit by't;
 The saints, the glory of the earth,
 The men of my delight.

3 Let heathens to their idols haste,
 And worship wood or stone;
 But my delightful lot is cast
 Where the true God is known.

4 His hand provides my constant food,
 He fills my daily cup;
 Much am I pleas'd with present good,
 But more rejoice in hope.

5 God is my portion and my joy,
 His counsels are my light;
 He gives me sweet advice by day,
 And gentle hints by night.

6 My soul would all her thoughts approve
 To his all-seeing eye;
 Not death, nor hell my hope shall move,
 While such a friend is nigh.

Psalm 16:5. Second Part.

Common Meter (8.6.8.6.)

The death and resurrection of Christ.

1 I Set the Lord before my 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 every 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 heaven's eternal hills?
 There sits the Son at God's right hand,
 And there the Father smiles.]

Psalm 17:1.
Short Meter (6.6.8.6.)

Verses 13-15

Portion of saints and sinners; or, Hope and despair in death.

1 Arise, my gracious God,
 And make the wicked flee;
 They are but thy chastising rod
 To drive thy saints to thee.

2 Behold the sinner dies,
 His haughty words are vain;
 Here in this life his pleasure lies,
 And all beyond is pain.

3 Then let his pride advance,
 And boast of all his store:
 The Lord is my inheritance,
 My soul can wish no more.

4 I shall behold the face
 Of my forgiving God,
 And stand complete in righteousness,
 Wash'd in my Saviour's blood.

5 There's a new heaven begun,
 When I awake from death,
 Drest in the likeness of thy Son,
 And draw immortal breath.

Psalm 17:2.**Long Meter (8.8.8.8.)**

The sinner's portion, and saint's hope; or, The heaven of separate souls, and the resurrection.

1 Lord, I am thine; but thou wilt prove
My faith, my patience, and my love;
When men of spite against me join,
They are the sword, the hand is thine.

2 Their hope and portion lies below;
'Tis all the happiness they know,
'Tis all they seek; they take their shares,
And leave the rest among their heirs.

3 What sinners value, I resign;
Lord, 'tis enough that thou art mine;
I shall behold thy blissful face,
And stand complete in righteousness.

4 This life's a dream, an empty show;
But the bright world to which I go
Hath joys substantial and sincere;
When shall I wake, and find me there?

5 O glorious hour! O blest abode!
I shall be near and like my God!
And flesh and sin no more control
The sacred pleasures of the soul.

6 My flesh shall slumber in the ground,
Till the last trumpet's joyful sound;
Then burst the chains with sweet surprise,
And in my Saviour's image rise.

Psalm 18:1. First Part.**Long Meter (8.8.8.8.)**

Verses 1-6, 15-18

Deliverance from despair; or, Temptations overcome.

1 Thee will I love, O Lord, my strength,
My rock, my tower, my high defence,
Thy mighty arm shall be my trust,
For I have found salvation thence.

2 Death, and the terrors of the grave
Stood round me with their dismal shade;
While floods of high temptations rose,
And made my sinking soul afraid.

3 I saw the opening gates of hell,
With endless pains and sorrows there,
Which none but they that feel can tell,
While I was hurried to despair.

4 In my distress I call'd 'my God,'
When I could scarce believe him mine;
He bow'd his ear to my complaint,
Then did his grace appear divine.

5 [With speed he flew to my relief,
As on a cherub's wing he rode;
Awful and bright as lightning shone
The face of my deliverer, God.

6 Temptations fled at his rebuke,
The blast of his almighty breath;
He sent salvation from on high,
And drew me from the deeps of death.]

7 Great were my fears, my foes were great,
Much was their strength, and more their rage;
But Christ, my Lord, is conqueror still,
In all the wars that devils wage.

8 My song for ever shall record
That terrible, that joyful hour;
And give the glory to the Lord
Due to his mercy and his power.

Psalm 18:2. Second Part.

Long Meter (8.8.8.8.)

Verses 20-26

Sincerity proved and rewarded.

1 Lord, thou hast seen my soul sincere,
Hast made thy truth and love appear;
Before mine eyes I set thy laws,
And thou hast own'd my righteous cause.

2 Since I have learnt thy holy ways,
I've walk'd upright before thy face;
 Or if my feet did e'er depart,
 'Twas never with a wicked heart.

3 What sore temptations broke my rest!
What wars and strugglings in my breast!
 But thro' thy grace that reigns within,
 I guard against my darling sin:

4 That sin which close besets me still,
That works and strives against my will;
When shall thy Spirit's sovereign power
 Destroy it that it rise no more?

5 [With an impartial hand, the Lord
Deals out to mortals their reward;
The kind and faithful souls shall find
 A God as faithful, and as kind.

6 The just and pure shall ever say,
Thou art more pure, more just than they;
And men that love revenge shall know,
 God hath an arm of vengeance too.]

Psalm 18:3. Third Part.

Long Meter (8.8.8.8.)

Rejoicing in God; or, Salvation and triumph.

1 Just are thy ways, and true thy word,
 Great rock of my secure abode;
 Who is a God beside the Lord?
 Or where's a refuge like our God?

2 'Tis he that girds me with his might,
 Gives me his holy sword to wield;
 And while with sin and hell I fight,
 Spreads his salvation for my shield.

3 He lives (and blessed be my rock!)
 The God of my salvation lives,
 The dark designs of hell are broke;
 Sweet is the peace my Father gives.

4 Before the scoffers of the age,
 I will exalt my Father's name,
 Nor tremble at their mighty rage,
 But meet reproach and bear the shame.

5 To David and his royal seed
 Thy grace for ever shall extend;
 Thy love to saints in Christ their head
 Knows not a limit, nor an end.

Psalm 18:4. First Part.

Common Meter (8.6.8.6.)

Victory and triumph over temporal enemies.

1 We love thee, Lord, and we adore,
 Now is thine arm reveal'd;
 Thou art our strength, our heavenly tower,
 Our bulwark and our shield.

2 We fly to our eternal rock,
 And find a sure defence;
 His holy name our lips invoke,
 And draw salvation thence.

3 When God, our leader, shines in arms,
 What mortal heart can bear
 The thunder of his loud alarms?
 The lightning of his spear?

4 He rides upon the winged wind,
 And angels in array
 In millions wait to know his mind,
 And swift as flames obey.

5 He speaks, and at his fierce rebuke,
 Whole armies are dismay'd;
 His voice, his frown, his angry look
 Strikes all their courage dead.

6 He forms our generals for the field,
 With all their dreadful skill;
 Gives them his awful sword to wield,
 And makes their hearts of steel.

7 [He arms our captains to the fight,
 Tho' there his name's forgot:
 He girded Cyrus with his might,
 But Cyrus knew him not.

8 Oft has the Lord whole nations blest
 For his own church's sake:
 The powers that give his people rest,
 Shall of his care partake.]

Psalm 18:5. Second Part.

Common Meter (8.6.8.6.)
The conqueror's song.

1 To thine almighty arm we owe
 The triumphs of the day
 Thy terrors, Lord, confound the foe,
 And melt their strength away.

2 'Tis by thine aid our troops prevail,
 And break united powers,
 Or burn their boasted fleets, or scale
 The proudest of their towers.

3 How have we chas'd them thro' the field,
 And trod them to the ground,
 While thy salvation was our shield,
 But they no shelter found!

4 In vain to idol-saints they cry,
 And perish in their blood;
 Where is a rock so great, so high,
 So powerful as our God?

5 The Rock of Israel ever lives,
 His name be ever blest;
 'Tis his own arm the victory gives,
 And gives his people rest.

6 On kings that reign as David did,
 He pours his blessings down;
 Secures their honours to their seed,
 And well supports the crown.

Psalm 19:1. First Part.

Short Meter (6.6.8.6.)

The book of nature and scripture. For a Lord's-day morning.

1 Behold the lofty sky
 Declares its maker God,
 And all his starry works on high
 Proclaim his power abroad.

2 The darkness and the light
 Still keep their course the same;
 While night to day, and day to night
 Divinely teach his name.

3 In every different land
 Their general voice is known
 They shew the wonders of his hand,
 And orders of his throne.

4 Ye British lands, rejoice,
 Here he reveals his word,
 We are not left to nature's voice
 To bid us know the Lord.

5 His statutes and commands
 Are set before our eyes;
 He puts his gospel in our hands,
 Where our salvation lies.

6 His laws are just and pure,
 His truth without deceit,
 His promises for ever sure,
 And his rewards are great.

7 [Not honey to the taste
 Affords so much delight,
 Nor gold that has the furnace past
 So much allures the sight.

8 While of thy works I sing,
 Thy glory to proclaim,
 Accept the praise, my God, my King,
 In my Redeemer's name.]

Psalm 19:2. Second Part.

Short Meter (6.6.8.6.)

God's word most excellent; or, Sincerity and watchfulness. For a Lord's-day morning.

1 Behold the morning sun
Begins his glorious way;
His beams thro' all the nations run,
And life and light convey.

2 But where the gospel comes,
It spreads diviner light,
It calls dead sinners from their tombs,
And gives the blind their sight.

3 How perfect is thy word!
And all thy judgments just!
For ever sure thy promise, Lord,
And men securely trust.

4 My gracious God, how plain
Are thy directions given!
O! may I never read in vain,
But find the path to heaven!

PAUSE.

5 I hear thy word with love,
And I would fain obey;
Send thy good Spirit from above
To guide me, lest I stray.

6 O who can ever find
The errors of his ways?
Yet, with a bold presumptuous mind,
I would not dare transgress.

7 Warn me of every sin,
Forgive my secret faults,
And cleanse this guilty soul of mine,
Whose crimes exceed my thoughts.

8 While with my heart and tongue
I spread thy praise abroad,
Accept the worship and the song,
My Saviour and my God.

Psalm 19:3.
Long Meter (8.8.8.8.)

The books of nature and of scripture compared; or, The glory and success of the gospel.

1 The heavens declare thy glory, Lord,
 In every star thy wisdom shines;
 But when our eyes behold thy word
 We read thy name in fairer lines.

2 The rolling sun, the changing light,
 And nights and days thy power confess;
 But the blest volume thou hast writ
 Reveals thy justice and thy grace.

3 Sun, moon, and stars convey thy praise
 Round the whole earth, and never stand;
 So when thy truth begun its race,
 It touch'd and glanc'd on every land.

4 Nor shall thy spreading gospel rest,
 Till thro' the world thy truth has run;
 Till Christ has all the nations blest,
 That see the light, or feel the sun.

5 Great Sun of Righteousness, arise,
 Bless the dark world with heavenly light;
 Thy gospel makes the simple wise,
 Thy laws are pure, thy judgments right.

6 Thy noblest wonders here we view
 In souls renew'd and sins forgiven:
 Lord, cleanse my sins, my soul renew,
 And make thy word my guide to heaven.

Psalm 19:4.
Peculiar Meter (8.8.8.8.8.8.)

To the tune of the 113th Psalm. The book of nature and scripture.

1 Great God, the heaven's well-order'd frame
 Declares the glories of thy name;
 There thy rich works of wonder shine:
 A thousand starry beauties there,
 A thousand radiant marks appear

Of boundless power and skill divine.

2 From night to day, from day to night,
 The dawning and the dying light
 Lectures of heavenly wisdom read;
 With silent eloquence they raise
 Our thoughts to our Creator's praise,
 And neither sound nor language need.

3 Yet their divine instructions run
 Far as the journeys of the sun,
 And every nation knows their voice;
 The sun, like some young bridegroom drest,
 Breaks from the chambers of the east,
 Rolls round, and makes the earth rejoice.

4 Where'er he spreads his beams abroad,
 He smiles and speaks his maker God;
 All nature joins to shew thy praise:
 Thus God, in every creature shines;
 Fair is the book of nature's lines,
 But fairer is thy book of grace.

PAUSE.

5 I love the volumes of thy word;
 What light and joy those leaves afford
 To souls benighted and distrest!
 Thy precepts guide my doubtful way,
 Thy fear forbids my feet to stray;
 Thy promise leads my heart to rest.

6 From the discoveries of thy law
 The perfect rules of life I draw,
 These are my study and delight:
 Not honey so invites the taste,
 Nor gold, that hath the furnace past,
 Appears so pleasing to the sight.

7 Thy threatenings wake my slumbering eyes,
 And warn me where my danger lies;
 But 'tis thy blessed gospel, Lord,
 That makes my guilty conscience clean,
 Converts my soul, subdues my sin,
 And gives a free but large reward.

8 Who knows the errors of his thoughts?

 My God, forgive my secret faults,
 And from presumptuous sins restrain;
 Accept my poor attempts of praise
 That I have read thy book of grace,
 And book of nature, not in vain.

Psalm 20.

Long Meter (8.8.8.8.)

Prayer and hope of victory. For a day of prayer in time of war.

1 Now may the God of power and grace
 Attend his people's humble cry!
 Jehovah hears when Israel prays,
 And brings deliverance from on high.

2 The name of Jacob's God defends
 Better than shields or brazen walls;
 He from his sanctuary sends
 Succour and strength, when Zion calls.

3 Well he remembers all our sighs,
 His love exceeds our best deserts,
 His love accepts the sacrifice
 Of humble groans and broken hearts.

4 In his salvation is our hope,
 And, in the name of Israel's God,
 Our troops shall lift their banners up,
 Our navies spread their flags abroad.

5 Some trust in horses train'd for war,
 And some of chariots make their boast;
 Our surest expectations are
 From thee, the Lord of heavenly hosts.

6 [O! may the memory of thy name
 Inspire our armies for the fight!
 Our foes shall fall and die with shame,
 Or quit the field with shameful flight.]

7 Now save us, Lord, from slavish fear;
 Now let our hopes be firm and strong,
 Till the salvation shall appear,
 And joy and triumph raise the song.

Psalm 21:1.**Common Meter (8.6.8.6.)***Our king is the care of heaven.*

1 The king, O Lord, with songs of praise,
 Shall in thy strength rejoice;
 And, blest with thy salvation, raise
 To heaven his cheerful voice.

2 Thy sure defence, thro' nations round,
 Has spread his glorious name;
 And his successful actions crown'd
 With majesty and fame.

3 Then let the king on God alone
 For timely aid rely;
 His mercy shall support the throne,
 And all our wants supply.

4 But, righteous Lord, his stubborn foes
 Shall feel thy dreadful hand
 Thy vengeful arm shall find out those
 That hate his mild command.

5 When thou against them dost engage,
 Thy just but dreadful doom
 Shall, like a fiery oven's rage,
 Their hopes and them consume.

6 Thus, Lord, thy wondrous power declare,
 And thus exalt thy fame;
 Whilst we glad songs of praise prepare
 For thine almighty name.

Psalm 21:2.**Long Meter (8.8.8.8.)***Verses 1-9**Christ exalted to the kingdom.*

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 given the world to his command.

3 Thy goodness grants whate'er he will,
 Nor doth the least request withhold;
 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 Thy hand shall find out all his foes;
 And as a fiery oven glows
 With raging heat and living coals,
 So shall thy wrath devour their souls.

**Psalm 22:1. First Part.
 Common Meter (8.6.8.6.)**

Verses 1-16

The sufferings and death of Christ.

1 "Why has my God my soul forsook,
 "Nor will a smile afford?"
 (Thus David once in anguish spoke,
 And thus our dying Lord.)

2 Tho' 'tis thy chief delight to dwell
 Among thy praising saints,
 Yet thou canst hear a groan as well,
 And pity our complaints.

3 Our fathers trusted in thy name,
 And great deliverance found;
 But I'm a worm, despis'd of men,
 And trodden to the ground.

4 Shaking the head they pass me by,
 And laugh my soul to scorn;
 "In vain he trusts in God" they cry,
 "Neglected and forlorn."

5 But thou art he who form'd my flesh
 By thine almighty word,
And since I hung upon the breast,
 My hope is in the Lord.

6 Why will my Father hide his face,
When foes stand threatening round,
 In the dark hour of deep distress,
 And not an helper found?

PAUSE.

7 Behold thy darling left among
 The cruel and the proud,
As bulls of Bashan fierce and strong,
 As lions roaring loud.

8 From earth and hell my sorrows meet
 To multiply the smart;
They nail my hands, they pierce my feet
 And try to vex my heart.

9 Yet if thy sovereign hand let loose
 The rage of earth and hell,
Why will my heavenly Father bruise
 The Son he loves so well?

10 My God, if possible it be,
 Withhold this bitter cup;
But I resign my will to thee,
 And drink the sorrows up.

11 My heart dissolves with pangs unknown
 In groans I waste my breath;
Thy heavy hand has brought me down
 Low as the dust of death.

12 Father, I give my spirit up;
 And trust it in thy hand;
My dying flesh shall rest in hope,
 And rise at thy command.

Psalm 22:2. Second Part.

Common Meter (8.6.8.6.)

Verses 20-21, 27-31

Christ's sufferings and kingdom.

- 1 "Now from the roaring lion's rage,
"O Lord, protect thy Son;
"Nor leave thy darling to engage,
"The powers of hell alone."
- 2 Thus did our suffering Saviour pray,
With mighty cries and tears;
God heard him in that dreadful day,
And chas'd away his fears.
- 3 Great was the victory of his death,
His throne exalted high;
And all the kindreds of the earth
Shall worship or shall die.
- 4 A numerous offspring must arise
From his expiring groans;
They shall be reckon'd in his eyes
For daughters and for sons.
- 5 The meek and humble soul shall see
His table richly spread;
And all that seek the Lord shall be
With joys immortal fed.
- 6 The isles shall know the righteousness
Of our incarnate God;
And nations yet unborn profess
Salvation in his blood.

Psalm 22:3.

Long Meter (8.8.8.8.)

Christ's sufferings and exaltation.

- 1 Now let our mournful songs record
The dying sorrows of our Lord;
When he complain'd in tears and blood
As one forsaken of his God.

2 The Jews beheld him thus forlorn,
And shake their heads, and laugh in scorn;
"He rescu'd others from the grave,
"Now let him try himself to save.

3 "This is the man did once pretend
"God was his father and his friend;
"If God the blessed lov'd him so,
"Why doth he fail to help him now?"

4 Barbarous people! cruel priests!
How they stood round like savage beasts!
Like lions gaping to devour,
When God had left him in their power.

5 They wound his head, his hands, his feet,
Till streams of blood each other meet;
By lot his garments they divide
And mock the pangs in which he dy'd.

6 But God, his Father, heard his cry:
Rais'd from the dead he reigns on high.
The nations learn his righteousness,
And humble sinners taste his grace.

Psalm 23:1.
Long Meter (8.8.8.8.)
God our Shepherd.

1 My shepherd is the living Lord;
Now shall my wants be well supply'd
His providence and holy word
Become my safety and my guide.

2 In pastures where salvation grows
He makes me feed, he makes me rest;
There living water gently flows,
And all the food's divinely blest.

3 My wandering feet his ways mistake,
But he restores my soul to peace,
And leads me for his mercy's sake,
In the fair paths of righteousness.

4 Tho' I walk thro' the gloomy vale,
 Where death and all its terrors are,
 My heart and hope shall never fail,
 For God my shepherd's with me there.

5 Amidst the darkness and the deeps
 Thou art my comfort, thou my stay;
 Thy staff supports my feeble steps,
 Thy rod directs my doubtful way.

6 The sons of earth and sons of hell
 Gaze at thy goodness and repine
 To see my table spread so well
 With living bread and cheerful wine.

7 [How I rejoice when on my head
 Thy Spirit condescends to rest!
 'Tis a divine anointing shed
 Like oil of gladness at a feast.

8 Surely the mercies of the Lord
 Attend his household all their days;
 There will I dwell to hear his word,
 To seek his face, and sing his praise.]

Psalm 23:2.
Common Meter (8.6.8.6.)
God our Shepherd.

1. My Shepherd will supply my need,
 Jehovah is his name;
 In pastures fresh he makes me feed
 Beside the living stream.

2 He brings my wandering spirit back,
 When I forsake his ways;
 And leads me for his mercy's sake,
 In paths of truth and grace.

3 When I walk thro' the shades of death,
 Thy presence is my stay;
 A word of thy supporting breath
 Drives all my fears away.

4 Thy hand, in spite of all my foes,
 Doth still my table spread;
 My cup with blessings overflows,
 Thine oil anoints my head.

5 The sure provisions of my God
 Attend me all my days;
 O may thy house be mine abode,
 And all my work be praise!

6 There would I find a settled rest,
 (While others go and come)
 No more a stranger or a guest,
 But like a child at home.

Psalm 23:3.
Short Meter (6.6.8.6.)
God our Shepherd.

1 The Lord my shepherd is,
 I shall be well supply'd;
 Since he is mine, and I am his,
 What can I want beside?

2 He leads me to the place
 Where heavenly pasture grows,
 Where living waters gently pass,
 And full salvation flows.

3 If e'er I go astray,
 He doth my soul reclaim,
 And guides me in his own right way,
 For his most holy name.

4 While he affords his aid,
 I cannot yield to fear;
 Tho' I should walk thro' death's dark shade
 My Shepherd's with me there.

5 In spite of all my foes,
 Thou dost my table spread,
 My cup with blessings overflows,
 And joy exalts my head.

6 The bounties of thy love
 Shall crown my following days;
 Nor from thy house will I remove,
 Nor cease to speak thy praise.

Psalm 24:1.
Common Meter (8.6.8.6.)
Dwelling with God.

1 The earth for ever is the Lord's,
 With Adam's numerous race;
 He rais'd its arches o'er the floods,
 And built it on the seas.

2 But who among the sons of men
 May visit thine abode?
 He that has hands from mischief clean,
 Whose heart is right with God.

3 This is the man may rise, and take
 The blessings of his grace;
 This is the lot of those that seek
 The God of Jacob's face.

4 Now let our soul's immortal powers
 To meet the Lord prepare,
 Lift up their everlasting doors,
 The King of glory's near.

5 The King of glory! who can tell
 The wonders of his might!
 He rules the nations; but to dwell
 With saints is his delight.

Psalm 24:2.
Long Meter (8.8.8.8.)
Saints dwell in heaven; or, Christ's ascension.

1 This spacious earth is all the Lord's,
 And men, and worms, and beasts, and birds:
 He rais'd the building on the seas,
 And gave it for their dwelling-place.

2 But there's a brighter world on high,
 Thy palace, Lord, above the sky:
 Who shall ascend that blest abode,
 And dwell so near his Maker God?

3 He that abhors and fears to sin,
 Whose heart is pure whose hands are clean,
 Him shall the Lord the Saviour bless,
 And clothe his soul with righteousness.

4 These are the men, the pious race
 That seek the God of Jacob's face;
 These shall enjoy the blissful sight,
 And dwell in everlasting light.

PAUSE.

5 Rejoice, ye shining worlds on high,
 Behold the King of glory nigh!
 Who can this King of glory be?
 The mighty Lord, the Saviour's he.

6 Ye heavenly gates, your leaves display
 To make the Lord the Saviour way:
 Laden with spoils from earth and hell,
 The conqueror comes with God to dwell.

7 Rais'd from the dead he goes before,
 He opens heaven's eternal door,
 To give his saints a blest abode
 Near their Redeemer, and their God.

Psalm 25:1. First Part.

Short Meter (6.6.8.6.)

Verses 1-11

Waiting for pardon and direction.

1 I Lift my soul to God,
 My trust is in his name;
 Let not my foes that seek my blood
 Still triumph in my shame.

2 Sin and the powers of hell
 Persuade me to despair;
 Lord, make me know thy covenant well,
 That I may 'scape the snare.

3 From the first dawning light
 Till the dark evening rise,
 For thy salvation, Lord, I wait
 With ever-longing eyes.

4 Remember all thy grace,
 And lead me in thy truth;
 Forgive the sins of riper days,
 And follies of my youth.

5 The Lord is just and kind,
 The meek shall learn his ways;
 And every humble sinner find
 The methods of his grace.

6 For his own goodness' sake
 He saves my soul from shame;
 He pardons (tho' my guilt be great)
 Thro' my Redeemer's name.

Psalm 25:2. Second Part.

Short Meter (6.6.8.6.)

*Verses 12, 14, 10, 13
 Divine instruction.*

1 Where shall the man be found
 That fears t' offend his God,
 That loves the gospel's joyful sound,
 And trembles at the rod?

2 The Lord shall make him know
 The secrets of his heart,
 The wonders of his covenant show,
 And all his love impart.

3 The dealings of his hand
 Are truth and mercy still
 With such as to his covenant stand,
 And love to do his will.

4 Their souls shall dwell at ease
 Before their Maker's face,
 Their seed shall taste the promises,
 In their extensive grace.

Psalm 25:3. Third Part.**Short Meter (6.6.8.6.)**

Verses 15-22

Distress of soul; or, Backsliding and desertion.

1 Mine eyes and my desire
 Are ever to the Lord;
 I love to plead his promises,
 And rest upon his word.

2 Turn, turn thee to my soul,
 Bring thy salvation near:
 When will thy hand release my feet
 Out of the deadly snare?

3 When shall the sovereign grace
 Of my forgiving God
 Restore me from those dangerous ways
 My wandering feet have trod?

4 The tumult of my thoughts
 Doth but enlarge my woe;
 My spirit languishes, my heart
 Is desolate and low.

5 With every morning light
 My sorrow new begins;
 Look on my anguish and my pain,
 And pardon all my sins.

PAUSE.

6 Behold the hosts of hell
 How cruel is their hate!
 Against my life they rise, and join
 Their fury with deceit.

7 O keep my soul from death,
 Nor put my hope to shame,
 For I have plac'd my only trust
 In my Redeemer's name.

8 With humble faith I wait
 To see thy face again;
 Of Israel it shall ne'er be said,
 "He sought the Lord in vain."

Psalm 26.**Long Meter (8.8.8.8.)***Self-examination; or, Evidences of grace.*

1 Judge me, O Lord, and prove my ways,
 And try my reins, and try my heart;
 My faith upon thy promise stays,
 Nor from thy law my feet depart.

2 I hate to walk, I hate to sit,
 With men of vanity and lies;
 The scoffer and the hypocrite
 Are the abhorrence of mine eyes.

3 Amongst thy saints will I appear,
 With hands well wash'd in innocence;
 But when I stand before thy bar,
 The blood of Christ is my defence.

4 I love thy habitation, Lord,
 The temple where thine honours dwell;
 There shall I hear thine holy word,
 And there thy works of wonder tell.

5 Let not my soul be join'd at last
 With men of treachery and blood,
 Since I my days on earth have past
 Among the saints, and near my God.

Psalm 27:1. First Part.**Common Meter (8.6.8.6.)***Verses 1-6**The church is our delight and safety.*

1 The Lord of glory is my light,
 And my salvation too;
 God is my strength, nor will I fear
 What all my foes can do.

2 One privilege my heart desires;
 O grant me an abode
 Among the churches of thy saints,
 The temples of my God!

3 There shall I offer my requests,
 And see thy beauty still,
 Shall hear thy messages of love,
 And there enquire thy will.

4 When troubles rise, and storms appear,
 There may his children hide:
 God has a strong pavilion where
 He makes my soul abide.

5 Now shall my head be lifted high
 Above my foes around,
 And songs of joy and victory
 Within thy temple sound.

Psalm 27:2. Second Part.

Common Meter (8.6.8.6.)

Verses 8-9, 13-14

Prayer and Hope.

1 Soon as I heard my Father say,
 "Ye children, seek my grace;"
 My heart reply'd without delay,
 "I'll seek my Father's face."

2 Let not thy face be hid from me,
 Nor frown my soul away;
 God of my life, I fly to thee
 In a distressing day.

3 Should friends and kindred near and dear
 Leave me to want, or die,
 My God would make my life his care
 And all my need supply.

4 My fainting flesh had dy'd with grief,
 Had not my soul believ'd
 To see thy grace provide relief,
 Nor was my hope deceiv'd.

5 Wait on the Lord, ye trembling saints,
 And keep your courage up;
 He'll raise your spirit when it faints,
 And far exceed your hope.

Psalm 29.
Long Meter (8.8.8.8.)
Storm and thunder.

1 Give to the Lord, ye sons of fame,
 Give to the Lord renown and power,
 Ascribe due honours to his name,
 And his eternal might adore.

2 The Lord proclaims his power aloud
 Over the ocean and the land;
 His voice divides the watery cloud,
 And lightnings blaze at his command.

3 He speaks, and tempest, hail, and wind,
 Lay the wide forests bare around;
 The fearful hart, and frighted hind,
 Leap at the terror of the sound.

4 To Lebanon he turns his voice,
 And, lo, the stately cedars break;
 The mountains tremble at the noise,
 The vallies roar, the deserts quake.

5 The Lord sits sovereign on the flood,
 The thunderer reigns for ever king;
 But makes his church his blest abode,
 Where we his awful glories sing.

6 In gentler language there the Lord
 The counsels of his grace imparts;
 Amidst the raging storm his word
 Speaks peace and courage to our hearts.

Psalm 30:1. First Part.
Long Meter (8.8.8.8.)
Sickness healed, and sorrow removed.

1 I will extol thee, Lord, on high,
 At thy command, diseases fly;
 Who but a God can speak and save
 From the dark borders of the grave?

2 Sing to the Lord, ye saints of his,
And tell how large his goodness is;
Let all your powers rejoice and bless,
While you record his holiness.

3 His anger but a moment stays
His love is life and length of days;
Tho' grief and tears the night employ,
The morning-star restores the joy.

Psalm 30:2. Second Part.

Long Meter (8.8.8.8.)

Verse 6

Health, sickness, and recovery.

1 Firm was my health, my day was bright,
And I presum'd 'twould ne'er be night;
Fondly I said within my heart,
"Pleasure and peace shall ne'er depart."

2 But I forgot thine arm was strong,
Which made my mountain stand so long;
Soon as thy face began to hide,
My health was gone, my comforts dy'd.

3 I cry'd aloud to thee, my God,
"What canst thou profit by my blood?
"Deep in the dust can I declare
"Thy truth, or sing thy goodness there?

4 "Hear me, O God of grace," I said,
"And bring me from among the dead."
Thy word rebuk'd the pains I felt,
Thy pardoning love remov'd my guilt.

5 My groans, and tears, and forms of woe,
Are turn'd to joy and praises now;
I throw my sackcloth on the ground,
And ease and gladness gird me round.

6 My tongue, the glory of my frame,
Shall ne'er be silent of thy name
Thy praise shall sound thro' earth and heaven,
For sickness heal'd, and sins forgiven.

**Psalm 31:1. First Part.
Common Meter (8.6.8.6.)**

*Verses 5,13-19, 22-23
Deliverance from death.*

1 Into thine hand, 0 God of truth,
 My spirit I commit;
Thou hast redeem'd my soul from death,
 And sav'd me from the pit.

2 The passions of my hope and fear
 Maintain'd a doubtful strife,
While sorrow, pain, and sin conspir'd
 To take away my life.

3 "My times are in thine hand," I cry'd,
 "Tho' I draw near the dust ;"
Thou art the refuge where I hide,
 The God in whom I trust.

4 O make thy reconciled face
 Upon thy servant shine,
And save me for thy mercy's sake,
 For I'm entirely thine.

PAUSE.

5 ['Twas in my haste, my spirit said,
 "I must despair and die,
"I am cut off before thine eyes;"
 But thou hast heard me cry.]

6 Thy goodness how divinely free!
 How wondrous is thy grace
To those that fear thy majesty,
 And trust thy promises!

7 O love the Lord, all ye his saints,
 And sing his praises loud;
He'll bend his ear to your complaints,
 And recompense the proud.

Psalm 31:2. Second Part.
Common Meter (8.6.8.6.)
Verses 7-13, 18-21
Deliverance from slander and reproach.

1 My heart rejoices in thy name,
 My God, my help, my trust;
 Thou hast preserv'd my face from shame,
 Mine honour from the dust.

2 "My life is spent with grief," I cry'd,
 "My years consum'd in groans,
 "My strength decays, mine eyes are dry'd,
 "And sorrow wastes my bones."

3 Among mine enemies my name
 Was a mere proverb grown,
 While to my neighbours I became
 Forgotten and unknown.

4 Slander and fear on every side,
 Seiz'd and beset me round;
 I to the throne of grace apply'd,
 And speedy rescue found.

PAUSE.

5 How great deliverance thou hast wrought
 Before the sons of men!
 The lying lips to silence brought,
 And made their boastings vain!

6 Thy children, from the strife of tongues,
 Shall thy pavilion hide,
 Guard them from infamy and wrongs,
 And crush the sons of pride.

7 Within thy secret presence, Lord,
 Let me for ever dwell;
 No fenced city, wall'd and barr'd,
 Secures a saint so well.

Psalm 32:1.
Short Meter (6.6.8.6.)
Forgiveness of sins upon confession.

1 O blessed souls are they
 Whose sins are cover'd o'er!
 Divinely blest, to whom the Lord
 imputes their guilt no more.

2 They mourn their follies past,
 And keep their hearts with care;
 Their lips and lives without deceit,
 Shall prove their faith sincere.

3 While I conceal'd my guilt
 I felt the festering wound,
 Till I confess'd my sins to thee,
 And ready pardon found.

4 Let sinners learn to pray,
 Let saints keep near the throne;
 Our help in times of deep distress,
 Is found in God alone.

Psalm 32:2. First Part.

Long Meter (8.8.8.8.)

Free pardon and sincere obedience; or, Confession and forgiveness.

1 Happy the man to whom his God
 No more imputes his sin,
 But wash'd in the Redeemer's blood,
 Hath made his garments clean!

2 Happy, beyond expression, he
 Whose debts are thus discharg'd;
 And from the guilty bondage free,
 He feels his soul enlarg'd.

3 His spirit hates deceit and lies,
 His words are all sincere;
 He guards his heart, he guards his eyes,
 To keep his conscience clear.

4 While I my inward guilt suppress,
 No quiet could I find;
 Thy wrath lay burning in my breast,
 And rack'd my tortur'd mind.

5 Then I confess'd my troubled thoughts,
 My secret sins reveal'd;
 Thy pardoning grace forgave my faults,
 Thy grace my pardon seal'd.

6 This shall invite thy saints to pray,
 When, like a raging flood,
 Temptations rise, our strength and stay
 Is a forgiving God.

Psalm 32:3.

Long Meter (8.8.8.8.)

Repentance and free pardon; or, Justification and sanctification.

1 Blest is the man, for ever blest,
 Whose guilt is pardon'd by his God,
 Whose sins with sorrow are confess'd,
 And cover'd with his Saviour's blood.

2 Blest is the man to whom the Lord
 Imputes not his iniquities,
 He pleads no merit of reward,
 And not on works, but grace relies.

3 From guile his heart and lips are free,
 His humble joy, his holy fear,
 With deep repentance well agree,
 And join to prove his faith sincere.

4 How glorious is that righteousness
 That hides and cancels all his sins!
 While a bright evidence of grace
 Thro' his whole life appears and shines.

Psalm 32:4. Second Part.

Long Meter (8.8.8.8.)

A guilty conscience eased by confession and pardon.

1 While I keep silence, and conceal
 My heavy guilt within my heart,
 What torments doth my conscience feel!
 What agonies of inward smart!

2 I spread my sins before the Lord,
 And all my secret faults confess;
 Thy gospel speaks a pard'ning word
 Thine Holy Spirit seals the grace.

3 For this shall every humble soul
 Make swift addresses to thy seat;
 When floods of huge temptations roll,
 There shall they find a blest retreat.

4 How safe beneath thy wings I lie,
 When days grow dark, and storms appear!
 And when I walk, thy watchful eye
 Shall guide me safe from every snare.

Psalm 33:1. First Part.

Common Meter (8.6.8.6.)

Works of creation and providence.

1 Rejoice, ye righteous, in the Lord,
 This work belongs to you:
 Sing of his name, his ways, his word,
 How holy, just, and true!

2 His mercy and his righteousness
 Let heaven and earth proclaim;
 His works of nature and of grace
 Reveal his wondrous name.

3 His wisdom and almighty word
 The heavenly arches spread;
 And by the Spirit of the Lord
 Their shining hosts were made.

4 He bid the liquid waters flow
 To their appointed deep;
 The flowing seas their limits know,
 And their own station keep.

5 Ye tenants of the spacious earth,
 With fear before him stand;
 He spake, and nature took its birth,
 And rests on his command.

6 He scorns the angry nations' rage,
 And breaks their vain designs;
 His counsel stands thro' every age,
 And in full glory shines.

Psalm 33:2. Second Part.

Common Meter (8.6.8.6.)

Creatures vain, and God all-sufficient.

1 Blest is the nation where the Lord
 Hath fix'd his gracious throne;
 Where he reveals his heavenly word,
 And calls their tribes his own.

2 His eye, with infinite survey,
 Does the whole world behold;
 He form'd us all of equal clay,
 And knows our feeble mould.

3 Kings are not rescu'd by the force
 Of armies from the grave;
 Nor speed nor courage of an horse
 Can the bold rider save,

4 Vain is the strength of beasts or men
 To hope for safety thence;
 But holy souls from God obtain
 A strong and sure defence.

5 God is their fear, and God their trust,
 When plagues or famine spread,
 His watchful eye secures the just
 Amongst ten thousand dead.

6 Lord, let our hearts in thee rejoice,
 And bless us from thy throne;
 For we have made thy word our choice,
 And trust thy grace alone.

Psalm 33:3. First Part.

Peculiar Meter (8.8.8.8.8.)

Works of creation and providence. As the 113th Psalm

1 Ye holy souls, in God rejoice,
 Your Maker's praise becomes your voice;
 Great is your theme, your songs be new:
 Sing of his name, his word, his ways,
 His works of nature and of grace,
 How wise and holy, just and true.

2 Justice and truth he ever loves,
 And the whole earth his goodness proves,
 His word the heavenly arches spread;
 How wide they shine from north to south!
 And by the Spirit of his mouth
 Were all the starry armies made.

3 He gathers the wide-flowing seas,
 Those watery treasures know their place,
 In the vast storehouse of the deep:
 He spake, and gave all nature birth;
 And fires, and seas, and heaven, and earth,
 His everlasting orders keep.

4 Let mortals tremble and adore
 A God of such resistless power,
 Nor dare indulge their feeble rage:
 Vain are your thoughts, and weak your hands;
 But his eternal counsel stands,
 And rules the world from age to age.

Psalm 33:4. Second Part.**Peculiar Meter (8.8.8.8.8.)***Creatures vain, and God all-sufficient. As the 113th Psalm*

1 O Happy nation, where the Lord
 Reveals the treasure of his word,
 And builds his church his earthly throne!
 His eye the heathen world surveys,
 He form'd their hearts, he knows their ways;
 But God their Maker is unknown.

2 Let kings rely upon their host,
 And of his strength the champion boast;
 In vain they boast, in vain rely;
 In vain we trust the brutal force,
 Or speed, or courage of an horse,
 To guard his rider, or to fly.

3 The eye of thy compassion, Lord,
 Doth more secure defence afford
 When death or dangers threatening stand;
 Thy watchful eye preserves the just,
 Who make thy name their fear and trust,
 When wars or famine waste the land.

4 In sickness or the bloody field,
 Thou our physician, thou our shield,
 Send us salvation from thy throne;
 We wait to see thy goodness shine;
 Let us rejoice in help divine,
 For all our hope is God alone.

Psalm 34:1. First Part.**Long Meter (8.8.8.8.)***God's care of the saints; or, Deliverance by prayer.*

1 Lord, I will bless thee all my days,
 Thy praise shall dwell upon my tongue;
 My soul shall glory in thy grace,
 While saints rejoice to hear the song.

2 Come, magnify the Lord with me,
 Come, let us all exalt his name;
 I sought th' eternal God, and he
 Has not expos'd my hope to shame.

3 I told him all my secret grief,
My secret groaning reach'd his ears;
 He gave my inward pains relief,
 And calm'd the tumult of my fears.

4 To him the poor lift up their eyes,
Their faces feel the heavenly shine;
 A beam of mercy from the skies
 Fills them with light and joy divine.

6 His holy angels pitch their tents
Around the men that serve the Lord;
 O fear and love him, all his saints,
 Taste of his grace and trust his word.

6 The wild young lions, pinch'd with pain
 And hunger, roar thro' all the wood;
But none shall seek the Lord in vain,
 Nor want supplies of real good.

Psalm 34:2. Second Part.

Long Meter (8.8.8.8.)

Verses 11-22

Religious education; or, Instructions of piety.

1 Children in years and knowledge young,
 Your parents' hope, your parents' joy,
 Attend the counsels of my tongue,
Let pious thoughts your minds employ.

2 If you desire a length of days,
And peace to crown your mortal state,
Restrain your feet from impious ways,
 Your lips from slander and deceit.

3 The eyes of God regard his saints,
 His ears are open to their cries;
 He sets his frowning face against
The sons of violence and lies.

4 To humble souls and broken hearts
 God with his grace is ever nigh;
Pardon and hope his love imparts
 When men in deep contrition lie.

5 He tell their tears, he counts their groans,
 His Son redeems their souls from death;
 His Spirit heals their broken bones,
 They in his praise employ their breath.

Psalm 34:3. First Part.
Common Meter (8.6.8.6.)

Verses 1-10

Prayer and Praise for eminent deliverance.

1 I'll bless the Lord from day to day;
 How good are all his ways!
 Ye humble souls that use to pray,
 Come, help my lips to praise.

2 Sing to the honour of his name,
 How a poor sufferer cry'd,
 Nor was his hope expos'd to shame,
 Nor was his suit deny'd.

3 When threatening sorrows round me stood,
 And endless fears arose,
 Like the loud billows of a flood,
 Redoubling all my woes;

4 I told the Lord my sore distress
 With heavy groans and tears,
 He gave my sharpest torments ease,
 And silenc'd all my fears.

PAUSE.

5 [O sinners, come and taste his love,
 Come, learn his pleasant ways,
 And let your own experience prove
 The sweetness of his grace.

6 He bids his angels pitch their tents
 Round where his children dwell
 What ills their heavenly care prevents
 No earthly tongue can tell.]

7 [O love the Lord, ye saints of his;
 His eye regards the just;
 How richly blest their portion is
 Who make the Lord their trust!

8 Young lions pinch'd with hunger roar,
 And famish in the wood;
 But God supplies his holy poor
 With every needful good.]

Psalm 34:4. Second Part.

Common Meter (8.6.8.6.)

verses 11-22

Exhortations to peace and Holiness.

1 Come, children, learn to fear the Lord;
 And that your days be long,
 Let not a false or spiteful word
 Be found upon your tongue.

2 Depart from mischief, practise love,
 Pursue the works of peace;
 So shall the Lord your ways approve,
 And set your souls at ease.

3 His eyes awake to guard the just,
 His ears attend their cry;
 When broken spirits dwell in dust,
 The God of grace is nigh.

4 What tho' the sorrows here they taste
 Are sharp and tedious too,
 The Lord, who saves them all at last,
 Is their supporter now.

5 Evil shall smite the wicked dead;
 But God secures his own,
 Prevents the mischief when they slide,
 Or heals the broken bone.

6 When desolation like a flood,
 O'er the proud sinner rolls,
 Saints find a refuge in their God,
 For he redeem'd their souls.

Psalm 35:1. First Part.
Common Meter (8.6.8.6.)

Verses 1-9

Prayer and faith of persecuted saints; or, Imprecations mixed with charity.

1 Now plead my cause, almighty God,
 With all the Sons of strife;
 And fight against the men of blood,
 Who fight against my life.

2 Draw out thy spear and stop their way,
 Lift thine avenging rod;
 But to my soul in mercy say,
 "I am thy Saviour God."

3 They plant their snares to catch my feet,
 And nets of mischief spread;
 Plunge the destroyers in the pit
 That their own hands have made.

4 Let fogs and darkness hide their way,
 And slippery be their ground;
 Thy wrath shall make their lives a prey,
 And all their rage confound.

5 They fly like chaff before the wind,
 Before thine angry breath;
 The angel of the Lord behind
 Pursues them down to death.

6 They love the road that leads to hell;
 Then let the rebels die
 Whose malice is implacable
 Against the Lord on high.

7 But if thou hast a chosen few
 Amongst that impious race,
 Divide them from the bloody crew
 By thy surprising grace.

8 Then will I raise my tuneful voice
 To make thy wonders known;
 In their salvation I'll rejoice,
 And bless thee for my own.

Psalm 35:2. Second Part.**Common Meter (8.6.8.6.)**

Verses 12-14

Love to enemies; or, The love of Christ to sinners typified in David.

1 Behold the love, the generous 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 heavenly 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,
 Paid his own dearest blood.

Psalm 36:1.**Long Meter (8.8.8.8.)**

Verses 5-9

The perfections and providence of God; or, General providence and special grace.

1 High in the heavens, eternal God,
 Thy goodness in full glory shines;
 Thy truth shall break thro' every cloud
 That veils and darkens thy designs.

2 For ever firm thy justice stands,
As mountains their foundations keep;
Wise are the wonders of thy hands;
Thy judgments are a mighty deep.

3 Thy providence is kind and large,
Both man and beast thy bounty share;
The whole creation is thy charge,
But saints are thy peculiar care.

4 My God! how excellent thy grace,
Whence all our hope and comfort springs!
The sons of Adam in distress
Fly to the shadow of thy wings.

5 From the provisions of thy house
We shall be fed with sweet repast;
There mercy like a river flows,
And brings salvation to our taste.

6 Life, like a fountain rich and free
Springs from the presence of the Lord;
And in thy light our souls shall see
The glories promis'd in thy word.

Psalm 36:2. Common Meter (8.6.8.6.)

Verses 1-2, 5-7, 9

Practical atheism exposed; or, The being and attributes of God asserted.

1 While men grow bold in wicked ways!
And yet a God they own,
My heart within me often says,
"Their thoughts believe there's none."

2 Their thoughts and ways at once declare
(Whate'er their lips profess)
God hath no wrath for them to fear,
Nor will they seek his grace.

3 What strange self-flattery blinds their eyes!
But there's an hastening hour
When they shall see with sore surprise
The terrors of thy power.

4 Thy justice shall maintain its throne,
 Tho' mountains melt away;
 Thy judgments are a world unknown,
 A deep unfathom'd sea.

5 Above the heavens' created rounds,
 Thy mercies, Lord, extend;
 Thy truth outlives the narrow bounds,
 Where time and nature end.

6 Safety to man thy goodness brings,
 Nor overlooks the beast;
 Beneath the shadow of thy wings
 Thy children choose to rest.

7 [From thee, when creature-streams run low,
 And mortal comforts die,
 Perpetual springs of life shall flow,
 And raise our pleasures high.

8 Tho' all created light decay,
 And death close up our eyes
 Thy presence makes eternal day
 Where clouds can never rise.]

Psalm 36:3. 1-7.
Short Meter (6.6.8.6.)

Verses 1-7

The wickedness of man, and the majesty of God; or. Practical atheism exposed.

1 When man grows bold in sin
 My heart within me cries,
 "He hath no faith of God within,
 Nor fear before his eyes."

2 [He walks awhile conceal'd
 In a self-flattering dream,
 Till his dark crimes at once reveal'd
 Expose his hateful name.]

3 His heart is false and foul,
 His words are smooth and fair;
 Wisdom is banish'd from his soul,
 And leaves no goodness there.

4 He plots upon his bed
 New mischiefs to fulfil;
 He sets his heart, and hand, and head,
 To practise all that's ill.

5 But there's a dreadful God,
 Tho' men renounce his fear;
 His justice hid behind the cloud
 Shall one great day appear.

6 His truth transcends the sky;
 In heaven his mercies dwell;
 Deep as the sea his judgments lie,
 His anger burns to hell.

7 How excellent his love,
 Whence all our safety springs!
 O never let my soul remove
 From underneath his wings.

Psalm 37:1. First Part. Common Meter (8.6.8.6.)

verses 1-15

The cure of envy, fretfulness, and unbelief; or, The rewards of the righteous, and the wicked; or, The world's hatred, and the saint's patience.

1 Why should I vex my soul and fret
 To see the wicked rise?
 Or envy sinners waxing great,
 By violence and lies.

2 As flowery grass cut down at noon,
 Before the evening fades
 So shall their glories vanish soon
 In everlasting shades.

3 Then let me make the Lord my trust,
 And practise all that's good;
 So shall I dwell among the just,
 And he'll provide me food.

4 I to my God my ways commit,
 And cheerful wait his will;
 Thy hand, which guides my doubtful feet,

Shall my desires fulfil.

3 Mine innocence shalt thou display,
And make thy judgments known,
Fair as the light of dawning day,
And glorious as the noon.

6 The meek at last the earth possess,
And are the heirs of heav'n;
True riches with abundant peace,
To humble souls are given.

PAUSE.

7 Rest in the Lord and keep his way,
Nor let your anger rise,
Tho' providence should long delay
To punish haughty vice.

8 Let sinners join to break your peace,
And plot, and rage, and foam;
The Lord derides them, for he sees
Their day of vengeance come.

9 They have drawn out the threatening sword,
Have bent the murderous bow,
To slay the men that fear the Lord,
And bring the righteous low.

10 My God shall break their bows, and burn
Their persecuting darts,
Shall their own swords against them turn,
And pain surprise their hearts.

Psalm 37:2. Second Part. Common Meter (8.6.8.6.)

Verses 16, 21, 26-31

Charity to the poor; or, Religion in words and deeds.

1 Why do the wealthy wicked boast,
And grow profanely bold?
The meanest portion of the just
Excels the sinner's gold.

2 The wicked borrows of his friends,
 But ne'er designs to pay;
 The saint is merciful and lends,
 Nor turns the poor away.

3 His alms with liberal heart he gives
 Amongst the sons of need;
 His memory to long ages lives,
 And blessed is his seed.

4 His lips abhor to talk profane,
 To slander or defraud;
 His ready tongue declares to men
 What he has learn'd of God.

5 The law and gospel of the Lord
 Deep in his heart abide;
 Led by the Spirit and the word,
 His feet shall never slide.

6 When sinners fall, the righteous stand,
 Preserv'd from every snare;
 They shall possess the promis'd land,
 And dwell for ever there.

Psalm 37:3. Third Part.

Common Meter (8.6.8.6.)

Verses 23-27

The way and end of the righteous and the wicked.

1 My God, the steps of pious men
 Are order'd by thy will;
 Tho' they should fall, they rise again,
 Thy hand supports them still.

2 The Lord delights to see their ways,
 Their virtue he approves;
 He'll ne'er deprive them of his grace,
 Nor leave the men he loves.

3 The heavenly heritage is theirs,
 Their portion and their home;
 He feeds them now, and makes them heirs
 Of blessings long to come.

4 Wait on the Lord, ye sons of men,
 Nor fear when tyrants frown;
 Ye shall confess their pride was vain,
 When justice casts them down.

PAUSE.

5 The haughty sinner have I seen,
 Nor fearing man nor God,
 Like a tall bay-tree fair and green,
 Spreading his arms abroad.

6 And lo! he vanish'd from the ground,
 Destroy'd by hands unseen:
 Nor root, nor branch, nor leaf was found
 Where all that pride had been.

7 But mark the man of righteousness,
 His several steps attend;
 True pleasure runs thro' all his ways,
 And peaceful is his end.

Psalm 38.

Common Meter (8.6.8.6.)

Guilt of conscience and relief; or, Repentance, and prayer for pardon and health.

1 Amidst thy wrath remember love,
 Restore thy servant, Lord;
 Nor let a father's chastening prove
 Like an avenger's sword.

2 Thine arrows stick within my heart,
 My flesh is sorely prest;
 Between the sorrow and the smart
 My spirit finds no rest.

3 My sins a heavy load appear,
 And o'er my head are gone;
 Too heavy they for me to bear,
 Too hard for me t' atone.

4 My thoughts are like a troubled sea,
 My head still bending down;
 And I go mourning all the day
 Beneath my Father's frown.

5 Lord, I am weak, and broken sore,
 None of my powers are whole;
 The inward anguish makes me roar,
 The anguish of my soul.

6 All my desire to thee is known,
 Thine eye counts every tear,
 And every sigh, and every groan
 Is noticed by thine ear.

7 Thou art my God, my only hope;
 My God will hear my cry;
 My God will bear my spirit up
 When Satan bids me die.

8 [My foot is ever apt to slide,
 My foes rejoice to see't;
 They raise their pleasure and their pride
 When they supplant my feet.

9 But I'll confess my guilt to thee,
 And grieve for all my sin,
 I'll mourn how weak my graces be,
 And beg support divine.

10 My God, forgive my follies past,
 And be for ever nigh;
 O Lord of my salvation, haste,
 Before thy servant die.]

Psalm 39:1. First Part. Common Meter (8.6.8.6.)

Verses 1-3

Watchfulness over the tongue; or, Prudence and zeal.

1 Thus I resolv'd before the Lord,
 "Now will I watch my tongue,
 "Lest I let slip one sinful word,
 "Or do my neighbour wrong."

2 And if I'm e'er constrain'd to stay
 With men of lives profane
 I'll set a double guard that day,
 Nor let my talk be vain.

3 I'll scarce allow my lips to speak
 The pious thoughts I feel,
 Lest scoffers should th' occasion take
 To mock my holy zeal.

4 Yet if some proper hour appear,
 I'll not be overaw'd,
 But let the scoffing sinners hear
 That I can speak for God.

Psalm 39:2. Second Part.

Common Meter (8.6.8.6.)

Verses 4-7

The vanity of man as mortal.

1 Teach me the measure of my days,
 Thou maker of my frame;
 I would survey life's narrow space,
 And learn' how frail I am.

2 A span is all that we can boast,
 An inch or two of time;
 Man is but vanity and dust
 In all his flower and prime.

3 See the vain race of mortals move
 Like shadows o'er the plain;
 They rage and strive, desire and love,
 But all the noise is vain.

4 Some walk in honour's gaudy show,
 Some dig for golden ore,
 They toil for heirs, they know not who,
 And straight are seen no more.

5 What should I wish or wait for then
 From creatures, earth and dust?
 They make our expectations vain,
 And disappoint our trust.

6 Now I forbid my carnal hope,
 My fond desires recall;
 I give my mortal interest up,
 And make my God my all.

Psalm 39:3. Third Part.**Common Meter (8.6.8.6.)**

Verses 9-13

Sick-bed devotion; or, Pleading without repining.

1 God of my life, look gently down,
Behold the pains I feel;
But I am dumb before thy throne,
Nor dare dispute thy will.

2 Diseases are thy servants, Lord,
They come at thy command;
I'll not attempt a murmuring word
Against thy chastening hand.

3 Yet I may plead with humble cries,
Remove thy sharp rebukes;
My strength consumes, my spirit dies
Thro' thy repeated strokes.

4 Crush'd as a moth beneath thy hand,
We moulder to the dust;
Our feeble powers can ne'er withstand,
And all our beauty's lost.

5 [This mortal life decays apace,
How soon the bubble's broke!
Adam and all his numerous race
Are vanity and smoke.]

6 I'm but a sojourner below,
As all my fathers were,
May I be well prepar'd to go
When I the summons hear.

7 But if my life be spar'd awhile,
Before my last remove,
Thy praise shall be my business still,
And I'll declare thy love.

Psalm 40:1. First Part.**Common Meter (8.6.8.6.)**

Verses 1-3,5,17

A song of deliverance from great distress.

1 I waited patient for the Lord,
 He bow'd to hear my cry;
 He saw me resting on his word,
 And brought salvation nigh.

2 He rais'd me from a horrid pit
 Where mourning long I lay,
 And from my bonds releas'd my feet,
 Deep bonds of miry clay.

3 Firm on a rock he made me stand,
 And taught my cheerful tongue
 To praise the wonders of his hand,
 In a new thankful song.

4 I'll spread his works of grace abroad;
 The saints with joy shall hear,
 And sinners learn to make my God
 Their only hope and fear.

5 How many are thy thoughts of love!
 Thy mercies, Lord, how great!
 We have not words nor hours enough
 Their numbers to repeat.

6 When I'm afflicted, poor and low,
 And light and peace depart,
 My God beholds my heavy woe,
 And bears me on his heart.

Psalm 40:2. Second Part.**Common Meter (8.6.8.6.)**

Verses 6-9

The incarnation and sacrifice of Christ.

1 Thus saith the Lord,
 "Your work is vain,
 "Give your burnt offerings 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;
 ""Whate'er thy sacred books declare,
 "Thy servant shall fulfil.

3 "Thy law is ever in my sight,
 "I keep it near my heart;
 "Mine ears are open'd with delight
 "To what thy lips impart."

4 And see the bless'd 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 preach'd the way of righteousness,
 Where great assemblies stood.

6 His Father's honour touch'd his heart,
 He pity'd sinners' cries,
 And, to fulfil a Saviour's part,
 Was made a sacrifice,

PAUSE.

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.

Psalm 40:3.
Long Meter (8.8.8.8.)
Verses 5-10
Christ our sacrifice.

1 The wonders, Lord, thy love has wrought,
 Exceed our praise, surmount our thought;
 Should I attempt the long detail,
 My speech would faint, my numbers fail.

2 No blood of beasts on altars spilt,
 Can cleanse the souls of men from guilt,
 But thou hast set before our eyes
 An all-sufficient sacrifice.

3 Lo! thine eternal Son appears,
 To thy designs he bows his ears,
 Assumes a body, well prepar'd,
 And well performs a work so hard.

4 "Behold, I come," (the Saviour cries,
 With love and duty in his eyes)
 "I come to bear the heavy load
 "Of sins, and do thy will, my God.

5 "'Tis written in thy great decree,
 "'Tis in thy book foretold of me,
 "I must fulfil the Saviour's part,
 "And, lo! thy law is in my heart!

6 "I'll magnify thy holy law,
 "And rebels to obedience draw,
 "When on my cross I'm lifted high,"Or to my crown above
 the sky.

7 "The Spirit shall descend, and show
 "What thou hast done, and what I do;
 "The wond'ring world shall learn thy grace,
 "Thy wisdom and thy righteousness."

Psalm 41.

Long Meter (8.8.8.8.)

Verses 1-3

Charity to the poor; or, Pity to the afflicted.

1 Blest is the man whose bowels move,
 And melt with pity to the poor,
 Whose soul, by sympathising love,
 Feels what his fellow-saints endure.

2 His heart contrives for their relief
 More good than his own hands can do;
 He, in the time of general grief,
 Shall find the Lord has bowels too.

3 His soul shall live secure on earth,
With secret blessings on his head,
When drought, and pestilence, and dearth
Around him multiply their dead.

4 Or if he languish on his couch,
God will pronounce his sins forgiv'n,
Will save him with a healing touch,
Or take his willing soul to heaven.

Book II

Psalms 42-72

Psalm 42:1. First Part. Common Meter (8.6.8.6.)

Verses 1-5

Desertion and hope; or, Complaint of absence from public worship.

1 With earnest longings of the mind,
 My God, to thee I look;
 So pants the hunted hart to find
 And taste the cooling brook.

2 When shall I see thy courts of grace,
 And meet my God again?
 So long an absence from thy face
 My heart endures with pain.

3 Temptations vex my weary soul,
 And tears are my repast;
 The foe insults without control,
 "And where's your God at last?"

4 'Tis with a mournful pleasure now
 I think on ancient days;
 Then to thy house did numbers go,
 And all our work was praise.

5 But why, my soul, sunk down so far
 Beneath this heavy load?
 Why do my thoughts indulge despair,
 And sin against my God?

6 Hope in the Lord, whose mighty hand
 Can all thy woes remove;
 For I shall yet before him stand,
 And sing restoring love.

Psalm 42:2. Second Part.**Long Meter (8.8.8.8.)**

Verses 6-11

Melancholy thoughts reproved; or, Hope in afflictions.

1 My spirit sinks within me, Lord,
 But I will call thy name to mind,
 And times of past distress record,
 When I have found my God was kind.

2 Huge troubles, with tumultuous noise,
 Swell like a sea, and round me spread;
 Thy water-spouts drown all my joys,
 And rising waves roll o'er my head.

3 Yet will the Lord command his love,
 When I address his throne by day,
 Nor in the night his grace remove;
 The night shall hear me sing and pray.

4 I'll cast myself before his feet,
 And say "My God, my heavenly Rock,
 "Why doth thy love so long forget
 "The soul that groans beneath thy stroke?"

5 I'll chide my heart that sinks so low,
 Why should my soul indulge her grief?
 Hope in the Lord, and praise him too,
 He is my rest, my sure relief.

6 Thy light and truth shall guide me still,
 Thy word shall my best thoughts employ,
 And lead me to thine heavenly hill,
 My God, my most exceeding Joy.

Psalm 44.**Common Meter (8.6.8.6.)**

Verses 1-3, 8, 15-26

The church's complaint in persecution.

1 Lord, we have heard thy works of old,
 Thy works of power and grace,
 When to our ears our fathers told
 The wonders of their days:

2 How thou didst build thy churches here,
 And make thy gospel known;
 Amongst them did thine arm appear,
 Thy light and glory shone.

3 In God they boasted all the day,
 And in a cheerful throng
 Did thousands meet to praise and pray,
 And grace was all their song.

4 But now our souls are seiz'd with shame,
 Confusion fills our face,
 To hear the enemy blaspheme,
 And fools reproach thy grace.

5 Yet have we not forgot our God,
 Nor falsely dealt with heaven,
 Nor have our steps declin'd the road
 Of duty thou hast given.

6 Tho' dragons all around us roar
 With their destructive breath,
 And thine own hand has bruis'd us sore
 Hard by the gates of death.

PAUSE.

7 We are expos'd all day to die
 As martyrs for thy cause,
 As sheep for slaughter bound we lie
 By sharp and bloody laws.

8 Awake, arise, almighty Lord,
 Why sleeps thy wonted grace?
 Why should we look like men abhor'd,
 Or banish'd from thy face?

9 Wilt thou for ever cast us off
 And still neglect our cries?
 For ever hide thine heavenly love
 From our afflicted eyes?

10 Down to the dust our soul is bow'd,
 And dies upon the ground;
 Rise for our help, rebuke the proud,
 And all their powers confound.

11 Redeem us from perpetual shame,
 Our Saviour and our God;
 We plead the honours of thy Name,
 The merits of thy blood.

Psalm 45:1.

Short Meter (6.6.8.6.)

The glory of Christ; the success of the gospel; and the Gentile church.

1 My Saviour and my King,
 Thy beauties are divine;
 Thy lips with blessings overflow,
 And every 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.

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 end;
 And thy victorious 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 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 honours sing
 In palaces of joy.

Psalm 45:2.

Common Meter (8.6.8.6.)

The personal glories and government of Christ.

1 I'll speak the honours of my King,
 His form divinely fair;
 None of the sons of mortal race
 May with the Lord compare.

2 Sweet is thy speech and heavenly grace
 Upon thy lips is shed;
 Thy God, with blessings infinite,
 Hath crown'd thy sacred head.

3 Gird on thy sword, victorious Prince,
 Ride with majestic sway;
 Thy terrors shall strike thro' thy foes,
 And make the world obey.

4 Thy throne, O God, for ever stands;
 Thy word of grace shall prove
 A peaceful sceptre in thy hands,
 To rule the saints by love.

5 Justice and truth attend thee still
 But mercy is thy choice;
 And God, thy God, thy soul shall fill
 With most peculiar joys.

Psalm 45:3. First Part.

Long Meter (8.8.8.8.)

The glory of Christ, and power of his gospel.

1 Now be my heart inspir'd to sing
 The glories of my Saviour-king,
 Jesus the Lord; how heavenly fair
 His form! how 'bright his beauties are!

2 O'er all the sons of human race
 He shines with a superior grace,
 Love from his lips divinely flows,
 And blessings all his state compose.

3 Dress thee in arms, most mighty Lord,
 Gird on the terror of thy sword,
 In majesty and glory ride
 With truth and meekness at thy side.

4 Thine anger, like a pointed dart,
 Shall pierce the foes of stubborn heart;
 Or words of mercy kind and sweet
 Shall melt the rebels at thy feet.

5 Thy throne, O God, for ever stands,
 Grace is the sceptre in thy hands;
 Thy laws and works are just and right,
 Justice and grace are thy delight.

6 God, thine own God, has richly shed
 His oil of gladness on thy head,
 And with his sacred Spirit blest
 His first-born Son above the rest.

Psalm 45:4. Second Part.

Long Meter (8.8.8.8.)

Christ and his church; or, The mystical marriage.

1 The king of saints, how fair his face,
 Adorn'd with majesty and grace!
 He comes with blessings from above,
 And wins the nations to his love.

2 At his right hand our eyes behold
 The queen array'd in purest gold;
 The world admires her heavenly dress,
 Her robe of joy and righteousness.

3 He forms her beauties like his own;
 He calls and seats her near his throne:
 Fair stranger, let thine heart forget
 The idols of thy native state.

4 So shall the King the more rejoice
In thee, the favourite of his choice;
 Let him be lov'd and yet ador'd,
For he's thy Maker and thy Lord.

5 O happy hour, when thou shalt rise
 To his fair palace in the skies,
And all thy Sons (a numerous train)
 Each like a prince in glory reign!

6 Let endless honours crown his head;
 Let every age his praises spread;
While we with cheerful songs approve
 The condescensions of his love.

Psalm 46:1. First Part.
Long Meter (8.8.8.8.)

The church's safety and triumph among national desolations.

1 God is the refuge of his saints,
When storms of sharp distress invade;
 Ere we can offer our complaints
Behold him present with his aid.

2 Let mountains from their seats be hurl'd
Down to the deep, and buried there;
 Convulsions shake the solid world,
Our faith shall never yield to fear.

3 Loud may the troubled ocean roar,
 In sacred peace our souls abide,
 While every nation, every shore,
Trembles, and dreads the swelling tide.

4 There is a stream whose gentle flow
 Supplies the city of our God;
 Life, love, and joy still gliding thro',
And watering our divine abode.

5 That sacred stream, thine holy word,
 That all our raging fear controls:
 Sweet peace thy promises afford,
And give new strength to fainting souls.

6 Sion enjoys her monarch's love,
 Secure against a threatening hour;
 Nor can her firm foundations move,
 Built on his truth, and arm'd with pow'r.

Psalm 46:2. Second Part.

Long Meter (8.8.8.8.)

God fights for his church.

1 Let Sion in her King rejoice,
 Tho' tyrants rage and kingdoms rise;
 He utters his almighty voice,
 The nations melt, the tumult dies.

2 The Lord of old for Jacob fought,
 And Jacob's God is still our aid;
 Behold the works his hand has wrought,
 What desolations he has made!

3 From sea to sea, thro' all the shores,
 He makes the noise of battle cease;
 When from on high his thunder roars,
 He awes the trembling world to peace.

4 He breaks the bow, he cuts the spear,
 Chariots he burns with heavenly flame;
 Keep silence all the earth, and hear
 The sound and glory of his Name.

5 "Be still, and learn that I am God,
 "I'll be exalted o'er the lands,
 "I will be known and fear'd abroad,
 "But still my throne in Sion stands."

6 O Lord of hosts, almighty King,
 While we so near thy presence dwell,
 Our faith shall sit secure, and sing
 Defiance to the gates of hell.

Psalm 47.

Common Meter (8.6.8.6.)

Christ ascending and reigning.

1 O for a shout of sacred joy
To God the sovereign King!

Let every land their tongues employ,
And hymns of triumph sing.

2 Jesus our God ascends on high,
His heavenly guards around
Attend him rising thro' the sky,
With trumpet's joyful sound.

3 While angels shout and praise their King,
Let mortals learn their strains;
Let all the earth his honour 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 Israel stood his ancient throne,
He lov'd that chosen race;
But now he calls the world his own,
And heathens taste his grace.

6 The British islands are the Lord's,
There Abraham's God is known,
While powers and princes, shields and swords,
Submit before his throne.

Psalm 48:1. First Part.

Short Meter (6.6.8.6.)

Verses 1-8

The church is the honour and safety of a nation.

1 [Great is the Lord our God,
And let his praise be great;
He makes his churches his abode,
His most delightful seat.

2 These temples of his grace,
How beautiful they stand!
The honours of our native place,
And bulwarks of our land.]

3 In Sion God is known
A refuge in distress;
How bright has his salvation shone
Thro' all her palaces!

4 When kings against her join'd,
And saw the Lord was there,
In wild confusion of the mind
They fled with hasty tear.

5 When navies tall and proud
Attempt to spoil our peace,
He sends his tempests roaring loud,
And sinks them in the seas.

6 Oft have our fathers told,
Our eyes have often seen,
How well our God secures the fold
Where his own sheep have been.

7 In every new distress
We'll to his house repair.
We'll think upon his wondrous grace,
And seek deliverance there.

Psalm 48:2. Second Part.

Short Meter (6.6.8.6.)

Verses 10-14

The beauty of the church; or, Gospel worship and order.

1 Far as thy name is known
The world declares thy praise;
Thy saints, O Lord, before thy throne
Their songs of honour raise.

2 With joy let Judah stand
On Sion's chosen hill,
Proclaim the wonders of thy hand,
And counsels of thy will.

3 Let strangers walk around
 The city where we dwell,
 Compass and view thine holy ground,
 And mark the building well.

4 The orders of thy house,
 The worship of thy court,
 The cheerful songs, the solemn vows;
 And make a fair report.

5 How decent and how wise!
 How glorious to behold!
 Beyond the pomp that charms the eyes,
 And rites adorn'd with gold.

6 The God we worship now
 Will guide us till we die,
 Will be our God while here below,
 And ours above the sky.

Psalm 49:1. First Part.

Common Meter (8.6.8.6.)

Verses 8-14

Pride and death; or, The vanity of life and riches.

1 Why doth the man of riches grow
 To insolence and pride,
 To see his wealth and honours flow
 With every rising tide?

2 [Why doth he treat the poor with scorn,
 Made of the self-same clay,
 And boast as tho' his flesh was born
 Of better dust than they?]

3 Not all his treasures can procure
 His soul a short reprieve,
 Redeem from death one guilty hour,
 Or make his brother live.

4 [Life is a blessing can't be sold,
 The ransom is too high;
 Justice will ne'er be brib'd with gold
 That man may never die.]

5 He sees the brutish and the wise,
 The timorous and the brave,
 Quit their possessions, close their eyes,
 And hasten to the grave.

6 Yet 'tis his inward thought and pride,--
 "My house shall ever stand;
 "And that my name may long abide,
 "I'll give it to my land."

7 Vain are his thoughts, his hopes are lost,
 How soon his memory dies!
 His name is written in the dust
 Where his own carcase lies.

PAUSE.

8 This is the folly of their way;
 And yet their sons, as vain,
 Approve the words their fathers say,
 And act their works again.

9 Men void of wisdom and of grace,
 If honour raise them high.
 Live like the beast, a thoughtless race,
 And like the beast they die.

10 Laid in the grave like silly sheep,
 Death feeds upon them there,
 Till the last trumpet break their sleep
 In terror and despair.

Psalm 49:2. Second Part. Common Meter (8.6.8.6.)

*Verses 14-15
 Death and the resurrection.*

1 Ye sons of pride, that hate the just,
 And trample on the poor,
 When death has brought you down to dust,
 Your pomp shall rise no more,

2 The last great day shall change the scene;
 When will that hour appear?
 When shall the just revive, and reign
 O'er all that scorn'd them here?

3 God will my naked soul receive,
 When sep'rate from the flesh;
 And break the prison of the grave
 To raise my bones afresh.

4 Heaven is my everlasting home,
 Th' inheritance is sure;
 Let men of pride their rage resume,
 But I'll repine no more.

Psalm 49:3.

Long Meter (8.8.8.8.)

The rich sinner's death, and the saint's resurrection.

1 Why do the proud insult the poor,
 And boast the large estates they have?
 How vain are riches to secure
 Their haughty owners from the grave!

2 They can't redeem one hour from death,
 With all the wealth in which they trust;
 Nor give a dying brother breath,
 When God commands him down to dust.

3 There the dark earth and dismal shade
 Shall clasp their naked bodies round;
 That flesh, so delicately fed,
 Lies cold, and moulders in the ground.

4 Like thoughtless sheep the sinner dies,
 Laid in the grave for worms to eat;
 The saints shall in the morning rise,
 And find th' oppressor at their feet.

5 His honours perish in the dust,
 And pomp and beauty, birth and blood:
 That glorious day exalts the just
 To full dominion o'er the proud.

6 My Saviour shall my life restore,
 And raise me from my dark abode;
 My flesh and soul shall part no more,
 But dwell for ever near my God.

Psalm 50:1. First Part.**Common Meter (8.6.8.6.)***Verses 1-6**The last judgment; or, The saints rewarded.*

1 The Lord, the Judge, before his throne,
 Bids the whole earth draw nigh,
 The nations near the rising sun,
 And near the western sky.

2 No more shall bold blasphemers say,
 "Judgment will ne'er begin,"
 No more abuse his long delay
 To impudence and sin.

3 Thron'd on a cloud our God shall come,
 Bright flames prepare his way,
 Thunder and darkness, fire and storm,
 Lead on the dreadful day.

4 Heaven from above his call shall hear,
 Attending angels come,
 And earth and hell shall know and fear
 His justice and their doom.

5 "But gather all my saints," he cries,
 "That made their peace with God,
 "By the Redeemer's sacrifice,
 "And seal'd it with his blood.

6 "Their faith and works brought forth to light
 "Shall make the world confess
 "My sentence of reward is right,
 "And heaven adore my grace."

Psalm 50:2. Second Part**Common Meter (8.6.8.6.)***Verses 8, 10, 11, 14, 15, 23**Obedience is better than sacrifice.*

1 Thus saith the Lord, "the spacious fields
 "And flocks and herds are mine
 "O'er all the cattle of the hills
 "I claim a right divine.

2 "I ask no sheep for sacrifice,
 "Nor bullocks burnt with fire;
 "To hope and love, to pray and praise,
 "Is all that I require.

3 "Call upon me when trouble's near,
 "My hand shall set thee free;
 "Then shall thy thankful lips declare
 "The honour due to me.

4 "The man that offers humble praise,
 "He glorifies me best;
 "And those that tread my holy ways
 "Shall my salvation taste."

Psalm 50:3. Third Part.

Common Meter (8.6.8.6.)

Verses 1, 5, 8, 16, 21, 22

The judgement of hypocrites.

1 When Christ to judgment shall descend
 And saints surround their Lord,
 He calls the nations to attend,
 And hear his awful word.

2 "Not for the want of bullocks slain
 "Will I the world reprove;
 "Altars and rites and forms are vain,
 "Without the fire of love.

3 "And what have hypocrites to do
 "To bring their sacrifice?
 "They call my statutes just and true,
 "But deal in theft and lies.

4 "Could you expect to 'scape my sight,
 "And sin without control?
 "But I shall bring your crimes to light,
 "With anguish in your soul."

5 Consider, ye that slight the Lord,
 Before his wrath appear;
 If once you fall beneath his sword,
 There's no deliverer there.

Psalm 50:4.
Long Meter (8.8.8.8.)
Hypocrisy exposed.

1 The Lord, the Judge, his churches warns,
 Let hypocrites attend and fear,
 Who place their hope in rites and forms,
 But make not faith nor love their care.

2 Vile wretches dare rehearse his name
 With lips of falsehood and deceit;
 A friend or brother they defame,
 And soothe and flatter those they hate.

3 They watch to do their neighbours wrong;
 Yet dare to seek their Maker's face;
 They take his covenant on their tongue,
 But break his laws, abuse his grace.

4 To heaven they lift their hands unclean,
 Defil'd with lust, defil'd with blood;
 By night they practise every sin,
 By day their mouths draw near to God.

5 And while his judgments long delay,
 They grow secure and sin the more;
 They think he sleeps as well as they,
 And put far off the dreadful hour.

6 O dreadful hour! when God draws near,
 And sets their crimes before their eyes!
 His wrath their guilty souls shall tear,
 And no deliverer dare to rise.

Psalm 50:5.
Peculiar Meter (10.10.10.10.10.10.)
To a new tune. The last judgment.

1 The Lord the Sovereign sends his summons forth,
 Calls the south nations, and awakes the north;
 From east to west the sounding orders spread
 Thro' distant worlds and regions of the dead:
 No more shall atheists mock his long delay;
 His vengeance sleeps no more: behold the day!

2 Behold the Judge descends; his guards are nigh;
 Tempest and fire attend him down the sky:
 Heaven, earth and hell draw near; let all things come
 To hear his justice and the sinners doom:
 But gather first my saints (the Judge commands)
 Bring them, ye angels, from their distant lands.

3 Behold! my covenant stands for ever good,
 Seal'd by the eternal sacrifice in blood,
 And sign'd with all their names; the Greek, the Jew,
 That paid the ancient worship or the new.
 There's no distinction here: come spread their thrones,
 And near me seat my favorites and my sons.

4 I their almighty Saviour and their God,
 I am their Judge: ye heavens, proclaim abroad
 My just eternal sentence, and declare
 Those awful truths that sinners dread to hear:
 Sinners in Zion, tremble and retire;
 I doom the painted hypocrite to fire.

5 Not for the want of goats or bullocks slain
 Do I condemn thee; bulls and goats are vain
 Without the flames of love: in vain the store
 Of brutal offerings that were mine before;
 Mine are the tamer beasts and savage breed,
 Flocks, herds, and fields, and forests where they feed.

6 If I were hungry would I ask thee food?
 When did I thirst, or drink thy bullocks blood?
 Can I be flatter'd with thy cringing bows,
 Thy solemn chatteringings and fantastic vows?
 Are my eyes charm'd thy vestments to behold,
 Glaring in gems, and gay in woven gold?

7 Unthinking wretch! how couldst thou hope to please
 A God, a spirit, with such toys as these?
 While with my grace and statutes on thy tongue,
 Thou lov'st deceit, and dost thy brother wrong;
 In vain to pious forms thy zeal pretends,
 Thieves and adulterers are thy chosen friends.

8 Silent I waited with lone-suffering love,
But didst thou hope that I should ne'er reprove?

And cherish such an impious thought within,
That God the righteous would indulge thy sin?

Behold my terrors now: my thunders roll,
And thy own crimes affright thy guilty soul.

9 Sinners, awake betimes; ye fools, be wise;

Awake, before this dreadful morning rise;

Change your vain thoughts, your crooked works amend,

Fly to the Saviour, make the Judge your friend;

Lest like a lion his last vengeance tear

Your trembling souls, and no deliverer near.

Psalm 50:6.

Peculiar Meter (10.10.10.10.10.10.)

To the old proper Tune. The last judgment.

1 The God of glory sends his summons forth,
Calls the south nations, and awakes the north;
From east to west the sovereign orders spread,
Thro' distant worlds, and regions of the dead:

The trumpet sounds; hell trembles; heaven rejoices;
Lift up your heads, ye saints, with cheerful voices.

2 No more shall atheists mock his long delay;
His vengeance sleeps no more; behold the day;
Behold the Judge descends; his guards are nigh;
Tempests and fire attend him down the sky.

When God appears, all nature shall adore him;
While sinners tremble, saints rejoice before him,

3 "Heaven, earth, and hell, draw near; let all things come

"To hear my justice and the sinner's doom;

"But gather first my saints," the Judge commands,

"Bring them, ye angels from their distant lands:"

When Christ returns, wake every cheerful passion,
And shout, ye saints; he comes for your salvation.

4 "Behold my covenant stands for ever good,

"Seal'd by th' eternal sacrifice in blood,

"And sign'd with all their names, the Greek, the Jew,

"That paid the ancient worship or the new."

There's no distinction here: join all your voices,
And raise your heads, ye saints, for heaven rejoices.

5 "Here (saith the Lord) ye angels, spread their thrones:

"And near me seat my favorites and my sons:

"Come, my redeem'd, possess the joys prepar'd

"Ere time began! 'tis your divine reward:"

When Christ returns, wake every cheerful passion,
And shout, ye saints; he comes for your salvation.

PAUSE THE FIRST.

6 "I am the Saviour, I th' almighty God,

"I am the Judge: ye heavens, proclaim abroad

"My just eternal sentence, and declare

"Those awful truths that sinners dread to hear,"

When God appears all nature shall adore him;

While sinners tremble, saints rejoice before him.

7 "Stand forth, thou bold blasphemer and profane,

"Now feel my wrath, nor call my threatenings vain,

"Thou hypocrite, once drest in saint's attire,

"I doom the painted hypocrite to fire."

Judgment proceeds; hell trembles; heaven rejoices;

Lift up your heads, ye saints, with cheerful voices.

8 "Not for the want of goats or bullocks slain

"Do I condemn thee; bulls and goats are vain

"Without the flames of love; in vain the store

"Of brutal offerings that were mine before:"

Earth is the Lord's; all nature shall adore him;

While sinners tremble, saints rejoice before him.

9 "If I were hungry, would I ask thee food?

"When did I thirst, or drink thy bullocks blood?

"Mine are the tamer beasts and savage breed,

"Flocks, herds, and fields, and forests where they feed:"

All is the Lord's; he rules the wide creation:

Gives sinners vengeance, and the saints salvation.

10 "Can I be flatter'd with thy cringing bows,

"Thy solemn chatteringings and fantastic vows?

"Are my eyes charm'd thy vestments to behold,

"Glaring in gems, and gay in woven gold?"

God is the judge of hearts; no fair disguises

Can screen the guilty when his vengeance rises.

PAUSE THE SECOND.

11 "Unthinking wretch! how couldst thou hope to please
 "A God, a spirit with such toys as these!
 "While with my grace and statutes on thy tongue,
 "Thou lov'st deceit, and dost thy brother wrong!"
 Judgment proceeds; hell trembles; heaven rejoices:
 Lift up your heads, ye saints, with cheerful voices.

12 "In vain to pious forms thy zeal pretends,
 "Thieves and adulterers are thy chosen friends;
 "While the false flatterer at my altar waits,
 "His harden'd soul divine instruction hates."
 God is the judge of hearts; no fair disguises
 Can screen the guilty when his vengeance rises.

13 "Silent I waited with long suffering love;
 "But didst thou hope that I should ne'er reprove?
 "And cherish such an impious thought within,
 "That the All-Holy would indulge thy sin?"
 See, God appears; all nature joins t' adore him;
 Judgment proceeds, and sinners fall before him.

14 "Behold my terrors now; my thunders roll,
 "And thy own crimes affright thy guilty soul;
 "Now like a lion shall my vengeance tear
 "Thy bleeding heart, and no deliverer near:"
 Judgment concludes; hell trembles; heaven rejoices;
 Lift up your heads, ye saints, with cheerful voices..

EPIPHONEMA.

15 Sinners, awake betimes; ye fools, be wise;
 Awake before this dreadful morning rise:
 Change your vain thoughts, your crooked works amend,
 Fly to the Saviour, make the Judge your friend:
 Then join the saints: wake every cheerful passion;
 When Christ returns, he comes for your salvation.

Psalm 51:1. First Part.

Long Meter (8.8.8.8.)

A penitent pleading for pardon.

1 Shew pity, Lord, O Lord, forgive,
 Let a repenting rebel live:
 Are not thy mercies large and free?
 May not a sinner trust in thee?

2 My crimes are great, but not surpass
 The power and glory of thy grace;
 Great God, thy nature hath no bound,
 So let thy pardoning love be found.

3 O wash my Soul from every sin,
 And make my guilty conscience clean;
 Here on my heart the burden lies,
 And past offences pain my eyes.

4 My lips with shame my sins confess
 Against thy law, against thy grace:
 Lord, should thy judgment grow severe,
 I am condemn'd, but thou art clear.

5 Should sudden vengeance seize my breath,
 I must pronounce thee just in death;
 And if my soul were sent to hell,
 Thy righteous law approves it well.

6 Yet save a trembling sinner, Lord,
 Whose hope, still hovering round thy word,
 Would light on some sweet promise there,
 Some sure support against despair.

Psalms 51:2. Second Part.

Long Meter (8.8.8.8.)

Original and actual sin confessed.

1 Lord, I am vile, conceiv'd in sin;
 And born unholy and unclean;
 Sprung from the man whose guilty fall
 Corrupts the race, and taints us all.

2 Soon as we draw our infant-breath,
 The seeds of sin grow up for death;
 Thy law demands a perfect heart,
 But we're defil'd in every part.

3 [Great God, create my heart anew,
 And form my spirit pure and true:
 O make me wise betimes to spy
 My danger, and my remedy.

4 Behold I fall before thy face;
 My only refuge is thy grace:
 No outward forms can make me clean;
 The leprosy lies deep within.

5 No bleeding bird, nor bleeding beast,
 Nor hyssop branch, nor sprinkling priest,
 Nor running brook, nor flood, nor sea,
 Can wash the dismal stain away.

6 Jesus, my God, thy blood alone
 Hath power sufficient to atone;
 Thy blood can make me white as snow;
 No Jewish types could cleanse me so.

7 While guilt disturbs and breaks my peace,
 Nor flesh, nor soul hath rest or ease;
 Lord, let me hear thy pardoning voice,
 And make my broken bones rejoice.

Psalm 51:3. Third Part.

Long Meter (8.8.8.8.)

The backslider restored; or, Repentance and faith in the blood of Christ.

1 O thou that hear'st when sinners cry,
 Tho' all my crimes before thee lie,
 Behold them not with angry look,
 But blot their memory from thy book.

2 Create my nature pure within,
 And form my soul averse to sin;
 Let thy good Spirit ne'er depart,
 Nor hide thy presence from my heart.

3 I cannot live without thy light,
 Cast out and banish'd from thy sight:
 Thine holy joys, my God, restore,
 And guard me that I fall no more.

4 Tho' I have griev'd thy Spirit, Lord,
 His help and comfort still afford:
 And let a wretch come near thy throne
 To plead the merits of thy Son.

5 A broken heart, my God, my King,
 Is all the sacrifice I bring;
 The God of grace will ne'er despise
 A broken heart for sacrifice.

6 My soul lies humbled in the dust,
 And owns thy dreadful sentence just;
 Look down, O Lord, with pitying eye,
 And save the soul condemn'd to die.

7 Then will I teach the world thy ways;
 Sinners shall learn thy sovereign grace;
 I'll lead them to my Saviour's blood,
 And they shall praise a pardoning God.

8 O may thy love inspire my tongue!
 Salvation shall be all my song;
 And all my powers shall join to bless
 The Lord, my strength and righteousness.

**Psalm 51:4. First Part.
 Common Meter (8.6.8.6.)**

Verses 3-13

Original and actual sin confessed and pardoned.

1 Lord, I would spread my sore distress
 And guilt before thine eyes;
 Against thy laws, against thy grace,
 How high my crimes arise.

2 Shouldst thou condemn my soul to hell,
 And crush my flesh to dust,
 Heaven would approve thy vengeance well,
 And earth must own it just.

3 I from the stock of Adam came,
 Unholy and unclean;
 All my original is shame,
 And all my nature sin.

4 Born in a world of guilt, I drew
 Contagion with my breath;
 And, as my days advanc'd, I grew
 A juster prey for death.

5 Cleanse me, O Lord, and cheer my soul
 With thy forgiving love;
 O, make my broken spirit whole,
 And bid my pains remove.

6 Let not thy Spirit quite depart,
 Nor drive me from thy face;
 Create anew my vicious heart,
 And fill it with thy grace.

7 Then will I make thy mercy known
 Before the sons of men;
 Backsliders shall address thy throne,
 And turn to God again.

Psalm 51:5. Second Part.
Common Meter (8.6.8.6.)

Verses 14-17

Repentance and faith in the blood of Christ.

1 O God of mercy! hear my call,
 My loads of guilt remove;
 Break down this separating wall
 That bars me from thy love.

2 Give me the presence of thy grace,
 Then my rejoicing tongue
 Shall speak aloud thy righteousness,
 And make thy praise my song.

3 No blood of goats, nor heifers slain,
 For sin could e'er atone;
 The death of Christ shall still remain
 Sufficient and alone.

4 A soul opprest with sin's desert,
 My God will ne'er despise;
 A humble groan, a broken heart
 Is our best sacrifice.

Psalm 53.

Common Meter (8.6.8.6.)

Verses 4-6

Victory and deliverance from persecution.

1 Are all the foes of Sion fools,
Who thus devour her saints?

Do they not know her Saviour rules,
And pities her complaints?

2 They shall be seiz'd with sad surprise;
For God's revenging arm
Scatters the bones of them that rise
To do his children harm.

3 In vain the sons of Satan boast
Of armies in array:
When God has first despis'd their host,
They fall an easy prey.

4 O for a word from Sion's King
Her captives to restore!
Jacob with all his tribes shall sing,
And Judah weep no more.

Psalm 55:1.

Common Meter (8.6.8.6.)

Verses 1-8, 16-18, 22

Support for the afflicted and tempted soul.

1 O God, my refuge, hear my cries,
Behold my flowing tears,
For earth and hell my hurt devise,
And triumph in my fears.

2 Their rage is levell'd at my life,
My soul with guilt they load,
And fill my thoughts with inward strife
To shake my hope in God.

3 With inward pain my heart-strings sound,
I groan with every breath;
Horror and fear beset me round
Amongst the shades of death,

4 O were I like a feather'd dove,
 And innocence had wings,
 I'd fly, and make a long remove,
 From all these restless things.

5 Let me to some wild desert go,
 And find a peaceful home,
 Where storms of malice never blow,
 Temptations never come.

6 Vain hopes, and vain inventions all
 To scape the rage of hell!
 The mighty God on whom I call
 Can save me here as well.

PAUSE.

7 By morning light I'll seek his face,
 At noon repeat my cry,
 The night shall hear me ask his grace,
 Nor will he long deny.

8 God shall preserve my soul from fear,
 Or shield me when afraid;
 Ten thousand angels must appear
 If he command their aid.

9 I cast my burdens on the Lord,
 The Lord sustains them all;
 My courage rests upon his word
 That saints shall never fall.

10 My highest hopes shall not be vain,
 My lips shall spread his praise;
 While cruel and deceitful men
 Scarce live out half their days.

Psalm 55:2.

Short Meter (6.6.8.6.)

Verses 15-17, 19, 22

Dangerous prosperity; or, Daily devotions encouraged.

1 Let sinners take their course,
 And choose the road to death;
 But in the worship of my God
 I'll spend my daily breath.

2 My thoughts address his throne
 When morning brings the light;
 I seek his blessing every noon,
 And pay my vows at night.

3 Thou wilt regard my cries,
 O my eternal God,
 While sinners perish in surprise
 Beneath thine angry rod.

4 Because they dwell at ease,
 And no sad changes feel,
 They neither fear nor trust thy Name,
 Nor learn to do thy will.

5 But I with all my cares
 Will call upon the Lord,
 I'll cast my burdens on his arm,
 And rest upon his word,

6 His arm shall well sustain
 The children of his love;
 The ground on which their safety stands
 No earthly power can move.

Psalm 56.

Common Meter (8.6.8.6.)

Deliverance from oppression and falsehood; or God's care of his people, in answer to faith and prayer.

1 Thou, whose justice reigns on high,
 And makes th' oppressor cease,
 Behold how envious sinners try
 To vex and break my peace!

2 The Sons of violence and lies
 Join to devour me, Lord;
 But as my hourly dangers rise,
 My refuge is thy word.

3 In God most holy, just, and true,
 I have repos'd my trust;
 Nor will I fear what flesh can do,
 The offspring of the dust.

4 They wrest my words to mischief still,
 Charge me with unknown faults;
 Mischief doth all their councils fill,
 And malice all their thoughts.

5 Shall they escape without thy frown?
 Must their devices stand?
 O cast the haughty sinner down,
 And let him know thy hand!

PAUSE.

6 God counts the sorrows of his saints,
 Their groans affect his ears;
 Thou hast a book for my complaints,
 A bottle for my tears.

7 When to thy throne I raise my cry
 The wicked fear and flee;
 So swift is prayer to reach the sky,
 So near is God to me.

8 In thee, most holy, just, and true,
 I have repos'd my trust;
 Nor will I fear what man can do,
 The offspring of the dust.

9 Thy solemn vows are on me, Lord,
 Thou shalt receive my praise;
 I'll sing, "how faithful is thy word,
 "How righteous all thy ways!"

10 Thou hast secur'd my soul from death;
 O set thy prisoner free,
 That heart and hand, and life and breath
 May be employ'd for thee.

Psalm 57.

Long Meter (8.8.8.8.)

Praise for protection, grace, and truth.

1 My God, in whom are all the springs
 Of boundless love and grace unknown,
 Hide me beneath thy spreading wings
 Till the dark cloud is overblown.

2 Up to the heavens I send my cry,
 The Lord will my desires perform;
 He sends his angel from the sky,
 And saves me from the threatening storm.

3 Be thou exalted, O my God,
 Above the heavens where angels dwell:
 Thy power on earth be known abroad,
 And land to land thy wonders tell.

4 My heart is fix'd; my song shall raise
 Immortal honours to thy Name;
 Awake, my tongue, to sound his praise,
 My tongue, the glory of my frame.

5 High o'er the earth his mercy reigns,
 And reaches to the utmost sky;
 His truth to endless years remains,
 When lower worlds dissolve and die.

6 Be thou exalted, O my God,
 Above the heavens where angels dwell:
 Thy power on earth be known abroad,
 And land to land thy wonders tell.

Psalm 58.

Peculiar Meter (8.8.8.8.8.)

As the 113th Psalm. Warning to magistrates.

1 Judges, who rule the world by laws,
 Will ye despise the righteous cause,
 When th' injur'd poor before you stands?
 Dare ye condemn the righteous poor,
 And let rich sinners 'scape secure,
 While gold and greatness bribe your hands?

2 Have ye forgot, or never knew,
 That God will judge the judges too?
 High in the heavens his justice reigns?
 Yet you invade the rights of God,
 And send your bold decrees abroad,
 To bind the conscience in your chains.

3 A poison'd arrow is your tongue,
 The arrow sharp, the poison strong,
 And death attends where'er it wounds:
 You hear no counsels, cries or tears;
 So the deaf adder stops her ears
 Against the power of charming sounds.

4 Break out their teeth, eternal God,
 Those teeth of lions dy'd in blood;
 And crush the serpents in the dust:
 As empty chaff when whirlwinds rise,
 Before the sweeping tempest flies,
 So let their hopes and names be lost.

5 Th' Almighty thunders from the sky,
 Their grandeur melts, their titles die,
 As hills of snow dissolve and run,
 Or snails that perish in their slime,
 Or births that come before their time,
 Vain births, that never see the sun.

6 Thus shall the vengeance of the Lord
 Safety and joy to saints afford;
 And all that hear shall join and say,
 "Sure there's a God that rules on high,
 "A God that hears his children cry,
 "And will their sufferings well repay."

Psalm 60.

Common Meter (8.6.8.6.)

Verses 1-5, 10-12

On a day of humiliation for disappointments in war.

1 Lord, hast thou cast the nation off?
 Must we for ever mourn?
 Wilt thou indulge immortal wrath?
 Shall mercy ne'er return?

2 The terror of one frown of thine
 Melts all our strength away;
 Like men that totter drunk with wine,
 We tremble in dismay.

3 Great Britain shakes beneath thy stroke,
 And dreads thy threatening hand;
 O heal the island thou hast broke,
 Confirm the wavering land.

4 Lift up a banner in the field,
For those that fear thy Name;
Save thy beloved with thy shield,
And put our foes to shame.

5 Go with our armies to the fight,
Like a confederate God;
In vain confederate powers unite
Against thy lifted rod.

6 Our troops shall gain a wide renown
By thine assisting hand;
'Tis God that treads the mighty down,
And makes the feeble stand.

Psalm 61.
Short Meter (6.6.8.6.)
Verses 1-6
Safety in God.

1 When overwhelm'd with grief
My heart within me dies,
Helpless and far from all relief
To heaven I lift mine eyes.

2 O lead me to the rock
That's high above my head,
And make the covert of thy wings
My shelter and my shade.

3 Within thy presence, Lord,
For ever I'll abide;
Thou art the tower of my defence,
The refuge where I hide.

4 Thou givest me the lot
Of those that fear thy Name;
If endless life be their reward,
I shall possess the same.

Psalm 62.**Long Meter (8.8.8.8.)***Verses 5-12**No trust in the creatures; or, Faith in divine grace and power.*

1 My spirit looks to God alone;
 My rock and refuge is his throne;
 In all my fears, in all my straits,
 My soul on his salvation waits.

2 Trust him, ye saints, in all your ways,
 Pour out your hearts before his face:
 When helpers fail, and foes invade,
 God is our all-sufficient aid.

3 False are the men of high degree,
 The baser sort are vanity;
 Laid in the balance both appear
 Light as a puff of empty air.

4 Make not increasing gold your trust,
 Nor set your heart on glittering dust;
 Why will you grasp the fleeting smoke;
 And not believe what God hath spoke?

5 Once has his awful voice declar'd,
 Once and again my ears have heard,
 "All power is his eternal due;
 "He must be fear'd and trusted too."

6 For sovereign power reigns not alone,
 Grace is a partner of the throne:
 Thy grace and justice, mighty Lord,
 Shall well divide our last reward.

Psalm 63:1. First Part.**Common Meter (8.6.8.6.)***Verses 1-5**The morning of a Lord's day.*

1 Early, my God, without delay
 I haste to seek thy face;
 My thirsty spirit faints away,
 Without thy cheering grace.

2 So pilgrims on the scorching sand,
 Beneath a burning sky,
 Long for a cooling stream at hand,
 And they must drink or die.

3 I've seen thy glory and thy power
 Thro' all thy temple shine;
 My God, repeat that heavenly hour,
 That vision so divine.

4 Not all the blessings of a feast
 Can please my soul so well,
 As when thy richer grace I taste,
 And in thy presence dwell.

5 Not life itself with all her joys,
 Can my best passions move,
 Or raise so high my cheerful voice
 As thy forgiving love.

6 Thus till my last expiring day
 I'll bless my God and King;
 Thus will I lift my hands to pray,
 And tune my lips to sing.

Psalm 63:2. Second Part.

Common Meter (8.6.8.6.)

Verses 6-10

Midnight thoughts recollected.

1 'Twas in the watches of the night
 I thought upon thy power,
 I kept thy lovely face in sight
 Amidst the darkest hour.

2 My flesh lay resting on my bed,
 My soul arose on high;
 "My God, my life, my hope," I said,
 "Bring thy salvation nigh."

3 My spirit labours up thine hill,
 And climbs the heavenly road;
 But thy right hand upholds me still,
 While I pursue my God.

4 Thy mercy stretches o'er my head
 The shadow of thy wings;
 My heart rejoices in thine aid,
 My tongue awakes and sings.

5 But the destroyers of my peace
 Shall fret and rage in vain;
 The tempter shall for ever cease,
 And all my sins be slain.

6 Thy sword shall give my foes to death,
 And send them down to dwell
 In the dark caverns of the earth,
 Or to the deeps of hell.

Psalm 63:3.

Long Meter (8.8.8.8.)

Longing after God; or, The love of God better than life.

1 Great God, indulge my humble claim
 Thou art my hope, my joy, my rest;
 The glories that compose thy Name
 Stand all engag'd to make me blest.

2 Thou great and good, thou just and wise,
 Thou art my Father and my God;
 And I am thine by sacred ties;
 Thy son, thy servant bought with blood.

3 With heart, and eyes and lifted hands,
 For thee I long, to thee I look,
 As travellers in thirsty lands
 Pant for the cooling water-brook.

4 With early feet I love t' appear
 Among thy saints and seek thy face;
 Oft have I seen thy glory there,
 And felt the power of sovereign grace.

5 Not fruits nor wines that tempt our taste,
 Not all the joys our senses know,
 Could make me so divinely blest
 Or raise my cheerful passions so.

6 My life itself without thy love
 No taste of pleasure could afford;
 'Twould but a tiresome burden prove,
 If I were banish'd from the Lord.

7 Amidst the wakeful hours of night,
 When busy cares afflict my head
 One thought of thee gives new delight,
 And adds refreshment to my bed.

8 I'll lift my hands, I'll raise my voice,
 While I have breath to pray or praise;
 This work shall make my heart rejoice,
 And spend the remnant of my days.

Psalm 63:4.
Short Meter (6.6.8.6.)
Seeking God.

1 My God, permit my tongue
 This joy, to call thee mine,
 And let my early cries prevail
 To taste thy love divine.

2 My thirsty fainting soul
 Thy mercy doth implore;
 Not travellers in desert lands
 Can pant for water more.

3 Within thy churches, Lord,
 I long to find my place,
 Thy power and glory to behold,
 And feel thy quickening grace.

4 For life without thy love
 No relish can afford;
 No joy can be compar'd to this,
 To serve and please the Lord.

5 To thee I'll lift my hands,
 And praise thee while I live;
 Not the rich dainties of a feast
 Such food or pleasure give.

6 In wakeful hours at night
 I call my God to mind;
 I think how wise thy counsels are,
 And all thy dealings kind.

7 Since thou hast been my help,
 To thee my spirit flies,
 And on thy watchful providence
 My cheerful hope relies.

8 The shadow of thy wings
 My soul in safety keeps;
 I follow where my Father leads,
 And he supports my steps.

Psalm 65:1. First Part.

Long Meter (8.8.8.8.)

Verses 1-5

Public prayer and praise.

1 The praise of Sion waits for thee,
 My God; and praise becomes thy house;
 There shall thy saints thy glory see,
 And there perform their public vows.

2 O thou, whose mercy bends the skies
 To save when humble sinners pray,
 All lands to thee shall lift their eyes
 And islands of the northern sea.

3 Against my will my sins prevail,
 But grace shall purge away their stain;
 The blood of Christ will never fail
 To wash my garments white again.

4 Blest is the man whom thou shalt choose,
 And give him kind access to thee,
 Give him a place within thy house,
 To taste thy love divinely free.

PAUSE.

5 Let Babel fear when Sion prays;
 Babel, prepare for long distress
 When Sion's God himself arrays
 In terror, and in righteousness.

6 With dreadful glory God fulfils
What his afflicted saints request;
And with almighty wrath reveals
His love to give his churches rest.

7 Then shall the flocking nations run
To Sion's hill, and own their Lord;
The rising and the setting sun
Shall see their Saviour's name ador'd.

Psalm 65:2. Second Part.

Long Meter (8.8.8.8.)

Verses 5-13

Divine providence in air, earth, and sea; or, The God of nature and grace.

1 The God of our salvation hears
The groans of Sion mix'd with tears;
Yet when he comes with kind designs,
Thro' all the way his terror shines.

2 On him the race of man depends,
Far as the earth's remotest ends,
Where the Creator's Name is known
By nature's feeble light alone.

3 Sailors, that travel o'er the flood,
Address their frightened souls to God;
When tempests rage and billows roar
At dreadful distance from the shore.

4 He bids the noisy tempest cease;
He calms the raging crowd to peace,
When a tumultuous nation raves
Wild as the winds, and loud as waves.

5 Whole kingdoms shaken by the storm
He settles in a peaceful form;
Mountains establish'd by his hand,
Firm on their old foundations stand.

6 Behold his ensigns sweep the sky,
New comets blaze and lightnings fly,
The heathen lands, with swift surprise,
From the bright horrors turn their eyes.

7 At his command the morning-ray
 Smiles in the east, and leads the day;
 He guides the sun's declining wheels
 Over the tops of western hills.

8 Seasons and times obey his voice;
 The evening and the morn rejoice
 To see the earth made soft with showers,
 Laden with fruit and drest in flowers.

9 'Tis from his watery stores on high
 He gives the thirsty ground supply;
 He walks upon the clouds, and thence
 Doth his enriching drops dispense.

10 The desert grows a fruitful field,
 Abundant food the vallies yield;
 The vallies shout with cheerful voice,
 And neigh'b'ring hills repeat their joys.

11 The pastures smile in green array;
 There lambs and larger cattle play;
 The larger cattle and the lamb
 Each in his language speaks thy Name.

12 Thy works pronounce thy power divine,
 O'er every field thy glories shine;
 Thro' every month thy gifts appear;
 Great God! thy goodness crowns the year.

Psalm 65:3. First Part.

Common Meter (8.6.8.6.)

A prayer-hearing God, and the Gentiles called.

1 Praise waits in Sion, Lord, for thee;
 There shall our vows be paid:
 Thou hast an ear when sinners pray,
 All flesh shall seek thine aid.

2 Lord, our iniquities prevail,
 But pardoning grace is thine,
 And thou wilt grant us power and skill
 To conquer every sin.

3 Bless'd are the men whom thou wilt choose
 To bring them near thy face,
 Give them a dwelling in thine house
 To feast upon thy grace.

4 In answering what thy church requests
 Thy truth and terror shine,
 And works of dreadful righteousness
 Fulfil thy kind design.

5 Thus shall the wondering nations see
 The Lord is good and just;
 And distant islands fly to thee,
 And make thy Name their trust.

6 They dread thy glittering tokens, Lord,
 When signs in heaven appear;
 But they shall learn thy holy word,
 And love as well as fear.

Psalm 65:4. Second Part.

Common Meter (8.6.8.6.)

The providence of God in air, earth, and sea; or, The blessing of rain.

1 'Tis by thy strength the mountains stand,
 God of eternal power;
 The sea grows calm at thy command,
 And tempests cease to roar.

2 Thy morning light and evening shade
 Successive comforts bring;
 Thy plenteous fruits make harvest glad,
 Thy flowers adorn the spring.

3 Seasons and times, and moons and hours,
 Heaven, earth, and air are thine;
 When clouds distil in fruitful showers,
 The author is divine.

4 Those wandering cisterns in the sky,
 Borne by the winds around,
 With watery treasures well supply
 The furrows of the ground.

5 The thirsty ridges drink their fill,
 And ranks of corn appear;
 Thy ways abound with blessings still,
 Thy goodness crowns the year.

Psalm 65:5. Third Part. Common Meter (8.6.8.6.)

The blessing: of the spring; or, God gives rain. A psalm for the husbandman.

1 Good is the Lord, the heavenly King,
 Who makes the earth his care,
 Visits the pastures every spring,
 And bids the grass appear.

2 The clouds, like rivers rais'd on high,
 Pour out, at thy command,
 Their watery blessings from the sky,
 To cheer the thirsty land.

3 The soften'd ridges of the field
 Permit the corn to spring;
 The vallies rich provision yield,
 And the poor labourers sing.

4 The little hills on every side
 Rejoice at falling showers;
 The meadows, drest in all their pride,
 Perfume the air with flowers.

5 The barren clods, refresh'd with rain,
 Promise a joyful crop;
 The parching grounds look green again,
 And raise the reaper's hope.

6 The various months thy goodness crowns;
 How bounteous are thy ways;
 The bleating flocks spread o'er the downs,
 And shepherds shout thy praise.

Psalm 66:1. First Part.

Common Meter (8.6.8.6.)

Governing power and goodness; or, Our graces tried by afflictions.

1 Sing, all ye nations, to the Lord,
 Sing with a joyful noise;
 With melody of sound record
 His honours, and your joys.

2 Say to the power that shakes the sky,
 "How terrible art thou!
 "Sinners before thy presence fly,
 "Or at thy feet they bow."

3 [Come, see the wonders of our God,
 How glorious are his ways:
 In Moses' hand he puts his rod,
 And cleaves the frighted seas.

4 He made the ebbing channel dry,
 While Israel pass'd the flood;
 There did the church begin their joy,
 And triumph in their God.]

5 He rules by his resistless might:
 Will rebel mortals dare
 Provoke th' Eternal to the fight,
 And tempt that dreadful war?

6 O bless our God and never cease;
 Ye saints, fulfil his praise;
 He keeps our life, maintains our peace,
 And guides our doubtful ways.

7 Lord, thou hast prov'd our suffering souls,
 To make our graces shine;
 So silver bears the burning coals
 The metal to refine.

8 Thro' watery deeps and fiery ways
 We march at thy command,
 Led to possess the promis'd place
 By thine unerring hand.

Psalm 66:2. Second Part.**Common Meter (8.6.8.6.)***Verses 13-20**Praise to God for hearing prayer.*

1 Now shall my solemn vows be paid
 To that Almighty power,
 That heard the long requests I made
 In my distressful hour.

2 My lips and cheerful heart prepare
 To make his mercies known;
 Come, ye that fear my God, and hear
 The wonders he has done.

3 When on my head huge sorrows fell,
 I sought his heavenly aid,
 He sav'd my sinking soul from hell,
 And death's eternal shade.

4 If sin lay cover'd in my heart,
 While prayer employ'd my tongue,
 The Lord had shewn me no regard,
 Nor I his praises sung.

5 But God, (his Name be ever blest)
 Hath set my spirit free,
 Nor turn'd from him my poor request,
 Nor turn'd his heart from me.

Psalm 67.**Common Meter (8.6.8.6.)***The nation's prosperity and the church's increase.*

1 Shine, mighty God, on Britain shine
 With beams of heavenly grace;
 Reveal thy power thro' all our coasts,
 And shew thy smiling face.

2 [Amidst our isle, exalted high,
 Do thou our glory stand,
 And like a wall of guardian fire
 Surround the favourite land.]

3 When shall thy Name, from shore to shore,
 Sound all the earth abroad,
 And distant nations know and love
 Their Saviour and their God?

4 Sing to the Lord, ye distant lands,
 Sing loud with solemn voice;
 While British tongues exalt his praise,
 And British hearts rejoice.

5 He the great Lord, the sovereign Judge,
 That sits enthron'd above,
 Wisely commands the worlds he made
 In justice and in love.

6 Earth shall obey her Maker's will,
 And yield a full increase;
 Our God will crown his chosen isle
 With fruitfulness and peace.

7 God the Redeemer scatters round
 His choicest favours here,
 While the creation's utmost bound
 Shall see, adore, and fear.

Psalm 68:1. First Part.

Long Meter (8.8.8.8.)

Verses 1-6, 32-35

The vengeance and compassion of God.

1 Let God arise in all his might,
 And put the troops of hell to flight,
 As smoke that sought to cloud the skies
 Before the rising tempest flies.

2 [He comes array'd in burning flames;
 Justice and vengeance are his names:
 Behold his fainting foes expire
 Like melting wax before the fire.]

3 He rides and thunders thro' the sky;
 His name Jehovah sounds on high:
 Sing to his Name, ye sons of grace;
 Ye saints, rejoice before his face.

4 The widow and the fatherless
 Fly to his aid in sharp distress;
 In him the poor and helpless find
 A Judge that's just, a Father kind.

5 He breaks the captive's heavy chain,
 And prisoners see the light again;
 But rebels that dispute his will,
 Shall dwell in chains and darkness still.

PAUSE.

6 Kingdoms and thrones to God belong;
 Crown him, ye nations, in your song;
 His wondrous names and powers rehearse;
 His honours shall enrich your verse.

7 He shakes the heavens with loud alarms;
 How terrible is God in arms!
 In Israel are his mercies known,
 Israel is his peculiar throne.

8 Proclaim him King, pronounce him blest!
 He's your defence, your joy, your rest:
 When terrors rise and nations faint,
 God is the strength of every saint.

Psalm 68:2. Second Part.

Long Meter (8.8.8.8.)

Verses 17-18

Christ's ascension, and the gift of the Spirit.

1 Lord, when thou didst ascend on high,
 Ten thousand angels fill'd the sky;
 Those heavenly 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 bright the triumph none can tell,
 When the rebellious powers 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 the promis'd Spirit down,
 With gifts and grace for rebel men,
 That God might dwell on earth again.

Psalm 68:3. Third Part.

Long Meter (8.8.8.8.)

Verses 19, 9, 20-22

Praise for temporal blessings; or, Common and special mercies.

1 We bless the Lord, the just, the good,
 Who fills our hearts with joy and food;
 Who pours his blessings from the skies,
 And loads our days with rich supplies.

2 He sends the sun his circuit round,
 To cheer the fruits, to warm the ground;
 He bids the clouds with plenteous rain
 Refresh the thirsty earth again.

3 'Tis to his care we owe our breath,
 And all our near escapes from death;
 Safety and health to God belong;
 He heals the weak, and guards the strong.

4 He makes the saint and sinner prove
 The common blessings of his love;
 But the wide difference that remains,
 Is endless joy, or endless pains.

5 The Lord, that bruis'd the serpent's head,
 On all the serpent's seed shall tread;
 The stubborn sinner's hope confound,
 And smite him with a lasting wound.

6 But his right hand his saints shall raise
 From the deep earth, or deeper seas,
 And bring them to his courts above,
 There shall they taste his special love.

**Psalm 69:1. First Part.
Common Meter (8.6.8.6.)**

Verses 1-14

The sufferings of Christ for our salvation.

- 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 paid 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 my Name:
"For I have borne their heavy load
Of sorrow, pain, and shame.
- 7 "Grief, like a garment, cloth'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 establish'd ground.

12 ""Twas in a most accepted hour
 "My prayer arose on high,
 "And for my sake my God shall hear
 "The dying sinner's cry."

Psalm 69:2. Second Part.

Common Meter (8.6.8.6.)

Verses 14-21, 26, 29, 32

The passion and exaltation of Christ.

1 Now let our lips with holy fear
 And mournful pleasure sing
 The sufferings 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 heavenly Father's ear
 He sends perpetual cries.

3 "Hear me, O Lord, and save thy Son,
 "Nor hide thy shining face;
 "Why should thy favorite 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 defil'd my Name.

7 "I look'd 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 into my distressed soul,
 "Let thy compassion 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."

Psalm 69:3. Third Part.

Common Meter (8.6.8.6.)

Christ's obedience and death; or, God glorified and sinners saved.

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 heaven, 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 thine own Israel waits.

Psalm 69:4. First Part.

Long Meter (8.8.8.8.)

Christ's passion, and sinners' salvation.

1 Deep in our hearts let us record
 The deeper sorrows of our Lord;
 Behold the rising billows roll
 To overwhelm his holy soul.

2 In long complaints he spends his breath,
 While hosts of hell, and powers of death,
 And all the sons of malice join
 To execute their curst design.

3 Yet, gracious God, thy power and love
 Has made the curse a blessing prove;
 Those dreadful sufferings of thy Son
 Aton'd for sins which we had done.

4 The pangs of our expiring Lord
 The honours of thy law restor'd;
 His sorrows made thy justice known,
 And paid for follies not his own.

6 O for his sake our guilt forgive,
 And let the mourning sinner live;
 The Lord will hear us in his Name,
 Nor shall our hope be turn'd to shame.

Psalm 69:5. Second Part.

Long Meter (8.8.8.8.)

Verses 7-24

Christ's sufferings and zeal.

1 'Twas for thy sake, eternal God,
 Thy son sustain'd that heavy load
 Of base reproach and sore disgrace,
 And shame defil'd his sacred face.

2 The Jews, his brethren and his kin,
 Abus'd the man that check'd their sin:
 While he fulfill'd thy holy laws,
 They hate him, but without a cause.

3 ["My Father's house, said he, was made
 "A place for worship, not for trade;"
 Then scattering all their gold and brass,
 He scourg'd the merchants from the place.]

4 [Zeal for the temple of his God
 Consum'd his life, expos'd his blood:
 Reproaches at thy glory thrown
 He felt, and mourn'd them as his own.]

5 [His friends forsook, his followers fled,
 While foes and arms surround his head;
 They curse him with a slanderous tongue,
 And the false judge maintains the wrong.]

6 His life they load with hateful lies,
 And charge his lips with blasphemies;
 They nail him to the shameful tree:
 There hung the man that dy'd for me.

7 [Wretches with hearts as hard as stones,
 Insult his piety and groans;
 Gall was the food they gave him there,
 And mock'd his thirst with vinegar.]

8 But God beheld; and from his throne
 Marks out the men that hate his Son;
 The hand that rais'd him from the dead
 Shall pour the vengeance on their head.

Psalm 71:1. First Part.

Long Meter (8.8.8.8.)

Verses 5-9

The aged saint's reflection and hope.

1 My God, my everlasting hope,
 I live upon thy truth;

Thine hands have held my childhood up,
 And strengthen'd all my youth.

2 My flesh was fashion'd by thy power,
 With all these limbs of mine;
 And from my mother's painful hour
 I've been entirely thine.

3 Still has my life new wonders seen
 Repeated every year;
 Behold my days that yet remain,
 I trust them to thy care.

4 Cast me not off when strength declines,
 When hoary hairs arise;
 And round me let thy glories shine
 Whene'er thy servant dies.

5 Then in the history of my age,
 When men review my days,
 They'll read thy love in every page,
 In every line thy praise.

Psalm 71:2. Second Part.

Common Meter (8.6.8.6.)

Verses 14-16, 22-24

Christ our strength and righteousness.

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 surprising sin,
 I'll plead thy perfect righteousness,
 And mention none but thine.

5 How will my lips rejoice to tell
 The victories 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, awake my tuneful powers;
 With this delightful song
 I'll entertain the darkest hours,
 Nor think the season long.

Psalm 71:3. Third Part.

Common Meter (8.6.8.6.)

Verases 17-21

The aged Christian's prayer and song; or, Old age, death, and the resurrection.

1 God of my childhood and my youth,
 The guide of all my days,
 I have declar'd thy heavenly truth,
 And told thy wondrous ways.

2 Wilt thou forsake my hoary hairs,
 And leave my fainting heart?
 Who shall sustain my sinking years
 If God my strength depart?

3 Let me thy power and truth proclaim
 To the surviving age,
 And leave a savour of thy Name
 When I shall quit the stage.

4 The land of silence and of death
 Attends my next remove;
 O may these poor remains of breath
 Teach the wide world thy love.

PAUSE.

5 Thy righteousness is deep and high,
 Unsearchable thy deeds;
 Thy glory spreads beyond the sky,
 And all my praise exceeds.

6 Oft have I heard thy threatenings roar,
 And oft endur'd the grief;
 But when thy hand has press'd me sore,
 Thy grace was my relief.

7 By long experience have I known
 Thy sovereign power to save;
 At thy command I venture down
 Securely to the grave.

8 When I lie buried deep in dust,
 My flesh shall be thy care
 These withering limbs with thee I trust
 To raise them strong and fair.

Psalm 72:1. First Part.

Long Meter (8.8.8.8.)
The kingdom of Christ.

1 Great God, whose universal sway
 The known and unknown worlds obey,
 Now give the kingdom to thy Son,
 Extend his power, exalt his throne.

2 Thy sceptre well becomes his hands,
 All heaven submits to his commands;
 His justice shall avenge the poor,
 And pride and rage prevail no more.

3 With power he vindicates the just,
And treads th' oppressor in the dust;
His worship and his fear shall last
Till hours and years and time be past.

4 As rain on meadows newly mown
So shall he send his influence down;
His grace on fainting souls distils
Like heavenly dew on thirsty hills.

5 The heathen lands that lie beneath
The shades of overspreading death,
Revive at his first dawning light,
And deserts blossom at the sight.

6 The saints shall flourish in his days,
Drest in the robes of joy and praise;
Peace like a river from his throne
Shall flow to nations yet unknown.

Psalm 72:2. Second Part.

Long Meter (8.8.8.8.)

Christ's kingdom among the Gentiles.

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 prayer be made
And princes throng to crown his head;
His Name like sweet perfume shall rise
With every morning sacrifice.

5 People and realms of every tongue
Dwell on his love with sweetest song;
And infant voices shall proclaim
Their early blessings on his Name.

6 Blessings abound where'er he reigns,
The prisoner 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 every creature rise, and bring
Peculiar honours to our King;
Angels descend with songs again,
And earth repeat the long Amen.

Book III

Psalms 73-89

Psalm 73:1. First Part.

Common Meter (8.6.8.6.)

Afflicted saints happy, and prosperous sinners cursed.

1 Now I'm convinc'd the Lord is kind
 To men of heart sincere,
 Yet once my foolish thoughts repin'd
 And border'd on despair.

2 I griev'd to see the wicked thrive,
 And spoke with angry breath,
 "How pleasant and profane they live!
 "How peaceful is their death!

3 "With well-fed flesh and haughty eyes
 "They lay their fears to sleep;
 "Against the heavens their slanders rise,
 "While saints in silence weep.

4 "In vain I lift my hands to pray,
 "And cleanse my heart in vain,
 "For I am chasten'd all the day,
 "The night renews my pain.'

5 Yet while my tongue indulg'd complaints,
 I felt my heart reprove;
 "Sure I shall thus offend thy saints,
 "And grieve the men I love."

6 But still I found my doubts too hard,
 The conflict too severe,
 Till I retir'd to search thy word,
 And learn thy secrets there.

7 There, as in some prophetic glass,
 I saw the sinner's feet
 High mounted on a slippery place,
 Beside a fiery pit.

8 I heard the wretch profanely boast,
 Till at thy frown he fell;
 His honours in a dream were lost,
 And he awakes in hell.

9 Lord, what an envious fool I was!
 How like a thoughtless beast!
 Thus to suspect thy promis'd grace,
 And think the wicked blest.

10 Yet I was kept from full despair,
 Upheld by power unknown;
 That blessed hand that broke the snare
 Shall guide me to thy throne.

Psalm 73:2. Second Part.

Common Meter (8.6.8.6.)

Verses 23-28

God our portion here and hereafter.

1 God my supporter and my hope,
 My help for ever near,
 Thine arm of mercy held me up
 When sinking in despair.

2 Thy counsels, Lord, shall guide my feet
 Thro' this dark wilderness;
 Thine hand conduct me near thy seat
 To dwell before thy face.

3 Were I in heaven without my God,
 'Twould be no joy to me;
 And whilst this earth is my abode,
 I long for none but thee.

4 What if the springs of life were broke,
 And flesh and heart should faint!
 God is my soul's eternal rock,
 The strength of every saint.

5 Behold the sinners that remove
 Far from thy presence die;
 Not all the idol gods they love
 Can save them when they cry.

6 But to draw near to thee, my God,
 Shall be my sweet employ;
 My tongue shall sound thy works abroad,
 And tell the world my joy.

Psalm 73:3.**Long Meter (8.8.8.8.)**

Verses 22, 3, 6, 17-20

The prosperity of sinners cursed.

1 Lord, what a thoughtless wretch was I,
 To mourn, and murmur, and repine
 To see the wicked plac'd on high,
 In pride and robes of honour shine!

2 But O their end, their dreadful end!
 Thy sanctuary taught me so:
 On slippery rocks I see them stand,
 And fiery billows roll below.

3 Now let them boast how tall they rise,
 I'll never envy them again;
 There they may stand with haughty eyes,
 Till they plunge deep in endless pain.

4 Their fancy'd joys, how fast they flee!
 Just like a dream when man awakes;
 Their songs of softest harmony
 Are but a preface to their plagues.

5 Now I esteem their mirth and wine
 Too dear to purchase with my blood;
 Lord, 'tis enough that thou art mine,
 My life, my portion, and my God.

Psalm 73:4.**Short Meter (6.6.8.6.)***The mystery of providence unfolded.*

1 Sure there's a righteous God,
 Nor is religion vain,
 Tho' men of vice may boast aloud,
 And men of grace complain.

2 I saw the wicked rise,
 And felt my heart repine,
 While haughty fools with scornful eyes
 In robes of honour shine.

3 [Pamper'd with wanton ease,
Their flesh looks full and fair,
Their wealth rolls in like flowing seas,
And grows without their care.

4 Free from the plagues and pains
That pious souls endure,
Thro' all their life oppression reigns
And racks the humble poor.

5 Their impious tongues blaspheme
The everlasting God;
Their malice blasts the good man's name,
And spreads their lies abroad.

6 But I with flowing tears
Indulge my doubts to rise
"Is there a God that sees or hears
"The things below the skies?"]

7 The tumults of my thought
Held me in hard suspense,
Till to thy house my feet were brought
To learn thy justice thence.

8 Thy word with light and power
Did my mistakes attend;
I view'd the sinners' life before,
But here I learnt their end.

9 On what a slippery steep
The thoughtless wretches go;
And O that dreadful fiery deep
That waits their fall below.

10 Lord, at thy feet I bow,
My thoughts no more repine;
I call my God my portion now,
And all my powers are thine.

Psalm 74.

Common Meter (8.6.8.6.)

The church pleading with God under sore persecutions.

1 Will God for ever cast us off?
 His wrath for ever smoke
 Against the people of his love,
 His little chosen flock?

2 Think of the tribes so dearly bought
 With their Redeemer's blood;
 Nor let thy Sion be forgot,
 Where once thy glory stood.

3 Lift up thy feet and march in haste,
 Aloud our ruin calls;
 See what a wide and fearful waste
 Is made within thy walls.

4 Where once thy churches pray'd and sang
 Thy foes profanely roar;
 Over thy gates their ensigns hang,
 Sad tokens of their power.

5 How are the seats of worship broke!
 They tear the buildings down,
 And he that deals the heaviest stroke
 Procures the chief renown.

6 With flames they threaten to destroy
 Thy children in their nest;
 "Come let us burn at once (they cry)
 The temple and the priest."

7 And still to heighten our distress
 Thy presence is withdrawn;
 Thy wonted signs of power and grace,
 Thy power and grace are gone.

8 No prophet speaks to calm our woes,
 But all the seers mourn;
 There's not a soul amongst us knows
 The time of thy return.

PAUSE.

9 How long, eternal God, how long
Shall men of pride blaspheme?
Shall saints be made their endless song,
And bear immortal shame?

10 Canst thou for ever sit and hear
Thine holy Name profan'd?
And still thy jealousy forbear,
And still withhold thine hand?

11 What strange deliverance hast thou shown
In ages long before!
And now no other God we own,
No other God adore.

12 Thou didst divide the raging sea
By thy resistless might,
To make thy tribes a wondrous way,
And then secure their flight.

13 Is not the world of nature thine,
The darkness and the day?
Didst thou not bid the morning shine,
And mark the sun his way?

14 Hath not thy power form'd every coast,
And set the earth its bounds,
With summer's heat and winter's frost,
In their perpetual rounds?

15 And shall the sons of earth and dust
That sacred power blaspheme?
Will not thy hand that form'd them first
Avenge thine injur'd Name?

16 Think on the covenant thou hast made,
And all thy words of love;
Nor let the birds of prey invade
And vex thy mourning dove.

17 Our foes would triumph in our blood,
And make our hope their jest;
Plead thy own cause, almighty God!
And give thy children rest.

Psalm 75.

Long Meter (8.8.8.8.)

Power and government from God alone. Applied to the glorious Revolution by King William, or the happy Accession of King George to the Throne.

1 To thee, most holy, and most high,
To thee, we bring our thankful praise;
Thy works declare thy name is nigh,
Thy works of wonder and of grace.

2 Britain was doom'd to be a slave,
Her frame dissolv'd, her fears were great;
When God a new supporter gave
To bear the pillars of the state.

3 He from thy hand receiv'd his crown,
And sware to rule by wholesome laws
His foot shall tread th' oppressor down,
His arm defend the righteous cause.

4 Let haughty sinners sink their pride,
Nor lift so high their scornful head;
But lay their foolish thoughts aside,
And own the king that God hath made.

5 Such honours never come by chance,
Nor do the winds promotion blow;
'Tis God the judge doth one advance,
'Tis God that lays another low.

6 No vain pretence to royal birth
Shall fix a tyrant on the throne:
God the great sovereign of the earth
Will rise and make his justice known.

7 [His hand holds out the dreadful cup
Of vengeance, mix'd with various plagues,
To make the wicked drink them up,
Wring out and taste the bitter dregs.

8 Now shall the Lord exalt the just,
And while he tramples on the proud,
And lays their glory in the dust,
My lips shall sing his praise aloud.]

Psalm 76.

Common Meter (8.6.8.6.)

Israel saved, and the Assyrians destroyed; or, God's vengeance against his enemies proceeds from his church.

1 In Judah God of old was known;
 His Name in Israel great;
 In Salem stood his holy throne,
 And Sion was his seat.

2 Among the praises of his saints
 His dwelling there he chose;
 There he receiv'd their just complaints
 Against their haughty foes.

3 From Sion went his dreadful word,
 And broke the threatening spear;
 The bow, the arrows, and the sword,
 And crush'd th' Assyrian war.

4 What are the earth's wide kingdoms else
 But mighty hills of prey?
 The hill on which Jehovah dwells
 Is glorious more than they.

5 'Twas Sion's King that stopt the breath
 Of captains and their bands:
 The men of might slept fast in death,
 And never found their hands.

6 At thy rebuke, O Jacob's God,
 Both horse and chariot fell;
 Who knows the terrors of thy rod?
 Thy vengeance who can tell?

7 What power can stand before thy sight
 When once thy wrath appears?
 When heaven shines round with dreadful light,
 The earth lies still and fears.

8 When God in his own sovereign ways
 Comes down to save th' opprest,
 The wrath of man shall work his praise,
 And he'll restrain the rest.

9 [Vow to the Lord, and tribute bring,
 Ye princes, fear his frown:
 His terror shakes the proudest king,
 And cuts an army down.

10 The thunder of his sharp rebuke
 Our haughty foes shall feel:
 For Jacob's God hath not forsook,
 But dwells in Sion still.]

Psalm 77:1. First Part.

Common Meter (8.6.8.6.)

Melancholy assaulting, and hope prevailing.

1 To God I cry'd with mournful voice,
 I sought his gracious ear,
 In the sad day when troubles rose,
 And fill'd the night with fear.

2 Sad were my days, and dark my nights,
 My soul refus'd relief;
 I thought on God the just and wise,
 But thoughts increas'd my grief.

3 Still I complain'd, and still opprest,
 My heart began to break;
 My God, thy wrath forbid my rest,
 And kept my eyes awake.

4 My overwhelming sorrows grew
 Till I could speak no more;
 Then I within myself withdrew,
 And call'd thy judgments o'er.

5 I call'd back years and ancient times,
 When I beheld thy face;
 My spirit search'd for secret crimes
 That might withhold thy grace.

6 I call'd thy mercies to my mind
 Which I enjoy'd before;
 And will the Lord no more be kind?
 His face appear no more?

7 Will he for ever cast me off?
 His promise ever fail?

Has he forgot his tender love?
Shall anger still prevail?

8 But I forbid this hopeless thought,
This dark despairing frame,
Rememb'ring what thy hand hath wrought,
Thy hand is still the same.

9 I'll think again of all thy ways,
And talk thy wonders o'er;
Thy wonders of recovering grace,
When flesh could hope no more.

10 Grace dwells with justice on the throne;
And men that love thy word
Have in thy sanctuary known
The counsels of the Lord.

Psalm 77:2. Second Part. Common Meter (8.6.8.6.)

Comfort derived from ancient providences; or, Israel delivered from Egypt, and brought to Canaan.

1 "How awful is thy chastening rod!"
(May thine own children say)
"The great, the wise, the dreadful God!
"How holy is his way!"

2 I'll meditate his works of old;
The King that reigns above;
I'll hear his ancient wonders told,
And learn to trust his love.

3 Long did the house of Joseph lie
With Egypt's yoke opprest:
Long he delay'd to hear their cry,
Nor gave his people rest.

4 The sons of good old Jacob seem'd
Abandon'd to their foes;
But his almighty arm redeem'd
The nation that he chose.

5 Israel, his people, and his sheep,
Must follow where he calls;
He bid them venture thro' the deep,
And made the waves their walls.

6 The waters saw thee, mighty God!
 The waters saw thee come;
 Backward they fled, and frightened stood,
 To make thine armies room.

7 Strange was thy journey thro' the sea,
 Thy footsteps, Lord, unknown,
 Terrors attend the wondrous way
 That brings thy mercies down.

8 [Thy voice with terror in the sound
 Thro' clouds and darkness broke;
 All heaven in lightning shone around,
 And earth with thunder shook.

9 Thine arrows thro' the skies were hurl'd;
 How glorious is the Lord!
 Surprise and trembling seiz'd the world,
 And his own saints ador'd.

10 He gave them water from the rock;
 And safe by Moses' hand
 Thro' a dry desert led his flock
 Home to the promis'd land.]

Psalm 78:1. First Part. Common Meter (8.6.8.6.)

Providence of God recorded; or, Pious education and instruction of children.

1 Let children hear the mighty deeds,
 Which God perform'd of old,
 Which in our younger years we saw,
 And which our fathers told.

2 He bids us make his glories known,
 His works of power and grace;
 And we'll convey his wonders down
 Thro' every rising race.

3 Our lips shall tell them to our Sons,
 And they again to theirs,
 That generations yet unborn
 May teach them to their heirs.

4 Thus shall they learn in God alone
 Their hope securely stands,
 That they may ne'er forget his works,
 But practise his commands.

Psalm 78:2. Second Part. Common Meter (8.6.8.6.)

Israel's rebellion and punishment; or, The sins and chastisements of God's people.

1 What a stiff rebellious house
 Was Jacob's ancient race!
 False to their own most solemn vows,
 And to their Maker's grace.

2 They broke the covenant of his love,
 And did his laws despise,
 Forgot the works he wrought to prove
 His power before their eyes.

3 They saw the plagues on Egypt light,
 From his revenging hand:
 What dreadful tokens of his might
 Spread o'er the stubborn land!

4 They saw him cleave the mighty sea,
 And march'd in safety thro',
 With watery walls to guard their way,
 Till they had 'scap'd the foe.

5 A wondrous pillar mark'd the road,
 Compos'd of shade and light;
 By day it prov'd a sheltering cloud,
 A leading fire by night.

6 He from the rock their thirst supply'd;
 The gushing waters fell,
 And ran in rivers by their side,
 A constant miracle.

7 Yet they provok'd the Lord most high,
 And dar'd distrust his hand;
 "Can he with bread our host supply
 "Amidst this desert land?"

8 The Lord with indignation heard,
 And caus'd his wrath to flame
 His terrors ever stand prepar'd
 To vindicate his Name.

Psalm 78:3. Third Part. Common Meter (8.6.8.6.)

The punishment of luxury and intemperance; or, Chastisement and salvation.

1 When Israel sins, the Lord reproves,
 And fills their hearts with dread;
 Yet he forgives the men he loves,
 And sends them heavenly bread.

2 He fed them with a liberal hand,
 And made his treasures known;
 He gave the midnight clouds command
 To pour provision down.

3 The manna, like a morning shower,
 Lay thick around their feet;
 The corn of heaven, so light, so pure,
 As tho' 'twere angels' meat.

4 But they in murmuring language said,
 "Manna is all our feast;
 "We loathe this light, this airy bread;
 "We must have flesh to taste."

5 "Ye shall have flesh to please your lust;"
 The Lord in wrath reply'd,
 And sent them quails like sand or dust,
 Heap'd up from side to side.

6 He gave them all their own desire;
 And greedy as they fed,
 His vengeance burnt with secret fire,
 And smote the rebels dead.

7 When some were slain, the rest return'd,
 And sought the Lord with tears;
 Under the rod they fear'd and mourn'd,
 But soon forgot their fears.

8 Oft he chas'tis'd and still forgave,
 Till by his gracious hand
 The nation he resolv'd to save,
 Possess'd the promis'd land.

Psalm 78:4. Fourth Part.
Long Meter (8.8.8.8.)

Verses 32-72

Backsliding and forgiveness; or, Sin punished, and saints saved.

1 Great God, how oft did Israel prove
 By turns thine anger and thy love!
 There in a glass our hearts may see
 How fickle and how false they be.

2 How soon the faithless Jews forgot
 The dreadful wonders God had wrought!
 Then they provoke him to his face,
 Nor fear his power, nor trust his grace.

3 The Lord consum'd their years in pain,
 And made their travels long and vain;
 A tedious march thro' unknown ways
 Wore out their strength and spent their days.

4 Oft when they saw their brethren slain,
 They mourn'd and sought the Lord again;
 Call'd him the Rock of their abode,
 Their high Redeemer and their God.

5 Their prayers and vows before him rise
 As flattering words or solemn lies,
 While their rebellious tempers prove
 False to his covenant and his love.

6 Yet did his sovereign grace forgive
 The men who not deserv'd to live;
 His anger oft away he turn'd,
 Or else with gentle flame it burn'd.

7 He saw their flesh was weak and frail,
 He saw temptation still prevail
 The God of Abraham lov'd them still,
 And led them to his holy hill.

Psalm 80.

Long Meter (8.8.8.8.)

The church's prayer under affliction; or, The vineyard of God wasted.

1 Great Shepherd of thine Israel,
Who didst between the cherubs dwell,
And led the tribes, thy chosen sheep,
Safe thro' the desert and the deep.

2 Thy church is in the desert now,
Shine from on high and guide us thro';
Turn us to thee, thy love restore,
We shall be sav'd, and sigh no more.

3 Great God, whom heavenly hosts obey,
How long shall we lament and pray,
And wait in vain thy kind return?
How long shall thy fierce anger burn?

4 Instead of wine and cheerful bread,
Thy saints with their own tears are fed;
Turn us to thee, thy love restore,
We shall be sav'd, and sigh no more.

PAUSE I.

5 Hast thou not planted with thy hands
A lovely vine in heathen lands?
Did not thy power defend it round,
And heavenly dews enrich the ground?

6 How did the spreading branches shoot,
And bless the nations with the fruit!
But now, dear Lord, look down and see
Thy mourning vine, that lovely tree.

7 Why is its beauty thus defac'd?
Why hast thou laid her fences waste?
Strangers and foes against her join,
And every beast devours the vine.

8 Return, almighty God, return,
Nor let thy bleeding vineyard mourn;
Turn us to thee, thy love restore,
We shall be sav'd, and sigh no more.

PAUSE II.

9 Lord, when this vine in Canaan grew
 Thou wast its strength and glory too;
 Attack'd in vain by all its foes,
 Till the fair Branch of Promise rose;

10 Fair Branch, ordain'd of old to shoot
 From David's stock, from Jacob's root;
 Himself a noble vine, and we
 The lesser branches of the tree.

11 'Tis thy own Son, and he shall stand
 Girt with thy strength at thy right hand;
 Thy first-born Son, adorn'd and blest
 With power and grace above the rest.

12 O! for his sake attend our cry,
 Shine on thy churches lest they die;
 Turn us to thee, thy love restore,
 We shall be sav'd, and sigh no more.

Psalm 81.**Short Meter (6.6.8.6.)***Verses 1,8-16*

The warnings of God to his people; or, Spiritual blessings and punishments.

1 Sing to the Lord aloud,
 And make a joyful noise;
 God is our strength, our Saviour God;
 Let Israel hear his voice.

2 "From vile idolatry
 "Preserve my worship clean;
 "I am the Lord who set thee free
 "From slavery and sin.

3 "Stretch thy desires abroad,
 "And I'll supply them well
 "But if ye will refuse your God,
 "If Israel will rebel,

4 "I'll leave them," saith the Lord,
 "To their own lusts a prey,
 "And let them run the dangerous road,
 "Tis their own chosen way.

5 "Yet O! that all my saints
 "Would hearken to my voice!
 "Soon I would ease their sore complaints,
 "And bid their hearts rejoice.

6 "While I destroy their foes,
 "I'd richly feed my flock,
 "And they should taste the stream that flows
 "From their eternal Rock."

Psalm 82.

Long Meter (8.8.8.8.)

God the supreme Governor; or, Magistrates warned.

1 Among th' assemblies of the great,
 A greater Ruler takes his seat;
 The God of heaven, as Judge, surveys
 Those gods on earth and all their ways.

2 Why will ye then frame wicked laws?
 Or why support th' unrighteous cause?
 When will ye once defend the poor,
 That sinners vex the saints no more?

3 They know not, Lord, nor will they know,
 Dark are the ways in which they go;
 Their name of earthly gods is vain,
 For they shall fall and die like men.

4 Arise, O Lord, and let thy Son
 Possess his universal throne,
 And rule the nations with his rod;
 He is our judge, and he our God.

Psalm 83.

Short Meter (6.6.8.6.)

A complaint against persecutors.

1 And will the God of grace
 Perpetual silence keep?
 The God of justice hold his peace,
 And let his vengeance sleep?

2 Behold what cursed snares
 The men of mischief spread;
 The men that hate thy saints and thee
 Lift up their threatening head.

3 Against thy hidden ones
 Their counsels they employ,
 And malice with her watchful eye,
 Pursues them to destroy.

4 The noble and the base
 Into thy pastures leap;
 The lion and the stupid ass
 Conspire to vex thy sheep.

5 "Come, let us join," they cry,
 "To root them from the ground,
 "Till not the name of saints remain,
 "Nor memory shall be found."

6 Awake, almighty God,
 And call thy wrath to mind;
 Give them like forests to the fire,
 Or stubble to the wind.

7 Convince their madness, Lord,
 And make them seek thy Name
 Or else their stubborn rage confound,
 That they may die in shame.

8 Then shall the nations know
 That glorious dreadful word,
 Jehovah is thy name alone,
 And thou the sovereign Lord.

Psalm 84:1. First Part.

Long Meter (8.8.8.8.)

The pleasure of public worship.

1 How pleasant, how divinely fair,
 O Lord of hosts, thy dwellings are!
 With long desire my spirit faints
 To meet th' assemblies of thy saints.

2 My flesh would rest in thine abode,
 My panting heart cries out for God;
 My God! my King! why should I be
 So far from all my joys and thee?

3 The sparrow chuses where to rest,
 And for her young provides her nest:
 But will my God to sparrows grant
 That pleasure which his children want?

4 Blest are the saints who sit on high,
 Around thy throne of majesty;
 Thy brightest glories shine above,
 And all their work is praise and love.

5 Blest are the souls that find a place
 Within the temple of thy grace;
 There they behold thy gentler rays,
 And seek thy face, and learn thy praise.

6 Blest are the men whose hearts are set
 To find the way to Sion's gate;
 God is their strength, and thro' the road
 They lean upon their helper God.

7 Cheerful they walk with growing strength,
 Till all shall meet in heaven at length,
 Till all before thy face appear,
 And join in nobler worship there.

Psalm 84:2. Second Part.

Long Meter (8.8.8.8.)

God and his church; or, Grace and glory.

1 Great God, attend, while Sion sings
 The joy that from thy presence springs
 To spend one day with thee on earth
 Exceeds a thousand days of mirth.

2 Might I enjoy the meanest place
 Within thine house, O God of grace,
 Not tents of ease, nor thrones of power,
 Should tempt my feet to leave thy door.

3 God is our sun, he makes our day;
 God is our shield, he guards our way
 From all th' assaults of hell and sin,
 From foes without, and foes within.

4 All needful grace will God bestow,
 And crown that grace with glory too:
 He gives us all things, and withholds
 No real good from upright souls.

5 O God, our King, whose sovereign sway
 The glorious hosts of heaven obey,
 And devils at thy presence flee,
 Blest is the man that trusts in thee.

Psalm 84:3.

Common Meter (8.6.8.6.)

Verses 1-4, 10 Paraphrased

Delight in ordinances of worship; or, God present in his churches.

1 My soul, how lovely is the place
 To which thy God resorts!
 'Tis heaven to see his smiling face,
 Tho' in his earthly courts.

2 There the great Monarch of the skies
 His saving power displays,
 And light breaks in upon our eyes
 With kind and quickening rays.

3 With his rich gifts the heavenly Dove
 Descends and fills the place,
 While Christ reveals his wondrous love,
 And sheds abroad his grace.

4 There, mighty God, thy words declare
 The secrets of thy will;
 And still we seek thy mercy there,
 And sing thy praises still.

PAUSE.

5 My heart and flesh cry out for thee,
 While far from thine abode:
 When shall I tread thy courts, and see
 My Saviour and my God?

6 The sparrow builds herself a nest,
 And suffers no remove;
 O make me like the sparrows, blest,
 To dwell but where I love.

7 To sit one day beneath thine eye,
 And hear thy gracious voice,
 Exceeds a whole eternity
 Employ'd in carnal joys.

8 Lord, at thy threshold I would wait,
 While Jesus is within,
 Rather than fill a throne of state,
 Or live in tents of sin.

9 Could I command the spacious land,
 And the more boundless sea,
 For one blest hour at thy right hand
 I'd give them both away.

Psalm 84:4.

Peculiar Meter (6,6,6,6,4,4,4,4.)

Longing for the house of God. As the 148th Psalm.

1 Lord of the worlds above,
 How pleasant and how fair
 The dwellings of thy love,
 Thy earthly temples are!
 To thine abode
 My heart aspires,
 With warm desires
 To see my God.

2 The sparrow, for her young,
 With pleasure seeks her nest;
 And wandering swallows long
 To find their wonted rest:
 My spirit faints
 With equal zeal
 To rise and dwell
 Among thy saints.

3 O happy souls that pray
 Where God appoints to hear!
 O happy men that pay
 Their constant service there!
 They praise thee still;
 And happy they
 That love the way
 To Zion's hill.

4 They go from strength to strength,
 Thro' this dark vale of tears,
 Till each arrives at length,
 Till each in heaven appears:
 O glorious seat,
 When God our king
 Shall thither bring
 Our willing feet!

PAUSE.

5 To spend one sacred day
 Where God and saints abide,
 Affords diviner joy
 Than thousand days beside;
 Where God resorts,
 I love it more
 To keep the door
 Than shine in courts.

6 God is our sun and shield,
 Our light and our defence
 With gifts his hands are fill'd,
 We draw our blessings thence;
 He shall bestow
 On Jacob's race
 Peculiar grace
 And glory too.

7 The Lord his people loves;
 His hand no good withholds
 From those his heart approves,
 From pure and pious souls:
 Thrice happy he,
 O God of hosts,
 Whose spirit trusts
 Alone in thee.

Psalm 85:1. First Part.**Long Meter (8.8.8.8.)**

Verses 1-8

Waiting for an answer to prayer; or, Deliverance begun and completed.

1 Lord, thou hast call'd thy grace to mind,
 Thou hast revers'd our heavy doom:
 So God forgave when Israel sinn'd,
 And brought his wandering captives home.

2 Thou hast begun to set us free,
 And made thy fiercest wrath abate;
 Now let our hearts be turn'd to thee,
 And thy salvation be complete.

3 Revive our dying graces, Lord,
 And let thy saints in thee rejoice;
 Make known thy truth, fulfil thy word,
 We wait for praise to tune our voice.

4 We wait to hear what God will say;
 He'll speak, and give his people peace;
 But let them run no more astray,
 Lest his returning wrath increase.

Psalm 85:2. Second Part.**Long Meter (8.8.8.8.)**

Verses 9-13

Salvation by Christ.

1 Salvation is for ever nigh
 The souls that fear and trust the Lord;
 And grace descending from on high,
 Fresh hopes of glory shall afford.

2 Mercy and truth on earth are met,
 Since Christ the Lord came down from heaven;
 By his obedience, so complete,
 Justice is pleas'd, and peace is given.

3 Now truth and honour shall abound,
 Religion dwell on earth again,
 And heavenly influence bless the ground
 In our Redeemer's gentle reign.

4 His righteousness is gone before
 To give us free access to God;
 Our wandering feet shall stray no more,
 But mark his steps and keep the road.

Psalm 86. 8-13.

Common Meter (8.6.8.6.)

Verses 8-13

A general song of praise to God.

1 Among the princes, earthly gods,
 There's none hath power divine;
 Nor is their nature, mighty Lord,
 Nor are their works like thine.

2 The nations thou hast made shall bring
 Their offerings round thy throne;
 For thou alone dost wondrous things,
 For thou art God alone.

3 Lord, I would walk with holy feet;
 Teach me thine heavenly ways,
 And my poor scatter'd thoughts unite
 In God my Father's praise.

4 Great is thy mercy, and my tongue
 Shall those sweet wonders tell,
 How by thy grace my sinking soul
 Rose from the deeps of hell.

Psalm 87.

Long Meter (8.8.8.8.)

The church the birth-place of the saints; or, Jews and Gentiles united in the Christian Church.

1 God in his earthly temple lays
 Foundations for his heavenly praise:
 He likes the tents of Jacob well,
 But still in Zion loves to dwell.

2 His mercy visits every house
 That pay their night and morning vows;
 But makes a more delightful stay
 Where churches meet to praise and pray.

3 What glories were describ'd of old!
 What wonders are of Zion told!
 Thou city of our God below,
 Thy fame shall Tyre and Egypt know.

4 Egypt and Tyre, and Greek and Jew,
 Shall there begin their lives anew:
 Angels and men shall join to sing
 The hill where living waters spring.

5. When God makes up his last account
 Of natives in his holy mount,
 'Twill be an honour to appear
 As one new-born or nourish'd there.

Psalm 89:1. First Part.

Long Meter (8.8.8.8.)

The covenant made with Christ; or, the true David.

1 For ever shall my song record
 The truth and mercy of the Lord;
 Mercy and truth for ever stand,
 Like heaven, establish'd by his hand.

2 Thus to his Son he sware, and said,
 "With thee my covenant 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 powers 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.

Psalm 89:2. First Part.

Common Meter (8.6.8.6.)

The faithfulness of God.

1 My never-ceasing songs shall show
 The mercies of the Lord,
 And make succeeding ages know
 How faithful is his word.

2 The sacred truths his lips pronounce
 Shall firm as heaven endure;
 And if he speak a promise once,
 Th' eternal grace is sure.

3 How long the race of David held
 The promis'd Jewish throne!
 But there's a nobler covenant seal'd
 To David's greater Son.

4 His seed for ever shall possess
 A throne above the skies;
 The meanest subject of his grace
 Shall to that glory rise.

5 Lord God of hosts, thy wondrous ways
 Are sung by saints above;
 And saints on earth their honours raise
 To thine unchanging love.

Psalm 89:3. Second Part.

Common Meter (8.6.8.6.)

Verses 7-14

The power and majesty of God; or, Reverential worship.

1 With reverence let the saints appear
 And bow before the Lord,
 His high commands with reverence hear,
 And tremble at his word.

2 How terrible thy glories be!
 How bright thine armies shine!
 Where is the power that vies with thee?
 Or truth compar'd to thine?

3 The northern pole and southern rest
 On thy supporting hand;
 Darkness and day from east to west
 Move round at thy command.

4 Thy words the raging wind control,
 And rule the boisterous deep;
 Thou mak'st the sleeping billows roll,
 The rolling billows sleep.

5 Heaven, earth, and air, and sea are thine,
 And the dark world of hell:
 How did thine arm in vengeance shine
 When Egypt durst rebel!

6 Justice and judgment are thy throne,
 Yet wondrous is thy grace;
 While truth and mercy join'd in one
 Invite us near thy face.

Psalm 89:4. Third Part.

Common Meter (8.6.8.6.)

*Verses 15-18
 A blessed gospel.*

1 Blest are the souls that hear and know
 The gospel's joyful sound;
 Peace shall attend the path they go,
 And light their steps surround.

2 Their joy shall bear their spirits up
 Thro' their Redeemer's Name;
 His righteousness exalts their hope,
 Nor Satan dares condemn.

3 The Lord, our glory and defence,
 Strength and salvation gives;
 Israel, thy king for ever reigns,
 Thy God for ever lives.

Psalm 89:5. Fourth Part.

Common Meter (8.6.8.6.)

Verses 19-29

Christ's mediatorial kingdom; or, His divine and human nature.

- 1 Hear what the Lord in vision said,
 And made his mercy known:
 "Sinners, behold your help is laid
 "On my almighty Son.
- 2 "Behold the man my wisdom chose
 "Among your mortal race;
 "His head my holy oil o'erflows,
 "The Spirit of my grace.
- 3 "High shall he reign on David's throne,
 "My people's better King;
 "My arm shall beat his rivals down,
 "And still new subjects bring.
- 4 "My truth shall guard him in his way,
 "With mercy by his side,
 "While, in my name thro' earth and sea
 "He shall in triumph ride.
- 5 "Me for his Father and his God
 "He shall for ever own,
 "Call me his rock, his high abode;
 "And I'll support my Son.
- 6 "My first-born Son array'd in grace
 "At my right-hand shall sit;
 "Beneath him angels know their place,
 "And monarchs at his feet.
- 7 "My covenant stands for ever fast,
 "My promises are strong;
 "Firm as the heavens his throne shall last,
 "His seed endure as long."

Psalm 89:6. Fifth Part. Common Meter (8.6.8.6.)

Veres 30-46

*The covenant of grace unchangeable; or, Afflictions without
rejection.*

1 "Yet (saith the Lord) if David's race,
 "The children of my Son,
"Should break my laws, abuse my grace,
 "And tempt mine anger down;

2 "Their sins I'll visit with the rod,
 "And make their folly smart;
"But I'll not cease to be their God,
 "Nor from my truth depart.

3 "My covenant I will ne'er revoke,
 "But keep my grace in mind;
"And what eternal love hath spoke
 "Eternal truth shall bind.

4 "Once have I sworn (I need no more)
 "And pledg'd my holiness
"To seal the sacred promise sure
 "To David and his race.

5 "The sun shall see his offspring rise
 "And spread from sea to sea,
"Long as he travels round the skies
 "To give the nations day.

6 "Sure as the moon that rules the night
 "His kingdom shall endure,
"Till the fix'd laws of shade and light
 "Shall be observ'd no more."

Psalm 89:7. Sixth Part. Common Meter (8.6.8.6.)

Veres 47-52

Mortality and hope. A funeral psalm.

1 Remember, Lord, our mortal state,
How frail our life, how short the date!
Where is the man that draws his breath
Safe from disease, secure from death?

2 Lord, while we see whole nations die,
 Our flesh and sense repine and cry,
 "Must death for ever rage and reign?
 "Or hast thou made mankind in vain?

3 "Where is thy promise to the just?
 "Are not thy servants turn'd to dust?"
 But faith forbids these mournful sighs,
 And sees the sleeping dust arise.

4 That glorious hour, that dreadful day
 Wipes the reproach of saints away,
 And clears the honour of thy word;
 Awake our souls, and bless the Lord.

**Psalm 89:8. Last Part.
 Common Meter (8.6.8.6.)**

Verses 47-52

As the 113th Psalm. Life, death, and the resurrection.

1 Think, mighty God, on feeble man,
 How few his hours, how short his span!
 Short from the cradle to the grave:
 Who can secure his vital breath
 Against the bold demands of death,
 With skill to fly, or power to save?

2 Lord, shall it be for ever said,
 "The race of man was only made
 "For sickness, sorrow, and the dust?"
 Are not thy servants day by day
 Sent to their graves, and turn'd to clay?
 Lord, where's thy kindness to the just?

3 Hast thou not promis'd to thy Son
 And all his seed a heavenly crown?
 But flesh and sense indulge despair;
 For ever blessed be the Lord,
 That faith can read his holy word,
 And find a resurrection there.

4 For ever blessed be the Lord,
 Who gives his saints a long reward
 For all their toil, reproach and pain;
 Let all below and all above
 Join to proclaim thy wondrous love,
 And each repeat their loud Amen.

Book IV

Psalms 90-106

Psalm 90:1.

Long Meter (8.8.8.8.)

Verases 1-5

Man mortal, and God eternal. A mournful song at a funeral.

1 Thro' every age, eternal God,
 Thou art our rest, our safe abode;
 High was thy throne ere heaven was made,
 Or earth thy humble footstool laid.

2 Long hadst thou reign'd ere time began,
 Or dust was fashion'd to a man;
 And long thy kingdom shall endure
 When earth and time shall be no more.

3 But man, weak man, is born to die,
 Made up of guilt and vanity;
 Thy dreadful sentence, Lord, was just,
 "Return, ye sinners, to your dust."

4 [A thousand of our years amount
 Scarce to a day in thine account;
 Like yesterday's departed light,
 Or the last watch of ending night.]

PAUSE.

5 Death like an overflowing stream
 Sweeps us away; our life's a dream;
 An empty tale; a morning flower
 Cut down and wither'd in an hour.

6 [Our age to seventy years is set;
 How short the term! how frail the state!
 And if to eighty we arrive,
 We rather sigh and groan than live.

7 But O how oft thy wrath appears,
 And cuts off our expected years!
 Thy wrath awakes our humble dread;
 We fear the power that strikes us dead.]

8 Teach us, O Lord, how frail is man;
 And kindly lengthen out our span,
 Till a wise care of piety
 Fit us to die, and well with thee.

Psalm 90:2. First Part.
Common Meter (8.6.8.6.)

Verses 1-5
Man frail, and God eternal.

1 Our God, our help in ages past,
 Our hope for years to come,
 Our shelter from the stormy blast,
 And our eternal home.

2 Under the shadow of thy throne
 Thy saints have dwelt secure;
 Sufficient is thine arm alone,
 And our defence is sure.

3 Before the hills in order stood,
 Or earth receiv'd her frame,
 From everlasting thou art God,
 To endless years the same.

4 Thy word commands our flesh to dust,
 "Return, ye sons of men:"
 All nations rose from earth at first,
 And turn to earth again.

5 A thousand ages in thy sight
 Are like an evening gone;
 Short as the watch that ends the night
 Before the rising sun.

6 [The busy tribes of flesh and blood,
 With all their lives and cares,
 Are carried downwards by thy flood,
 And lost in following years.

7 Time like an ever-rolling stream
 Bears all its Sons away;
 They fly forgotten as a dream
 Dies at the opening day.

8 Like flowery fields the nations stand
 Pleas'd with the morning light;
 The flowers beneath the mower's hand
 Lie withering ere 'tis night.]

9 Our God, our help in ages past,
 Our hope for years to come,
 Be thou our guard while troubles last,
 And our eternal home.

Psalm 90:3. Second Part.
Common Meter (8.6.8.6.)

Verses 8-12

Infirmities and mortality the effect of sin; or, Life, old age, and preparation for death.

1 Lord, if thine eyes survey our faults,
 And justice grow severe,
 Thy dreadful wrath exceeds our thoughts,
 And burns beyond our fear.

2 Thine anger turns our frame to dust;
 By one offence to thee
 Adam with all his sons have lost
 Their immortality.

3 Life like a vain amusement flies,
 A fable or a song;
 By swift degrees our nature dies,
 Nor can our joys be long.

4 'Tis but a few whose days amount
 To threescore years and ten,
 And all beyond that short account
 is sorrow, toil, and pain.

5 [Our vitals with laborious strife
 Bear up the crazy load,
 And drag those poor remains of life
 Along the tiresome road.]

6 Almighty God, reveal thy love,
 And not thy wrath alone;
 O let our sweet experience prove
 The mercies of thy throne!

7 Our souls would learn the heavenly art
 T' improve the hours we have,
 That we may act the wiser part,
 And live beyond the grave.

Psalm 90:4. Third Part.

Common Meter (8.6.8.6.)

Verses 13-17

Breathing after heaven.

1 Return, O God of love, return;
 Earth is a tiresome place:
 How long shall we thy children mourn
 Our absence from thy face!

2 Let heaven succeed our painful years,
 Let sin and sorrow cease,
 And in proportion to our tears
 So make our joys increase.

3 Thy wonders to thy servants show,
 Make thy own work complete,
 Then shall our souls thy glory know,
 And own thy love was great.

4 Then shall we shine before thy throne
 In all thy beauty, Lord;
 And the poor service we have done
 Meet a divine reward.

Psalm 90:5.

Short Meter (6.6.8.6.)

Verses 5, 10, 12

The frailty and shortness of life.

1 Lord what a feeble piece
 Is this our mortal frame!
 Our life how poor a trifle 'tis,
 That scarce deserves the name!

2 Alas the brittle clay
 That built our body first!
 And every month, and every day
 'Tis mouldering back to dust.

3 Our moments fly apace,
Nor will our minutes stay;
Just like a flood our hasty days
Are sweeping us away.

4 Well if our days must fly,
We'll keep their end in sight,
We'll spend them all in wisdom's way,
And let them speed their flight.

5 They'll waft us sooner o'er
This life's tempestuous sea:
Soon we shall reach the peaceful shore
Of blest eternity.

Psalm 91:1. First Part.

Long Meter (8.8.8.8.)

Verses 1-7

Safety in public diseases and dangers.

1 He that hath made his refuge God,
Shall find a most secure abode,
Shall walk all day beneath his shade,
And there at night shall rest his head.

2 Then will I say, "My God, thy power
"Shall be my fortress and my tower;
"I that am form'd of feeble dust
"Make thine almighty arm my trust."

3 Thrice happy man! thy Maker's care
Shall keep thee from the fowler's snare,
Satan, the fowler, who betrays
Unguarded souls a thousand ways.

4 Just as a hen protects her brood
From birds of prey that seek their blood,
Under her feathers, so the Lord
Makes his own arm his people's guard.

5 If burning beams of noon conspire
To dart a pestilential fire,
God is their life; his wings are spread
To shield them with an healthful shade.

6 If vapours with malignant breath
 Rise thick and scatter midnight death,
 Israel is safe; the poison'd air
 Grows pure if Israel's God be there.

PAUSE.

7 What though a thousand at thy side,
 At thy right hand ten thousand dy'd,
 Thy God his chosen people saves
 Amongst the dead, amidst the graves.

8 So when he sent his angel down
 To make his wrath in Egypt known,
 And slew their sons, his careful eye
 Pass'd all the doors of Jacob by.

9 But if the fire, or plague, or sword,
 Receive commission from the Lord
 To strike his saints among the rest,
 Their very pains and deaths are blest.

10 The sword, the pestilence or fire
 Shall but fulfil their best desire,
 From sins and sorrows set them free,
 And bring thy children, Lord, to thee.

Psalm 91:2. Second Part.

Common Meter (8.6.8.6.)

Verses 9-16

Protection from death, guard of angels, victory and deliverance.

1 Ye sons of men, a feeble race,
 Expos'd to every snare,
 Come make the Lord your dwelling-place,
 And try and trust his care.

2 No ill shall enter where you dwell;
 Or if the plague come nigh,
 And sweep the wicked down to hell,
 'Twill raise his saints on high.

3 He'll give his angels charge to keep
 Your feet in all their ways;
 To watch your pillow while you sleep,
 And guard your happy days.

4 Their hands shall bear you, lest you fall
 And dash against the stones:
 Are they not servants at his call,
 And sent t' attend his sons?

5 Adders and lions ye shall tread;
 The tempter's wiles defeat;
 He that hath broke the serpent's head
 Puts him beneath your feet.

6 "Because on me they set their love
 "I'll save them," saith the Lord;
 "I'll bear their joyful souls above
 "Destruction and the sword.

7 "My grace shall answer when they call;
 "In trouble I'll be nigh;
 "My power shall help them when they fall,
 "And raise them when they die.

8 "Those that on earth my Name have known,
 "I'll honour them in heaven;
 "There my salvation shall be shown,
 "And endless life be given."

Psalm 92:1. First Part.
Long Meter (8.8.8.8.)
A psalm for the Lord's day.

1 Sweet is the work, my God my King,
 To praise thy Name, give thanks and sing,
 To shew thy love by morning light,
 And talk of all thy truth at night.

2 Sweet is the day of sacred rest,
 No mortal cares shall seize my breast;
 O may my heart in tune be found
 Like David's harp of solemn sound!

3 My heart shall triumph in my Lord,
 And bless his works, and bless his word;
 Thy works of grace, how bright they shine!
 How deep thy counsels! how divine!

4 Fools never raise their thoughts so high;
 Like brutes they live, like brutes they die;
 Like grass they flourish, till thy breath
 Blast them in everlasting death.

5 But I shall share a glorious part
 When grace hath well refin'd my heart,
 And fresh supplies of joy are shed
 Like holy oil, to cheer my head.

6 Sin, (my worst enemy before)
 Shall vex my eyes and ears no more;
 My inward foes shall all be slain,
 Nor Satan break my peace again.

7 Then shall I see, and hear, and know,
 All I desir'd or wish'd below;
 And every power find sweet employ
 In that eternal world of joy.

Psalm 92:2. Second Part.

Long Meter (8.8.8.8.)

Verses 12-15

The church is the garden of God.

1 Lord, 'tis a pleasant thing to stand
 In gardens planted by thine hand;
 Let me within thy courts be seen
 Like a young cedar fresh and green.

2 There grow thy saints in faith and love,
 Blest with thine influence from above;
 Not Lebanon with all its trees
 Yields such a comely sight as these.

3 The plants of grace shall ever live;
 (Nature decays but grace must thrive)
 Time, that doth all things else impair,
 Still makes them flourish strong and fair.

4 Laden with fruits of age, they shew
 The Lord is holy, just, and true;
 None that attend his gates shall find
 A God unfaithful or unkind.

Psalm 93:1.

Peculiar Meter (6.6.8.6.6.8.)

The eternal and sovereign God. As 100th Psalm

1 Jehovah reigns; he dwells in light,
 Girded with majesty and might:
 The world created by his hands
 Still on its first foundation stands.

2 But ere this spacious world was made,
 Or had its first foundations laid,
 Thy throne eternal ages stood,
 Thyself the ever-living God.

3 Like floods the angry nations rise
 And aim their rage against the skies;
 Vain floods that aim their rage so high!
 At thy rebuke the billows die.

4 For ever shall thy throne endure;
 Thy promise stands for ever sure;
 And everlasting holiness
 Becomes the dwellings of thy grace.

Psalm 93:2.

Peculiar Meter (10.10.10.10.10.10.)

As the p;d 50th Psalm. The same. As the old 50th Psalm.

1 The Lord of glory reigns; he reigns on high;
 His robes of state are strength and majesty:
 This wide creation rose at his command,
 Built by his word, and 'stablish'd by his hand:
 Long stood his throne ere he began creation,
 And his own Godhead is the firm foundation.

2 God is th' eternal King: thy foes in vain
 Raise their rebellions to confound thy reign:
 In vain the storms, in vain the floods arise,
 And roar and toss their waves against the skies;
 Foaming at heaven, they rage with wild commotion,
 But heaven's high arches scorn the swelling ocean.

3 Ye tempests, rage no more; ye floods, be still;
 And the mad world submissive to his will:
 Built on his truth, his church must ever stand;
 Firm are his promises, and strong his hand:
 See his own sons, when they appear before him,
 Bow at his footstool, and with fear adore him.

Psalm 93:3.

Peculiar Meter (6.6.8.6.6.8.)

The same. As the old 122nd Psalm.

1 The Lord Jehovah reigns
 And royal state maintains,
 His head with awful glories crown'd;
 Array'd in robes of light,
 Begirt with sovereign might,
 And rays of majesty around.

2 Upheld by thy commands
 The world securely stands;
 And skies and stars obey thy word:
 Thy throne was fix'd on high
 Before the starry sky;
 Eternal is thy kingdom, Lord.

3 In vain the noisy crowd,
 Like billows fierce and loud,
 Against thine empire rage and roar;
 In vain, with angry spite,
 The surly nations fight,
 And dash like waves against the shore.

4 Let floods and nations rage,
 And all their powers engage,
 Let swelling tides assault the sky;
 The terrors of thy frown
 Shall beat their madness down;
 Thy throne for ever stands on high.

5 Thy promises are true,
 Thy grace is ever new;
 There fix'd thy church shall ne'er remove:
 Thy saints with holy fear
 Shall in thy courts appear,
 And sing thine everlasting love.

Repeat the fourth stanza to complete the old tune.

**Psalm 94:1. First Part.
Common Meter (8.6.8.6.)**

Verses 1-2, 7-14

Saints chastised, and sinners destroyed; or, Instructive afflictions.

1 God, to whom revenge belongs,
 Proclaim thy truth aloud
Let Sovereign Power redress our wrongs,
 Let justice smite the proud.

2 They say, "The Lord nor sees nor hears;"
 When will the fools be wise!
Can he be deaf who form'd their ears?
 Or blind, who made their eyes?

3 He knows their impious thoughts are vain,
 And they shall feel his power;
His wrath shall pierce their souls with pain
 In some surprising hour.

4 But if thy saints deserve rebuke,
 Thou hast a gentler rod;
Thy providences and thy book
 Shall make them know their God.

5 Blest is the man thy hands chastise,
 And to his duty draw;
Thy scourges make thy children wise
 When they forget thy law.

6 But God will ne'er cast off his saints,
 Nor his own promise break;
He pardons his inheritance
 For their Redeemer's sake.

**Psalm 94:2. Second Part.
Common Meter (8.6.8.6.)**

Verses 16-23

God our support and comfort; or, Deliverance from temptation and persecution.

1 Who will arise and plead my right
 Against my numerous foes,
While earth and hell their force unite,
 And all my hopes oppose?

2 Had not the Lord, my rock, my help,
 Sustain'd my fainting head,
 My life had now in silence dwelt,
 My soul amongst the dead.

3 "Alas! my sliding feet," I cry'd;
 Thy promise was my prop;
 Thy grace stood constant by my side,
 Thy Spirit bore me up.

4 While multitudes of mournful thoughts
 Within my bosom roll,
 Thy boundless love forgives my faults,
 Thy comforts cheer my soul.

5 Powers of iniquity may rise,
 And frame pernicious laws;
 But God, my refuge, rules the skies,
 He will defend my cause.

6 Let malice vent her rage aloud,
 Let bold blasphemers scoff,
 The Lord our God shall judge the proud,
 And cut the sinners off.

Psalm 95:1.
Common Meter (8.6.8.6.)
A psalm before prayer.

1 Sing to the Lord Jehovah's Name,
 And in his strength rejoice;
 When his salvation is our theme,
 Exalted be our voice.

2 With thanks approach his awful sight,
 And psalms of honour sing;
 The Lord's a God of boundless might,
 The whole creation's King.

3 Let princes hear, let angels know,
 How mean their natures seem,
 Those gods on high, and gods below,
 When once compar'd with him.

4 Earth with its caverns dark and deep
 Lies in his spacious hand,
 He fix'd the seas what bounds to keep,
 And where the hills must stand.

5 Come, and with humble souls adore,
 Come, kneel before his face;
 O may the creatures of his power
 Be children of his grace!

6 Now is the time: he bends his ear,
 And waits for your request;
 Come, lest he rouse his wrath and swear
 "Ye shall not see my rest."

Psalm 95:2.
Short Meter (6.6.8.6.)
A psalm before sermon.

1 Come, sound his praise abroad,
 And hymns of glory sing;
 Jehovah is the sovereign God,
 The universal King.

He form'd the deeps unknown;
 He gave the seas their bound;
 The watery worlds are all his own,
 And all the solid ground.

3 Come, worship at his throne,
 Come bow before the Lord:
 We are his works and not our own;
 He form'd us by his word.

4 To-day attend his voice,
 Nor dare provoke his rod;
 Come like the people of his choice,
 And own your gracious God.

5 But if your ears refuse
 The language of his grace,
 And hearts grow hard, like stubborn Jews,
 That unbelieving race;

6 The Lord in vengeance drest
 Will lift his hand and swear,
 "You that despise my promis'd rest,
 "Shall have no portion there."

Psalm 95:3.
Long Meter (8.8.8.8.)

Verses 1-3, 6-11

Canaan lost through unbelief; or, A warning to delaying sinners.

1 Come, let our voices join to raise
 A sacred song of solemn praise;
 God is a sovereign 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 harden'd hearts renew
 The sins and plagues that Israel knew.

4 Israel, 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 power, abuse my love;
 "Since they despise my rest, I swear,
 "Their feet shall never enter there."

6 [Look back my soul, with holy dread,
 And view those ancient rebels dead;
 Attend the offer'd grace to-day,
 Nor lose the blessing by delay.

7 Seize the kind promise while it waits,
 And march to Zion's heavenly gates;
 Believe, and take the promis'd rest;
 Obey, and be for ever blest.]

Psalm 96:1.
Common Meter (8.6.8.6.)
Verses 1,10-13
Christ's first and second coming.

1 Sing to the Lord, ye distant lands,
 Ye tribes of every tongue;
 His new discover'd grace demands
 A new and nobler song.

2 Say to the nations, Jesus reigns,
 God's own almighty Son;
 His power the sinking world sustains,
 And grace surrounds his throne.

3 Let heaven proclaim the joyful day,
 Joy thro' the earth be seen;
 Let cities shine in bright array,
 And fields in cheerful green.

4 Let an unusual joy surprise
 The islands of the sea;
 Ye mountains, sink, ye vallies, rise,
 Prepare the Lord his way.

5 Behold he comes, he comes to bless
 The nations as their God;
 To shew the world his righteousness,
 And send his truth abroad.

6 But when his voice shall raise the dead,
 And bid the world draw near,
 How will the guilty nations dread
 To see their Judge appear!

Psalm 96:2.
Peculiar Meter (8.8.8.8.8.)
The God of the Gentiles. As the 113th Psalm.

1 Let all the earth their voices raise
 To sing the choicest psalm of praise,
 To sing and bless Jehovah's name:
 His glory let the heathens know,
 His wonders to the nations show,
 And all his saving works proclaim.

2 The heathens know thy glory, Lord;
 The wondering nations read thy word,
 In Britain is Jehovah known:
 Our worship shall no more be paid
 To gods which mortal hands have made;
 Our Maker is our God alone.

3 He fram'd the globe, he built the sky,
 He made the shining worlds on high,
 And reigns complete in glory there:
 His beams are majesty and light;
 His beauties how divinely bright!
 His temple how divinely fair!

4 Come the great day, the glorious hour,
 When earth shall feel his saving power,
 And barbarous nations fear his name;
 Then shall the race of man confess
 The beauty of his holiness,
 And in his courts his grace proclaim.

Psalm 97:1. First Part.
Long Meter (8.8.8.8.)

Verses 1-5

Christ reigning in heaven, and coming to judgment.

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 ways surround,
 Justice is their eternal ground.

3 In robes of judgment, lo! he comes,
 Shakes the wide earth, and 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.

Psalm 97:2. Second Part.**Long Meter (8.8.8.8.)***Verses 6-9**Christ's incarnation.*

1 The Lord is come, the heavens proclaim
His birth; the nations learn his Name;
An unknown star directs the road
Of eastern sages to their God.

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 sovereign King.

Psalm 97:3. Third Part.**Long Meter (8.8.8.8.)***Grace and glory.*

1 Th' Almighty reigns exalted high
O'er all the earth, o'er all the sky,
Tho' clouds and darkness veil his feet,
His dwelling is the mercy-seat.

2 O ye that love his holy Name,
Hate every work of sin and shame;
He guards the souls of all his friends,
And from the snares of hell defends.

3 Immortal light and joys unknown
Are for the saints in darkness sown;
Those glorious seeds shall spring and rise,
And the bright harvest bless our eyes.

4 Rejoice, ye righteous, and record
The sacred honours of the Lord;
None but the soul that feels his grace
Can triumph in his holiness.

Psalm 97:4.**Common Meter (8.6.8.6.)***Verses 1, 3, 5-7, 11**Christ's incarnation, and the last judgment.*

1 Ye islands of the northern sea,
 Rejoice, the Saviour reigns;
 His word like fire, prepares his way,
 And mountains melt to plains.

2 His presence sinks the proudest hills,
 And makes the vallies rise
 The humble soul enjoys his smiles,
 The haughty sinner dies.

3 The heavens his rightful power proclaim
 The idol-gods around
 Fill their own worshippers with shame,
 And totter to the ground.

4 Adoring angels at his birth
 Make the Redeemer known;
 Thus shall he come to judge the earth,
 And angels guard his throne.

5 His foes shall tremble at his sight,
 And hills and seas retire
 His children take their unknown flight,
 And leave the world in fire.

6 The seeds of joy and glory sown
 For saints in darkness here
 Shall rise and spring in worlds unknown,
 And a rich harvest bear.

Psalm 98:1. First Part.**Common Meter (8.6.8.6.)***Praise for the gospel.*

1 To our almighty Maker, God,
 New honours be address'd;
 his great salvation shines abroad,
 And makes the nations blest.

2 He spake the word to Abraham first,
 His truth fulfils the grace:
 The Gentiles make his Name their trust,
 And learn his righteousness.

3 Let the whole earth his love proclaim
 With all her different tongues;
 And spread the honours of his Name
 In melody and songs.

Psalm 98:2. Second Part.

Common Meter (8.6.8.6.)
The Messiah's coming and kingdom.

1 Joy to the world; the Lord is come;
 Let earth receive her King;
 Let every heart prepare him room,
 And heaven and nature sing.

2 Joy to the earth, the Saviour reigns;
 Let men their songs employ;
 While fields and floods, rocks, hills and plains,
 Repeat the sounding joy.

3 No more let sins and sorrows grow,
 Nor thorns infest the ground;
 He comes to make his blessings flow
 Far as the curse is found.

4 He rules the world with truth and grace,
 And makes the nations prove
 The glories of his righteousness,
 And wonders of his love.

Psalm 99:1. First Part.

Short Meter (6.6.8.6.)
Christ's kingdom and majesty.

1 The God Jehovah reigns,
 Let all the nations fear,
 Let sinners tremble at his throne,
 And saints be humble there.

2 Jesus the Saviour reigns,
 Let earth adore its Lord;
 Bright cherubs his attendants stand,
 Swift to fulfil his word.

3 In Zion is his throne,
 His honours are divine;
 His church shall make his wonders known,
 For there his glories shine.

4 How holy is his Name!
 How terrible his praise!
 Justice, and truth, and judgment join
 In all his works of grace.

Psalm 99:2. Second Part. Short Meter (6.6.8.6.)

A holy God worshipped with reverence.

1 Exalt the Lord our God,
 And worship at his feet;
 His nature is all holiness,
 And mercy is his seat.

2 When Israel was his church,
 When Aaron was his priest,
 When Moses cry'd, when Samuel pray'd,
 He gave his people rest.

3 Oft he forgave their sins,
 Nor would destroy their race;
 And oft he made his vengeance known,
 When they abus'd his grace.

4 Exalt the Lord our God,
 Whose grace is still time same;
 Still he's a God of holiness,
 And jealous for his Name.

Psalm 100:1.**Long Meter (8.8.8.8.)***Praise to our Creator. A plain translation.*

1 Ye nations round the earth rejoice
 Before the Lord, your sovereign King;
 Serve him with cheerful heart and voice,
 With all your tongues his glory sing.

2 The Lord is God; 'tis he alone
 Doth life, and breath, and being give:
 We are his work, and not our own;
 The sheep that on his pastures live.

3 Enter his gates with songs of joy,
 With praises to his courts repair,
 And make it your divine employ
 To pay your thanks and honours there.

4 The Lord is good, the Lord is kind;
 Great is his grace, his mercy sure;
 And the whole race of man shall find
 His truth from age to age endure.

Psalm 100:2.**Long Meter (8.8.8.8.)***A paraphrase.*

1 Sing to the Lord with joyful voice;
 Let every land his name adore;
 The British isles shall send the noise
 Across the ocean to the shore.

2 Nations, attend before his throne
 With solemn fear, with sacred joy;
 Know that the Lord is God alone;
 He can create, and he destroy.

3 His sovereign power, without our aid,
 Made us of clay, and form'd us men;
 And when like wandering sheep we stray'd,
 He brought us to his fold again.

4 We are his people, we his care,
 Our souls and all our mortal frame:
 What lasting honours shall we rear,
 Almighty Maker, to thy Name!

5 We'll crowd thy gates with thankful songs,
 High as the heavens our voices raise;
 And earth with her ten thousand tongues
 Shall fill thy courts with sounding praise.

6 Wide as the world is thy command,
 Vast as eternity thy love;
 Firm as a rock thy truth must stand
 When rolling years shall cease to move.

Psalm 101:1.
Long Meter (8.8.8.8.)
The Magistrate's psalm.

1 Mercy and judgment are my song;
 And since they both to thee belong,
 My gracious God, my righteous King,
 To thee my songs and vows I bring.

2 If I am rais'd to bear the sword,
 I'll take my counsels from thy word;
 Thy justice and thy heavenly grace
 Shall be the pattern of my ways.

3 Let wisdom all my actions guide,
 And let my God with me reside;
 No wicked thing shall dwell with me,
 Which may provoke thy jealousy.

4 No sons of slander, rage and strife
 Shall be companions of my life;
 The haughty look, the heart of pride
 Within my doors shall ne'er abide.

5 [I'll search the land, and raise the just
 To posts of honour, wealth and trust:
 The men that work thy holy will,
 Shall be my friends and favourites still.]

6 In vain shall sinners hope to rise
 By flattering or malicious lies;
 And while the innocent I guard,
 The bold offender shan't be spar'd.

7 The impious crew (that factious band)
 Shall hide their heads, or quit the land;
 And all that break the public rest,
 Where I have power shall be supprest.

Psalm 101:2.

Common Meter (8.6.8.6.)

A psalm for a master of a family.

1 Of justice and of grace I sing,
 And pay my God my vows;
 Thy grace and justice, heavenly King,
 Teach me to rule my house.

2 Now to my tent, O God, repair,
 And make thy servant wise;
 I'll suffer nothing near me there
 That shall offend thine eyes.

3 The man that doth his neighbour wrong,
 By falsehood or by force;
 The scornful eye, the slanderous tongue,
 I'll thrust them from my doors.

4 I'll seek the faithful and the just
 And will their help enjoy;
 These are the friends that I shall trust,
 The servants I'll employ.

5 The wretch that deals in sly deceit,
 I'll not endure a night;
 The liar's tongue I ever hate,
 And banish from my sight.

6 I'll purge my family around,
 And make the wicked flee;
 So shall my house be ever found
 A dwelling fit for thee.

Psalm 102:1. First Part.**Common Meter (8.6.8.6.)***Verses 1-13, 20-21**A prayer of the afflicted.*

1 Hear me, O God, nor hide thy face,
 But answer lest I die;
 Hast thou not built a throne of grace
 To hear when sinners cry?

2 My days are wasted like the smoke
 Dissolving in the air;
 My strength is dry'd, my heart is broke,
 And sinking in despair.

3 My spirits flag like withering grass
 Burnt with excessive heat;
 In secret groans my minutes pass,
 And I forget to eat.

4 As on some lonely building's top
 The sparrow tells her moan,
 Far from the tents of joy and hope
 I sit and grieve alone.

5 My soul is like a wilderness,
 Where beasts of midnight howl;
 There the sad raven finds her place,
 And there the screaming owl.

6 Dark dismal thoughts and boding fears
 Dwell in my troubled breast;
 While sharp reproaches wound my ears,
 Nor give my spirit rest.

7 My cup is mingled with my woes,
 And tears are my repast;
 My daily bread like ashes grows
 Unpleasant to my taste.

8 Sense can afford no real joy
 To souls that feel thy frown;
 Lord, 'twas thy hand advanc'd me high,
 Thy hand hath cast me down.

9 My looks like wither'd leaves appear,
 And life's declining light
 Grows faint as evening shadows are,
 That vanish into night.

10 But thou for ever art the same,
 O my eternal God:
 Ages to come shall know thy Name,
 And spread thy works abroad.

11 Thou wilt arise and shew thy face,
 Nor will my Lord delay
 Beyond th' appointed hour of grace,
 That long expected day.

12 He hears his saints, he knows their cry,
 And by mysterious ways
 Redeems the prisoners doom'd to die,
 And fills their tongues with praise.

Psalm 102:2. Second Part.

Common Meter (8.6.8.6.)

Verses 13-21

Prayer heard and Zion restored.

1 Let Zion and her sons rejoice,
 Behold the promis'd hour;
 Her God hath heard her mourning voice,
 And comes t' exalt his power.

2 Her dust and ruins that remain
 Are precious in our eyes;
 Those ruins shall be built again,
 And all that dust shall rise.

3 The Lord will raise Jerusalem,
 And stand in glory there;
 Nations shall bow before has name,
 And kings attend with fear.

4 He sits a sovereign on his throne,
 With pity in his eyes;
 He hears the dying prisoners groan,
 And sees their sighs arise.

5 He frees the souls condemn'd to death,
 And when his saints complain,
 It shan't be said 'That praying breath
 'Was ever spent in vain.'

6 This shall be known when we are dead,
 And left on long record,
 That ages yet unborn may read,
 And trust, and praise the Lord.

Psalm 102:3. Third Part.

Long Meter (8.8.8.8.)

Verses 25-28

*Man's mortality and Christ's eternity; or, Saints die, but Christ
 and the church live.*

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' every age."

4 'Twas he this earth's foundation laid;
 Heaven is the building of his hand:
 This earth grows old, these heavens 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.

6 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.

Psalm 103:1. First Part.

Long Meter (8.8.8.8.)

Verses 1-7

Blessing God for his goodness to soul and body.

1 Bless, O my soul, the living God,
Call home thy thoughts that rove abroad;
Let all the powers within me join
In work and worship so divine.

2 Bless, O my soul, the God of grace;
His favours claim thy highest praise;
Why should the wonders he hath wrought
Be lost in silence and forgot?

3 'Tis he, my soul, that sent his Son
To die for crimes which thou hast done;
He owns the ransom; and forgives
The hourly follies of our lives.

4 The vices of the mind he heals,
And cures the pains that nature feels;
Redeems the soul from hell, and saves
Our wasting life from threat'ning graves.

5 Our youth decay'd his power repairs;
His mercy crowns our growing years;
He satisfies our mouth with good,
And fills our hopes with heavenly food.

6 He sees th' oppressor and th' opprest,
And often gives the sufferers rest;
But will his justice more display
In the last great rewarding day.

7 [His power he shew'd by Moses' hands,
And gave to Israel his commands;
But sent his truth and mercy down
To all the nations by his Son.

8 Let the whole earth his power confess,
Let the whole earth adore his grace;
The Gentile with the Jew shall join
In work and worship so divine.]

Psalm 103:2. Second Part.

Long Meter (8.8.8.8.)

Verses 8-18

God's gentle chastisement; or, His tender mercy to his people.

1. The Lord, how wondrous are his ways;
How firm his truth how large his grace;
He takes his mercy for his throne,
And thence he makes his glories known.

2 Not half so high his power hath spread
The starry heavens above our head,
As his rich love exceeds our praise,
Exceeds the highest hopes we raise.

3 Not half so far hath nature plac'd
The rising morning from the west,
As his forgiving grace removes
The daily guilt of those he loves.

4 How slowly doth his wrath arise!
On swifter wings salvation flies;
And if he lets his anger burn,
How soon his frowns to pity turn!

5 Amidst his wrath compassion shines;
His strokes are lighter than our sins;
And while his rod corrects his saints,
His ear indulges their complaints.

6 So fathers their young sons chastise,
With gentle hand and melting eyes;
The children weep beneath the smart,
And move the pity of their heart.

PAUSE.

7 The mighty God, the wise, and just,
Knows that our frame is feeble dust;
And will no heavy loads impose
Beyond the strength that he bestows.

8 He knows how soon our nature dies,
Blasted by every wind that flies;
Like grass we spring, and die as soon,
Or morning flowers that fade at noon.

9 But his eternal love is sure
 To all the saints, and shall endure:
 From age to age his truth shall reign,
 Nor children's children hope in vain.

Psalm 103:3. First Part Short Meter (6.6.8.6.)

Verses 1-7

Praise for spiritual and temporal mercies.

1 O Bless the Lord, my soul;
 Let all within me join,
 And aid my tongue to bless his Name,
 Whose favours are divine.

2 O bless the Lord, my soul;
 Nor let his mercies lie
 Forgotten in unthankfulness,
 And without praises die.

3 'Tis he forgives thy sins,
 'Tis he relieves thy pain,
 'Tis he that heals thy sicknesses,
 And makes thee young again.

4 He crowns thy life with love,
 When ransom'd from the grave;
 He that redeem'd my soul from hell
 Hath sovereign power to save.

5 He fills the poor with good;
 He gives the sufferers rest;
 The Lord hath judgments for the proud,
 And justice for th' opprest.

6 His wondrous works and ways
 He made by Moses known;
 But sent the world his truth and grace
 By his beloved Son.

Psalm 103:4. Second Part.

Short Meter (6.6.8.6.)

Verses 8-18

Abounding compassion of God; or, Mercy in the midst of judgment.

1 My soul, repeat his praise
 Whose mercies are so great,
 Whose anger is so slow to rise,
 So ready to abate.

2 God will not always chide;
 And when his strokes are felt,
 His strokes are fewer than our crimes,
 And lighter than our guilt.

3 High as the heavens are rais'd
 Above the ground we tread,
 So far the riches of his grace
 Our highest thoughts exceed.

4 His power subdues our sins;
 And his forgiving love,
 Far as the east is from the west,
 Doth all our guilt remove.

5 The pity of the Lord
 To those that fear his Name,
 Is such as tender parents feel;
 He knows our feeble frame.

6 He knows we are but dust,
 Scatter'd with every breath;
 His anger, like a rising wind,
 Can send us swift to death.

7 Our days are as the grass,
 Or like the morning flower;
 If one sharp blast sweep o'er the field,
 It withers in an hour.

8 But thy compassions, Lord,
 To endless years endure;
 And children's children ever find
 Thy words of promise sure.

Psalm 103:5. Third Part.**Short Meter (6.6.8.6.)**

Verses 19-22

God's universal dominion; or, Angels praise the Lord.

1 The lord, the sovereign King,
 Hath fix'd his throne on high;
 O'er all the heavenly world he rules,
 And all beneath the sky.

2 Ye angels great in might,
 And swift to do his will,
 Bless ye the Lord, whose voice ye hear,
 Whose pleasure ye fulfil.

3 Let the bright hosts who wait
 The orders of their King,
 And guard his churches when they pray,
 Join in the praise they sing.

4 While all his wondrous works,
 Thro' his vast kingdoms shew
 Their Maker's glory, thou, my soul,
 Shalt sing his graces too.

Psalm 104.**Long Meter (8.8.8.8.)***The glory of God in creation and providence.*

*Note, This psalm may be sung to the tune of the old 112th or 127th Psalm, by adding the two following lines to every stanza, viz.
 Otherwise it must be sung as the 100th psalm.*

1 My soul, thy great Creator praise;
 When cloth'd in his celestial rays
 He in full Majesty appears,
 And, like a robe, his glory wears.

2 The heavens are for his curtains spread,
 Th' unfathom'd deep he makes his bed;
 Clouds are his chariot, when he flies
 On winged storms across the skies.

3 Angels, whom his own breath inspires,
 His ministers are flaming fires;
 And swift as thought their armies move
 To bear his vengeance, or his love.

4 The world's foundations by his hand
 Are pois'd, and shall for ever stand;
 He binds the ocean in his chain,
 Lest it should drown the earth again.

5 When earth was cover'd with the flood,
 Which high above the mountains stood,
 He thunder'd, and the ocean fled,
 Confin'd to its appointed bed.

6 The swelling billows know their bound,
 And in their channels walk their round;
 Yet thence convey'd by secret veins,
 They spring on hills, and drench the plains.

7 He bids the crystal fountains flow,
 And cheer the vallies as they go;
 Tame heifers there their thirst allay,
 And for the stream wild asses bray.

8 From pleasant trees which shade the brink
 The lark and linnet light to drink;
 Their songs the lark and linnet raise;
 And chide our silence in his praise.

PAUSE I.

9 God from his cloudy cistern, pours
 On the parch'd earth enriching showers;
 The grove, the garden, and the field
 A thousand joyful blessings yield.

10 He makes the grassy food arise,
 And gives the cattle large supplies;
 With herbs for man of various power,
 To nourish nature, or to cure.

11 What noble fruit the vines produce!
 The olive yields a shining juice;
 Our hearts are cheer'd with gen'rous wine,
 With inward joy our faces shine.

12 O bless his Name ye Britons, fed
With nature's chief supporter, bread;
While bread your vital strength imparts,
Serve him with vigour in your hearts.

PAUSE II.

13 Behold the stately cedar stands,
Rais'd in the forest by his hands:
Birds to the boughs for shelter fly
And build their nests secure on high.

14 To craggy hills ascends the goat;
And at the airy mountain's foot
The feebler creatures make their cell;
He gives them wisdom where to dwell.

15 He sets the sun his circling race,
Appoints the moon to change her face;
And when thick darkness veils the day,
Calls out wild beasts to hunt their prey.

16 Fierce lions lead their young abroad,
And roaring ask their meat from God;
But when the morning beams arise,
The savage beast to covert flies.

17 Then man to daily labour goes;
The night was made for his repose:
Sleep is thy gift; that sweet relief
From tiresome toil and wasting grief.

18 How strange thy works! how great thy skill!
And every land thy riches fill:
Thy wisdom round the world we see,
This spacious earth is full of thee.

19 Nor less thy glories in the deep,
Where fish in millions swim and creep,
With wondrous motions, swift or slow,
Still wandering in the paths below.

20 There ships divide their watery way,
And flocks of scaly monsters play;
There dwells the huge Leviathan,
And foams and sports in spite of man.

PAUSE III.

21 Vast are thy works, almighty Lord,
 All nature rests upon thy word,
 And the whole race of creatures stands,
 Waiting their portion from thy hands.

22 While each receives his different food,
 Their cheerful looks pronounce it good;
 Eagles and bears, and whales and worms,
 Rejoice and praise in different forms.

23 But when thy face is hid, they mourn,
 And dying to their dust return;
 Both man and beast their souls resign,
 Life, breath, and spirit, all is thine.

24 Yet thou canst breathe on dust again,
 And fill the world with beasts and men;
 A word of thy creating breath
 Repairs the wastes of time and death.

25 His works, the wonders of his might,
 Are honour'd with his own delight:
 How awful are his glorious ways!
 The Lord is dreadful in his praise.

26 The earth stands trembling at thy stroke,
 And at thy touch the mountains smoke;
 Yet humble souls may see thy face,
 And tell their wants to sovereign grace.

27 In thee my hopes and wishes meet,
 And make my meditations sweet:
 Thy praises shall my breath employ,
 Till it expire in endless joy.

28 While haughty sinners die accurst,
 Their glory bury'd with their dust,
 I, to my God, my heavenly King,
 Immortal hallelujahs sing.

Great is the Lord; what tongue can frame
 An equal honour to his Name?

Psalm 105.

Common Meter (8.6.8.6.)

God's conduct of Israel, and the plagues of Egypt. Abridged.

1 Give thanks to God, invoke his Name,
 And tell the world his grace;
 Sound thro' the earth his deeds of fame,
 That all may seek his face.

2 His covenant, which he kept in mind
 For numerous ages past,
 To numerous ages yet behind,
 In equal force shall last.

3 He sware to Abraham and his seed,
 And made the blessing sure:
 Gentiles the ancient promise read,
 And find his truths endure.

4 "Thy seed shall make all nations blest,"
 (Said the Almighty voice)
 "And Canaan's land shall be their rest,
 "The type of heavenly joys."

5 [How large the grant! how rich the grace!
 To give them Canaan's land,
 When they were strangers in the place,
 A little feeble band!

6 Like pilgrims thro' the countries round
 Securely they remov'd;
 And haughty kings that on them frown'd,
 Severely he reprov'd.

7 "Touch mine anointed, and my arm
 "Shall soon revenge the wrong:
 "The man that does my prophets harm
 Shall know their God is strong."

8 Then let the world forbear its rage,
 Nor put the church in fear:
 Israel must live thro' every age,
 And be th' Almighty's care.]

PAUSE I.

9 When Pharaoh dar'd to vex the saints,
 And thus provok'd their God,
 Moses was sent at their complaints,
 Arm'd with his dreadful rod.

10 He call'd for darkness; darkness came
 Like an o'erwhelming flood;
 He turn'd each lake and every stream
 To lakes and streams of blood.

11 He gave the sign, and noisome flies
 Thro' the whole country spread;
 And frogs, in croaking armies, rise
 About the monarch's bed.

12 Thro' fields, and towns, and palaces,
 The tenfold vengeance flew;
 Locusts in swarms devour'd their trees,
 And hail their cattle slew.

13 Then by an angel's midnight stroke,
 The flower of Egypt dy'd;
 The strength of every house was broke,
 Their glory and their pride.

14 Now let the world forbear its rage,
 Nor put the church in fear;
 Israel must live thro' every age,
 And be th' Almighty's care.

PAUSE II.

15 Thus were the tribes from bondage brought,
 And left the hated ground;
 Each some Egyptian spoils had got,
 And not one feeble found.

16 The Lord himself chose out their way,
 And mark'd their journies right,
 Gave them a leading cloud by day,
 A fiery guide by night.

17 They thirst; and waters from the rock
 In rich abundance flow,
 And following still the course they took,
 Ran all the desert thro'.

18 O wondrous stream O blessed type
 Of ever-flowing grace!
 So Christ our rock maintains our life
 Thro' all this wilderness.

19 Thus guarded by th' Almighty hand
 The chosen tribes possest
 Canaan the rich, the promis'd land,
 And there enjoy'd their rest.

20 Then let the world forbear its rage,
 The church renounce her fear;
 Israel must live thro' every age,
 And be th' Almighty's care.

Psalm 106:1. First Part. Long Meter (8.8.8.8.)

Verses 1-5

Praise to God; or, Communion with saints.

1 To God, the great, the ever blest,
 Let songs of honour be addrest:
 His mercy firm for ever stands;
 Give him the thanks his love demands.

2 Who knows the wonders of thy ways?
 Who shall fulfil thy boundless praise?
 Blest are the souls that fear thee still,
 And pay their duty to thy will.

3 Remember what thy mercy did
 For Jacob's race, thy chosen seed;
 And with the same salvation bless
 The meanest suppliant of thy grace.

4 O may I see thy tribes rejoice,
 And aid their triumphs with my voice!
 This is my glory, Lord, to be
 Join'd to thy saints, and near to thee.

Psalm 106:2. Second Part.**Short Meter (6.6.8.6.)**

Verses 7-8, 12-14, 43-48

Israel punished and pardoned; or, God's unchangeable love.

1 God of eternal love,
How fickle are our ways!
And yet how oft did Israel prove
Thy constancy of grace!

2 They saw thy wonders wrought,
And then thy praise they sung;
But soon thy works of power forgot,
And murmur'd with their tongue.

3 Now they believe his word,
While rocks with rivers flow;
Now with their lusts provoke the Lord,
And he reduc'd them low.

4 Yet when they mourn'd their faults,
He hearken'd to their groans,
Brought his own covenant to his thoughts,
And call'd them still his sons.

5 Their names were in his book,
He sav'd them from their foes;
Oft he chastis'd, but ne'er forsook
The people that he chose.

6 Let Israel bless the Lord,
Who lov'd their ancient race;
And Christians join the solemn word
Amen, to all the praise.

Book V

Psalms 107-150

Psalm 107:1. First Part.

Long Meter (8.8.8.8.)

Israel led to Canaan, and Christians to Heaven.

1 Give thanks to God; he reigns above,
Kind are his thoughts, his Name is love;
His mercy ages past have known,
And ages long to come shall own.

2 Let the redeemed of the Lord
The wonders of his grace record;
Israel, the nation whom he chose,
And rescu'd from their mighty foes.

3 [When God's almighty arm had broke
Their fetters and th' Egyptian yoke,
They trac'd the desert, wandering round
A wild and solitary ground.

4 There they could find no leading road,
Nor city for a fix'd abode;
Nor food, nor fountain to assuage
Their burning thirst, or hunger's rage.]

5 In their distress to God they cry'd,
God was their Saviour and their Guide;
He led their march far wandering round,
'Twas the right path to Canaan's ground.

6 Thus when our first release we gain
From sin's old yoke, and Satan's chain,
We have this desert world to pass,
A dangerous and a tiresome place.

7 He feeds and clothes us all the way,
He guides our footsteps lest we stray,
He guards us with a powerful hand
And brings us to the heavenly land.

8 O let the saints with joy record
The truth and goodness of the Lord!
How great his works! how kind his ways!
Let every tongue pronounce his praise.

Psalm 107:2. Second Part.

Long Meter (8.8.8.8.)

Correction for sin, and release by prayer.

1 From age to age exalt his Name,
God and his grace are still the same;
He fills the hungry soul with food,
And feeds the poor with every good.

2 But if their hearts rebel and rise
Against the God that rules the skies,
If they reject his heavenly word,
And slight the counsels of the Lord,

3 He'll bring their spirits to the ground,
And no deliverer shall be found;
Laden with grief they waste their breath
In darkness and the shades of death,

4 Then to the Lord they raise their cries,
He makes the dawning light arise,
And scatters all that dismal shade,
That hung so heavy round their head.

5 He cuts the bars of brass in two,
And lets the smiling prisoners thro';
Takes off the load of guilt and grief,
And gives the labouring soul relief.

6 O may the sons of men record
The wondrous goodness of the Lord!
How great his works! how kind his ways!
Let every tongue pronounce his praise.

Psalm 107:3. Third Part.

Long Meter (8.8.8.8.)

*Intemperance punished and pardoned; or, A psalm for the glutton
and the drunkard.*

1 Vain man, on foolish pleasures bent,
Prepares for his own punishment;
What pains, what loathsome maladies
From luxury and lust arise!

2 The drunkard feels his vitals waste,
Yet drowns his health to please his taste;

Till all his active powers are lost,
And fainting life draws near the dust.

3 The glutton groans and loathes to eat,

His soul abhors delicious meat;

Nature, with heavy loads opprest,
Would yield to death to be releas'd.

4 Then how the frightened sinners fly

To God for help with earnest cry!

He hears their groans, prolongs their breath,
And saves them from approaching death,

5 No med'cines could effect the cure

So quick, so easy, or so sure:

The deadly sentence God repeals,
He sends his sovereign word, and heals,

6 O may the sons of men record

The wondrous goodness of the Lord!

And let their thankful offerings prove
How they adore their Maker's love.

Psalm 107:4. Fourth Part.

Long Meter (8.8.8.8.)

Deliverance from storms, and shipwreck; or, The Seaman's song.

1 Would you behold the works of God,

His wonders in the world abroad,

Go with the mariners, and trace

The unknown regions of the seas.

2 They leave their native shores behind,

And seize the favour of the wind,

Till God command, and tempests rise

That heave the ocean to the skies.

3 Now to the heavens they mount amain,

Now sink to dreadful deeps again;

What strange affrights young sailors feel,

And like a staggering drunkard reel!

4 When land is far, and death is nigh,
 Lost to all hope, to God they cry;
 His mercy hears the loud address,
 And sends salvation in distress.

5 He bids the winds their wrath assuage;
 The furious waves forget their rage;
 'Tis calm; and sailors smile to see
 The haven where they wish'd to be.

6 O may the sons of men record
 The wondrous goodness of the Lord!
 Let them their private offerings bring,
 And in the church his glory sing.

Psalm 107:5. Fourth Part.
Common Meter (8.6.8.6.)
The Mariner's psalm.

1 Thy works of glory, mighty Lord,
 Thy wonders in the deeps,
 The sons of courage shall record
 Who trade in floating ships.

2 At thy command the winds arise,
 And swell the towering waves;
 The men astonish'd mount the skies
 And sink in gaping graves.

3 [Again they climb the watery hills,
 And plunge in deeps again;
 Each like a tottering drunkard reels,
 And finds his courage vain.

4 Frighted to hear the tempest roar,
 They pant with fluttering breath,
 And, hopeless of the distant shore,
 Expect immediate death.]

5 Then to the Lord they raise their cries,
 He hears the loud request,
 And orders silence thro' the skies,
 And lays the floods to rest.

6 Sailors rejoice to lose their fears,
 And see the storm allay'd:
 Now to their eyes the port appears;
 There let their vows be paid.

7 'Tis God that brings them safe to land;
 Let stupid mortals know
 That waves are under his command,
 And all the winds that blow,

8 O that the sons of men would praise
 The goodness of the Lord!
 And those that see thy wondrous ways,
 Thy wondrous love record.

Psalm 107:6. Last Part. Long Meter (8.8.8.8.)

Colonies planted; or, Nations blest and punished. A psalm for New England.

1 When God, provok'd with daring crimes,
 Scourges the madness of the times,
 He turns their fields to barren sand,
 And dries the rivers from the land.

2 His word can raise the springs again,
 And make the wither'd mountains green,
 Send showery blessings from the skies,
 And harvests in the desert rise.

3 [Where nothing dwelt but beasts of prey,
 Or men as fierce and wild as they;
 He bids th' opprest and poor repair,
 And builds them towns and cities there.

4 They sow the fields, and trees they plant,
 Whose yearly fruit supplies their want:
 Their race grows up from fruitful stocks,
 Their wealth increases with their flocks.

5 Thus they are blest; but if they sin,
 He lets the heathen nations in,
 A savage crew invades their lands,
 Their princes die by barbarous hands.

6 Their captive sons, expos'd to scorn,
 Wander unpity'd and forlorn;
 The country lies unfenc'd, untill'd,
 And desolation spreads the field.

7 Yet if the humbled nation mourns,
 Again his dreadful hand he turns;
 Again he makes their cities thrive,
 And bids the dying churches live.]

8 The righteous, with a joyful sense,
 Admire the works of providence;
 And tongues of atheists shall no more
 Blaspheme the God that saints adore.

9 How few, with pious care, record
 The wondrous dealings of the Lord!
 But wise observers still shall find
 The Lord is holy, just, and kind.

Psalm 109.

Common Meter (8.6.8.6.)

Verses 1-5, 31

Love to enemies, from the example of Christ.

1 God of my mercy and my praise,
 Thy glory is my song;
 The sinners speak against thy grace
 With a blaspheming tongue.

2 When in the form of mortal man
 Thy Son on earth was found,
 With cruel slanders, false and vain,
 They compass'd him around.

3 Their miseries his compassion move,
 Their peace he still pursu'd;
 They render hatred for his love,
 And evil for his good.

4 Their malice rag'd without a cause,
 Yet, with his dying breath,
 He pray'd for murderers on his cross,
 And blest his foes in death.

5 Lord, shall thy bright example shine
 In vain before my eyes?
 Give me a soul a-kin to thine
 To love mine enemies.

6 The Lord shall on my side engage,
 And, in my Saviour's name,
 I shall defeat their pride and rage
 Who slander and condemn.

Psalm 110:1. First Part. Long Meter (8.8.8.8.)

Christ exalted, and multitudes converted; or, The success of the gospel.

1 Thus the eternal Father spake
 To Christ the Son, "Ascend and sit
 "At my right hand, till I shall make
 "Thy foes submissive at thy feet.

2 "From Zion shall thy word proceed,
 "Thy word, the sceptre in thy hand,
 "Shall make the hearts of rebels bleed,
 "And bow their wills to thy command.

3 "That day shall shew thy power is great,
 "When saints shall flock with willing minds,
 "And sinners crowd thy temple gate,
 "Where holiness in beauty shines."

4 O blessed power! 0 glorious day!
 What a large victory shall ensue!
 And converts, who thy grace obey,
 Exceed the drops of morning dew.

Psalm 110:2. Second Part. Long Meter (8.8.8.8.)

The kingdom and priesthood of Christ.

1 Thus the great Lord of earth and sea
 Spake to his Son, and thus he swore;
 "Eternal shall thy priesthood be,
 "And change from hand to hand no more.

2 "Aaron and all his sons must die;
 "But everlasting life is thine,
 "To save for ever those that fly
 "For refuge from the wrath divine.

3 "By me Melchisedek was made
 "On earth a king and priest at once;
 "And thou, my heavenly priest, shalt plead,
 "And thou, my king, shalt rule my sons."

4 Jesus the priest ascends his throne,
 While counsels of eternal peace,
 Between the Father and the Son,
 Proceed with honour and success.

5 Thro' the whole earth his reign shall spread,
 And crush the powers that dare rebel;
 Then shall he judge the rising dead,
 And send the guilty world to hell.

6 Tho' while he treads his glorious way,
 He drink the cup of tears and blood,
 The sufferings of that dreadful day
 Shall but advance him near to God.

Psalm 110:3.

Common Meter (8.6.8.6.)
Christ's kingdom and priesthood.

1 Jesus, our Lord, ascend thy throne,
 And near the Father sit;
 In Zion shall thy power be known,
 And make thy foes submit.

2 What wonders shall thy gospel do!
 Thy converts shall surpass
 The numerous drops of morning dew,
 And own thy sovereign grace.

3 God hath pronounced a firm decree,
 Nor changes what he swore;
 "Eternal shall thy priesthood be,
 "When Aaron is no more.

4 "Melchisedek, that wondrous priest,
 "That king of high degree,
 "That holy man who Abr'am blest,
 "Was but a type of thee."

5 Jesus our priest for ever lives
 To plead for us above;
 Jesus our king for ever gives
 The blessings of his love.

6 God shall exalt his glorious head,
 And his high throne maintain,
 Shall strike the powers and princes dead
 Who dare oppose his reign.

Psalm 111:1. First Part.
Common Meter (8.6.8.6.)
The wisdom of God in his works.

1 Songs of immortal praise belong
 To my almighty God;
 He has my heart, and he my tongue
 To spread his Name abroad.

2 How great the works his hand has wrought!
 How glorious in our sight!
 And men in every age have sought
 His wonders with delight.

3 How most exact is nature's frame!
 How wise th' Eternal mind!
 His counsels never change the scheme
 That his first thoughts design'd.

4 When he redeem'd his chosen Son,
 He fix'd his covenant sure:
 The orders that his lips pronounce
 To endless years endure.

5 Nature and time, and earth and skies,
 Thy heavenly skill proclaim:
 What shall we do to make us wise,
 But learn to read thy Name?

6 To fear thy power, to trust thy grace
 Is our divinest skill;
 And he's the wisest of our race,
 That best obeys thy will.

Psalm 111:2. Second Part.

Common Meter (8.6.8.6.)

The perfections of God.

1 Great is the Lord; his works of might
 Demand our noblest songs;
 Let his assembled saints unite
 Their harmony of tongues.

2 Great is the mercy of the Lord,
 He gives his children food;
 And ever mindful of his word,
 He makes his promise good.

3 His Son, the great Redeemer, came
 To seal his covenant sure:
 Holy and reverend is his Name,
 His ways are just and pure.

4 They that would grow divinely wise
 Must with his fear begin;
 Our fairest proof of knowledge lies
 In hating every sin.

Psalm 112:1.

Peculiar Meter (8.8.8.8.8.8.)

The blessings of the liberal man. As the 113th Psalm

1 That man is blest who stands in awe
 Of God, and loves his sacred law:
 His seed on earth shall be renown'd;
 His house the seat of wealth shall be,
 An inexhausted treasury,
 And with successive honours crown'd.

2 His liberal favours he extends,
 To some he gives, to others lends;
 A generous pity fills his mind:
 Yet what his charity impairs
 He saves by prudence in affairs,

And thus he's just to all mankind.

3 His hands, while they his alms bestow'd,
 His glory's future harvest sow'd;
 The sweet remembrance of the just,
 Like a green root, revives and bears
 A train of blessings for his heirs,
 When dying nature sleeps in dust.

4 Beset with threatening dangers round,
 Unmov'd shall he maintain his ground;
 His conscience holds his courage up:
 The soul that's fill'd with virtue's light,
 Shines brightest in affliction's night,
 And sees in darkness beams of hope.

PAUSE.

5 [Ill tidings never can surprise
 His heart that fix'd on God relies,
 Tho' waves and tempests roar around:
 Safe on the rock he sits, and sees
 The shipwreck of his enemies,
 And all their hope and glory drown'd.

6 The wicked shall his triumph see,
 And gnash their teeth in agony
 To find their expectations crost:
 They and their envy, pride and spite,
 Sink down to everlasting night,
 And all their names in darkness lost.]

Psalm 112:2.

Long Meter (8.8.8.8.)

The blessings of the pious and charitable.

1 Thrice happy man who fears the Lord,
 Loves his commands, and trusts his word;
 Honour and peace his days attend,
 And blessings to his seed descend.

2 Compassion dwells upon his mind,
 To works of mercy still inclin'd:
 He lends the poor some present aid,
 Or gives them, not to be repaid.

3 When times grow dark, and tidings spread
 That fill his neighbours round with dread,
 His heart is arm'd against the fear,
 For God with all his power is there.

4 His soul, well fix'd upon the Lord,
 Draws heavenly courage from his word;
 Amidst the darkness light shall rise,
 To cheer his heart, and bless his eyes.

5 He hath dispers'd his alms abroad,
 His works are still before his God;
 His name on earth shall long remain,
 While envious sinners fret in vain.

Psalm 112:3.
Common Meter (8.6.8.6.)
Liberality rewarded.

1 Happy is he that fears the Lord,
 And follows his commands,
 Who lends the poor without reward,
 Or gives with liberal hands.

2 As pity dwells within his breast
 To all the sons of need;
 So God shall answer his request
 With blessings on his seed,

3 No evil tidings shall surprise
 His well-establish'd mind;
 His soul to God his refuge flies,
 And leaves his fears behind.

4 In times of general distress,
 Some beams of light shall shine
 To shew the world his righteousness,
 And give him peace divine.

5 His works of piety and love
 Remain before the Lord;
 Honour on earth and joys above
 Shall be his sure reward.

Psalm 113:1.

Peculiar Meter (8.8.8.8.8.)

The majesty and condescension of God. Proper Time.

1 Ye that delight to serve the Lord,
 The honours of his Name record,
 His sacred Name for ever bless:
 Where'er the circling sun displays
 His rising beams, or setting rays,
 Let lands and seas his power confess.

2 Not time, nor nature's narrow rounds,
 Can give his vast dominion bounds,
 The heavens are far below his height:
 Let no created greatness dare
 With our eternal God compare,
 Arm'd with his uncreated might.

3 He bows his glorious head to view
 What the bright hosts of angels do,
 And bends his care to mortal things;
 His sovereign hand exalts the poor,
 He takes the needy from the door,
 And makes them company for kings.

4 When childless families despair,
 He sends the blessings of an heir
 To rescue their expiring name:
 The mother with a thankful voice
 Proclaims his praises and her joys:
 Let every age advance his fame.

Psalm 113:2.

Long Meter (8.8.8.8.)

God sovereign and gracious.

1 Ye servants of th' Almighty King,
 In every age his praises sing;
 Where'er the sun shall rise or set,
 The nations shall his praise repeat.

2 Above the earth, beyond the sky,
 Stands his high throne of majesty:
 Nor time, nor place, his power restrain,
 Nor bound his universal reign.

3 Which of the sons of Adam dare,
Or angels, with their God compare?
 His glories how divinely bright,
 Who dwells in uncreated light!

4 Behold his love: he stoops to view
 What saints above and angels do;
And condescends yet more to know
 The mean affairs of men below.

5 From dust and cottages obscure
 His grace exalts the humble poor;
Gives them the honour of his sons,
And fits them for their heavenly thrones.

6 [A word of his creating voice
 Can make the barren house rejoice:
Tho' Sarah's ninety years were past,
 The promis'd seed is born at last.

7 With joy the mother views her son,
 And tells the wonders God has done:
Faith may grow strong when sense despairs,
 If nature fails, the promise bears.]

Psalm 114.
Long Meter (8.8.8.8.)
Miracles attending Israel's journey.

1 When Israel, freed from Pharaoh's hand,
 Left the proud tyrant and his land,
The tribes with cheerful homage own
 Their King, and Judah was his throne.

2 Across the deep their journey lay;
The deep divides to make them way:
 Jordan beheld their march, and fled
 With backward current to his head.

3 The mountains shook like frightened sheep,
 Like lambs the little hillocks leap;
Not Sinai on her base could stand,
 Conscious of sovereign power at hand.

4 What power could make the deep divide?
 Make Jordan backward roll his tide?
 Why did ye leap, ye little hills?
 And whence the fright that Sinai feels?

5 Let every mountain, every flood,
 Retire and know th' approaching God,
 The king of Israel: see him here;
 Tremble, thou earth, adore and fear.

6 He thunders, and all nature mourns,
 The rock to standing pools he turns;
 Flints spring with fountains at his word,
 And fires and seas confess the Lord.

Psalm 115:1.

Long Meter (8.8.8.8.)

The true God our refuge; or, Idolatry reproved.

1 Not to ourselves, who are but dust,
 Not to ourselves is glory due,
 Eternal God, thou only just,
 Thou only gracious, wise, and true.

2 Shine forth in all thy dreadful Name;
 Why should a heathen's haughty tongue
 Insult us, and to raise our shame
 Say, "Where's the God you've serv'd so long?"

3 The God we serve maintains his throne
 Above the clouds, beyond the skies,
 Thro' all the earth his will is done,
 He knows our groans, he hears our cries.

4 But the vain idols they adore
 Are senseless shapes of stone and wood;
 At best a mass of glittering ore,
 A silver saint, or golden god.

5 [With eyes, and ears they carve their head,
 Deaf are their ears, their eyes are blind;
 In vain are costly offerings made,
 And vows are scatter'd in the wind.

6 Their feet were never made to move,
Nor hands to save when mortals pray;
Mortals that pay them fear or love
Seem to be blind and deaf as they.]

7 O Israel, make the Lord thy hope,
Thy help, thy refuge, and thy rest;
The Lord shall build thy ruins up,
And bless the people and the priest.

8 The dead no more can speak thy praise,
They dwell in silence and the grave;
But we shall live to sing thy grace,
And tell the world thy power to save.

Psalm 115:2.

Peculiar Meter (10.10.10.10.10.10.)

As the new tune of the 50th Psalm. Popish idolatry reproved. A psalm for the 5th of November.

1 Not to our names, thou only Just and True,
Not to our worthless names is glory due;
Thy power and grace, thy truth and justice claim
Immortal honours to thy sovereign Name:
Shine thro' the earth from heaven, thy blest abode,
Nor let the heathens say, "And where's your God?"

2 Heaven is thine higher court; there stands thy throne,
And thro' the lower worlds thy will is done:
Our God fram'd all this earth, these heavens he spread,
But fools adore the gods their hands have made:
The kneeling crowd, with looks devout, behold
Their silver saviours, and their saints of gold.

3 [Vain are those artful shapes of eyes and ears;
The molten image neither sees nor hears:
Their hands are helpless, nor their feet can move,
They have no speech, nor thought, nor power, nor love;
Yet sottish mortals make their long complaints
To their deaf idols, and their moveless saints.

4 The rich have statues well adorn'd with gold;
The poor, content with gods of coarser mould,
With tools of iron carve the senseless stock,
Loft from a tree, or broken from a rock:
People and priest drive on the solemn trade,
And trust the gods that saws and hammers made.]

5 Be heaven and earth amaz'd! 'Tis hard to say
Which is more stupid, or their gods or they:

O Israel, trust the Lord, he hears and sees,
He knows thy sorrows, and restores thy peace:
His worship does a thousand comforts yield,
He is thy help, and he thy heavenly shield.

6 O Britain, trust the Lord: thy foes in vain
Attempt thy ruin, and oppose his reign;
Had they prevail'd, darkness had clos'd our days,
And death and silence had forbid his praise;
But we are sav'd, and live: let songs arise,
And Britain bless the God that built the skies.

Psalm 116:1. First Part.
Common Meter (8.6.8.6.)
Recovery from sickness.

1 I love the Lord; he heard my cries,
And pity'd every groan:
Long as I live, when troubles rise,
I'll hasten to his throne.

2 I love the Lord; he bow'd his ear,
And chas'd my griefs away;
O let my heart no more despair,
While I have breath to pray!

3 My flesh declin'd, my spirits fell,
And I drew near the dead,
While inward pangs, and fears of hell
Perplex'd my wakeful head.

4 "My God," I cry'd "thy servant save,
"Thou ever good and just;
"Thy power can rescue from the grave,
"Thy power is all my trust."

5 The Lord beheld me sore distress,
He bid my pains remove:
Return, my soul, to God thy rest,
For thou hast known his love.

6 My God hath sav'd my soul from death,
 And dry'd my failing tears;
 Now to his praise I'll spend my breath,
 And my remaining years.

Psalm 116:2. Second Part.
Common Meter (8.6.8.6.)

Verses 12-19

Vows made in trouble paid in the church; or, Public thanks for private deliverance.

1 What shall I render to my God
 For all his kindness shown?
 My feet shall visit thine abode,
 My songs address thy throne.

2 Among the saints that fill thine house,
 My offerings shall be paid;
 There shall my zeal perform the vows
 My soul in anguish made.

3 How much is mercy thy delight,
 Thou ever blessed God!
 How dear thy servants in thy sight!
 How precious is their blood!

4 How happy all thy servants are!
 How great thy grace to me!
 My life which thou hast made thy care,
 Lord, I devote to thee.

5 Now I am thine, for ever thine,
 Nor shall my purpose move;
 Thy hand hath loos'd my bonds of pain,
 And bound me with thy love.

6 Here in thy courts I leave my vow,
 And thy rich grace record;
 Witness, ye saints, who hear me now,
 If I forsake the Lord.

Psalm 117:1.
Common Meter (8.6.8.6.)
Praise to God from all nations.

1 O all ye nations, praise the Lord,
 Each with a different tongue;
 In every language learn his word,
 And let his Name be sung.

2 His mercy reigns thro' every land;
 Proclaim his grace abroad;
 For ever firm his truth shall stand,
 Praise ye the faithful God.

Psalm 117:2.
Long Meter (8.8.8.8.)

1 From all that dwell below the skies,
 Let the Creator's praise arise!
 Let the Redeemer's name be sung
 Thro' every land, by every tongue.

2 Eternal are thy mercies, Lord;
 Eternal truth attends thy word:
 Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore,
 Till suns shall rise and set no more.

Psalm 117:3.
Short Meter (6.6.8.6.)

1 Thy Name, almighty Lord,
 Shall sound thro' distant lands;
 Great is thy grace, and sure thy word,
 Thy truth for ever stands.

2 Far be thine honour spread,
 And long thy praise endure,
 Till morning light and evening shade
 Shall be exchang'd no more.

Psalm 118:1. First Part.
Common Meter (8.6.8.6.)

Verses 6-15
Deliverance from a tumult.

- 1 The Lord appears my helper now,
 Nor is my faith afraid
 What all the sons of earth can do,
 Since heaven affords its aid.
- 2 'Tis safer, Lord, to hope in thee,
 And have my God my friend,
 Than trust in men of high degree,
 And on their truth depend.
- 3 Like bees my foes beset me round,
 A large and angry swarm;
 But I shall all their rage confound
 By thine almighty arm.
- 4 'Tis thro' the Lord my heart is strong,
 In him my lips rejoice;
 While his salvation is my song,
 How cheerful is my voice!
- 5 Like angry bees they girt me round;
 When God appears they fly:
 So burning thorns, with crackling sound,
 Make a fierce blaze and die.
- 6 Joy to the saints and peace belongs;
 The Lord protects their days:
 Let Israel tune immortal songs
 To his almighty grace.

Psalm 118:2. Second Part.

Common Meter (8.6.8.6.)

Verses 17-21
Public praise for deliverance from death.

- 1 Lord, thou hast heard thy servant cry,
 And rescu'd from the grave;
 Now shall he live: (and none can die
 If God resolve to save.)

2 Thy praise, more constant than before,
 Shall fill his daily breath;
 Thy hand that hath chastis'd him sore,
 Defends him still from death.

3 Open the gates of Zion now,
 For we shall worship there,
 The house where all the righteous go
 Thy mercy to declare.

4 Among th' assemblies of thy saints
 Our thankful voice we raise!
 There we have told thee our complaints,
 And there we speak thy praise.

Psalm 118:3. Third Part.
Common Meter (8.6.8.6.)

*Verses 22-23
 Christ the foundation of his church.*

1 Behold the sure foundation-stone
 Which God in Zion lays
 To build our heavenly hopes upon,
 And his eternal praise.

2 Chosen of God, to sinners dear,
 And saints adore the Name,
 They trust their whole salvation here,
 Nor shall they suffer shame.

3 The foolish builders, scribe and priest,
 Reject it with disdain;
 Yet on this rock the church shall rest,
 And envy rage in vain.

4 What tho' the gates of hell withstood,
 Yet must this building rise:
 'Tis thy own work, almighty God,
 And wondrous in our eyes.

Psalm 118:4. Fourth Part.**Common Meter (8.6.8.6.)**

Verses 24-26

Hosanna; the Lord's day; or, Christ's resurrection and our salvation.

1 This is the day the Lord hath made,
 He calls the hours his own;
 Let heaven rejoice, let earth be glad,
 And praise surround the throne.

2 To-day he rose and left the dead,
 And Satan's empire fell;
 To-day the saints his triumphs spread,
 And all his wonders tell.

3 Hosanna to th' anointed King,
 To David's holy Son:
 Help us, O Lord; descend and bring
 Salvation from the throne.

4 Blest be the Lord, who comes to men
 With messages of grace;
 Who comes in God his Father's Name
 To save our sinful race.

5 Hosanna in the highest strains
 The church on earth can raise;
 The highest heavens, in which he reigns,
 Shall give him nobler praise.

Psalm 118:5.
Short Meter (6.6.8.6.)

Verses 22-27

An hosanna for the Lord's day; or, A new song of salvation by Christ.

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 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.

Psalm 118:6.

Long Meter (8.8.8.8.)

Verses 22-27

An hosanna for the Lord's day; or, A new song of salvation by Christ.

1 Lo! what a glorious corner-stone
The Jewish builders did refuse;
But God hath built his church thereon,
In spite of envy and the Jews.

2 Great God, the work is all divine,
The joy and wonder of our eyes;
This is the day that proves it thine,
The day that saw our Saviour rise.

3 Sinners rejoice, and saints be glad:
Hosanna, let his Name be blest:
A thousand honours on his head,
With peace, and light, and glory, rest.

4 In God's own name he comes to bring
Salvation to our dying race:
Let the whole church address their King
With hearts of joy, and songs of praise.

Psalm 119.

I have collected and disposed the most useful verses of this psalm under eighteen different heads, and formed a divine song upon each of them. But the verses are much transposed to attain some degree of connection.

In some places, among the words "law," "commands," "judgments," "testimonies," I have used "gospel," "word," "grace," "truth," "promises," &c. as more agreeable to the language of the New Testament, and the common language of Christians, and it equally answers the design of the Psalmist, which was to recommend the holy scripture.

Psalm 119:1. First Part.

Common Meter (8.6.8.6.)

The blessedness of saints, and misery of sinners.

Verses 1-3

1 Blest are the undefil'd in heart,
Whose ways are right and clean;
Who never from thy law depart,
But fly front every sin.

2 Blest are the men that keep thy word,
And practise thy commands;
With their whole heart they seek the Lord,
And serve thee with their hands.

Verse 165

3 Great is their peace who love thy law;
How firm their souls abide!
Nor can a bold temptation draw
Their steady feet aside.

Verse 6

4 Then shall my heart have inward joy,
And keep my face from shame,
When all thy statutes I obey,
And honour all thy name.

Verses 21, 118

5 But haughty sinners God will hate,
The proud shall die accurst;
The sons of falsehood and deceit
Are trodden to the dust.

Verses 119, 155

6 Vile as the dross the wicked are;
 And those that leave thy ways
 Shall see salvation from afar,
 But never taste thy grace.

Psalm 119:2. Second Part.

Common Meter (8.6.8.6.)

Secret devotion and spiritual mindedness; or, Constant converse with God.

Verses 147, 55

1 TO thee, before the dawning light,
 My gracious God, I pray;
 I meditate thy Name by night,
 And keep thy law by day.

Verses 81

2 My spirit faints to see thy grace,
 Thy promise bears me up;
 And while salvation long delays,
 Thy word supports my hope.

Verses 164

3 Seven times a day I lift my hands,
 And pay my thanks to thee;
 Thy righteous providence demands
 Repeated praise from me.

Verses 62

4 When midnight darkness veils the skies,
 I call thy works to mind;
 My thoughts in warm devotion rise,
 And sweet acceptance find.

Psalm 119:3. Third Part.

Common Meter (8.6.8.6.)

Profession: of sincerity, repentance, and obedience.

Verses 57, 60

1 Thou art my portion, O my God;
 Soon as I know thy way,
 My heart makes haste t' obey thy word,
 And suffers no delay.

Verse 30, 14

2 I choose the path of heavenly truth,
 And glory in my choice:
 Not all the riches of the earth
 Could make me so rejoice.

3 The testimonies of thy grace
 I set before my eyes;
 Thence I derive my daily strength,
 And there my comfort lies.

Verse 59

4 If once I wander from thy path,
 I think upon my ways,
 Then turn my feet to thy commands,
 And trust thy pardoning grace.

Verse 94, 114

5 Now I am thine, for ever thine,
 O save thy servant, Lord;
 Thou art my shield, my hiding-place,
 My hope is in thy word.

Verse 112

6 Thou hast inclin'd this heart of mine,
 Thy statutes to fulfil;
 And thus till mortal life shall end
 Would I perform thy will.

Psalm 119:4. Fourth Part.**Common Meter (8.6.8.6.)***Instruction from scripture.**Verse 9*

1 How shall the young secure their hearts,
 And guard their lives from sin?
 Thy word the choicest rules imparts
 To keep the conscience clean.

Verse 130

2 When once it enters to the mind,
 It spreads such light abroad,
 The meanest souls instruction find,
 And raise their thoughts to God.

Verse 105

3 'Tis like the sun, a heavenly light,
 That guides us all the day;
 And thro' the dangers of the night,
 A lamp to lead our way.

Verses 99, 100

4 The men that keep thy law with care,
 And meditate thy word,
 Grow wiser than their teachers are,
 And better know the Lord.

Verses 104, 113

5 Thy precepts make me truly wise:
 I hate the sinner's road;
 I hate my own vain thoughts that rise,
 But love thy law, my God.

Verses 89-91

6 [The starry heavens thy rule obey,
 The earth maintains her place;
 And these thy servants night and day
 Thy skill and power express!

7 But still thy law and gospel, Lord,
 Have lessons more divine;
 Not earth stands firmer than thy word,
 Nor stars so nobly shine.]

Verses 160, 140, 9, 116

8 Thy word is everlasting truth;
 How pure is every page!
 That holy book shall guide our youth,
 And well support our age.

Psalm 119:5. Fifth Part.**Common Meter (8.6.8.6.)**

Delight in scripture; or, The word of God dwelling in us.

Verse 97

1 O How I love thy holy law!
 'Tis daily my delight;
 And thence my meditations draw
 Divine advice by night.

Verse 148

2 My waking eyes prevent the day
 To meditate thy word;
 My soul with longing melts away
 To hear thy gospel, Lord.

Verses 3, 13, 54

3 How doth thy word my heart engage!
 How well employ my tongue!
 And, in my tiresome pilgrimage,
 Yields me a heavenly song.

Verses 19, 103

4 Am I a stranger, or at home,
 'Tis my perpetual feast;
 Not honey dropping from the comb
 So much allures the taste.

Verses 72, 127

5 No treasures so enrich the mind;
 Nor shall thy word be sold
 For loads of silver well refin'd,
 Nor heaps of choicest gold.

Verses 28, 49, 175

6 When nature sinks, and spirits droop,
 Thy promises of grace
 Are pillars to support my hope,
 And there I write thy praise.

Psalm 119:6. Sixth Part.**Common Meter (8.6.8.6.)**

Holiness and comfort from the word.

Verse 128

1 Lord, I esteem thy judgments right,
 And all thy statutes just;
 Thence I maintain a constant fight
 With every flattering lust.

Verses 97, 9

2 Thy precepts often I survey;
 I keep thy law in sight,
 Thro' all the business of the day,
 To form my actions right.

Verse 62

3 My heart in midnight silence cries,
 "How sweet thy comforts be!"
 My thoughts in holy wonder rise,
 And bring their thanks to thee.

Verse 162

4 And when my spirit drinks her fill
 At some good word of thine,
 Not mighty men that share the spoil
 Have joys compar'd to mine.

Psalm 119:7. Seventh Part.**Common Meter (8.6.8.6.)**

Imperfection of nature, and perfection of scripture.

Verse 96 paraphrased.

1 Let all the heathen writers join!
 To form one perfect book,
 Great God, if once compar'd with thine,
 How mean their writings look!

2 Not the most perfect rules they gave
 Could shew one sin forgiven,
 Nor lead a step beyond the grave;
 But thine conduct to heaven.

3 I've seen an end of what we call
 Perfection here below;
 How short the powers of nature fall,
 And can no farther go!

4 Yet men would fain be just with God
 By works their hands have wrought;
 But thy commands, exceeding broad,
 Extend to every thought.

5 In vain we boast perfection here,
 While sin defiles our frame,
 And sinks our virtues down so far,
 They scarce deserve the name.

6 Our faith and love, and every grace,
 Fall far below thy word;
 But perfect truth and righteousness
 Dwell only with the Lord.

Psalm 119:8. Eighth Part.

Common Meter (8.6.8.6.)

The word of God is the saint's portion; or, The excellency and variety of scripture.

Verse 111 paraphrased.

1 Lord, I have made thy word my choice,

 My lasting heritage;

There shall my noblest powers rejoice,

 My warmest thoughts engage.

2 I'll read the histories of thy love,

 And keep thy laws in sight,

 While thro' the promises I rove,

 With ever fresh delight.

3 'Tis a broad land of wealth unknown

 Where springs of life arise,

 Seeds of immortal bliss are sown,

 And hidden glory lies.

4 The best relief that mourners have,

 It makes our sorrows blest;

 Our fairest hope beyond the grave,

 And our eternal rest.

Psalm 119:9. Ninth Part.

Common Meter (8.6.8.6.)

Desire of knowledge; or, The teachings of the Spirit with the word.

Verses 64, 66, 18

1 Thy mercies fill the earth, O Lord,

 How good thy works appear!

 Open mine eyes to read thy word,

 And see thy wonders there.

Verses 73, 125

2 My heart was fashion'd by thy hand,

 My service is thy due:

 O make thy servant understand

 The duties he must do.

Verse 19

3 Since I'm a stranger here below,
 Let not thy path be hid;
 But mark the road my feet should go,
 And be my constant guide.

Verse 26

4 When I confess'd my wandering ways,
 Thou heardest my soul complain;
 Grant me the teachings of thy grace,
 Or I shall stray again.

Verses 33, 34

5 If God to me his statutes shew,
 And heavenly truth impart,
 His work for ever I'll pursue,
 His laws shall rule my heart.

Verses 50, 71

6 This was my comfort when I bore
 Variety of grief;
 It made me learn thy word the more,
 And fly to that relief.

Verses 51

7 [In vain the proud deride me now;
 I'll ne'er forget thy law,
 Nor let that blessed gospel go
 Whence all my hopes I draw.

Verses 27, 121

8 When I have learn'd my Father's will
 I'll teach the world his ways;
 My thankful lips inspir'd with zeal
 Shall loud pronounce his praise.]

Psalm 119:10. Tenth Part.**Common Meter (8.6.8.6.)***Pleading the promises.**Verses 38, 49*

1 Behold thy waiting servant, Lord,
 Devoted to thy fear;
 Remember and confirm thy word,
 For all my hopes are there.

Verses 41, 58, 107

2 Hast thou not writ salvation down,
 And promis'd quickening grace?
 Doth not my heart address thy throne?
 And yet thy love delays.

Verses 132, 42

3 Mine eyes for thy salvation fail;
 O bear thy servant up;
 Nor let the scoffing lips prevail,
 Who dare reproach my hope.

Verses 49, 74

4 Didst thou not raise my faith, O Lord?
 Then let thy truth appear:
 Saints shall rejoice in my reward,
 And trust as well as fear.

Psalm 119:11. Eleventh Part.**Common Meter (8.6.8.6.)***Breathing after holiness.**Verses 5, 33*

1 O that the Lord would guide my ways
 To keep his statutes still!
 O that my God would grant me grace
 To know and do his will!

Verse 29

2 O send thy Spirit down to write
 Thy law upon my heart!
 Nor let my tongue indulge deceit,
 Nor act the liar's part.

Verses 37, 36

3 From vanity turn off my eyes:
 Let no corrupt design,
 Nor covetous desires arise
 Within this soul of mine.

Verse 133

4 Order my footsteps by thy word,
 And make my heart sincere,
 Let sin have no dominion, Lord,
 But keep my conscience clear.

Verse 176

5 My soul hath gone too far astray,
 My feet too often slip;
 Yet since I've not forgot thy way,
 Restore thy wandering sheep.

Verses 35

6 Make me to walk in thy commands,
 'Tis a delightful road;
 Nor let my head, or heart, or hands,
 Offend against my God.

Psalm 119:12. Twelfth Part.**Common Meter (8.6.8.6.)**

Breathing after comfort and deliverance.

Verse 153

1 My God, consider my distress,
 Let mercy plead my cause;
 Tho' I have sinn'd against thy grace,
 I can't forget thy laws.

Verses 39, 116

1 Forbid, forbid the sharp reproach
 Which I so justly fear;
 Uphold my life, uphold my hopes,
 Nor let my shame appear.

Verses 122, 135

3 Be thou a surety, Lord, for me,
 Nor let the proud oppress;
 But make thy waiting servant see
 The shinings of thy face.

Verses 82

4 My eyes with expectation fail,
 My heart within me cries,
 "When will the Lord his truth fulfil,
 "And make my comforts rise?"

Verses 132

5 Look down upon my sorrows, Lord,
 And shew thy grace the same
 As thou art ever wont' afford
 To those that love thy Name.

Psalm 119:13. Thirteenth Part.

Common Meter (8.6.8.6.)

Holy fear, and tenderness of conscience.

Verse 10

1 With my whole heart I've sought thy face,
 O let me never stray
 From thy commands, O God of grace,
 Nor tread the sinner's way.

Verse 11

2 Thy word I've hid within my heart
 To keep my conscience clean,
 And be an everlasting guard
 From every rising sin.

Verses 63, 53, 158

3 I'm a companion of the saints
 Who fear and love the Lord;
 My sorrows rise, my nature faints,
 When men transgress thy word.

Verses 161, 163

4 While sinners do thy gospel wrong,
 My spirit stands in awe;
 My soul abhors a lying tongue,
 But loves thy righteous law.

Verses 161, 120

5 My heart with sacred reverence hears
 The threatenings of thy word:
 My flesh with holy trembling fears
 The judgments of the Lord.

Verses 166, 174

6 My God, I long, I hope, I wait
 For thy salvation still;
 While thy whole law is my delight,
 And I obey thy will.

Psalm 119:14. Fourteenth Part.

Common Meter (8.6.8.6.)

Benefit of afflictions, and support under them.

Verses 153, 81, 82

1 Consider all my sorrows, Lord,
 And thy deliverance send;
My soul for thy salvation faints,
 When will my troubles end?

Verses 71

2 Yet I have found, 'tis good for me
 To bear my Father's rod;
Afflictions make me learn thy law,
 And live upon my God.

Verses 50

3 This is the comfort I enjoy
 When new distress begins,
I read thy word, I run thy way,
 And hate my former sins.

Verses 92

4 Had not thy word been my delight
 When earthly joys were fled,
My soul opprest with sorrow's weight
 Had sunk amongst the dead.

Verses 75

5 I know thy judgments, Lord, are right,
 Tho' they may seem severe;
The sharpest sufferings I endure
 Flow from thy faithful care.

Verses 67

6 Before I knew thy chastening rod
 My feet were apt to stray;
But now I learn to keep thy word,
 Nor wander from thy way.

Psalm 119:15. Fifteenth Part.
Common Meter (8.6.8.6.)
Holy resolutions.

Verse 93

That thy statutes every hour
 Might dwell upon my mind!
 Thence I derive a quickening power,
 And daily peace I find.

Verses 15, 16

2 To meditate thy precepts, Lord,
 Shall be my sweet employ;
 My soul shall ne'er forget thy word,
 Thy word is all my joy.

Verse 32

3 How would I run in thy commands,
 If thou my heart discharge
 From sin and Satan's hateful chains,
 And set my feet at large!

Verses 13, 46

4 My lips with courage shall declare
 Thy statutes and thy Name;
 I'll speak thy word, tho' kings should hear
 Nor yield to sinful shame.

Verses 61, 69, 70

5 Let bands of persecutors rise
 To rob me of my right,
 Let pride and malice forge their lies,
 Thy law is my delight.

Verse 115

6 Depart from me, ye wicked race,
 Whose hands and hearts are ill;
 I love my God, I love his ways,
 And must obey his will.

Psalm 119:16. Sixteenth Part.**Common Meter (8.6.8.6.)***Prayer for quickening grace.**Verses 25, 37*

1 My soul lies cleaving to the dust;
 Lord, give me life divine;
 From vain desires and every lust
 Turn off these eyes of mine.

2 I need the influence of thy grace
 To speed me in thy way,
 Lest I should loiter in my race,
 Or turn my feet astray.

Verses 107

3 When sore afflictions press me down,
 I need thy quickening powers;
 Thy word that I have rested on
 shall help my heaviest hours.

Verses 156, 140

4 Are not thy mercies sovereign still?
 And thou a faithful God?
 Wilt thou not grant me warmer zeal
 To run the heavenly road?

Verses 159, 40

5 Does not my heart thy precepts love,
 And long to see thy face?
 And yet how slow my spirits move
 Without enlivening grace!

Verse 93

6 Then shall I love thy gospel more,
 And ne'er forget thy word,
 When I have felt its quickening power
 To draw me near the Lord.

Psalm 119:17. Seventeenth Part. Long Meter (8.8.8.8.)

Courage and perseverance under persecution; or, Grace shining in difficulties and trials.

Verses 143, 28

1 When pain and anguish seize me, Lord,
 All my support is from thy word:
 My soul dissolves for heaviness,
 Uphold me with thy strengthening grace.

Verses 5, 169, 110

2 The proud have fram'd their scoffs and lies,
 They watch my feet with envious eyes,
 And tempt my soul to snares and sin,
 Yet thy commands I ne'er decline.

Verses 161, 78

3 They hate me, Lord, without a cause,
 They hate to see me love thy laws:
 But I will trust and fear thy Name,
 Till pride and malice die with shame.

Psalm 119:18. Last Part. Long Meter (8.8.8.8.)

Sanctified afflictions; or, Delight in the word of God.

Verses 67, 59

1 Father, I bless thy gentle hand;
 How kind was thy chastising rod,
 That forc'd my conscience to a stand,
 And brought my wandering soul to God!

2 Foolish and vain I went astray
 Ere I had felt thy scourges, Lord,
 I left my guide, and lost my way;
 But now I love and keep thy word.

Verse 71

3 'Tis good for me to wear the yoke,
 For pride is apt to rise and swell;
 'Tis good to bear my Father's stroke,
 That I might learn his statutes well.

Verse 72

4 The law that issues from thy mouth
 Shall raise my cheerful passions more
 Than all the treasures of the south,
 Or western hills of golden ore.

Verse 73

5 Thy hands have made my mortal frame,
 Thy spirit form'd my soul within;
 Teach me to know thy wondrous Name,
 And guard me safe from death and sin.

Verse 74

6 Then all that love and fear the Lord
 At my salvation shall rejoice;
 For I have hoped in thy word,
 And made thy grace my only choice.

Psalm 120.

Common Meter (8.6.8.6.)

Complaint of quarrelsome neighbours; or, A devout wish for peace.

1 Thou God of love, thou ever blest,
 Pity my suffering state;
 When wilt thou set my soul at rest
 From lips that love deceit?

2 Hard lot of mine! my days are cast
 Among the sons of strife,
 Whose never-ceasing brawlings waste
 My golden hours of life.

3 O might I fly to change my place,
 How would I chuse to dwell
 In some wide lonesome wilderness,
 And leave these gates of hell.

4 Peace is the blessing that I seek,
 How lovely are its charms;
 I am for peace; but when I speak,
 They all declare for arms.

6 New passions still their souls engage,
 And keep their malice strong:
 What shall be done to curb thy rage,
 O thou devouring tongue!

6 Should burning arrows smite thee thro',
 Strict justice would approve;
 But I had rather spare my foe,
 And melt his heart with love.

Psalm 121:1.
Long Meter (8.8.8.8.)
Divine protection.

1 Up to the hills I lift mine eyes,
 Th' eternal hills beyond the skies;
 Thence all her help my soul derives;
 There my Almighty refuge lives.

2 He lives, the everlasting God,
 That built the world, that spread the flood;
 The heavens with all their hosts he made,
 And the dark regions of the dead.

3 He guides our feet, he guards our way;
 His morning-smiles bless all the day;
 He spreads the evening veil, and keeps
 The silent hours while Israel sleeps.

4 Israel, a name divinely blest,
 May rise secure, securely rest;
 Thy holy Guardian's wakeful eyes
 Admit no slumber nor surprise.

5 No sun shall smite thy head by day,
 Nor the pale moon with sickly ray
 Shall blast thy couch; no baleful star
 Dart his malignant fire so far.

6 Should earth and hell with malice burn,
 Still thou shalt go and still return
 Safe in the Lord his heavenly care
 Defends thy life from every snare.

7 On thee foul spirits have no power;
 And in thy last departing hour
 Angels, that trace the airy road,
 Shall bear thee homeward to thy God.

Psalm 121:2.
Common Meter (8.6.8.6.)
Preservation by day and night.

1 To heaven I lift my waiting eyes,
 There all my hopes are laid:
 The Lord that built the earth and skies
 Is my perpetual aid.

2 Their feet shall never slide to fall
 Whom he designs to keep;
 His ear attends the softest call,
 His eyes can never sleep.

3 He will sustain our weakest powers
 With his almighty arm,
 And watch our most unguarded hours
 Against surprising harm.

4 Israel, rejoice and rest secure,
 Thy keeper is the Lord;
 His wakeful eyes employ his power
 For thine eternal guard.

5 Nor scorching sun, nor sickly moon,
 Shall have his leave to smite;
 He shields thy head from burning noon,
 From blasting damps at night.

6 He guards thy soul, he keeps thy breath
 Where thickest dangers come;
 Go and return, secure from death,
 Till God commands thee home.

Psalm 121:3.
Peculiar Meter (6.6.6.6.4.4.4.4.)
God our preserver. As the 148th Psalm.

1 Upward I lift mine eyes,
 From God is all my aid;
 The God that built the skies,
 And earth and nature made:
 God is the tow'r
 To which I fly:
 His grace is nigh
 In every hour.

2 My feet shall never slide
 And fall in fatal snares,
 Since God, my guard and guide,
 Defends me from my fears:

Those wakeful eyes
 That never sleep
 Shall Israel keep
 When dangers rise.

3 No burning heats by day,
 Nor blasts of evening air,
 Shall take my health away,
 If God be with me there.

Thou art my sun,
 And thou my shade,
 To guard my head
 By night or noon.

4 Hast thou not given thy word
 To save my soul from death?
 And I can trust my Lord
 To keep my mortal breath;
 I'll go and come,
 Nor fear to die,
 Till from on high
 Thou call me home.

Psalm 122:1.
Common Meter (8.6.8.6.)
Going to church.

1 How did my heart rejoice to hear
 My friends devoutly say,
 "In Zion let us all appear,
 "And keep the solemn day!"

2 I love her gates, I love the road:
 The church adorn'd with grace
 Stands like a palace built for God,
 To shew his milder face.

3 Up to her courts with joys unknown
 The holy tribes repair;
 The Son of David holds his throne,
 And sits in judgment there.

4 He hears our praises and complaints;
 And while his awful voice
 Divides the sinners from the saints,
 We tremble and rejoice.

5 Peace be within this sacred place,
 And joy a constant guest!
 With holy gifts, and heavenly grace
 Be her attendants blest!

6 My soul shall pray for Zion still,
 While life or breath remains;
 There my best friends, my kindred dwell,
 There God my Saviour reigns.

Psalm 122:2.

Peculiar Meter (6.6.8.6.6.8.)
Going to church. Proper Tune.

1 How pleas'd and blest was I
 To hear the people cry,
 "Come, let us seek our God to-day!"
 Yes, with a cheerful zeal,
 We haste to Zion's hill,
 And there our vows and honours pay.

2 Zion, thrice happy place,
 Adorn'd with wondrous grace,
 And walls of strength embrace thee round;
 In thee our tribes appear
 To pray, and praise, and hear
 The sacred gospel's joyful sound.

3 There David's greater Son
 Has fix'd his royal throne,
 He sits for grace and judgment there;
 He bids the saint be glad,
 He makes the sinner sad,
 And humble souls rejoice with fear.

4 May peace attend thy gate,
 And joy within thee wait
 To bless the soul of every guest!
 The man that seeks thy peace,
 And wishes thine increase,

A thousand blessings on him rest!

5 My tongue repeats her vows
 "Peace to this sacred house!"
 For there my friends and kindred dwell;
 And since my glorious God
 Makes thee his blest abode,
 My soul shall ever love thee well.

Repeat the fourth stanza to complete the Tune.

Psalm 123.
Common Meter (8.6.8.6.)
Pleading with submission.

1 O thou whose grace and justice reign
 Enthron'd above the skies,
 To thee our hearts would tell their pain,
 To thee we lift our eyes.

2 As Servants watch their master's hand,
 And fear the angry stroke;
 Or maids before their mistress stand,
 And wait a peaceful look;

3 So for our sins we justly feel
 Thy discipline, O God;
 Yet wait the gracious moment still,
 Till thou remove thy rod.

4 Those that in wealth and pleasure live
 Our daily groans deride,
 And thy delays of mercy give
 Fresh courage to their pride.

5 Our foes insult us, but our hope
 In thy compassion lies;
 This thought shall bear our spirits up,
 That God will not despise.

Psalm 124.
Long Meter (8.8.8.8.)
A song for the fifth of November.

1 Had not the Lord, may Israel say,
 Had not the Lord maintain'd our side,
 When men to make our lives a prey,
 Rose like the swelling of the tide;

2 The swelling tide had stopt our breath,
 So fiercely did the waters roll,
 We had been swallow'd deep in death;
 Proud waters had o'erwhelm'd our soul.

3 We leap for joy, we shout and sing,
 Who just escap'd the fatal stroke;
 So flies the bird with cheerful wing,
 When once the fowler's snare is broke.

4 For ever blessed be the Lord,
 Who broke the fowler's cursed snare,
 Who sav'd us from the murdering sword,
 And made our lives and souls his care.

5 Our help is in Jehovah's Name,
 Who form'd the earth and built the skies;
 He that upholds that wondrous frame
 Guards his own church with watchful eyes.

Psalm 125:1.
Common Meter (8.6.8.6.)
The saint's trial and safely.

1 Unshaken as the sacred hill,
 And firm as mountains be,
 Firm as a rock the soul shall rest
 That leans, O Lord, on thee.

2 Not walls nor hills could guard so well
 Old Salem's happy ground,
 As those eternal arms of love
 That every saint surround.

3 While tyrants are a smarting scourge
 To drive them near to God,
 Divine compassion does allay
 The fury of the rod.

4 Deal gently, Lord, with souls sincere,
 And lead them safely on
 To the bright gates of Paradise,
 Where Christ their Lord is gone.

5 But if we trace those crooked ways
 That the old serpent drew,
 The wrath that drove him first to hell
 Shall smite his followers too.

Psalm 125:2.

Short Meter (6.6.8.6.)

The saints' trial and safety; or, Moderated afflictions.

1 Firm and unmov'd are they
 That rest their souls on God;
 Firm as the mount where David dwelt
 Or where the ark abode.

2 As mountains stood to guard
 The city's sacred ground,
 So God and his almighty love
 Embrace his saints around.

3 What tho' the Father's rod
 Drop a chastising stroke,
 Yet, lest it wound their souls too deep,
 Its fury shall be broke.

4 Deal gently, Lord, with those
 Whose faith and pious fear,
 Whose hope, and love, and every grace
 Proclaim their hearts sincere.

5 Nor shall the tyrant's rage
 Too long oppress the saint;
 The God of Israel will support
 His children lest they faint.

6 But if our slavish fear
 Will chuse the road to hell,
 We must expect our portion there
 Where bolder sinners dwell.

Psalm 126:1.
Long Meter (8.8.8.8.)
Surprising deliverance.

1 When God restor'd our captive state,
 Joy was our song, and grace our theme;
 The grace beyond our hopes so great,
 That joy appear'd a painted dream.

2 The scoffer owns thy hand, and pays
 Unwilling honours to thy Name;
 While we with pleasure shout thy praise,
 With cheerful notes thy love proclaim.

3 When we review our dismal fears,
 'Twas hard to think they'd vanish so;
 With God we left our flowing tears,
 He makes our joys like rivers flow.

4 The man that in his furrow'd field
 His scatter'd seed with sadness leaves,
 Will shout to see the harvest yield
 A welcome load of joyful sheaves.

Psalm 126:2.
Common Meter (8.6.8.6.)
The joy of a remarkable conversion; or, Melancholy removed.

1 When God reveal'd his gracious Name,
 And chang'd my mournful state,
 My rapture seem'd a pleasing dream,
 The grace appear'd so great.

2 The world beheld the glorious change,
 And did thy hand confess;
 My tongue broke out in unknown strains,
 And sung surprising grace:

3 "Great is the work," my neighbours cry'd,
 And own'd the power divine;
 "Great is the work," my heart reply'd,
 "And be the glory thine."

4 The Lord can clear the darkest skies,
 Can give us day for night,
 Make drops of sacred sorrow rise
 To rivers of delight.

5 Let those that sow in sadness wait
 Till the fair harvest come,
 They shall confess their sheaves are great,
 And shout the blessings home.

6 Tho' seed lie bury'd long in dust,
 It shan't deceive their hope;
 The precious grain can ne'er be lost,
 For grace insures the crop.

Psalm 127:1.

Long Meter (8.8.8.8.)

The blessing of God on the business and comforts of life.

1 If God succeed not, all the cost
 And pains to build the house are lost:
 If God the city will not keep,
 The watchful guards as well may sleep.

3 What if you rise before the sun,
 And work and toil when day is done,
 Careful and sparing eat your bread,
 To shun that poverty you dread;

3 'Tis all in vain, till God hath blest;
 He can make rich, yet give us rest:
 Children and friends are blessings too,
 If God our sovereign make them so.

4 Happy the man to whom he sends
 Obedient children, faithful friends:
 How sweet our daily comforts prove
 When they are season'd with his love!

Psalm 127:2.
Common Meter (8.6.8.6.)
God all in all.

1 If God to build the house deny,
 The builders work in vain;
 And towns, without his wakeful eye,
 An useless watch maintain.

2 Before the morning beams arise,
 Your painful work renew,
 And till the stars ascend the skies
 Your tiresome toil pursue.

3 Short be your sleep, and coarse your fare;
 In vain, till God has blest;
 But if his smiles attend your care,
 You shall have food and rest.

4 Nor children, relatives, nor friends
 Shall real blessings prove,
 Nor all the earthly joys he sends,
 If sent without his love.

Psalm 128.
Common Meter (8.6.8.6.)
Family blessings.

1 O happy man, whose soul is fill'd
 With zeal and reverend awe;
 His lips to God their honours yield,
 His life adorns the law.

2 A careful providence shall stand
 And ever guard thy head,
 Shall on the labours of thy hand
 Its kindly blessings shed.

3 [Thy wife shall be a fruitful vine;
 Thy children round thy board,
 Each like a plant of honour shine,
 And learn to fear the Lord.]

4 The Lord shall thy best hopes fulfil
 For months and years to come;
 The Lord who dwells on Zion's hill,
 Shall send thee blessings home.

5 This is the man whose happy eyes
 Shall see his house increase,
 Shall see the sinking church arise,
 Then leave the world in peace.

Psalm 129.
Common Meter (8.6.8.6.)
Persecutors punished.

1 Up from my youth, may Israel say,
 Have I been nurs'd in tears;
 My griefs were constant as the day,
 And tedious as the years.

2 Up from my youth I bore the rage
 Of all the sons of strife;
 Oft they assail'd my riper age,
 But not destroy'd my life.

3 Their cruel plough had torn my flesh
 With furrows long and deep,
 Hourly they vex my wounds afresh,
 Nor let my sorrows sleep.

4 The Lord grew angry on his throne,
 And with impartial eye
 Measur'd the mischiefs they had done
 Then let his arrows fly.

5 How was their insolence surpris'd
 To hear his thunders roll!
 And all the foes of Zion seiz'd
 With horror to the soul.

6 Thus shall the men that hate the saints
 Be blasted from the sky;
 Their glory fades, their courage faints,
 And all their projects die.

7 [What tho' they flourish tall and fair,
 They have no root beneath;
 Their growth shall perish in despair,
 And lie despis'd in death.]

8 [So corn that on the house-top stands
 No hope of harvest gives;
 The reaper ne'er shall fill his hands,
 Nor binder fold the sheaves.]

9 It springs and withers on the place:
 No traveller bestows
 A word of blessing on the grass,
 Nor minds it as he goes.]

Psalm 130:1.
Common Meter (8.6.8.6.)
Pardonning grace.

1 Out of the deeps of long distress,
 The borders of despair,
 I sent my cries to seek thy grace,
 My groans to move thine ear.

2 Great God, should thy severer eye,
 And thine impartial hand,
 Mark and revenge iniquity,
 No mortal flesh could stand.

3 But there are pardons with my God
 For crimes of high degree;
 Thy Son has bought them with his blood
 To draw us near to thee.

4 [I wait for thy salvation, Lord,
 With strong desires I wait;
 My soul, invited by thy word,
 Stands watching at thy gate.]

5 [Just as the guards that keep the night
 Long for the morning skies,
 Watch the first beams of breaking light,
 And meet them with their eyes;

6 So waits my soul to see thy grace,
 And more intent than they,
 Meets the first openings of thy face,
 And finds a brighter day.]

7 [Then in the Lord let Israel trust,
 Let Israel seek his face;
 The Lord is good as well as just,
 And plenteous is his grace.

8 There's full redemption at his throne
 For sinners long enslav'd;
 The great Redeemer is his Son,
 And Israel shall be sav'd.]

Psalm 130:2.
Long Meter (8.8.8.8.)
Pardoning grace.

1 From deep distress and troubled thoughts,
 To thee, my God, I rais'd my cries;
 If thou severely mark our faults,
 No flesh can stand before thine eyes.

2 But thou hast built thy throne of grace,
 Free to dispense thy pardons there,
 That sinners may approach thy face,
 And hope and love, as well as fear.

3 As the benighted pilgrims wait,
 And long, and wish for breaking day,
 So waits my soul before thy gate;
 When will my God his face display?

4 My trust is fix'd upon thy word,
 Nor shall I trust thy word in vain:
 Let mourning souls address the Lord,
 And find relief from all their pain.

5 Great is his love, and large his grace,
 Thro' the redemption of his Son:
 He turns our feet from sinful ways,
 And pardons what our hands have done.

Psalm 131.
Common Meter (8.6.8.6.)
Humility and submission.

1 Is there ambition in my heart?
 Search, gracious God, and see;
 Or do I act a haughty part?
 Lord, I appeal to thee.

2 I charge my thoughts, be humble still,
 And all my carriage mild,
 Content, my Father, with thy will,
 And quiet as a child.

3 The patient soul, the lowly mind
 Shall have a large reward:
 Let saints in sorrow lie resign'd,
 And trust a faithful Lord.

Psalm 132:1.
Long Meter (8.8.8.8.)

Verses 5, 13-18

At the settlement of a church; or, The ordination of a Minister.

1 Where shall we go to seek and find
 An habitation for our God,
 A dwelling for th' Eternal Mind
 Amongst the sons of flesh and blood?

2 The God of Jacob chose the hill
 Of Zion for his ancient rest;
 And Zion is his dwelling still,
 His church is with his presence blest.

3 Here will I fix my gracious throne,
 And reign for ever, saith the Lord;
 Here shall my power, and love be known,
 And blessings shall attend my word.

4 Here will I meet the hungry poor,
 And fill their souls with living bread;
 Sinners that wait before my door,
 With sweet provision shall be fed.

5 Girded with truth and cloth'd with grace,
 My priests, my ministers shall shine:
 Not Aaron, in his costly dress,
 Made an appearance so divine.

6 The saints, unable to contain
 Their inward joys shall shout and sing;
 The Son of David here shall reign,
 And Zion triumph in her King.

7 [Jesus shall see a numerous seed
 Born here, t' uphold his glorious Name;
 His crown shall flourish on his head,
 While all his foes are cloth'd with shame!]

Psalm 132:2.
Common Meter (8.6.8.6.)
Verses 4-5, 7-8, 15-17
A church established.

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 plac'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'er thy saints assemble now,
 There is a house for God.]

PAUSE.

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 and truth his court maintain,
 With love and power 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.

Psalm 133:1.
Common Meter (8.6.8.6.)
Brotherly love.

1 Lo! what an entertaining sight
 Are brethren that agree,
 Brethren, whose cheerful hearts unite
 In bands of piety!

2 When streams of love from Christ the spring
 Descend to every soul,
 And heavenly peace, with balmy wing,
 Shades and bedews the whole;

3 'Tis like the oil divinely sweet,
 On Aaron's reverend head,
 The trickling drops perfum'd his feet,
 And o'er his garments spread.

4 'Tis pleasant as the morning dews
 That fall on Zion's hill,
 Where God his mildest glory shews,
 And makes his grace distil.

Psalm 133:2.

Short Meter (6.6.8.6.)

Communion of saints; or, Love and worship in a family.

1 Blest are the sons of peace,
Whose hearts and hopes are one,
Whose kind designs to serve and please
Thro' all their actions run.

2 Blest is the pious house
Where seat and friendship meet,
Their songs of praise, their mingled vows
Make their communion sweet.

3 Thus when on Aaron's head
They pour'd the rich perfume,
The oil thro' all his raiment spread,
And pleasure fill'd the room.

4 Thus on the heavenly hills
The saints are blest above,
Where joy like morning dew distils,
And all the air is love.

Psalm 133:3.

Peculiar Meter (6.6.8.6.6.8.)

The blessings of friendship. As the 122nd Psalm.

1 How pleasant 'tis to see
Kindred and friends agree,
Each in their proper station move,
And each fulfil their part
With sympathizing heart,
In all the cares of life and love!

2 'Tis like the ointment shed
On Aaron's sacred head,
Divinely rich, divinely sweet;
The oil, thro' all the room,
Diffus'd a choice perfume,
Ran thro' his robes, and blest his feet.

3 Like fruitful showers of rain,
That water all the plain,
Descending from the neighbouring hills;

Such streams of pleasure roll
 Thro' every friendly soul,
 Where love like heavenly dew distils.

Repeat the first stanza to complete the tune.

Psalm 134.
Common Meter (8.6.8.6.)
Daily and nightly devotion.

- 1 Ye that obey th' immortal King,
 Attend his holy place,
 Bow to the glories of his power,
 And bless his wondrous grace;
- 2 Lift up your hands by morning-light,
 And send your souls on high;
 Raise your admiring thoughts by night
 Above the starry sky.
- 3 The God of Zion cheers our hearts
 With rays of quickening grace;
 The God that spread the heavens abroad,
 And rules the swelling seas.

Psalm 135:1. First Part.
Long Meter (8.8.8.8.)
Verses 1-4, 14, 19-21
The church is God's house and care.

- 1 Praise ye the Lord, exalt his Name,
 While in his holy courts ye wait,
 Ye saints, that to his house belong,
 Or stand attending at his gate.
- 2 Praise ye the Lord; the Lord is good;
 To praise his Name is sweet employ;
 Israel he chose of old, and still
 His church is his peculiar joy.
- 3 The Lord himself will judge his saints;
 He treats his servants as his friends;
 And when he hears their sore complaints,
 Repents the sorrows that he sends.

4 Thro' every age the Lord declares
 His Name and breaks th' oppressor's rod;
 He gives his suffering servants rest,
 And will be known th' almighty God.

6 Bless ye the Lord, who taste his love,
 People and priests exalt his Name:
 Amongst his saints he ever dwells;
 His church is his Jerusalem.

Psalm 135:2. Second Part.

Long Meter (8.8.8.8.)

Verses 5-12

The works of creation, providence, redemption of Israel, and destruction of enemies.

1 Great is the Lord, exalted high
 Above all powers and every throne;
 Whate'er he please in earth or sea,
 Or heaven, or hell, his hand hath done.

2 At his command the vapours rise,
 The lightnings flash, the thunders roar;
 He pours the rain, he brings the wind,
 And tempest from his airy store.

3 'Twas he those dreadful tokens sent,
 O Egypt thro' thy stubborn land;
 When all thy first-born beasts and men
 Fell dead by his avenging hand.

4 What mighty nations, mighty kings,
 He slew, and their whole country gave
 To Israel, whom his hand redeem'd,
 No more to be proud Pharaoh's slave!

5 His power the same, the same his grace,
 That saves us from the hosts of hell;
 And heaven he gives us to possess,
 Whence those apostate angels fell.

Psalm 135:3.
Common Meter (8.6.8.6.)
Praise due to God, not to idols.

1 Awake, ye saints; to praise your King,
 Your sweetest passions raise,
 Your pious pleasure, while you sing,
 Increasing with the praise.

2 Great is the Lord; and works unknown
 Are his divine employ;
 But still his saints are near his throne,
 His treasure and his joy.

3 Heaven, earth, and sea, confess his hand;
 He bids the vapours rise;
 Lightning and storm at his command
 Sweep thro' the sounding skies.

4 All power, that gods or kings have claim'd
 Is found with him alone;
 But heathen gods should ne'er be nam'd
 Where our Jehovah's known.

5 Which of the stocks or stones they trust
 Can give them showers of rain?
 In vain they worship glittering dust,
 And pray to gold in vain.

6 [Their gods have tongues that cannot talk,
 Such as their makers gave:
 Their feet were ne'er design'd to walk,
 Nor hands have power to save.]

7 Blind are their eyes, their ears are deaf,
 Nor hear when mortals pray;
 Mortals, that wait for their relief,
 Are blind, and deaf as they.]

8 O Britain, know thy living God,
 Serve him with faith and fear;
 He makes thy churches his abode,
 And claims thine honours there.

Psalm 136:1.

Common Meter (8.6.8.6.)

God's wonders of creation, providence, redemption of Israel, and salvation of his people.

1 Give thanks to God the sovereign Lord;
 His mercies still endure!
 And be the King of kings ador'd;
 His truth is ever sure.

2 What wonders hath his wisdom done!
 How mighty is his hand!
 Heaven, earth, and sea, he fram'd alone:
 How wide is his command!

3 The sun supplies the day with light;
 How bright his counsels shine!
 The moon and stars adorn the night;
 His works are all divine!

4 [He struck the sons of Egypt dead;
 How dreadful is his rod!
 And thence with joy his people led:
 How gracious is our God!

5 He cleft the swelling sea in two;
 His arm is great in might,
 And gave the tribes a passage thro';
 His power and grace unite.

6 But Pharaoh's army there he drown'd;
 How glorious are his ways!
 And brought his saints thro' desert ground;
 Eternal be his praise.

7 Great monarchs fell beneath his hand,
 Victorious is his sword;
 While Israel took the promis'd land;
 And faithful is his word.]

8 He saw the nations dead in sin;
 He felt his pity move:
 How sad the state the world was in!
 How boundless was his love!

9 He sent to save us from our woe;
 His goodness never fails;
 From death, and hell, and every foe;
 And still his grace prevails.

10 Give thanks to God the heavenly King;
 His mercies still endure!
 Let the whole earth his praises sing;
 His truth is ever sure.

Psalm 136:2.

Peculiar Meter (6.6.6.6.4.4.4.4.)

God's wonders of creation, providence, redemption of Israel, and salvation of his people. As the 148th Psalm.

1 Give thanks to God most high,
 The universal Lord;
 The sovereign King of kings;
 And be his grace ador'd.
 His power and grace
 Are still the same;
 And let his Name
 Have endless praise.

2 How mighty is his hand!
 What wonders hath he done!
 He form'd the earth and seas,
 And spread the heavens alone.
 Thy mercy, Lord,
 Shall still endure;
 And ever sure
 Abides thy word.

3 His wisdom fram'd the sun
 To crown the day with light;
 The moon and twinkling stars
 To cheer the darksome night.
 His power and grace
 Are still the same;
 And let his Name
 Have endless praise.

4 [He smote the first-born Sons,
 The flower of Egypt, dead:
 And thence his chosen tribes
 With joy and glory led.

Thy mercy, Lord,
Shall still endure;
And ever sure
Abides thy word.

5 His power and lifted rod
Cleft the Red-sea in two:
And for his people made
A wondrous passage thro'.
His power and grace
Are still the same;
And let his Name
Have endless praise.

6 But cruel Pharaoh there
With all his host he drown'd;
And brought his Israel safe
Thro' a long desert ground.
Thy mercy, Lord,
Shall still endure;
And ever sure
Abides thy word.

PAUSE.

The kings of Canaan fell
Beneath his dreadful hand:
While his own servants took
Possession of their land.
His power and grace
Are still the same;
And let his name
Have endless praise.]

8 He saw the nations lie
All perishing in sin,
And pity'd the sad state
The ruin'd world was in.
Thy mercy, Lord,
Shall still endure;
And ever sure
Abides thy word.

9 He sent his only Son
To save us from our woe,
From Satan sin and death,
And every hurtful foe.

His power and grace
Are still the same;
And let his Name
Have endless praise.

10 Give thanks aloud to God,
To God the heavenly King;
And let the spacious earth
His works and glories sing.
Thy mercy, Lord,
Shall still endure;
And ever sure
Abides thy word.

Psalm 136:3.

Long Meter (8.8.8.8.)

God's wonders of creation, providence, redemption and salvation.
Abridged.

1 Give to our God immortal praise;
Mercy and truth are all his ways:
'Wonders of grace to God belong,
'Repeat his mercies in your song.'

2 Give to the Lord of lords renown,
The King of kings with glory crown:
'His mercies ever shall endure,
'When' lords and kings are known 'no more.'

3 He built the earth, he spread the sky,
And fix'd the starry lights on high;
'Wonders of grace to God belong,
'Repeat his mercies in your song.'

4 He fills the sun with morning light,
He bids the moon direct the night:
'His mercies ever shall endure,
'When' suns and moons shall shine 'no more.'

5 The Jews he freed from Pharaoh's hand,
And brought them to the promis'd land;
'Wonders of grace to God belong,
'Repeat his mercies in your song.'

6 He saw the Gentiles dead in sin,
 And felt his pity work within:
 'His mercies ever shall endure,
 'When' death and sin shall reign 'no more.'

7 He sent his Son with power to save
 From guilt, and darkness, and the grave:
 'Wonders of grace to God belong,
 'Repeat his mercies in your song.'

8 Thro' this vain world he guides our feet,
 And leads us to his heavenly seat:
 'His mercies ever shall endure,
 'When' this vain world shall be 'no more.'

Psalm 138.
Long Meter (8.8.8.8.)
Restoring and preserving grace.

1 [With all my powers of heart and tongue
 I'll praise my Maker in my song:
 Angels shall hear the notes I raise,
 Approve the song, and join the praise.

2 Angels that make thy church their care
 Shall witness my devotions there,
 While holy zeal directs my eyes
 To thy fair temple in the skies.]

3 I'll sing thy truth and mercy, Lord,
 I'll sing the wonders of thy word;
 Not all thy works and names below
 So much thy power and glory show.

4 To God I cry'd when troubles rose;
 He heard me, and subdu'd my foes,
 He did my rising fears control,
 And strength diffus'd thro' all my soul.

5 The God of heaven maintains his state,
 Frowns on the proud and scorns the great;
 But from his throne descends to see
 The sons of humble poverty.

6 Amidst a thousand snares I stand
Upheld and guarded by thy hand;
Thy words my fainting soul revive,
And keep my dying faith alive.

7 Grace will complete what grace begins,
To save from sorrows or from sins;
The work that wisdom undertakes
Eternal mercy ne'er forsakes.

Psalm 139:1. First Part.

Long Meter (8.8.8.8.)
The all-seeing God.

1 Lord, thou hast search'd and seen me thro';
Thine eye commands with piercing view
 My rising and my resting hours,
My heart and flesh with all their powers.

2 My thoughts, before they are my own,
 Are to my God distinctly known;
He knows the words I mean to speak
Ere from my opening lips they break.

3 Within thy circling power I stand;
 On every side I find thy hand:
Awake, asleep, at home, abroad,
I am surrounded still with God.

4 Amazing knowledge, vast and great!
What large extent! what lofty height!
My soul, with all the powers I boast,
 Is in the boundless prospect lost.

5 "O may these thoughts possess my breast,
 "Where'er I rove where'er I rest!
"Nor let my weaker passions dare
 "Consent to sin, for God is there."

PAUSE I.

6 Could I so false, so faithless prove,
 To quit thy service and thy love,
Where, Lord, could I thy presence shun,
 Or from thy dreadful glory run?

7 If up to heaven I take my flight,
'Tis there thou dwell'st enthron'd in light;
Or dive to hell, there vengeance reigns,
And Satan groans beneath thy chains.

8 If mounted on a morning ray,
I fly beyond the western sea,
Thy swifter hand would first arrive,
And there arrest thy fugitive.

9 Or should I try to shun thy sight
Beneath the spreading veil of night,
One glance of thine, one piercing ray,
Would kindle darkness into day.

10 "O may these thoughts possess my breast,
"Where'er I rove, where'er I rest!
"Nor let my weaker passions dare
"Consent to sin, for God is there."

PAUSE II.

11 The veil of night is no disguise,
No screen from thy all-searching eyes;
Thy hand can seize thy foes as soon,
Thro' midnight shades as blazing noon.

12 Midnight and noon in this agree,
Great God, they're both alike to thee:
Not death can hide what God will spy,
And hell lies naked to his eye.

13 "O may these thoughts possess my breast,
"Where'er I rove where'er I rest!
"Nor let my weaker passions dare
"Consent to sin, for God is there."

Psalm 139:2. Second Part. Long Meter (8.8.8.8.) *The wonderful formation of man.*

1 'Twas from thy hand, my God, I came,
A work of such a curious frame;
In me thy fearful wonders shine,
And each proclaims thy skill divine.

2 Thine eyes did all my limbs survey,
 Which yet in dark confusion lay;
 Thou saw'st the daily growth they took,
 Form'd by the model of thy book.

3 By thee my growing parts were nam'd,
 And what thy sovereign counsels fram'd,
 (The breathing lungs, the beating heart)
 Was copy'd with unerring art.

4 At last, to shew my Maker's name,
 God stamp'd his image on my frame,
 And in some unknown moment join'd
 The finish'd members to the mind.

5 There the young seeds of thought began
 And all the passions of the man:
 Great God, our infant nature pays
 Immortal tribute to thy praise.

PAUSE.

6 Lord, since in my advancing age
 I've acted on life's busy stage,
 Thy thoughts of love to me surmount
 The power of numbers to recount.

7 I could survey the ocean o'er,
 And count each sand that makes the shore,
 Before my swiftest thoughts could trace
 The numerous wonders of thy grace.

8 These on my heart are still impress'd,
 With these I give my eyes to rest;
 And at my waking hour I find
 God and his love possess my mind.

Psalm 139:3. Third Part. Long Meter (8.8.8.8.)

Sincerity professed, and grace tried; or, The heartsearching of God.

1 My God, what inward grief I feel
 When impious men transgress thy will!
 I mourn to hear their lips profane
 Take thy tremendous Name in vain.

2 Does not my soul detest and hate
 The sons of malice and deceit?
 Those that oppose thy laws and thee
 I count them enemies to me.

3 Lord, search my soul, try every thought;
 Tho' my own heart accuse me not
 Of walking in a false disguise,
 I beg the trial of thine eyes.

4 Doth secret mischief lurk within?
 Do I indulge some unknown sin?
 O turn my feet whene'er I stray,
 And lead me in thy perfect way.

Psalm 139:4. First Part.
Common Meter (8.6.8.6.)
God is every where.

1 In all my vast concerns with thee
 In vain my soul would try
 To shun thy presence, Lord, or flee
 The notice of thine eye.

2 Thy all-surrounding sight surveys
 My rising and my rest,
 My public walks, my private ways,
 And secrets of my breast.

3 My thoughts lie open to the Lord
 Before they're form'd within:
 And ere my lips pronounce the word,
 He knows the sense I mean.

4 O wondrous knowledge, deep and high!
 Where can a creature hide?
 Within thy circling arms I lie,
 Beset on every side.

5 So let thy grace surround me still,
 And like a bulwark prove,
 To guard my soul from every ill,
 Secur'd by sovereign love.

PAUSE.

6 Lord, where shall guilty souls retire,
Forgotten and unknown?

In hell they meet thy dreadful fire,
In heaven thy glorious throne.

7 Should I suppress my vital breath
To 'scape the wrath divine,

Thy voice would break the bars of death,
And make the grave resign.

8 If wing'd with beams of morning light,
I fly beyond the west,

Thy hand, which must support my flight,
Would soon betray my rest.

9 If o'er my sins I think to draw
The curtains of the night,

Those flaming eyes that guard thy law
Would turn the shades to light.

10 The beams of noon, the midnight hour,
Are both alike to thee:

O may I ne'er provoke that power
From which I cannot flee!

Psalm 139:5. Second Part.

Common Meter (8.6.8.6.)

The wisdom of God in the formation of man.

1 When I with pleasing wonder stand,

And all my frame survey,

Lord, 'tis thy work; I own thy hand
Thus built my humble clay.

2 Thy hand my heart and reins possest

Where unborn nature grew,

Thy wisdom all my features trac'd,
And all my members drew.

3 Thine eye with nicest care survey'd

The growth of every part;

Till the whole scheme thy thoughts had laid
Was copied by thy art.

4 Heaven, earth, and sea, and fire, and wind,
 Shew me thy wondrous skill;
 But I review myself, and find
 Diviner wonders still.

5 Thy awful glories round me shine,
 My flesh proclaims thy praise;
 Lord, to thy works of nature join
 Thy miracles of grace.

Psalm 139:6. Third Part.

Common Meter (8.6.8.6.)

Verses 14, 17-18

The mercies of God innumerable. An evening psalm.

1 Lord, when I count thy mercies o'er,
 They strike me with surprise;
 Not all the sands that spread the shore
 To equal numbers rise.

2 My flesh with fear and wonder stands,
 The product of thy skill,
 And hourly blessings from thy hands,
 Thy thoughts of love reveal.

3 These on my heart by night I keep;
 How kind, how dear to me!
 O may the hour that ends my sleep
 Still find my thoughts with thee.

Psalm 141.

Long Meter (8.8.8.8.)

Verses 2-5

Watchfulness, and brotherly reproof. A morning or evening psalm.

1 My God, accept my early vows,
 Like morning incense in thine house,
 And let my nightly worship rise
 Sweet as the evening sacrifice.

2 Watch o'er my lips, and guard them, Lord,
 From every rash and heedless word;
 Nor let my feet incline to tread
 The guilty path where sinners lead.

3 O may the righteous, when I stray,
 Smite, and reprove my wandering way!
 Their gentle words, like ointment shed,
 Shall never bruise, but cheer my head.

4 When I behold them prest with grief,
 I'll cry to heaven for their relief;
 And by my warm petitions prove
 how much I prize their faithful love.

Psalm 142.

Common Meter (8.6.8.6.)
God is the hope of the helpless.

1 To God I made my sorrows known,
 From God I sought relief;
 In long complaints before his throne
 I pour'd out all my grief.

2 My soul was overwhelm'd with woes,
 My heart began to break;
 My God, who all my burdens knows,
 He knows the way I take.

3 On every side I cast mine eye,
 And found my helpers gone,
 While friends and strangers pass'd me by
 Neglected or unknown.

4 Then did I raise a louder cry,
 And call'd thy mercy near,
 "Thou art my portion when I die,
 "Be thou my refuge here."

5 Lord, I am brought exceeding low,
 Now let thine ear attend,
 And make my foes who vex me know
 I've an almighty Friend.

6 From my sad prison set me free,
 Then shall I praise thy Name,
 And holy men shall join with me
 Thy kindness to proclaim.

Psalm 143.

Long Meter (8.8.8.8.)

Complaint of heavy afflictions in mind and body.

1 My righteous Judge, my gracious God,
Hear when I spread my hands abroad
And cry for succour from thy throne,
O make thy truth and mercy known.

2 Let judgment not against me pass;
Behold thy servant pleads thy grace:
Should justice call us to thy bar,
No man alive is guiltless there.

3 Look down in pity, Lord, and see
The mighty woes that burden me;
Down to the dust my life is brought,
Like one long bury'd and forgot.

4 I dwell in darkness and unseen,
My heart is desolate within;
My thoughts in musing silence trace
The ancient wonders of thy grace.

5 Thence I derive a glimpse of hope
To bear my sinking spirits up;
I stretch my hands to God again,
And thirst like parched lands for rain.

6 For thee I thirst, I pray, I mourn;
When will thy smiling face return?
Shall all my joys on earth remove?
And God for ever hide his love?

7 My God, thy long delay to save
Will sink thy prisoner to the grave;
My heart grows faint, and dim mine eye;
Make haste to help before I die.

8 The night is witness to my tears,
Distressing pains, distressing fears;
O might I hear thy morning voice,
How would my weary'd powers rejoice!

9 In thee I trust, to thee I sigh,
 And lift my heavy soul on high,
 For thee sit waiting all the day,
 And wear the tiresome hours away.

10 Break off my fetters, Lord, and show
 Which is the path my feet should go;
 If snares and foes beset the road,
 I flee to hide me near my God.

11 Teach me to do thy holy will,
 And lead me to thy heavenly hill;
 Let the good Spirit of thy love
 Conduct me to thy courts above.

12 Then shall my soul no more complain,
 The tempter then shall rage in vain;
 And flesh that was my foe before,
 Shall never vex my spirit more.

Psalm 144:1. First Part. Common Meter (8.6.8.6.)

verses 1-2

Assistance and victory in the spiritual warfare.

1 For ever blessed be the Lord,
 My Saviour and my shield;
 He sends his Spirit with his word
 To arm me for the field.

2 When sin and hell their force unite,
 He makes my soul his care,
 Instructs me to the heavenly fight,
 And guards me thro' the war.

3 A friend and helper so divine
 Doth my weak courage raise;
 He makes the glorious victory mine,
 And his shall be the praise.

Psalm 144:2. Second Part.

Common Meter (8.6.8.6.)

Verses 3-6

The vanity of man, and condescension of God.

1 Lord, what is man, poor feeble man,
Born of the earth at first!
His life a shadow, light and vain,
Still hastening to the dust.

2 O what is feeble dying man
Or any of his race,
That God should make it his concern
To visit him with grace!

3 That God who darts his lightnings down,
Who shakes the worlds above,
And mountains tremble at his frown,
How wondrous is his love.

Psalm 144:3. Third Part.

Long Meter (8.8.8.8.)

Verses 12-15

Grace above riches; or, The happy nation.

1 Happy the city, where their sons
Like pillars round a palace set,
And daughters bright as polish'd stones
Give strength and beauty to the state.

2 Happy the country, where the sheep,
Cattle, and corn, have large increase;
Where men securely work or sleep,
Nor sons of plunder break the peace.

3 Happy the nation thus endow'd,
But more divinely blest are those
On whom the all-sufficient God
Himself with all his grace bestows.

Psalm 145:1.
Long Meter (8.8.8.8.)
The greatness of God.

1 My God, my King, thy various praise
 Shall fill the remnant of my days;
 Thy grace employ my humble tongue
 Till death and glory raise the song.

2 The wings of every hour shall bear
 Some thankful tribute to thine ear;
 And every setting sun shall see
 New works of duty done for thee.

3 Thy truth and justice I'll proclaim;
 Thy bounty flows, an endless stream,
 Thy mercy swift, thine anger slow,
 But dreadful to the stubborn foe.

4 Thy works with sovereign glory shine,
 And speak thy majesty divine;
 Let Britain round her shores proclaim
 The sound and honour of thy Name.

5 Let distant times and nations raise
 The long succession of thy praise;
 And unborn ages make my song
 The joy and labour of their tongue.

6 But who can speak thy wondrous deeds?
 Thy greatness all our thoughts exceeds!
 Vast and unsearchable thy ways!
 Vast and immortal be thy praise!

Psalm 145:2. First Part.
Common Meter (8.6.8.6.)
Verses 1-7, 11-13
The greatness of God.

1 Long as I live I'll bless thy Name,
 My King, my God of love;
 My work and joy shall be the same
 In the bright world above.

2 Great is the Lord, his power unknown,
 And let his praise be great:
 I'll sing the honours of thy throne,
 Thy works of grace repeat.

3 Thy grace shall dwell upon my tongue;
 And while my lips rejoice,
 The men that hear my sacred song
 Shall join their cheerful voice.

4 Fathers to Sons shall teach thy Name,
 And children learn thy ways;
 Ages to come thy truth proclaim,
 And nations sound thy praise.

5 Thy glorious deeds of ancient date
 Shall thro' the world be known;
 Thine arm of power, thy heavenly state,
 With public splendor shown.

6 The world is manag'd by thy hands,
 Thy saints are rul'd by love;
 And thine eternal kingdom stands,
 Tho' rocks and hills remove.

Psalm 145:3. Second Part.

Common Meter (8.6.8.6.)

Verses 7-13

The goodness of God.

1 Sweet is the memory of thy grace,
 My God, my heavenly king;
 Let age to age thy righteousness
 In sounds of glory sing.

2 God reigns on high, but not confines
 His goodness to the skies;
 Thro' the whole earth his bounty shines,
 And every want supplies.

3 With longing eyes thy creatures wait
 On thee for daily food,
 Thy liberal hand provides their meat
 And fills their mouths with good.

4 How kind are thy compassions, Lord!
 How slow thine anger moves!
 But soon he sends his pardoning word
 To cheer the souls he loves.

5 Creatures, with all their endless race,
 Thy power and praise proclaim;
 But saints that taste thy richer grace
 Delight to bless thy Name.

Psalm 145:4. Third Part.

Common Meter (8.6.8.6.)

Verses 14, 17-21

Mercy to sufferers; or, God hearing prayer.

1 Let every tongue thy goodness speak,
 Thou sovereign Lord of all;
 Thy strengthening hands uphold the weak,
 And raise the poor that fall.

2 When sorrow bows the spirit down,
 Or virtue lies distrest
 Beneath some proud oppressor's frown,
 Thou giv'st the mourners rest.

3 The Lord supports our tottering days,
 And guides our giddy youth;
 Holy and just are all his ways,
 And all his words are truth.

4 He knows the pains his servants feel,
 He hears his children cry,
 And their best wishes to fulfil
 His grace is ever nigh.

5 His mercy never shall remove
 From men of heart sincere;
 He saves the souls whose humble love
 Is join'd with holy fear.

6 [His stubborn foes his sword shall slay,
 And pierce their hearts with pain;
 But none that serve the Lord shall say,
 "They sought his aid in vain."]

7 [My lips shall dwell upon his praise,
 And spread his fame abroad;
 Let all the sons of Adam raise
 The honours of their God.]

Psalm 146:1.

Long Meter (8.8.8.8.)

Praise to God for his goodness and truth.

1 Praise ye the Lord, my heart shall join
 In work so pleasant, so divine,
 Now, while the flesh is mine abode,
 And when my soul ascends to God.

2 Praise shall employ my noblest powers,
 While immortality endures;
 My days of praise shall ne'er be past,
 While life and thought and being last.

3 Why should I make a man my trust?
 Princes must die and turn to dust;
 Their breath departs, their pomp and power
 And thoughts, all vanish in an hour.

4 Happy the man whose hopes rely
 On Israel's God: he made the sky,
 And earth and seas with all their train,
 And none shall find his promise vain.

5 His truth for ever stands secure;
 He saves th' opprest, he feeds the poor;
 He sends the labouring conscience peace,
 And grants the prisoner sweet release.

6 The Lord hath eyes to give the blind;
 The Lord supports the sinking mind;
 He helps the stranger in distress,
 The widow and the fatherless.

7 He loves his saints, he knows them well,
 But turns the wicked down to hell:
 Thy God, O Zion, ever reigns;
 Praise him in everlasting strains.

Psalm 146:2.

Peculiar Meter (8.8.8.8.8.)

Praise to God for his goodness and truth. As the 113th Psalm.

1 I'll praise my Maker with my breath;
 And when my voice is lost in death
 Praise shall employ my nobler powers:
 My days of praise shall ne'er be past
 While life and thought and being last,
 Or immortality endures.

2 Why should I make a man my trust?
 Princes must die and turn to dust;
 Vain is the help of flesh and blood:
 Their breath departs, their pomp and power,
 And thoughts all vanish in an hour,
 Nor can they make their promise good.

3 Happy the man whose hopes rely
 On Israel's God: he made the sky,
 And earth and seas with all their train;
 His truth for ever stands secure;
 He saves th' opprest, he feeds the poor,
 And none shall find his promise vain.

4 The Lord hath eyes to give the blind;
 The Lord supports the sinking mind;
 He sends the labouring conscience peace:
 He helps the stranger in distress,
 The widow and the fatherless,
 And grants the prisoner sweet release.

5 He loves his saints; he knows them well,
 But turns the wicked down to hell;
 Thy God, O Zion, ever reigns:
 Let every tongue, let every age,
 In this exalted work engage;
 Praise him in everlasting strains.

6 I'll praise him while he lends me breath,
 And when my voice is lost in death
 Praise shall employ my nobler powers:
 My days of praise shall ne'er be past
 While life and thought and being last,
 Or immortality endures.

Psalm 147:1. First Part.

Long Meter (8.8.8.8.)

The divine nature, providence and grace.

1 Praise ye the Lord; 'tis good to raise
Our hearts and voices in his praise;
His nature and his works invite
To make this duty our delight.

2 The Lord builds up Jerusalem,
And gathers nations to his Name:
His mercy melts the stubborn soul,
And makes the broken spirit whole.

3 He form'd the stars, those heavenly flames,
He counts their numbers, calls their names:
His wisdom's vast, and knows no bound,
A deep where all our thoughts are drown'd.

4 Great is our Lord, and great his might;
And all his glories infinite:
He crowns the meek, rewards the just,
And treads the wicked to the dust.

PAUSE.

5 Sing to the Lord, exalt him high,
Who spreads his cloud all round the sky,
There he prepares the fruitful rain,
Nor lets the drops descend in vain.

6 He makes the grass the hills adorn,
And clothes the smiling fields with corn,
The beasts with food his hands supply,
And the young ravens when they cry.

7 What is the creature's skill or force,
The sprightly man, the warlike horse,
The nimble wit, the active limb?
All are too mean delights for him.

8 But saints are lovely in his sight;
He views his children with delight:
He sees their hope, he knows their fear,
And looks and loves his image there.

Psalm 147:2. Second Part.**Long Meter (8.8.8.8.)***Summer and winter. A song for Great Britain.*

1 O Britain, praise thy mighty God,
And make his honours known abroad,
He bid the ocean round thee flow;
Not bars of brass could guard thee so.

2 Thy children are secure and blest;
Thy shores have peace, thy cities rest;
He feeds thy sons with finest wheat,
And adds his blessing to their meat.

3 Thy changing season he ordains,
Thine early and thy later rains:
His flakes of snow like wool he sends,
And thus the springing corn defends.

4 With hoary frost he strews the ground;
His hail descends with clattering sound:
Where is the man so vainly bold
That dares defy his dreadful cold?

5 He bids the southern breezes blow,
The ice dissolves, the waters flow;
But he hath nobler works and ways
To call the Britons to his praise.

6 To all the Isle his laws are shown,
His gospel thro' the nation known;
He hath not thus reveal'd his word
To every land: Praise ye the Lord.

Psalm 147:3.**Common Meter (8.6.8.6.)***Verses 7-9, 13-18**The seasons of the year.*

1 With songs and honours sounding loud
Address the Lord on high;
Over the heavens he spreads his cloud,
And waters veil the sky.

2 He sends his showers of blessing down
 To cheer the plains below;
 He makes the grass the mountains crown,
 And corn in vallies grow.

3 He gives the grazing ox his meat,
 He hears the ravens cry;
 But man, who tastes his finest wheat,
 Should raise his honours high.

4 His steady counsels change the face
 Of the declining year;
 He bids the sun cut short his race,
 And wintry days appear.

5 His hoary frost, his fleecy snow
 Descend and clothe the ground;
 The liquid streams forbear to flow,
 In icy fetters bound.

6 When from his dreadful stores on high
 He pours the rattling hail,
 The wretch that dares this God defy
 Shall find his courage fail.

7 He sends his word and melts the snow,
 The fields no longer mourn;
 He calls the warmer gales to blow,
 And bids the spring return.

8 The changing wind, the flying cloud,
 Obey his mighty word:
 With songs and honours sounding loud,
 Praise ye the sovereign Lord.

Psalm 148:1.

Peculiar Meter (6.6.6.4.4.4.4.)

Praise to God from all creatures. Proper Metre.

1 Ye tribes of Adam, join
 With heaven, and earth, and seas,
 And offer notes divine
 To your Creator's praise:
 Ye holy throng
 Of angels bright,
 In worlds of light,
 Begin the song.

2 Thou sun with dazzling rays,
 And moon that rules the night,
 Shine to your Maker's praise,
 With stars of twinkling light:
 His power declare,
 Ye floods on high,
 And clouds that fly
 In empty air.

3 The shining worlds above
 In glorious order stand,
 Or in swift courses move
 By his supreme command:
 He spake the word,
 And all their frame
 From nothing came
 To praise the Lord.

4 He mov'd their mighty wheels
 In unknown ages past,
 And each his word fulfils
 While time and nature last:
 In different ways
 His works proclaim
 His wondrous Name,
 And speak his praise.

PAUSE.

5 Let all the earth-born race,
 And monsters of the deep,
 The fish that cleave the seas,
 Or in their bosom sleep,
 From sea and shore
 Their tribute pay,
 And still display
 Their Maker's power.

6 Ye vapours, hail, and snow,
 Praise ye Th' almighty Lord,
 And stormy winds that blow
 To execute his word:
 When lightnings shine,
 Or thunders roar,
 Let earth adore
 His hand divine.

7 Ye mountains near the skies,
 With lofty cedars there,
 And trees of humbler size,
 That fruit in plenty bear;
 Beasts wild and tame,
 Birds, flies, and worms,
 In various forms
 Exalt his Name.

8 Ye kings and judges, fear
 The Lord, the sovereign King;
 And while you rule us here,
 His heavenly honours sing:
 Nor let the dream
 Of power and state
 Make you forget
 His power supreme.

9 Virgins, and youths, engage
 To sound his praise divine,
 While infancy and age
 Their feebler voices join:
 Wide as he reigns
 His Name be sung
 By every tongue
 In endless strains.

10 Let all the nations fear
 The God that rules above;
 He brings his people near,
 And makes them taste his love:
 While earth and sky
 Attempt his praise,
 His saints shall raise
 His honours high.

Psalm 148:2.
Long Meter (8.8.8.8.)
Universal praise to God. Paraphrased.

1 Loud hallelujahs to the Lord,
 From distant worlds where creatures dwell:
 Let heaven begin the solemn word,
 And sound it dreadful down to hell.

Note. This psalm may be sung to the tune of the old 112th or 127th Psalm, if these two lines be added to every stanza, viz.

Each of his works his Name displays,
But they can ne'er fulfil the praise.

Otherwise it must be sung to the usual tunes of the Long Metre.

2 The Lord! how absolute he reigns!

 Let every angel bend the knee;
 Sing of his love in heavenly strains,
 And speak how fierce his terrors be.

3 High on a throne his glories dwell,

 An awful throne of shining bliss:
 Fly thro' the world, O sun, and tell
 How dark thy beams compar'd to his.

4 Awake, ye tempests, and his fame

 In sounds of dreadful praise declare;
 And the sweet whisper of his Name
 Fill every gentler breeze of air.

5 Let clouds, and winds, and waves agree

 To join their praise with blazing fire;
 Let the firm earth, and rolling sea,
 In this eternal song conspire.

6 Ye flowery plains, proclaim his skill;

 Vallies, lie low before his eye;
 And let his praise from every hill
 Rise tuneful to the neighbouring sky.

7 Ye stubborn oaks, and stately pines,

 Bend your high branches and adore:
 Praise him, ye beasts, in different strains;
 The lamb must bleat, the lion roar.

8 Birds, ye must make his praise your theme,

 Nature demands a song from you;
 While the dumb fish that cut the stream
 Leap up, and mean his praises too.

9 Mortals, can you refrain your tongue,

 When nature all around you sings?
 O for a shout from old and young,

From humble swains, and lofty kings!

10 Wide as his vast dominion lies
 Make the Creator's name be known;
 Loud as his thunder shout his praise,
 And sound it lofty as his throne.

11 Jehovah! 'tis a glorious word,
 O may it dwell on every tongue!
 But saints who best have known the Lord
 Are bound to raise the noblest song.

12 Speak of the wonders of that love
 Which Gabriel plays on every chord:
 From all below and all above,
 Loud hallelujahs to the Lord!

Psalm 148:3.
Short Meter (6.6.8.6.)
Universal praise.

1 Let every creature join
 To praise th' eternal God;
 Ye heavenly hosts, the song begin,
 And sound his Name abroad.

2 Thou sun with golden beams,
 And moon with paler rays;
 Ye starry lights, ye twinkling flames,
 Shine to your Maker's praise.

3 He built those worlds above,
 And fix'd their wondrous frame;
 By his command they stand or move,
 And ever speak his Name.

4 Ye vapours, when ye rise,
 Or fall in showers, or snow,
 Ye thunders, murmuring round the skies,
 His power and glory show.

5 Wind, hail, and flashing fire,
 Agree to praise the Lord,
 When ye in dreadful storms conspire
 To execute his word.

6 By all his works above
 His honours be exprest;
 But saints that taste his saving love
 Should sing his praises best.

PAUSE I.

7 Let earth and ocean know
 They owe their Maker praise;
 Praise him, ye watery worlds below,
 And monsters of the seas.

8 From mountains near the sky
 Let his high praise resound,
 From humble shrubs and cedars high,
 And vales and fields around.

9 Ye lions of the wood,
 And tamer beasts that graze,
 Ye live upon his daily food,
 And he expects your praise.

10 Ye birds of lofty wing,
 On high his praises bear;
 Or sit on flowery boughs, and sing
 Your Maker's glory there.

11 Ye creeping ants and worms,
 His various wisdom show,
 And flies, in all your shining swarms,
 Praise him that drest you so.

12 By all the earth-born race
 His honours be exprest;
 But saints that know his heavenly grace
 Should learn to praise him best.

PAUSE II.

13 Monarchs of wide command,
 Praise ye th' eternal King;
 Judges, adore that sovereign hand
 Whence all your honours spring.

14 Let vigorous youth engage
 To sound his praises high;
 While growing babes, and withering age,
 Their feebler voices try.

15 United zeal be shown,
 His wondrous fame to raise;
 God is the Lord: his name alone
 Deserves our endless praise.

16 Let nature join with art,
 And all pronounce him blest;
 But saints that dwell so near his heart,
 Should sing his praises best.

Psalm 149.

Common Meter (8.6.8.6.)

Praise God, all his saints; or, The saints judging the world.

1 All ye that love the Lord, rejoice,
 And let your songs be new;
 Amidst the church with cheerful voice
 His later wonders shew.

2 The Jews, the people of his grace,
 Shall their Redeemer sing;
 And Gentile nations join the praise,
 While Zion owns her King.

3 The Lord takes pleasure in the just,
 Whom sinners treat with scorn;
 The meek that lie despis'd in dust
 Salvation shall adorn.

4 Saints should be joyful in their King,
 Ev'n on a dying bed;
 And like the souls in glory sing,
 For God shall raise the dead.

5 Then his high praise shall fill their tongues,
 Their hands shall wield the sword;
 And vengeance shall attend their songs,
 The vengeance of the Lord.

6 When Christ his judgment-seat ascends,
 And bids the world appear,
 Thrones are prepar'd for all his friends,
 Who humbly lov'd him here.

7 Then shall they rule with iron rod
 Nations that dar'd rebel;
 And join the sentence of their God
 On tyrants doom'd to hell.

8 The royal sinners bound in chains
 New triumphs shall afford;
 Such honour for the saints remains:
 Praise ye, and love the Lord.

Psalm 150.
Common Meter (8.6.8.6.)
*Verses 1-2, 6
 A song of praise.*

1 In God's own house pronounce his praise,
 His grace he there reveals;
 To heaven your joy and wonder raise,
 For there his glory dwells.

2 Let all your sacred passions move,
 While you rehearse his deeds;
 But the great work of saving love
 Your highest praise exceeds.

3 All that have motion, life, and breath,
 Proclaim your Maker blest;
 Yet when my voice expires in death,
 My soul shall praise him best.

Musical Meters

Pealms With No Arrangement

28, 43, 52, 54, 59, 64, 70, 79, 88, 108, 137, 140

Common Meter (8.6.8.6.)

1-10, 12-16, 18, 21-24, 27, 31, 33-40, 42, 44-45, 47, 49-51, 53, 55-56, 60, 63, 65-67, 69, 71, 73-74, 76-78, 84, 86, 89, 90-91, 94, 96-98, 101-102, 105, 107, 109, 111-112, 116-123, 125-136, 139, 142, 144-145, 147, 149-150

Long Meter (8.8.8.8.) (4x8)

1-4, 6, 8, 11-13, 15-24, 26, 29-32, 34, 36, 40-42, 45-46, 49-51, 57, 62-63, 65, 68-69, 71-73, 75, 78, 80, 82, 84-85, 87, 89-92, 95, 97, 100-104, 106-107, 110, 112-115, 117-119, 121, 124, 126-127, 130, 132, 135, 136, 138-139, 141, 143-148

Short Meter (6.6.8.6.)

1-2, 8, 17, 19, 23, 25, 32, 36, 45, 48, 55, 61, 63, 81, 83, 90, 95, 99, 103, 106, 117-118, 125, 133, 148

Peculiar Meter (8.8.8.8.8.8.) (6x8)

19, 33, 58, 96, 112-113

Pecurliar Meter (10.10.10.10.10.10.) (6x10)

50, 93, 115

Peculiar Meter (6.6.6.6.4.4.4.4.) (4x6, 4x4)

84, 121, 136, 148

Peculiar Meter (6.6.8.6.6.8.)

93, 122, 133

Tunes for Singing

Several hymn tunes are listed for each of the meters appearing in *The Psalms of David* by Watts. The name of the tune is listed first followed by the name of a hymn sung to that tune.

Common Meter (8.6.8.6.)

Azmon – O For a Thousand Tongues to Sing
Martyrdom – Alas and Did My Savior Bleed
New Britain – Amazing Grace
St. Anne – O God, Our Help in Ages Past - 93

Long Meter (8.8.8.8.)

Duke Street – I Know That My Redeemer Lives
Hamburg – When I Survey the Rugged Cross
Old 100th – All People that on Earth do Dwell
Woodworth – Just as I Am, Without One Plea

Short Meter (6.6.8.6.)

Diademata – Crown Him With Many Crowns
Festal Song – Rise Up, O Men of God
Terra Beata – This is My Father's World
Trentham – Breathe on Me, Breath of God

Peculiar Meter (8.8.8.8.8.8.)

Solid Rock – My Hope is Built on Nothing Less
St. Catherine – Faith of Our Fathers
Veni Emmanuel – O Come, O come, Immanuel

Peculiar Meter (10.10.10.10.10.10.)

Finlandia – Be Still, My Soul
Geneva 124 – Now Israel May Say
Morecambe – Spirit of God, Descend Upon My Heart

Peculiar Meter (6.6.6.4.4.4.4.)

Christchurch – Now is Eternal Life
Croft's 136th – To Thee Our God We Fly
Darwell – Rejoice the Lord is King

Peculiar Meter (6.6.8.6.6.8.)

From All Dark Places – The Kingdom is Coming
Olwen – All Poor Men and Humble

The Five Books of Psalms

Book 1

- Psalms 1-41
- Theme: Confrontation
- Main authors: David
- Historical Setting: David struggles against God's enemies to establish Israel as a kingdom
- Introduction and conclusion: Psalms 1-2 and 41

Book 2

- Psalms 42-72
- Theme: Communication
- Main Authors: David, Asaph, Sons of Korah
- Historical Setting: David established as King speaking to his enemies
- Introduction and conclusion: Psalms 42-44 and 72

Book 3

- Psalms 73-89
- Theme: Devastation
- Main Authors: Asaph and the Sons of Korah
- Historical Setting: Israel rebelling against God and experiencing his judgement leading to exile
- Introduction and conclusion: Psalms 89 and 90-91

Book 4

- Psalms 90-106
- Theme: Maturation
- Main Authors: David and anonymous
- Historical Setting: Israel in exile coming to terms with God's plan and hoping for the Messiah
- Introduction and conclusion: Psalms 90-91 and 103-106

Book 5

- Psalms 107-150
- Theme: Consummation
- Main Authors: David and anonymous
- Historical Setting: Israel joyously returns from exile and rebuilds the Temple.
- Introduction and conclusion: Psalms 107 and 146-150

Psalm Collections

Kingship Psalms: 20-24

Suffering Psalms: 34-41

- Innocent Sufferer: 34-37
- Guilty Sufferer: 38-41

God's Enemies: 53-60

Dialogue of the Kings: 61-68

- Cry of the King: 61-64
- Response of Elohim: 65-68

Devastation and Deliverance of Israel: 77-83

Yahweh Malak Psalms: 92-100

First Hallelu-Yah Group: 111-117

Psalms of Ascents: 120-134

Psalms of Historical Recollection: 135-137

Hallelu-Yah Finale: 146-150

Psalm Authors

Asaph
50, 73-83

David
2-9*, 11-32, 34-41, 51-65, 68-70, 86, 95**, 101,
103, 108-110, 122, 124, 131, 133, 138-145

Ethan the Ezrahite
89

Heman the Ezrahite
88

Solomon
73, 127

Sons of Korah
42, 44-49, 84-85, 87-88

*Psalm 2: Acts 4:25

**Psalm 95: Hebrews 4:7