

- 6 The promise of his aiding grace
 Shall reach its purpos'd end ;
 His servants from this faithless race
 He ever shall defend.

PSALM XIII. (C. M.)

- 1 **H**OW long wilt thou forget me, Lord ?
 Must I for ever mourn ?
 How long wilt thou withdraw from me ;
 O ! never to return ?
- 2 How long shall anxious thoughts my soul,
 And grief my heart oppress ?
 How long my enemies insult,
 And I have no redress ?
- 3 O ! hear, and to my longing eyes
 Restore thy wonted light ;
 And suddenly, or I shall sleep
 In everlasting night.
- 4 Since I have always plac'd my trust
 Beneath thy mercy's wing,
 Thy saving health will come, and then
 My heart with joy shall spring :
- 5 Then shall my song, with praise inspir'd,
 To thee, my God, ascend ;
 Who to thy servant in distress
 Such bounty didst extend.

PSALM XV. (C. M.)

- 1 **L**ORD, who's the happy man that may
 To thy blest courts repair ?
 Not stranger like to visit them,
 But to inhabit there ?
- 2 'Tis he, whose every thought and deed
 By rules of virtue moves ;
 Whose gen'rous tongue disdains to speak
 The thing his heart disproves.