

WILLIAM WILLIAMS (1717-1791), or "the Watts of Wales," as he has been termed, by alliteration artfully applied, is remembered chiefly for one hymn, which is not in either of his English books, though it is vastly better than anything there. His "Hosannah to the Son of David" was published at Bristol, 1759, and his "Gloria in Excelsis" at Carmarthen, 1772. To Mr. Sedgwick's reprint of these, 1859, is added another piece, which is worth all the rest many times over. It has this note: "This hymn, taken from the Welsh of W. Williams, appeared in Mr. Whitefield's collection, 1774; but whether translated by the author, or by W. Evans, the translator of Prichard's 'Divine Poems,' is not quite certain."

Twelve years later Mr. Daniel Sedgwick, the well known London hymnologist, came upon what he supposed to be the earliest version and, of course, the true text. He says Lady Huntington had it from Williams, and issued it in this form in 1778. It was found at the end of a copy of Whitefield's *Hymns*. This original differs from any printed copy." Here it is:

A FAVORITE HYMN.

Sung by Lady HUNTINGDON's young Collegians.

Printed by the desire of many Christian Friends. Lord give it thy blessing!

I.

GUIDE me, O thou great Jehovah,
Pilgrim through this barren land;
I am weak; but thou art mighty,
Hold me with thy pow'rful hand:
Bread of heaven, bread of heaven,
Feed me till I want no more.

II.

Open now the crystal fountain,
Whence the healing stream doth flow;
Let the fire and cloudy pillar
Lead me all my journey thro':
Strong Deliv'rer, strong Deliv'rer,
Be thou still my strength and shield.

III.

When I tread the verge of Jordan,
Bid my anxious fears subside;
Death of deaths, and hell's destruction,
Land me safe on Canaan's side:
Songs of praises, songs of praises,
I will ever give to thee.

IV.

Musing on my habitation,
Musing on my heav'nly home,
Fills my soul with holy longings:
Come, my Jesus, quickly come;
Vanity is all I see;
Lord, I long to be with thee!

—William Williams, 1778.