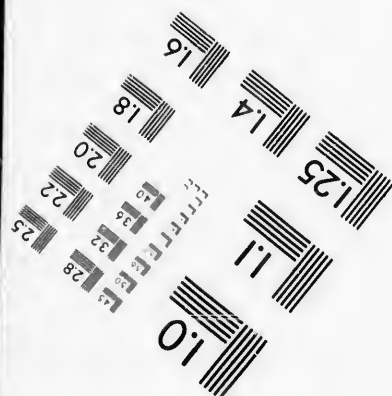
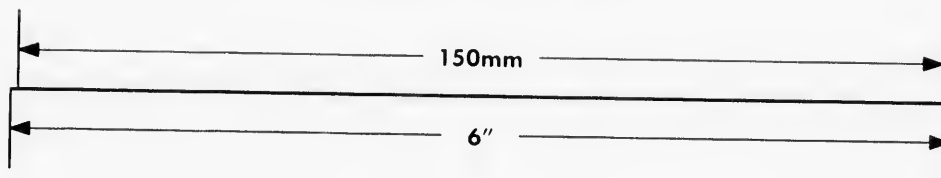
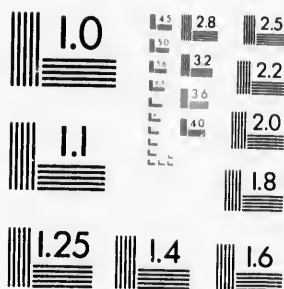
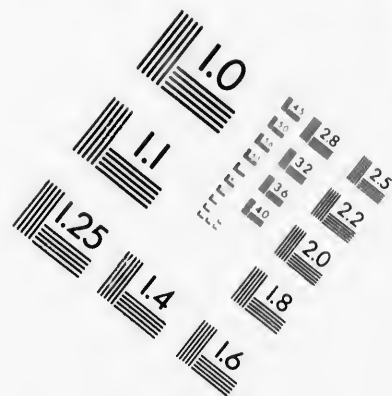
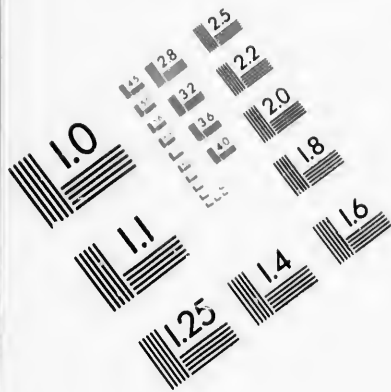
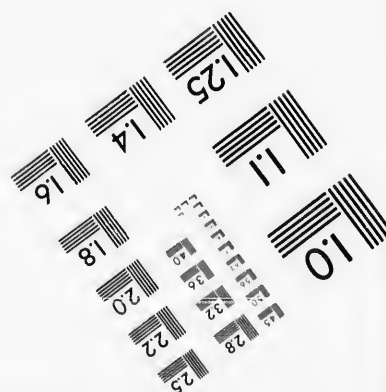


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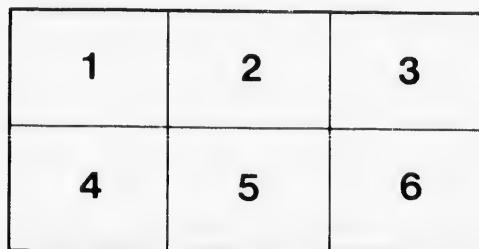
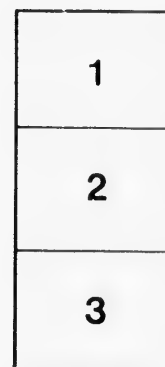
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1900, 1901, 1902
1903, 1904, 1905

A SELECTION
OF
PSALMS AND HYMNS,
FOR THE USE OF THE
CONGREGATIONS
OF THE
CHURCH OF ENGLAND.

IN THE PARISH OF ST. ARMAND,

MONTREAL, CANADA.

"Let the word of the Lord dwell richly in you; cleave in all wisdom;
teaching and admonishing one another in psalms and hymns and
spiritual songs, singing with grace in your hearts to the Lord."
COL. III. 16.

MONTREAL:

PRINTED BY NAHUM MOVLER.

1815.

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A SELECTION

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Psalms and Hymns.

PSALM I.

1. HOW blest is he who ne'er consents
By ill advice to walk ;
Nor stands in sinners ways, nor sits
Where men profanely talk.
2. But makes the perfect law of God
His business and delight ;
Devoutly reads therein by day,
And meditates by night.
3. Like some fair tree, which fed by streams,
With timely fruit does bend,
He still shall flourish, and success
All his designs attend.
4. Ungodly men and their attempts
No lasting root shall find ;
Untimely blasted and dispers'd
Like chaff before the wind.
5. Their guilt shall strike the wicked dumb
Before the judge's face :
No formal hypocrite shall then
Amongst the saints have place.
6. For God approves the just man's ways,
To happiness they tend ;
But sinners, and the paths they tread,
Shall both in ruin end.

TO Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
The God whom we adore,
Be glory, as it was, is now,
And shall be evermore.

PSALMS.

PSALM V.

1. LORD, hear the voice of my complaint,
Accept my secret pray'r ;
2. To thee alone, my King, my God,
Will I for help repair.
3. Thou in the morn my voice shalt hear,
And with the dawning day ;
To thee devoutly I'll look up,
To thee devoutly pray.
7. And when thy boundless grace shall me
To thy lov'd courts restore,
On thee I'll fix my longing eyes,
And humbly there adore.
12. To righteous men the righteous Lord
His blessings will extend,
And with his favour all his saints
As with a shield defend.

PSALM VI.

1. THY dreadful anger, Lord, restrain;
And spare a wretch forlorn ;
Correct me not in thy fierce wrath,
Too heavy to be borne.
2. Have mercy, Lord ; for I grow faint,
Unable to endure
The anguish of my aching bones
which thou alone canst cure.
3. My tortur'd flesh distracts my mind;
And fills my soul with grief :
But, Lord, how long wilt thou delay
To grant me thy relief ?
4. Thy wonted goodness, Lord, repeat,
And ease my troubled soul :
Lord, for thy wondrous mercy's sake,
Vouchsafe to make me whole.

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PSALMS.

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PSALM VIII.

1. O THOU, to whom all creatures bow
Within this earthly frame,
Thro' all the world how great art thou!
How glorious is thy name!
In Heav'n thy wondrous acts are sung,
Nor fully reckon'd there;
2. And yet thou mak'st the infant tongue
Thy boundless praise declare:
Thro' thee the weak confound the strong,
And crush their haughty foes;
And so thou quell'st the wicked throng,
That thee and thine oppose.
3. When Heav'n, thy beauteous work on high,
Employs my wond'ring sight;
The moon that nightly rules the sky,
With stars of feeble light;
4. What's man (say I) that, Lord, thou lov'st
To keep him in thy mind?
Or what his offspring that thou prov'st
To them so wondrous kind?

PSALM IX.

1. TO celebrate thy praise, O Lord,
I will my heart prepare;
To all the list'ning world thy works,
Thy wond'rous works, declare.
2. The thought of them shall to my soul
Exalted pleasures bring;
Whilst to thy name, O thou most high,
Triumphant praise I sing.
- 7, 8. The Lord for ever lives, who has
His righteous throne prepar'd
Impartial justice to dispense;
To punish or reward.
9. God is a constant sure defence
Against oppressing rage;

- As troubles rise, his needful aids
In our behalf engage.
10. All those, who have his goodness prov'd
Will in his truth confide;
Whose mercy ne'er forsook the man;
That on his help rely'd.
11. Sing praises, therefore, to the Lord,
From Sion, his abode;
Proclaim his deeds, 'till all the world
Confess no other God.

PSALM XV.

1. LORD, who's the happy man that may
To thy blest courts repair?
Not stranger like to visit them,
But to inhabit there?
2. 'Tis he, whose every thought and deed
By rules of virtue moves;
Whose gen'rous tongue disdains to speak
The thing his heart disproves.
3. Who never did a slander forge
His neighbour's fame to wound;
Or hearken to a false report,
By malice whisper'd round.
4. Who vice in all its pomp and pow'r,
Can treat with just neglect;
And piety, tho' cloth'd in rags,
Religiously respect.
5. Who to his plighted vows and trust
Has ever firmly stood;
And, tho' he promise to his loss,
He makes his promise good.
6. Whose soul in usury disdains
His treasures to employ;
Whom no rewards can ever bribe
The guiltless to destroy.
7. The man, who by this steady course
Has happiness insur'd,

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When earth's foundation shakes, shall stand,
By Providence secur'd.

PSALM XVI.

1. PROTECT me from my cruel foes,
And shield me, Lord, from harm,
Because my trust I still repose
On thy Almighty arm.
7. Therefore my soul shall bless the Lord,
Whose precepts give me light,
And private council still afford
In sorrow's dismal night.
8. I strive each action to approve
To his all-seeing eye ;
No danger shall my hopes remove,
Because he still is nigh.
9. Therefore my heart all grief defies,
My glory does rejoice ;
My flesh shall rest in hope to rise,
Wak'd by his pow'ful voice.
10. Thou, Lord, when I resign my breath,
My soul from hell shalt free ;
Nor let thy holy one in death
The least corruption see.
11. Thou shalt the paths of life display,
That to thy presence lead ;
Where pleasures dwell without allay,
And joys that never fade.

PSALM XVIII.

- 25, 26. THOU suit'st, O Lord, thy righteous ways
To various paths of human kind :
They who for mercy merit praise,
With thee shall wondrous mercy find.
Thou to the just shall justice show ;
The pure thy purity shall see :
Such as perversely choose to go,
Shall meet with due returns from thee.

- 27, 28. That he the humble soul will save,
 And crush the haughty's boasted might,
 In me the Lord an instance gave,
 Whose darkness he has turn'd to light.
29. On his firm succour I rely'd,
 And did I o'er numerous foes prevail;
 Nor fear'd, whilst he was on my side;
 The best defended walls to scale.
30. For God's designs shall still succeed;
 His word will bear the utmost test;
 He's a strong shield to all that need,
 And on his sure protection rest.
31. Who then deserves to be ador'd,
 But God on whom my hopes depend;
 Or who, except the mighty Lord,
 Can with resistless pow'r defend?

PSALM XIX.

1. THE heav'n's declare thy glory, Lord,
 Which that alone can fill;
 The firmament and stars express
 Their great Creator's skill;
2. The dawn of each returning day
 Fresh beams of knowledge brings;
 From darkest night's successive rounds
 Divine instruction springs.
3. Their powerful language to no realm
 Or region is confin'd;
 'Tis nature's voice, and understood
 Alike by all mankind.
4. Their doctrine does its sacred sense
 Thro' earth's extent display;
 Whose bright contents the circling sun
 Does round the world convey.
5. No bridegroom, for his nuptials drest
 Has such a cheerful face;
 No giant does like him rejoice
 To run his glorious race.

6. From east to west, from west to east,
His restless course he goes;
And thro' his progress' cheerful light
And vital warmth bestows.

PSALM XXII.

- 1 MY God, my God, why leav'st thou me,
When I with' anguish faint?
O! why so far from me remov'd,
And from my loud complaint?
2. All day, but all the day unheard,
To thee do I complain;
With cries implore relief all night,
But cry all night in vain.
3. Yet thou art still the righteous judge
Of innocence oppress'd;
And therefore Israel's praises are
Of right to thee address'd.
4, 5. On thee our ancestors rely'd,
And thy deliv'rance found;
With pious confidence have pray'd,
And with success were crown'd.
6. But I am treated like a worm;
Like none of human birth:
Not only by the great revil'd,
But made the rabble's mirth.
7. With laughter all the gazing crowd
My agonies survey:
They shout the lip, they shake the head,
And thus deriding say:
8. "In God he trusted, boasting oft
That he was heav'n's delight;
"Let God come down to save him now,
"And own his favorite."

PSALM XXIII.

1. THE Lord himself, the mighty Lord,
Vouchsafes to be my guide;

- The shephard by whose constant care
My wants are all supply'd.
2. In tender grass he makes me feed,
And gently there repose;
Then leads me to cool shades, and where
Refreshing water flows.
3. He does my wand'ring soul reclaim,
And, to his endless praise,
Instruct with humble zeal to walk
In his most righteous ways.
4. I pass the gloomy vale of death,
From fear and danger free:
For there his aiding rod and staff
Defend and comfort me.
5. In presence of my spiteful foes
He does my table spread:
He crowns my cup with chearful wine,
With oil annoints my head.
6. Since God doth thus his wondrous love
Through all my life extend,
That life to him I will devote,
And in his temple spend.

PSALM XXV.

1. TO God, in whom I trust;
I lift my heart and voice;
2. O let me not be put to shame,
Nor let my foes rejoice.
3. Those who on thee rely,
Let no disgrace attend;
Be that the shameful lot of such
As wilfully offend.
4. 5. To me thy truth impart,
And lead me in thy way;
For thou art he that brings me help;
On thee I wait all day.
6. Thy mercies and thy love,
O Lord recall to mind;

- And graciously continue still,
As thou wert ever kind.
7. Let all my youthful crimes
Be blotted out by thee ;
And for thy wondrous goodness sake,
In mercy think on me.
8. His mercy and his truth
The righteous Lord displays,
In bringing wand'ring sinners home
And teaching them his ways.

PSALM XXVII.

7. CONTINUE, Lord, to hear my voice,
Whene'er to thee I cry ;
In mercy my complaints receive,
Nor my request deny.
8. When us to seek thy glorious face
Thou kindly dost advise ;
" Thy glorious face I'll always seek,"
My grateful heart replies.
9. Then hide not thou thy face, O Lord,
Nor me in wrath reject :
My God, and Saviour, leave him not
Thou didst so oft protect.
10. Tho' all my friends and kindred too,
Their helpless charge forsake
Yet thou, whose love excells them all,
Wilt care and pity take.
11. Instruct me in thy paths, O Lord ;
My ways directly guide ;
Lest envious men who watch my steps,
Should see me tread aside.
12. Lord, disappoint my cruel foes ;
Defeat their ill desire.
Whose lying lips and bloody hands
Against my peace conspire.
13. I trusted that my future life
Should with thy love be crown'd ;

Or else my fainting soul had sunk,
 With sorrow compass'd round,
 14. God's time with patient faith expect,
 Who will inspire thy breast
 With inward strength: do thou thy part,
 And leave to him the rest.

PSALM XXIX.

1. YE Princes that in might excel,
 Your grateful sacrifice prepare;
 God's glorious actions loudly tell,
 His wondrous pow'r to all declare.
 2. To his great Name fresh altars raise;
 Devoutly due respect afford;
 Him in his holy temple praise,
 Where he's with solemn state ador'd.
 3. 'Tis he that with amazing noise
 The wat'ry clouds in sunder breaks:
 The ocean te'wiles at his voice,
 When he from heav'n in thunder speaks,
 4, 5. How full of pow'r his voice appears!
 With what majestic terror crown'd!
 Which from their roots tall cedars tears,
 And strews their scatter'd branches round.
 10, 11. God rui's the angry floods on high:
 His boundless sway shall never cease:
 His saints with strength he will supply,
 And bless his own with constant peace.

PSALM XXXI.

1. DEFEND me, Lord, from shame;
 For still I trust in thee:
 As just and righteous is thy Name,
 From dang'r set me free,
 2. Bow down thy gracious ear,
 And speedy succour send:
 Do thou my steadfast rock appear,
 To shelter and defend.

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8. Since thou, when foes oppress,
My rock and fortress art,
To guide me forth from this distress,
Thy wonted help impart.
4. Release me from the snare
Which they have closely laid,
Since I, O God my strength, repair
To thee alone for aid,
5. To thee, the God of truth,
My life, and all that's mine,
(For thou preserv'dst me from my youth)
I willingly resign.
6. All vain designs I hate
Of those that trust in lies ;
And still my soul in ev'ry state,
To God for succour flies.

PSALM XXXIII.

1. LET all the just to God with joy,
Their chearful voices raise ;
For well the righteous it becomes
To sing glad songs of praise.
- 2, 3. Let harps, and psalteries, and lutes,
In joyful concert meet :
And new made songs of loud applause
The harmony complete.
- 4, 5. For faithful is the word of God ;
His works with truth abound ;
He justice loves : and all the earth
Is with his goodness crown'd.
6. By his almighty word at first,
The heavenly arch was rear'd :
And all the beauteous hosts of light
At his command appear'd.
7. The swelling floods together roll'd,
He makes in heaps to lie ;
And lays as in a storehouse safe
The wat'ry treasures by.

- 8, 9. Let earth and all that dwell therein,
Before him trembling stand :
For when he spake the word t'was made
'Twas fix'd at his command.
10. He, when the heathen closely plot,
Their counsels undermines :
His wisdom ineffectual makes
The people's rash designs.
11. Whate'er the mighty Lord decrees
Shall stand for ever sure ;
The settled purpose of his heart
To ages shall endure.

PSALM XXXIV.

1. THRO' all the changing scenes of life,
In trouble and in joy,
The praises of my God shall still
My heart and tongue employ.
2. Of his deliv'rance I will boast,
'Till all that are distress'd,
From my example comfort take,
And charm their griefs to rest.
3. O magnify the Lord with me,
With me exalt his name ;
4. When in distress to him I call'd,
He to my rescue came.
9. Fear him, ye saints, and you will then
Have nothing else to fear ;
Make you his service your delight,
Your wants shall be his care.
17. Delivrance to his saints he gives,
When his relief they crave ;
18. He's nigh to heal the broken heart,
And contrite spirit save.
22. For God preserves the souls of those,
Who on his truth depend,
To them and their posterity
His blessings shall descend.

PSALM XXXVI.

6. THY justice, like the hills; remains,
Unfathom'd depths thy judgements are ;
Thy providence the world sustains,
The whole creation is thy care.
7. Since of thy goodness all partake,
With what assurance should the just
Thy sheltr'ing wings their refuge make,
And saints to thy protection trust ?
8. Such guests shall to thy courts be led,
To banquet on thy love's repast,
And drink, as from a fountain's head,
Of joys that shall for ever last.
9. With thee the springs of life remain,
Thy presence is eternal day ;
10. O let thy saints thy favour gain ;
To upright hearts thy truth display.

PSALM XXXVII.

1. THO' wicked men grow rich or great,
Yet let not their successful state
Thy anger or thy envy raise :
2. For they, cut down like tender grass,
Or like young flow'rs away shall pass,
Whose blooming beauty soon decays.
3. Depend on God, and him obey,
So thou within the land shalt stay,
Secure from danger and from want :
4. Make his commands thy chief delight,
And he thy duty to requite,
Shall all thy earnest wishes grant.
5. In all thy ways trust thou the Lord,
And he will needful help afford,
To perfect every just design ;
6. He'll make, like light serene and clear,
Thy cloudy innocence appear,
And as a mid-day sun to shine.

7. With quiet mind on God depend,
And patiently for him attend :
Nor let thy anger fondly rise ;
Tho' wicked men with wealth abound,
And with success the plots are crown'd,
Which they maliciously devise.
8. From anger cease, and wrath forsake,
Let no ungovern'd passion make
Thy wav'ring heart espouse their crime ;
9. For God shall sinful men destroy,
Whilst only they the land enjoy,
Who trust on him and wait his time.
- 30, 31. The upright shall possess the land,
His portion shall for ages stand ;
His mouth with wisdom is supply'd ;
His tongue by rules of judgment moves,
His heart the law of God approves,
Therefore his footsteps never slide.

PSALM XXXIX.

4. "LORD, let me know my term of days,
How soon my life will end ;
The num'rous train of ills disclose,
Which this frail state attend.
5. My life, thou know'st is but a span,
A cypher sums my years ;
And ev'ry man, in best estate,
But vanity appears.
6. Man like a shadow vainly walks,
With fruitless cares oppress'd ;
He heaps up wealth, but cannot tell
By whom 'twill be possess'd.
7. Why then should I on worthless toys
With anxious care attend ?
On thee alone my stedfast hope
Shall ever, Lord, depend.
12. Lord hear my cry, accept my tears,
And listen to my prayer ;

Who sojourn like a stranger here,
As all my fathers were.
13. O spare me yet a little time;
My wasted strength restore;
Before I vanish quite from hence,
And shall be seen no more."

PSALM XLI.

1. HAPPY the man whose tender care
Relieves the poor distress'd !
When troubles compass him around,
The Lord shall give him rest.
2. The Lord his life, with blessings crown'd,
In safety shall prolong;
And disappoint the will of those
That seek to do him wrong.
3. If he in languishing estate,
Oppress'd with sickness, lie;
The Lord will easy make his bed,
And inward strength supply.
4. Secure of this, to thee, my God,
I thus my prayer address'd;
"Lord, for thy mercy, heal my soul,
"Tho' I have much transgress'd."
12. Thy tender care secures my life
From danger and disgrace;
And thou vouchsaf'st to set me still
Before thy glorious face.
13. Let therefore Israel's Lord and God
From age to age be bless'd;
And all the people's glad applause
With loud amens express'd.

PSALM XLII.

1. AS pants the hart for cooling streams,
When heated in the chace,
So longs my soul, O God, for thee,
And thy refreshing grace.

2. For thee, my God, the living God,
My thirsty soul doth pine;
O when shall I behold thy face,
Thou majesty divine!
5. Why restless, why cast down, my soul,
Trust God, and he'll employ
His aid for thee, and change my sighs
To thankful hymns of joy.
9. God of my strength, how long shall I,
Like one forgotten mourn?
Forlorn, forsaken, and expos'd.
To my oppressor's scorn.
11. Why restless, why cast down, my soul?
Hope still, and thou shalt sing
The praise of him who is thy God,
Thy health's eternal spring.

PSALM XLIII.

3. LET me with light and truth be bless'd,
Be these my guides and lead the way,
Till on thy holy hill I rest,
And in thy sacred temple pray.
4. Then will I there fresh altars raise
To God, who is my only joy;
And well tun'd harps, with songs of praise,
Shall all my grateful hours employ.
5. Why then cast down my soul; and why
So much oppress'd with anxious care?
On God, thy God, for aid rely,
Who will thy ruin'd state repair.

PSALM XLVI.

1. GOD is our refuge in distress,
A present help when dangers press;
In him undaunted we'll confide;
- 2, 3. Tho' earth were from her center toss'd,
And mountains in the ocean lost,
Torn piece-meal by the roaring tide.

4. A gentler stream with gladness still
The city of our Lord shall fill,
The royal seat of God most high :
5. God dwells in Sion, whose fair tow'rs
Shall mock the assaults of earthly pow'rs,
While his almighty aid is nigh.
6. In tumults when the heathen rag'd,
And kingdoms war against us wag'd,
He thunder'd and dispers'd their pow'rs ;
7. The Lord of hosts conducts our arms,
Our tow'r of refuge in alarms,
Our father's guardian God and our's.

PSALM XLVII.

- 1, 2. O ALL ye people, clap your hands,
And with triumphant voices sing :
No force the mighty power withstands
Of God the Universal King.
- 3, 4. He shall opposing nations quell,
And with success our battles fight :
Shall fix the place where we must dwell,
The pride of Jacob his delight.
- 5, 6. God is gone up, our Lord and King,
With shouts of joy, and trumpets' sound,
To him repeated praises sing ;
And let the cheerful song rebound.
- 7, 8. Your utmost skill in praise be shown,
For him who all the world commands,
Who sits upon his righteous throne,
And spreads the sway o'er heathen lands,
9. Our chiefs and tribes, that far from hence
To serve the God of Abram came,
Found him their constant sure defence,
How great and glorious is his name !

PSALM LI.

1. HAVE mercy, Lord on me,
As thou wert ever kind ;

- Let me oppress with loads of guilt,
Thy wonted mercy find.
- 2, 3. Wash off my foul offence,
And cleanse me from my sin;
For I confess my crime; and see
How great my guilt has been..
8. Make me to hear with joy
Thy kind forgiving voice;
That so the bones which thou hast broke,
May with fresh strength rejoice,
- 9, 10. Blot out my crying sins,
Nor me in anger view;
Create in me a heart that's clear,
An upright mind renew..
11. Withdraw not thou thy help,
Nor cast me from thy sight;
Nor let thy holy spirit take
Its everlasting flight..
12. The joy thy favour gives
Let me again obtain;
And thy free spirit's firm support
My fainting soul sustain..

PSALM LV.

1. GIVE ear thou judge of all the earth
And listen when I pray;
Nor from thy humble suppliant turn
Thy glorious face away.
2. Attend to this my sad complaint,
And hear my grievous moans;
While I my mournful case declare,
With artless sighs and groans..
3. Hark how the foe insults aloud!
How fierce oppressors rage!
Whose slanderous tongues, with wrathful hate,
Against my fame engage.
- 4, 5. My heart is rack'd with pain; my soul
With deadly frights distress'd;

- With fear and trembling compass'd round,
 With horror quite oppress'd
 6. How often wish'd I then that I
 The dove's swift wings could get ;
 That I might take my speedy flight,
 And seek a safe retreat !
 7, 8. Then would I wander far from hence,
 And in wild desarts stray,
 Till all this furious storm were spent,
 This tempest pass'd away.

PSALM LVII.

1. THY mercy, Lord, to me extend ;
 On thy protection I depend ;
 And to thy wing for shelter haste,
 Till this outrageous storm is past.
 2. To thy tribunal, Lord, I fly,
 Thou sov'reign judge, and God most high,
 Who wonders hast for me begun,
 And wilt not leave thy work undone.
 7. O God, my heart is fix'd, 'tis bent,
 Its thankful tribute to present ;
 And, with my heart, my voice I'll raise,
 To thee, my God, in songs of praise.
 8. Awake, my glory : harp and lute,
 No longer let your strings be mute :
 And I, my tuneful part to take,
 Will with the early dawn awake.
 9. Thy praises, Lord, I will resound ;
 To all the list'ning nations round :
 10. Thy mercy highest heaven transcends ;
 Thy truth beyond the clouds extends.
 11. Be thou, O God, exalted high :
 And, as thy glory fills the sky,
 So let it be on earth display'd,
 Till thou art here as there obey'd.

PSALM LXIII.

1. O GOD, my gracious God, to thee
My morning pray'rs shall offer'd be ;
For thee my thirsty soul does pant :
My fainting flesh implores thy grace,
Within this dry and barren place,
Where I refreshing waters want.
2. O ! to my longing eyes once more
That view of glorious pow'r restore,
Which thy majestic house displays ;
3. Because to me thy wondrous love
Than life itself does dearer prove,
My lips shall always speak thy praise.
4. My life, while I that life enjoy,
In blessing God I will employ ;
With lifted hands adore his Name :
5. My soul's content shall be as great
As theirs that choicest dainties eat,
While I with joy his praise proclaim.
6. When down I lie, sweet sleep to find,
Thou Lord, art present to my mind ;
And when I wake in dead of night :
7. Because thou still dost succour bring,
Beneath the shadow of thy wing
I rest with safety and delight.
8. My soul, when foes would me devour,
Cleaves fast to thee, whose matchless pow'r
In her support is daily shown :
9. But those the righteous Lord shall slay,
That my destruction wish ; and they
That seek my life shall lose their own.
10. They by untimely ends shall die,
Their flesh a prey to foxes lie ;
But God shall fill the king with joy :
11. Who thee confess shall still rejoice ;
Whilst the false tongue and lying voice,
Thou, Lord, shall silence and destroy.

PSALM LXVII.

1. TO bless thy chosen race,
In mercy, Lord, incline;
And cause the brightness of thy face
On all thy saints to shine:
2. That so thy wondrous way
May through the world be known;
While distant lands their tribute pay,
And thy salvation own.
3. Let diff'ring nations join
To celebrate thy fame;
Let all the world, O Lord, combine
To praise thy glorious Name.
4. O let them shout and sing
With joy and pious mirth:
For thou the righteous Judge and King,
Shall govern all the earth.
5. Let diff'ring nations join
To celebrate thy fame;
Let all the world, O Lord, combine
To praise thy glorious Name,
6. Then shall the teeming ground
A large increase disclose;
And we with plenty shall be crown'd,
Which God, our God bestows.
7. Then God upon our land
Shall constant blessings show'r;
And all the world in awe shall stand
Of his resistless pow'r.

PSALM LXIX.

Good Friday.

20. REPROACH and grief have broke my heart;
I look'd for some to take my part;
To pity or relieve my pain,
But look'd, alas! for both in vain.
21. With hunger pin'd, for food I call,
Instead of food they give me gall;

- And when with thirst my spirits sink,
They give me vinegar to drink.
26. For new afflictions they procur'd
For him, who had thy stripes endur'd ;
And made the wounds thy scourge had torn
To bleed afresh with sharper scorn.
27. Sin shall to sin their steps betray,
'Till they to truth have lost the way.
28. From life thou shalt exclude their soul,
Nor with the just their names enrol.
29. But me, howe'er distress'd and poor,
Thy strong salvation shall restore :
30. Thy pow'r with songs I'll then proclaim,
And celebrate with thanks thy name.

PSALM LXXIII.

1. AT length by certain proofs 'tis plain
That God will to his saints be kind ;
That all, whose hearts are pure and clean,
Shall his protecting favour find.
2, 3. 'Till this sustaining truth I knew,
My stagg'ring feet had almost fail'd :
I griev'd the sinners' wealth to view,
And envied when the fools prevail'd.
16, 17. To fathom this my thoughts I bent,
But found the case too hard for me ;
'Till to the house of God I went ;
Then I their end did plainly see.
18. How high see'er advanc'd, they all
On slippery places loosely stand ;
Thence into ruin headlong fall,
Cast down by thy avenging hand.
26. My trembling flesh, and aching heart,
May often fail to succour me ;
But God shall inward strength impart,
And my eternal portion be.
27. For they that far from thee remove,
Shall into sudden ruin fall ;

If after other gods they rove,
 Thy vengeance shall destroy them all.
 28. But as for me, 'tis good and just
 That I should still to God repair :
 In him I always put my trust,
 And will his wondrous works declare.

PSALM LXXXIV.

1. O GOD of hosts, the mighty Lord,
 How lovely is the place,
 Where thou, enthron'd in glory, shew'st
 The brightness of thy face!
2. My longing soul fain'ts with desire
 To view thy blest abode :
 My panting heart and flesh cry out
 For thee the living God.
3. The birds, more happy far than I,
 Around thy temple throng :
 Securely there they build, and there
 Securely hatch their young :
4. O Lord of hosts, my King and God,
 How highly blest are they,
 Who in thy temple always dwell,
 And there thy praise display !
5. Thrice happy they, whose choice has thee
 Their sure protection made ;
 Who long to tread the sacred ways
 That to thy dwelling lead !
6. Who pass through Baca's thirsty vale,
 Yet no refreshment want :
 Their pool's are fill'd with rain, which thou
 At their request dost grant.
7. Thus they proceed from strength to strength,
 And still approach more near,
 Till all on Zion's holy mount
 Before their God appear.
8. O Lord, the mighty God of hosts,
 My just request regard :

- Thou God of Jacob, let my pray'r
Be still with favour heard.
9. Behold, O God, for thou alone
Canst timely aid dispense :
On thy anointed servant look,
Be thou his strong defence.
10. For in thy courts one single day
'Tis better to attend,
Than, Lord, in any place besides
A Thousand days to spend.
Much rather in God's house will I
The meanest office take,
Than in the wealthy tents of sin
My pompous dwelling make.
11. For God, who is our sun and shield,
Will grace and glory give ;
And no good thing will he withhold
From them that justly live.
12. Thou God whom heavenly hosts obey,
How highly bless'd is he,
Whose hope and trust, securely plac'd,
Is still repos'd on thee !

PSALM LXXXV.

1. LORD, thou hast granted to thy land
The favours we implor'd,
And faithful Jacob's captive race
Hast graciously restor'd.
2, 3. Thy people's sins hast thou forgiv'n
And all their guilt defac'd :
Thou hast not let thy wrath flame on,
Nor thy fierce anger last.
4. O God our Saviour, all our hearts
To thy obedience turn ;
That, quench'd with our repenting tears
Thy wrath no more may burn,
5, 6. For why should'st thou be angry still,
And wrath so long retain ?

Revive us, Lord, and let thy saints
Thy wonted comfort gain.

7. Thy gracious favour, Lord, display,
Which we have long implor'd ;
And for thy wondrous mercy's sake,
Thy wonted aid afford.

PSALM LXXXVI.

1. TO my complaint, O Lord my God,
Thy gracious ear incline ;
Hear me, distress'd, and destitute
Of all relief but thine.
2. Do thou, O God, preserve my soul,
That does thy Name adore :
Thy servant keep, and him, whose trust
Relies on thee, restore.
3. To me, who daily thee invoke,
Thy mercy, Lord, extend ;
4. Refresh thy servant's soul, whose hopes
On thee alone depend.
5. Thou, Lord, art good, nor only good,
But prompt to pardon too :
Of plenteous mercy to all those
Who for thy mercy sue.
6. To my repeated humble pray'r,
O Lord, attentive be.
7. When troubled, I on thee will call ;
For thou wilt answer me.
8. Among the gods there's none like thee,
O Lord, alone divine !
To thee, as much inferior they
As are their works to thine.
9. Therefore their great creator thee
The nations shall adore :
Their long misguided pray'rs and praise
To thy bless'd Name restore.
10. All shall confess thee great, and great
The wonders thou hast done ;

Confess thee God, the God supreme,
Confess thee God alone.

PSALM XC.

3. THOU turnest man, O Lord, to dust,
Of which he first was made ;
And when thou speak'st the word, " Return,"
'Tis instantly obey'd.
4. For in thy sight a thousand years
Are like a day that's past ;
Or like a watch in dead of night,
Whose hours unminded waste.
- 7, 8. We by thine anger are consum'd,
And by thy wrath dismay'd ;
Our public crimes, and secret sins,
Before thy sight are laid.
9. Beneath thy anger's sad effects,
Our drooping days we spend ;
Our unregarded years break off,
Like tales that quickly end.
10. Our term of life is seventy years,
An age that few survive ;
But if, with more than common strength,
To eighty we arrive ;
Yet then our boasted strength decays.
To sorrow turn'd and pain ;
So soon the slender thread is cut,
And we no more remain.

PSALM XCI.

1. HE that has God his guardian made,
Shall, under the Almighty's shade,
Secure and undisturb'd abide,
2. Thus to my soul of him I'll say,
He is my fortress and my stay,
My God in whom I will confide.

3. His tender love and watchful care
Shall free thee from the fowler's snare,
And from the noisome pestilence.
4. He over thee his wings shall spread,
And cover thy unguarded head ;
His truth shall be thy strong defence.
5. No terrors that surprise by night
Shall thy undaunted courage fright,
Nor deadly shafts that fly by day ;
6. Nor plague, of unknown rise, that kills
In darkness, nor infectious ills,
That in the hottest season slay.

PSALM XCII.

1. HOW good and pleasant must it be
To thank the Lord most high ;
And with repeated hymns of praise
His Name to magnify !
2. With ev'ry morning's early dawn
His goodness to relate :
And of his constant truth, each night
The glad effects repeat !
3. To ten-string'd instruments we'll sing,
With tuneful psalt'ries join'd ;
And to the harp with solemn sounds,
For sacred use design'd.
4. For through thy wondrous works, O Lord ;
Thou mak'st my heart rejoice :
The thoughts of them shall make me glad,
And shout with cheerful voice.
- 5, 6. How wondrous are thy works, O Lord !
How deep are thy decrees !
Whose winding tracks, in secret laid,
No stupid sinner sees.
7. He little thinks, when wicked men,
Like grass, look fresh and gay,
How soon their short liv'd splendor must
For ever pass away.

- 8, 9. But thou, my God, art still most high ;
 And all thy lofty foes,
 Who thought they might securely sin,
 Shall be o'erwhelm'd with woes ;
10. Whilst thou exalt'st my sov'reign pow'r ;
 And mak'st it largely spread ;
 And with refreshing oil anoint'st
 My consecrated head.
11. I soon shall see my stubborn foes
 To utter ruin brought ;
 And hear the dismal end of those
 Who have against me fought.
12. But righteous men, like fruitful palms,
 Shall make a glorious show ;
 As cedars, that on Lebanon
 In stately order grow.
- 13, 14. These planted in the house of God,
 Within his courts shall thrive ;
 Their vigour and their lustre both
 Shall in old age revive.
15. Thus will the Lord his justice show ;
 And God my strong defence,
 Shall due rewards to all the world
 Impartially dispense.

PSALM XCIII.

1. WITH glory clad, with strength array'd,
 The Lord, that o'er all nature reigns,
 The world's foundation strongly laid,
 And the vast fabric still sustains.
2. How surely stablish'd is thy throne !
 Which shall no change or period see ;
 For thou, O Lord, and thou alone,
 Art God from all eternity.
- 3, 4. The floods, O Lord, lift up their voice,
 And toss the troubled waves on high ;
 But God above can still their noise,
 And make the angry sea comply.

5. Thy promise, Lord, is ever sure ;
 And they that in thy house would dwell,
 That happy station to secure,
 Must still in holiness excel.

PSALM. XCV.

1. O COME, loud anthems let us sing,
 Loud thanks to our almighty King ;
 For we our voices high should raise
 When our salvation's rock we praise.
 2. Into his presence let us haste
 To thank him for his favours past ;
 To him address, in joyful songs,
 The praise that to his name belongs.
 3. For God, the Lord, enthron'd in state,
 Is, with unrival'd glory, great ;
 A king superior far to all,
 Whom Gods the heathens falsely call.
 6. O let us to his courts repair,
 And bow with adoration there ;
 Down on our knees, devoutly all,
 Before the Lord our maker fall.

PRAISE God, from whom all blessings flow ;
 Praise him all creatures here below ;
 Praise him above, ye heav'nly host ;
 Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

PSALM C.

- 1, 2. WITH one consent let all the earth
 To God their cheerful voices raise ;
 Glad homage pay with awful mirth,
 And sing before him songs of praise.
 3. Convinc'd that he is God alone,
 From whom both we and all proceed ;
 We, whom he chuses for his own,
 The flock that he vouchsafes to feed.

4. O enter then his temple gate,
 Thence to his courts devoutly press,
 And still your grateful hymns repeat,
 And still his Name with praises bless.
5. For he's the Lord, supremely good,
 His mercy is for ever sure ;
 His truth, which always firmly stood,
 To endless ages shall endure.

PSALM C.—*Old Version.*

1. ALL people that on earth do dwell,
 Sing to the Lord with cheerful voice ;
 Him serve with fear, his praise forth tell,
 Come ye before him, and rejoice.
2. The Lord, ye know, is God indeed,
 Without our aid he did us make ;
 We are his flock, he doth us feed,
 And for his sheep he doth us take.
3. O enter then his gates with praise.
 Approach with joy his courts unto,
 Praise, loud, and bless his Name always,
 For it is seemly so to do.
4. For why ? The Lord our God is good,
 His mercy is forever sure ;
 His truth at all times firmly stood,
 And shall from age to age endure.

PSALM CIII.

- 1, 2. MY soul, inspir'd with sacred love,
 God's holy name for ever bless ;
 Of all his favours mindful prove,
 And still thy grateful thanks express.
- 3, 4. 'Tis he that all thy sins forgives,
 And after sickness makes thee sound ;
 From dangers he thy life retrieves,
 By him with grace and mercy crown'd.
8. The Lord abounds with tender love,
 And unexampled acts of grace ;

- His waken'd wrath does slowly move,
 His willing mercy flows apace.
 9, 10. God will not always harshly chide,
 But with his anger quickly part ;
 And loves his punishments to guide,
 More by his love than our desert.
 11. As high as heav'n its arch extends,
 Above this little spot of clay ;
 So much his boundless love transcends
 The small respects that we can pay,

PSALM CIV. *Old Version.*

1. MY soul, praise the Lord,
 Speak good of his name ;
 O Lord our great God,
 How dost thou appear !
 So passing in glory,
 That great is thy fame,
 Honour and Majesty
 In thee shine most clear.
 2. With light, as a robe,
 Thou hast thyself clad,
 Whereby all the earth
 Thy greatness may see :
 The heavens in such sorts
 Thou also hast spread,
 That they to a curtain
 Compared may be.
 3. His chamber-beams lie
 In the clouds full sure,
 Which as his chariots
 Are made him to bear ;
 And there with much swiftness
 His course doth endure,
 Upon the wings riding
 Of winds in the air.
 4. He maketh his spirits
 As heralds to go,

And lightnings to serve
 We see also prest ;
 His will to accomplish
 They run to and fro,
 To save or consume things
 As seemeth him best.

PSALM CVI.

1. O RENDER thanks to God above,
 The fountain of eternal love ;
 Whose mercy firm through ages past
 Has stood, and shall for ever last.
2. Who can his mighty deeds express,
 Not only vast, but numberless ?
 What mortal eloquence can raise
 His tribute of immortal praise ?
3. Happy are they, and only they,
 Who from thy judgements never stray :
 Who know what's right ; nor only so,
 But always practise what they know.
4. Extend to me that favour, Lord,
 Thou to thy chosen dost afford ;
 When thou return'st to set them free,
 Let thy salvation visit me.
5. O may I worthy prove to see
 Thy saints in full prosperity ;
 That I the joyful choir may join,
 And count thy people's triumph mine.
6. But ah ! can we expect such grace,
 Of parents vile, the viler race ;
 Who their misdeeds have acted o'er,
 And with new crimes increas'd the score ?
48. Let Israel's God be ever bless'd,
 His name eternally confess'd :
 Let all the saints with full accord
 Sing loud Amens—Praise ye the Lord.

PSALM CXI.

1. PRAISE ye the Lord, our God to praise
My soul her utmost pow'rs shall raise ;
With private friends, and in the throng
Of saints, his praise shall be my song.
2. His works for greatness though renown'd,
His wondrous works with ease are found
By those who seek for them aright,
And in the pious search delight.
3. His works are all of matchless fame
And universal glory claim ;
His truth confirm'd through ages past,
Shall to eternal ages last.
4. By precept he has us enjoin'd,
To keep his wondrous works in mind ;
And to posterity record,
That good and gracious is our Lord.
5. His bounty, like a flowing tide,
Has all his servants wants supply'd ;
And he will ever keep in mind
His cov'nant with our father's sign'd.
6. At once astonish'd and o'erjoy'd,
They saw his matchless pow'r employ'd :
Whereby the heathen were suppress'd :
And we their heritage possess'd :
7. Just are the dealings of his hands,
Immutable are his commands,
8. By truth and equity sustain'd,
And for eternal rules ordain'd.
9. He set his saints from bondage free,
And then establish'd his decree,
For ever to remain the same ;
Holy and rev'rend is his Name.
10. Who wisdom's sacred prize would win,
Must with the fear of God begin :
Immortal praise and heav'nly skill
Have they, who know and do his will.

PSALMS CXII.

HALLELUJAH.

1. THAT man is bless'd, who stands in awe
Of God, and loves his sacred law ;
2. His seed on earth shall be renown'd,
And with successive honours crown'd.
3. His house, the seat of wealth, shall be
An inexhausted treasury ;
His justice, free from all decay,
Shall blessings to his heirs convey.
4. The soul that's fill'd with virtue's light,
Shines brightest in affliction's night ;
To pity the distress'd inclin'd,
As well as just to all mankind.
5. His lib'ral favors he extends,
To some he gives, to others lends ;
Yet what his charity impairs,
He saves by prudence in affairs.
6. Beset with threat'ning dangers round,
Unmov'd shall he maintain his ground ;
The sweet remembrance of the just
Shall flourish, when he sleeps in dust.
7. Ill tidings never can surprise
His heart that fix'd on God relies ;
8. On safety's rock he sits and sees
The shipwreck of his enemies.
9. His hands, while they his alms bestow'd,
His glory's future harvest sow'd,
Whence he shall reap wealth, fame, renown,
A temp'ral and eternal crown.
10. The wicked shall his triumph see,
And gnash their teeth in agony ;
While their unrighteous hopes decay,
And vanish with themselves away.

PSALM CXVI.

Sacrament.

1. MY soul with grateful thoughts of love
Entirely is possess'd,

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Because the Lord vouchsaf'd to hear
The voice of my request.

2. Since he has now his ear inclin'd,
I never will despair ;
But still in all the straits of life
To him address my pray'r.

5. 6. How just and merciful is God !
How gracious is the Lord !
Who saves the harmless, and to me
Doth timely aid afford.

12. 13. Then what return to him shall I
For all his goodness make ?
I'll praise his name, and with glad zeal
The cup of blessing take.

17. 18. To thee I'll offerings bring of praise ;
And whilst I bless thy name,
The just performance of my vows
To all thy saints proclaim.

PSALM CXVIII.

On Easter Day.

1. 2. O Praise the Lord, for he is good,
His mercies ne'er decay ;
That his kind favours ever last,
Let thankful Israel say.

19. Then open wide the temple gates
To which the just repair ;
That I may enter in, and praise
My great deliv'rer there.

20. 21. Within those gates of God's abode
To which the righteous press,
Since thou hast heard, and set me safe,
Thy holy name I'll bless.

22. 23. That which the builders once refus'd
Is now the corner stone ;
This is the wond'rous work of God,
The work of God alone.

24. 25. This day is God's ; let all the land
Exalt their cheerful voice ;

Lord, we beseech thee, save us now,
And make us still rejoice.

PSALM CXIX.

1. HOW bless'd are they who always keep
The pure and perfect way ;
Who never from the sacred paths
Of God's commandments stray !
2. Thrice blest, who to his righteous laws
Have still obedient been !
And have with fervent humble zeal
His favour sought to win.
- 9 How shall the young preserve their ways
From all pollution free ?
By making still their course of life
With thy commands agree.
10. With hearty zeal for thee I seek,
To thee for succour pray ;
O suffer not my careless steps
From thy right paths to stray.
11. Safe in my heart, and closely hid,
Thy word, my treasure, lies ;
To succour me with timely aid,
When sinful thoughts arise.
12. Secur'd by that my grateful soul
Shall ever bless thy name ;
O teach me then by thy just laws
My future life to frame.

PSALM CXXX.

1. FROM lowest depths of woe
To God I sent my cry ;
2. Lord hear my supplicating voice,
And graciously reply .
3. Should'st thou severely judge,
Who can the trial bear ?
4. But thou forgiv'st lest we despond,
And quite renounce thy fear.

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5. My soul with patience waits
For thee, the living Lord ;
My hopes are on thy promise built,
Thy never-failing word.
6. My longing eyes look out
For thy enliv'ning ray ;
More duly than the morning watch
To spy the dawning day.
7. Let Israel trust in God,
No bounds his mercy knows ;
The plenteous source and spring, from whence
Eternal succor flows.
8. Whose friendly streams to us
Supplies in want convey ;
A healing spring, a spring to cleanse,
And wash our guilt away.

PSALM CXXXIII.

1. HOW vast must their advantage be,
How great their pleasure prove !
Who live like brethren; and consent
In offices of love !
2. True love is like that precious oil,
Which pour'd on Aaron's head,
Ran down his beard, and o'er his robes
Its costly moisture shed.
3. 'Tis like refreshing dew, which doth
On Hermon's top distil ;
Or like the early drops that fall
On Sion's fruitful hill.
4. For Sion is the chosen seat,
Where the almighty King
The promis'd blessing has ordain'd,
And life's eternal spring.

PSALM CXXXV.

1. O PRAISE the Lord with one consent,
And magnify his Name ;

- Let all the servants of the Lord
His worthy praise proclaim.
2. Praise him all-ye that in his house
Attend with constant care ;
With those that to his utmost courts
With humble zeal repair.
3. For this our truest int'rest is,
Glad hymns of praise to sing :
And with loud songs to bless his Name,
A most delightful thing.
4. For God his own peculiar choice
The sons of Jacob makes :
And Israel's offspring for his own
Most valu'd treasure takes.
5. That God is great we often have
By glad experience found ;
And seen how he with wondrous pow'r
Above all gods is crown'd.
6. For he with unresisted strength
Performs his sovereign will,
In heav'n and earth, and wat'ry stores
That earth's deep caverns fill.

PSALM CXXXIX.

1. THOU, Lord, by strictest search, hast known
My rising up and lying down ;
2. My secret thoughts are known to thee,
Known long before conceiv'd by me.
3. Thine eye my bed and path surveys,
My public haunts and private ways ;
4. Thou know'st what 'tis my lips would vent,
My yet unutter'd words intent.
5. Surrounded by thy pow'r I stand,
On ev'ry side I find thy hand ;
6. O skill for human reach too high !
Too dazzling bright for mortal eye !
7. O could I so perfidious be,
To think of once deserting thee !

- Where, Lord, could I thy influence shun ?
 Or whither from thy presence run ?
 8. If up to heav'n I take my flight,
 'Tis there thou dwell'st enthron'd in light ;
 Or dive to hell's infernal plains,
 'Tis there almighty vengeance reigns.
 9. If I the morning's wings could gain,
 And fly beyond the western main,
 10. Thy swifter hand would first arrive,
 And there arrest thy fugitive.

PSALM CXLII.

1. TO God with mournful voice
 In deep distress I pray'd ;
2. Made him the umpire of my cause,
 My wrongs before him laid.
3. Thou didst my steps direct,
 When my griev'd soul despair'd ;
 For where I thought to walk secure,
 They had their traps prepar'd.
4. I look'd, but found no friend
 To own me in distress ;
 All refuge rail'd, no man vouchsaf'd
 His pity or redress.
5. To God at last I pray'd ;
 Thou, Lord, my refuge art,
 My portion in the land of life
 Till life itself depart.
6. Reduc'd to greatest straits.
 To thee I make my moan ;
 O save me from oppressing foes,
 For me too pow'rful grown.
7. That I may praise thy Name,
 My soul from prison bring ;
 Whilst of thy kind regard to me
 Assembled saints shall sing.

PSALM CXLIII.

1. LORD, hear my pray'r, and to cry-
Thy wonted audience lend;
In thy accustom'd faith and truth
A gracious answer send:
2. Nor at thy strict tribunal bring
Thy servant to be try'd;
For in thy sight no living man
Can ne'er be justify'd.
5. I call to mind the days of old,
And wonders thou hast wrought:
My former dangers and escapes
Employ my musing thought.
6. To thee my hands in humble pray'r
I fervently stretch out;
My soul for thy refreshment thirsts,
Like land oppress'd with drought.
9. Do thou, O Lord, from all my foes
Preserve and set me free;
A safe retreat against their rage
My soul implores from thee.
10. Thou art my God, thy righteous will
Instruct me to obey;
Let thy good spirit lead and keep
My soul in thy right way.

PSALM CXLV.

- 1, 2. THEE I will bless, my God and King,
Thy endless praise proclaim;
This tribute daily I will bring,
And ever bless thy name.
3. Thou, Lord, beyond compare art great,
And highly to be prais'd:
Thy Majesty, with boundless height,
Above our knowledge rais'd.
4. Renown'd for mighty acts, thy fame
To future time extends;

- From age to age thy glorious Name
 Successively descends.
- 5; 6. Whilst I thy glory and renown,
 And wondrous works express,
 The world with me thy might shall own,
 And thy great pow'r confess.
7. The praise that to thy love belongs,
 They shall with joy proclaim;
 Thy truth of all their grateful songs
 Shall be the constant theme.
8. The Lord is good; fresh acts of grace
 His pity still supplies;
 His anger moves with slowest pace,
 His willing mercy flies.
- 9, 10. Thy love thro' earth extends its fame,
 To all thy works express;
 These shew thy praise, whilst thy great Name
 Is by thy servants blest.
11. They with a glorious prospect fir'd,
 Shall of thy kingdom speak;
 And thy great pow'r by all admir'd,
 Their lofty subject make.
12. God's glorious works of ancient date
 Shall thus to all be known;
 And thus his kingdom's royal state
 With public splendor shown.
13. His steadfast throne, from changes free,
 Shall stand for ever fast;
 His boundless sway no end shall see,
 But time itself out-last.

PART II.

- 14, 15. The Lord doth them support that fall,
 And make the prostrate rise;
 For his kind aid all creatures call,
 Who timely food supplies.
16. Whate'er their various wants require,
 With open hand he gives.

- And so fulfils the just desire
Of ev'ry thing that lives.
- 17, 18. How holy is the Lord, how just,
How righteous all his ways!
How high to him, who with firm trust
For his assistance prays!
19. He grants the full desires of those
Who him with fear adore;
And will their troubles soon compose,
When they his aid implore.
20. The Lord preserves all those with care
Whom grateful love employs;
But sinners, who his vengeance dare,
With furious rage destroys.
21. My time to come, in praises spent,
Shall still advance his fame,
And all mankind with one consent
For ever bless his Name.

PSALM CXLVI.

- 1, 2. O PRAISE the Lord, and thou, my soul,
For ever bless his Name;
His wondrous love, while life shall last,
My Constant praise shall claim.
3. On kings the greatest sons of men,
Let none for aid rely;
They cannot save in dang'rous times,
Nor timely help apply.
4. Depriv'd of breath, to dust they turn,
And there neglected lie,
And all their thoughts and vain designs
Toget'er with them die.
5. Then happy he, who Jacob's God
For his protector takes;
Who still with well plac'd hope, the Lord
His constant refuge makes.
6. The Lord, who made both heav'n and earth
And all that they contain,

- Will never quit his steadfast truth,
Nor make his promise vain.
7. The poor, opprest, from all their wrongs
Are eas'd by his decree ;
He gives the hungry needful food,
And sets the prisoners free.
8. By him the blind receive their sight,
The weak and fall'n he rears ;
With kind regard and tender love
He for the righteous cares.
9. The strangers he preserves from harm,
The orphan kindly treats,
Defends the widow, and the wiles
Of wicked men defeats.
10. The God that doth in Sion dwell
Is our eternal King :
From age to age his reign endures :
Let all his praises sing.

PSALM CXLVIII.

- 1, 2. YE boundless realms of joy
Exalt your maker's fame,
His praise your song employ
Above the starry frame ;
Your voices raise,
Ye cherubim
And seraphim,
To sing his praise.
- 3, 4. Thou moon that rul'st the night,
And sun that guid'st the day ;
Ye glitt'ring stars of light,
To him your homage pay :
His praise declare,
Ye heav'ns above,
And clouds that move
In liquid air.
- 5, 6. Let them adore the Lord,
And praise his holy name,

By whose almighty word,
 They all from nothing came;
 And all shall last
 From changes free;
 His firm decree
 Stands ever fast.

PSALM. CXLIX.

- 1, 2. O PRAISE ye the Lord,
 Prepare your glad voice,
 His praise in the great
 Assembly to sing,
 In our great Creator
 Let Israel rejoice;
 And children of Sion
 Be glad in their King.
 3, 4. Let them his great name
 Extol in the dance,
 With timbrel and harp.
 His praises express;
 Who always takes pleasure
 His saints to advance,
 And with his salvation
 The humble to bless.

PSALM CL.

1. O PRAISE the Lord in that blest place,
 From whence his goodness largely flows;
 Praise him in heav'n where he his face
 Unveil'd in perfect glory shows.
 2. Praise him on earth for all the acts,
 Which he in our behalf hath done;
 His kindness this return exacts,
 With which our praise should equal run.
 6. Let all that vital breath enjoy,
 The breath he doth to them afford,
 In just returns of praise employ,
 Let ev'ry creature praise the Lord.

To Father, Son, and Holy Glost,
The God whom earth and heav'n adore,
Be glory, as it was of old,
Is now, and shall be ever more.

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HYMNS.

HYMN I.

FOR THE MORNING.

AWAKE, my soul, and, with the sun,
Thy daily course of duty run ;
Shake off dull sloth, and early rise,
To pay thy morning sacrifice.

Glory to God, who safe hath kept,
And hath refresh'd me while I slept :
Grant Lord, that when from death I wake,
I may of endless bliss partake.

Lord, I my vows to thee renew ;
Disperse my sins as morning dew ;
Guard ev'ry spring of thought and will,
And with my heart be present still.

May all my converse be sincere ;
My conscience as the noon-day clear ;
For thy all-seeing eye surveys,
My secret thoughts, and all my ways.

Direct, control, suggest this day,
All I shall do, or think, or say ;
That all my pow'rs, with all their might,
In thy sole service may unite.

Praise God from whom all blessings flow ;
Praise him, all creatures here below ;
Praise him above ye heav'nly host ;
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

HYMN II.

FOR THE EVENING.

GLORY to thee, my God this night,
For all the blessings of the light ;
Keep me, O keep me, King of kings,
Under thy own Almighty wings.

Forgive me, Lord, for thy dear Son,
The ills which I this day have done ;
That, with the world, myself, and thee,
I, ere I sleep, at peace may be.

Teach me to live, that I may dread
The grave as little as my bed ;
Teach me to die, that so I may
Triumphant rise at the last day.

O may my soul on thee repose,
And with sweet sleep my eyelids close ;
Sleep that may me more active make,
To serve my God when I awake.

When in the night I sleepless lie,
My soul with heav'nly thought supply :
Let no ill dreams disturb my rest,
No pow'rs of darkness me molest.

Praise God, from whom all blessings flow ;
Praise him, all creatures, here below ;
Praise him above, ye heav'nly host ;
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

HYMN III.

*Song of the Angels, at the Nativity of our blessed
Saviour. Luke ii. 8—15.*

FOR CHRISTMAS DAY.

WHILE shepherds watch'd their flocks by night,
All seated on the ground,
The angel of the Lord came down,
And glory shone around.

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"Fear not," said he, (for mighty dread
Had seiz'd their troubled mind)

"Glad tidings of great joy I bring
"To you and all mankind.

"To you, in David's town, this day
"Is born of David's line,

"The Saviour, who is Christ the Lord ;—
"And this shall be the sign :

"The heav'nly babe you there shall find
"To human view display'd,

"All meanly wrapt in swathing bands,
"And in a manger laid."

Thus spake the seraph, and forthwith
Appear'd a shining throng
Of angels, praising God, and thus
Address'd their joyful song :

"All glory be to God on high,

"And to the earth be peace ;

"Good-will henceforth from heav'n to men
"Begin and never cease."

HYMN IV.

The Song of Men, responsive to the Song of Angels

FOR CHRISTMAS DAY.

WHILE Angels thus, O Lord ! rejoice,
Shall men no Anthem raise ?

O may we loose these useless tongues,
When we forget to praise !

Then, let us swell responsive notes,
And join the heav'nly throng ;

For Angels no such love have known
As we, to wake their song !

Good-will to sinful man is shewn,
And peace on earth is giv'n ;

For lo ! the incarnate Saviour comes,
With news of joy from heav'n !

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HYMNS.

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Mercy and truth, with sweet accord,
His rising beams adorn !
Let heav'n and earth in concert sing—
"The promis'd child is born !"

Glory to God in highest strains,
In highest worlds be paid ;
His glory by our lips proclaim'd,
And by our lives display'd.

When shall we reach those blissful realms
Where Christ exalted reigns ?
And learn of the celestial choir
Their own immortal strains ?

HYMN V.

ON THE NEW-YEAR.

THE God of life, whose constant care
With blessings crowns each op'ning year,
My scanty span doth still prolong,
And wakes anew mine annual song.

How many precious souls are fled
To the vast regions of the dead,
Since to this day the changing sun
Through his last yearly period run.

We yet survive ; but who can say,
Or through this year, or month, or day,
"I shall retain this vital breath,
"Thus far, at least, in league with death?"

That breath is thine, eternal God ;
'Tis thine to fix my soul's abode ;
It holds its life from thee alone
On earth, or in the world unknown.

To thee our spirits we resign,
Make them and own them still as thine ;
So shall they live secure from fear,
Though death should blast the rising year.

Thy children, panting to be gone,
 May bid the time of tide roll on,
 To land them on that happy shore,
 Where years and death are known no more.

No more fatigue, no more distress,
 Nor sin nor hell shall reach that place ;
 No groans to mingle with the songs,
 Resounding from immortal tongues :

No more alarms from ghostly foes ;
 No cares to break the long repose ;
 No midnight shade, no cloudy sun,
 But sacred high eternal noon,

O, long expected year ! begin ;
 Dawn on this world of woe and sin ;
 Fain would we leave this weary road,
 To sleep in death and rest with God.

HYMN VI.

FOR GOOD-FRIDAY.

FROM whence these direful Omens round,
 Which heav'n and earth amaze ?
 Wherefore do earthquakes cleave the ground ?
 Why hides the Sun his rays ?

Well may the earth astonish'd shake,
 And nature sympathise !
 The Sun as darkest night be black !
 Their Maker Jesus dies !

Behold fast streaming from the tree,
 His all atoning blood ?
 Is this the infinite ? 'tis he,
 My Saviour and My God !

For me these pangs his soul assail,
 For me this death is borne ;
 My sins gave sharpness to the nail,
 And pointed every-thorn.

Let sin no more my soul enslave,
Break, Lord, its Tyrant chain,
O save me, whom thou com'st to save,
Nor bleed, nor die in vain !

HYMN VII.

FOR EASTER DAY.

JESUS Christ is ris'n to day—Hallelujah.
Our triumphant holiday ;—Hallelujah.
Who did once upon the Cross,—Hallelujah.
Suffer to redeem our loss.—Hallelujah.
Hymns of praise then let us sing—Hallelujah.
Unto Christ, our heav'nly king ?—Hallelujah.
Who endur'd the Cross and grave,—Hallelujah.
Sinners to redeem and save.—Hallelujah.
But the pains which he endur'd,—Hallelujah.
Our salvation have procur'd :—Hallelujah.
Now he reigns triumphant king.—Hallelujah.
Where the angels ever sing—Hallelujah.

HYMN VIII.

FOR EASTER DAY.

ON THE RESURRECTION.

SINCE Christ our passover is slain,
A sacrifice for all ;
Let all, with thankful hearts, agree
To keep the festival ;
Not with the Leaven, as of old,
Of sin and malice fed ;
But with unfeign'd Sincerity,
And truth's unleaven'd bread.
Christ being rais'd by pow'r divine,
And rescu'd from the grave,
Shall die no more ; death shall on h
No more dominion have.

For that he died, 'twas for our sins
 He once vouchsaf'd to die ;
 But that he lives, he lives to God
 For all Eternity.

So count yourselves as dead to sin,
 But graciously restor'd,
 And made, henceforth, alive to God,
 Through Jesus Christ our Lord.

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
 The God whom we adore,
 Be glory ; as it was is now,
 And shall be evermore.

HYMN IX.

FOR WHITSUNDAY.

COME Holy Ghost ! Creator, come,
 Inspire the souls of thine ;
 'Till ev'ry heart which thou hast made
 Is fill'd with grace divine.

Thou art the Comforter, the gift
 Of God, and fire of love :
 The everlasting spring of joy,
 And Uncion from above

Thy gifts are manifold, thou writ'st
 God's law in each true heart;
 The promise of the Father, thou
 Dost heav'nly speech impart.

Enlighten our dark souls, till they
 Thy sacred love embrace,
 Assist our minds (by Nature frail)
 With thy celestial grace.

Drive far from us the mortal foe,
 And give us peace within.
 That, by thy guidance blest, we may
 Escape the snares of sin.

Teach us the Father to confess,
And Son, from death reviv'd,
And thee with both, O Holy Ghost !
Who art from both deriv'd.

With thee, O Father, therefore, may
The Son, from death restor'd,
And sacred Comforter, one God,
Devoutly be ador'd :

As in all ages heretofore
Has constantly been done,
As now it is, and shall be so,
When time his course has run.

HYMN X.

FOR THE HOLY COMMUNION.

MY God, and is thy table spread !
And does thy cup with love o'erflow ?
Thither be all thy children led,
And let them thy sweet mercies know.

Hail sacred feast, which Jesus makes !
Rich banquet of his flesh and blood !
Thrice happy he who here partakes
That Sacred stream, that heav'nly food !

Why are its dainties all in vain -
Before unwilling hearts display'd ?
Was not for you the victim slain,
Are you forbid the children' bread ?

O let thy table honour'd be,
And furnish'd well with joyful guests :
And may each soul Salvation see,
That here its holy pledges tastes !

Let crowds approach with hearts prepar'd,
With hearts inflam'd let all attend,
Nor, when we leave our father's board,
The pleasure or the profit end.

Receive thy dying churches, Lord,
 And bid our drooping graces live ;
 And more, that energy afford,
 A Saviour's blood alone can give.

HYMN XI.

On the Providence of God ; taken chiefly from the 23d Psalm.

THE Lord my pasture shall prepare,
 And feed me with a shepherd's care ;
 His presence shall my wants supply,
 And guard me with a watchful eye ;
 My noonday walks he shall attend,
 And all my midnight hours defend.

When in the sultry glebe I faint,
 Or on the thirsty mountain pant,
 To fertile vales and dewy meads,
 My weary, wand'ring steps he leads ;
 Where peaceful rivers, soft and slow,
 Amid the verdant landscape flow.

Though in the paths of death I tread,
 With gloomy horrors overspread ;
 My steadfast heart shall fear no ill,
 For thou, O Lord, art with me still ;
 Thy friendly crook shall give me aid,
 And guide me through the dreadful shade.

Though in a bare and rugged way,
 Through devious, lonely wilds I stray,
 Thy bounty shall my pains beguile,
 The barren wilderness shall smile,
 With sudden greens and herbage crown'd,
 And streams shall murmur all around.

HYMN XII.

ON GRATITUDE TO GOD.
 WHEN all thy mercies, O my God,
 My rising soul surveys ;

Transported with the view, I'm lost
In wonder, love, and praise !

O how shall words with equal warmth
The gratitude declare,
That glows within my ravish'd heart !
But thou canst read it there.

Thy providence my life sustain'd,
And all my wants redrest,
When in the silent womb I lay,
And hung upon the breast.

To all my weak complaints and cries
Thy mercy lent an ear,
E'er yet my feeble thoughts had learnt.
To form themselves in pray'r.

Unnumber'd comforts to my soul
Thy tender care bestow'd,
Before my infant heart conceiv'd
From whom those comforts flow'd,

When in the slipp'ry paths of youth
With heedless steps I ran,
Thine arm, unseen, convey'd me safe,
And led me up to man.

Through hidden dangers, Toils and Deaths,
It gently clear'd my way,
And through the pleasing snares of vice,
More to be fear'd than they.

When worn with sickness, oft hast thou
With health renew'd my face ;
And when in sins and sorrows sunk,
Reviv'd my soul with grace.

Thy bounteous hand with worldly bliss
Has made my cup run o'er,
And in a kind and faithful friend
Has doubled all my store.

Ten thousand thousand precious gifts.
My daily thanks employ ;

Nor is the least a cheerful heart;
 That tastes those gifts with joy.
 Through ev'ry period of my life
 Thy goodness I'll pursue;
 And after death, in distant worlds,
 The glorious theme renew.

When Nature fails, and day and night
 Divide the works no more.
 My ever grateful heart, O Lord
 Thy mercy shall adore.

Through all eternity to thee
 A joyful song I'll raise;
 For oh! eternity's too short
 To utter all thy praise.

HYMN XIII.

FUNERAL CONSOLATIONS.

HEAR, what the voice from heav'n declares
 To those in Christ who die!

"Releas'd from all their earthly cares,
 "They reign with him on high.

Then, why lament departed friends,
 Or shake at death's alarms?

Death's but the servant Jesus sends
 To call us to his arms.

If Sin be pardon'd, we're secure,
 Death hath no sting beside;

The law gave sin and strength its pow'r;
 But Christ, our ransom, died!

The graves of all his saints he bless'd,
 When in the grave he lay;

And rising thence their hopes he rais'd
 To everlasting day!

Then, joyfully, while life we have,
 To Christ, our life, we'll sing—

"Where is thy victory, O Grave?

"And where, O death, thy sting?"

Psalms and Hymns

FROM

DR. WATTS.

PSALM XIX.

*The books of Nature and scripture compared : or the
glory and success of the Gospel.*

1. THE heav'ns declare thy glory, Lord,
In ev'ry 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 pow'r 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 began its race,
It touch'd and glanc'd on every land.
4. Nor shall thy spreading gospel rest,
'Till through the world thy truth has run ;
'Till *Christ* has all the nations blest,
Which see the light, or feel the sun.
5. Great Sun of righteousness, arise,
Bless the dark world with heav'nly 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 forgiv'n :
Lord, cleanse my sins, my soul renew,
And make thy word my guide to heav'n.

PSALM XXXIX.—2d Part.

The vanity of Man.

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 which we can boast,
An inch or two of time ;
Man is but vanity and dust
In all his flow'r 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 their 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 strait are seen no more.
5. What could 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 int'rest up,
And make my God my all.

PSALM XLV.—2d Part.

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 rope of joy and righteousness.

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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 fav'rite 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 num'rous train)
Each like a prince in glory reign
6. Let endless honours crown his head ;
Let ev'ry age his praises spread ;
While we in cheerful songs approve
The condescension of his love.

PSALM LI.—2d Part.

ORIGINAL AND ACTUAL SIN CONFESSE.

1. LORD, I am vile, conceiv'd in sin ;
And born unholy and unclean ;
Sprung from the man whose guilty fall
Corrupts his 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 ev'ry part.
3. [Great God, create my heart anew,
And from 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 pow'r 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 pard'ning voice,
 And make my broken bones rejoice.

PSALM LXXXIV.

1. LORD of the worlds above,
 How pleasant and how fair
 The dwelling of thy love,
 Thine 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 a nest,
 And wand'ring swallows long
 To find their wanted rest ;
 My spirit faints,
 With equal zeal,
 To rise and dwell
 Among thy saints.
3. O happy souls who pray,
 Where God appoints to hear !
 O happy men who pay
 Their constant service there !
 They praise thee still ;
 And happy they
 Who love the way
 To Zion's hill.
4. They go from strength to strength,
 Through this dark vale of tears,
 'Till each arrives at length ;
 'Till each in heav'n appears.
 O glorious seat,
 When God our king
 Shall thither bring
 Our willing feet !

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XXIV.

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PSALMS.

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5. To spend one sacred day
 Where God and saints abide,
 Affords diviner's joy
 Than thousand days beside ;
 Where God resorts,
 I love it more
 To keep the door,
 Than shine in courts.

PSALM XC.—1st Part.

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 which ends the night
 Before the rising sun.
6. [The busy tribes of flesh and blood,
 With all their lives and cares,
 Are carry'd downwards by the flood,
 And lost in foll'wing years.
7. Time, like an ever-rolling stream,
 Bears all its sons away ;
 They fly, forgotten as a dream
 Dies at the op'ning day.

8. Like flow'ry fields the nations stand,
Pleas'd with the morning light :
The flow'rs beneath the mower's hand,
Lie with'ring 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 CXII.

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,
Which fill his neighbours round with dread,
His heart is arm'd against the fear,
For God with all his pow'r is there.
4. His soul, well fix'd upon the Lord,
Draws heav'nly 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 CXXI.

GOD OUR PRESERVER.

UPWARD I lift mine eyes ;	God is the tow'r
From God is all my aid ;	To which I fly ;
The God who built the skies,	His grace is nigh
And earth and nature made ;	In ev'ry 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
Which never sleep,
Shall Isr'el keep.

When dangers rise.

3. No burning heats by day,
Nor blasts of ev'ning 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 giv'n 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 CXXII.

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 joy 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 heav'nly grace,
Be her attendants blest.

6. My soul shall pray for Zion still,
While life or breath remains,
There my best friends, my hundred dwell.
There God my Saviour reigns.

PSALM CXXXIII.

THE BLESSINGS OF FRIENDSHIP.

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 through all the room
Diffus'd a choice perfume,
Ran through his robes, and blest his feet.
3. Like fruitful show'rs of rain,
Which water all the plain,
Descending from the neighb'ring hills ;
Such streams of pleasure roll
Through ev'ry friendly soul,
Where love like heav'nly dew distils.

HYMNS.

HYMN XVII.

GOD'S ETERNITY.

1. RISE, rise, my soul and leave the ground,
Stretch all thy thoughts abroad ;
And rouse up ev'ry tuneful sound
To praise the eternal God.
2. Long ere the lofty skies were spread,
Jehovah fill'd his throne ;
Ere Adam form'd, or angels made,
The Maker liv'd alone.
3. His boundless years can ne'er decrease,
But still maintain their prime ;
ETERNITY'S his dwelling-place,
And EVER is his time.

4. While like a tide our minutes flow,
The present and the past,
He fills his own immortal now,
And sees our ages waste.
5. The sea and sky must perish too,
And vast confusion come;
The creatures, look! how old they grow,
And wait their fiery doom.
6. Well, let the sea shrink all away.
And flames melt down the skies,
My God shall live an endless day,
When old creation dies.

HYMN XXXI.

CHRIST'S PRESENCE MAKES DEATH EASY.

1. WHY should we start and fear to die?
What tim'rous worms we mortals are?
Death is the gate of endless joy,
And yet we dread to enter there.
2. The pains, the groans, the dying strife,
Fright our approaching souls away;
Still we shrink back again to life,
Fond of our prison and our clay.
3. Oh, if my Lord would come and meet,
My soul should stretch her wings in haste,
Fly fearless through death's iron gate,
Nor feel the terror's as she pass'd.
4. Jesus can make a dying bed
Feel soft as downy pillows are,
While on his breast I lean my head,
And breathe my life out sweetly there.

HYMN LXIII.

A FUNERAL THOUGHT.

1. HARK! from the tombs, a doleful sound,
My ears attend thy cry—
"Ye living men, come, view the ground
"Where you must shortly lie.
2. "Princes, this clay must be your bed,
"In spite of all your tow'rs;

- "The tall, the wise, the rev'rend head;
 "Must lie as low as ours."
 3. Great God! is this our certain doom?
 And are we still secure!
 Still walking downwards to the tomb!
 And yet prepare no more!
 4. Grant us the pow'rs of quick'ning grace,
 To fit our souls to fly;
 Then, when we drop this dying flesh,
 We'll rise above the sky.

HYMN CLVIII.

FEW SAVED.

1. BROAD is the road which leads to death,
 And thousands walk together there;
 But wisdom shews a narrow path,
 With here and there a traveller.
 2. Deny thyself, and take the cross,
 Is the Redeemer's great command;
 Nature must count her gold but dross,
 If she would gain this heav'nly land.
 3. The fearful soul, who tires and faints,
 And walks the ways of God no more,
 Is but esteem'd almost a saint,
 And makes his own destruction sure.
 4. Lord, let not all my hopes be vain,
 Create my heart entirely new;
 Which by hypocrites could ne'er attain;
 Which false apostates never knew.

HYMN CLXI.

CHRISTIAN VIRTUES.

1. STRAIT is the way, the door is straight;
 Which leads to joys on high;
 'Tis but a few who find the gate,
 While crowds mistake, and die.
 2. Beloved self must be deny'd,
 The mind and will renew'd.
 Passion suppress'd, and patience try'd,
 And vain desire subdu'd,

3. Flesh is a dang'rous foe to grace,
Where it prevails and rules ;
Flesh must be humbled, pride abas'd,
Lest they destroy our souls.
4. The love of gold be banish'd hence,
(that vile idolatry)
And ev'ry member, ev'ry sense,
In sweet subjection lie.
5. The tongue, that most unruly pow'r,
Requires a strong restraint ;
We must be watchful ev'ry hour,
And pray, but never faint.
6. Lord ! can a feeble, helpless worm
Fulfil a task so hard ?
Thy grace must all my work perform,
And give the free reward.

HYMN CLXIV.

THE END OF THE WORLD.

1. WHY should this earth delight us so ?
Why should we fix our eyes
On these low grounds, where sorrows grow.
And ev'ry pleasure dies ?
2. While time his sharpest teeth prepares,
Our comforts to devour,
There is a land above the stars,
And joys above his pow'r.
3. Nature shall be dissolv'd and die,
The sun must end his race,
The earth and sea for ever fly
Before my Saviour's face.
4. When will that glorious morning rise ?
When the last trumpet sound,
And call the nations to the sies,
From underneath the ground ?

DEDICATORY ODE.

1. With joyful hearts and tuneful song,
Let us approach the mighty Lord,

2. His glorious name on golden lyres;
Strike all the tuneful choirs above;
And boundless nature realms conspire,
To celebrate his matchless love.
3. The heaven of heavens is his bright throne,
And cherubs wait his high behest,
Yet for the merits of his son,
He visits men in humble dust.
4. In temples sacred to his name,
His saints assemble round his board,
Raise their hosannas to the lamb,
And taste the supper of the Lord.
5. O God our King, this joyful day,
We dedicate this house to thee,
Here would we meet to sing and pray,
And learn how sweet thy dwellings be.
6. O king of saints, O triun'd God,
Bow the high heavens and lend thine ear,
O make this house thy fix'd abode,
And let the heavenly dove rest here.
Proclaim his honors with our tongue,
And sound his wond'rous truth abroad.
7. Within these walls may Jesus' charms
Allure ten thousand souls to love,
And all supported by his arm,
Shine bright in realms of bliss above.
8. There saints of every tribe and tongue,
Shall join the armies of the Lamb,
Hymn hallelujah to the Son,
The spirit, and the great I AM.
9. Their songs seraphic shall they raise,
And Gabriel's lyre the notes resound;
Heaven's full ton'd organ join the praise,
And world to world repeat the sound.
10. To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
Be ceaseless praise and glory given,
By all the high angelic host,
By all on earth and all in heav'n.

GLORIA PATRI.

COMMON METRE.

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
 The God whom we adore,
 Be glory, as it was, is now,
 And shall be evermore.

Short Metre.—As Psalm 25, 51, and 130.

To God the Father, Son,
 And Spirit, glory be ;
 As 'twas, and is, and shall be so
 To all eternity.

Long Metre,—As Psalm 36, 69, &c.

To Father, Son, and holy Ghost,
 The God whom earth and heav'n adore
 Be glory as it was of old,
 Is now, and shall be evermore.
 Praise God from whom all blessings flow ;
 Praise him all creatures here below ;
 Praise him above, ye heav'nly host ;
 Praise Father, Son, and holy ghost.

Particular Metre.—As Psalm 37, 46,

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
 heav'n's triumphant host,
 earth, adore,

PRAYER ON TAKING YOUR PLACE IN CHURCH.

O LORD, assist me in worshipping thee in an acceptable manner; and in praying and singing with the spirit and the understanding also. Amen.

PRAYER WHEN THE SERVICE IS ENDED.

O Gracious God, grant that I and all here may be Doers and not only Hearers of thy Word. Pardon all our wanderings and imperfections; and deal not with us according to our deserts, but according to our needs and thy rich mercies in Christ Jesus our Saviour. Amen.

A Grace before Meals.

O GOD, the author of all good, bless these thy creatures to our use. Give them strength to nourish us, and, us grace to love and serve thee in all our thoughts, words, and actions, through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.

A Grace after Meals.

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