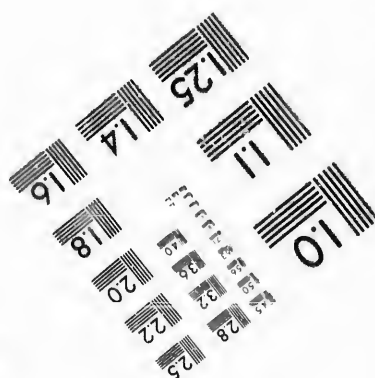
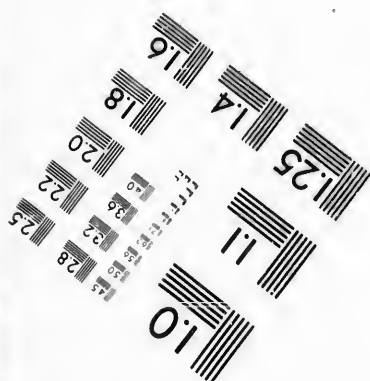
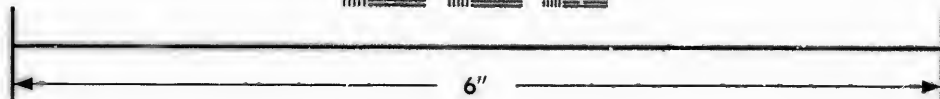
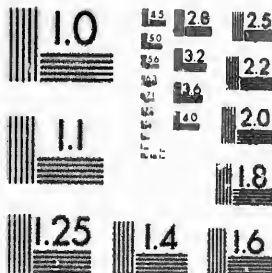


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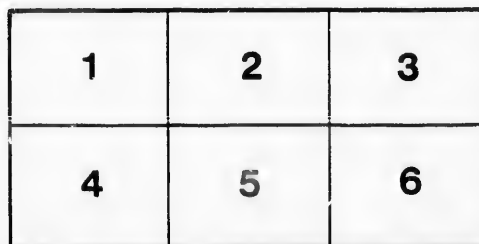
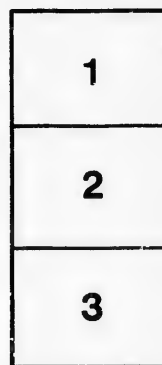
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THE PSALMS OF DAVID,
FOR
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PUBLISHED AS A COMPANION TO THE BOOK OF PSALMS, WITH MUSIC,
EDITED BY MAJOR GEORGE TALBOT, A. D. C., AND APPROVED BY
THE LORD BISHOP OF THE DIOCESE.

Montreal:
LOVELL AND GIBSON, ST. NICHOLAS STREET.
1848.

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PSALM I.

C. M.

VER. 1, 2, 3.

How blest is he who ne'er consents
 By ill advice to walk ;
 Nor stands in sinners' ways, nor sits
 Where men profanely talk.

But makes the perfect law of God
 His business and delight ;
 Devoutly reads therein by day,
 And meditates by night.

Like some fair tree, which, fed by streams,
 With timely fruits does bend,
 He still shall flourish, and success
 All his designs attend.

Gloria Patri.

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

PSALM II.

C. M.

VER. 7, 8, 10,

Attend, O earth, whilst I declare
God's uncontroll'd decree ;
Thou art my Son, this day, my heir
Have I begotten thee.

Ask, and receive thy full demands ;
Thine shall the heathen be :
The utmost limits of the lands
Shall be possess'd by thee.

Learn then, ye Princes ; and give ear,
Ye Judges of the earth ;
Worship the Lord with holy fear ;
Rejoice with awful mirth.

Gloria Patri.

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

PSALM IV.

C. M.

VER. 1, 3, 4.

O Lord, thou art my righteous judge,
To my complaint give ear :
Thou still redeem'st me from distress ;
Have mercy, Lord, and hear.

Consider that the righteous man
Is God's peculiar choice ;
And when to him I make my pray'r,
He always hears my voice.

Then stand in awe of his commands,
Flee ev'ry thing that's ill ;
Commune in private with your hearts,
And bend them to his will.

Gloria Patri.

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

PSALM V.

C. M.

VERSES $\widehat{1,2}$, 3, 7.

Lord hear the voice of my complaint,
 Accept my secret pray'r ;
 To thee alone, my King, my God,
 Will I for help repair.

Thou in the morn my voice shalt hear ;
 And with the dawning day
 To thee devoutly I'll look up,
 To thee devoutly pray.

But when thy boundless grace shall me
 To thy lov'd courts restore,
 On thee I'll fix my longing eyes,
 And humbly there adore.

Gloria Patri.

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

PSALM VIII.

C. M.

VER. 1, 3, 4.

O thou, to whom all creatures bow
 Within this earthly frame,
Through all the world how great art thou !
 How glorious is thy Name !

When heav'n, thy beauteous work on high,
 Employs my wond'ring sight ;
The moon that nightly rules the sky,
 With stars of feebler light ;

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 him so wond'reous kind ?

Gloria Patri.

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

The last line of the stanza is repeated.

PSALM IX.

C. M.

VER. 1, 2, 11.

To celebrate thy praise, O Lord,
 I will my heart prepare ;
 To all the list'ning world thy works,
 Thy wond'rous works, declare.

The thought of them shall to my soul
 Exalted pleasures bring ;
 Whil'st to thy Name, O thou most high,
 Triumphant praise I sing.

Sing praises, therefore, to the Lord,
 From Sion, his abode ;
 Proclaim his deeds, till all the world,
 Confess no other God.

Gloria Patri.

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

PSALM IX.

C. M.

VER. 9, 10, 11.

God is a constant sure defence
Against oppressing rage ;
As troubles rise, his needful aids
In our behalf engage.

All those who have his goodness prov'd
Will in this truth confide ;
Whose mercy ne'er forsook the man
That on his help relied.

Sing praises, therefore, to the Lord,
From Sion, his abode ;
Proclaim his deeds, till all the world
Confess no other God

Gloria Patri.

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

PSALM XV.

C. M.

VER. 1, 2, 3.

Lord, who's the happy man that may
To thy blest courts repair?
Not, stranger like, to visit them,
But to inhabit there?

'Tis he, whose ev'ry thought and deed
By rules of virtue moves;
Whose gen'rous tongue disdains to speak
The thing his heart disproves.

Who never did a slander forge
His neighbour's fame to wound;
Nor hearken to a false report,
By malice whisper'd round.

Gloria Patri.

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

PSALM XVI.

C. M.

VER. 8, 9, 11.

I strive each action to approve
To his all-seeing eye ;
No danger shall my hopes remove,
Because he still is nigh.

Therefore my heart all grief defies,
My glory does rejoice ;
My flesh shall rest in hope to rise,
Waked by his powerful voice,

Thou shalt the paths of life display
That to thy presence lead ;
Where pleasures dwell without allay,
And joys that never fade.

Gloria Patri.

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

PSALM XVIII.

L. M.

VER. 1, 2, 3.

No change of time shall ever shock
My firm affection, Lord, to thee;
For thou hast always been my rock,
A fortress and defence to me.

Thou my deliv'rer art, my God,
My trust is in thy mighty pow'r:
Thou art my shield from foes abroad,
At home my safeguard and my tow'r.

To Thee I will address my pray'r,
To whom all praise we justly owe;
So shall I, by thy watchful care,
Be guarded from my treach'rous foe.

Gloria Patri.

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.

PSALM XVIII.

L. M.

VER., 4, 5. 6, 7.

By floods of wicked men distress'd,
 With seas of sorrow compass'd round ;
 With dire infernal pangs oppress'd,
 In death's unwieldy fetters bound :

To heav'n I made my mournful pray'r,
 To God address'd my humble moan ;
 Who graciously inclin'd his ear,
 And heard me from his lofty throne.

When God arose my part to take,
 The conscious earth was struck with fear ;
 The hills did at his presence shake,
 Nor could his dreadful fury bear.

Gloria Patri.

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.

PSALM XIX.

C. M.

VER. 1, 2, 3.

The heav'ns declare thy glory, Lord,
Which that alone can fill ;
The firmament and stars express
Their great Creator's skill.

The dawn of each returning day
Fresh beams of knowledge brings
And from the dark returns of night
Divine instruction springs.

Their pow'rful language to no realm
Or region is confin'd ;
'Tis nature's voice, and understood
Alike by all mankind.

Gloria Patri.

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

PSALM XXII.

C. M.

VER. 23, 25, 27.

Ye worshippers of Jacob's God,
All you of Isr'el's line,
O praise the Lord, and to your praise
Sincere obedience join.

Thus in thy sacred courts will I
My cheerful thanks express ;
In presence of thy saints perform
The vows of my distress.

Then shall the glad converted world
To God their homage pay ;
And scatter'd nations of the earth
Our sov'reign Lord obey.

Gloria Patri.

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

PSALM XXIII.

C. M. D.

VER. 1, 2, 3.

The Lord himself, the mighty Lord,
Vouchsafes to be my guide ;
The shepherd, by whose constant care
My wants are all supplied.

In tender grass he makes me feed,
And gently there repose ;
Then leads me to cool shades, and where
Refreshing water flows.

He does my wand'ring soul reclaim,
And, to his endless praise,
Instruct with humble zeal to walk
In his most righteous ways.

Gloria Patri.

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

PSALM XXIII.

C. M.

VER. 1, 3, 4.

The Lord himself, the mighty Lord,
Vouchsafes to be my guide ;
The shepherd, by whose constant care
My wants are all supplied.

He does my wand'ring soul reclaim,
And, to his endless praise,
Instruct with humble zeal to walk
In his most righteous ways.

I pass the gloomy vale of death,
From fear and danger free ;
For there his aiding rod and staff
Defend and comfort me.

Gloria Patri.

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

PSALM XXIV.

C. M. D.

VER. 7, 8, 9, 10.

Erect your heads, eternal gates,
Unfold to entertain
The King of glory ; see, he comes
With his celestial train.

Who is the King of glory ? who ?
The Lord for strength renown'd ;
In battle mighty, o'er his foes,
Eternal victor crown'd.

Erect your heads, ye gates unfold
In state to entertain
The King of glory ; see, he comes
With all his shining train.

Who is the King of glory ? who ?
The Lord of hosts renown'd ;
Of glory he alone is King,
Who is with glory crown'd.

PSALM XXV.

S. M.

VER. 1,2. 11, 14.

To God, in whom I trust,
 I lift my heart and voice ;
 O let me not be put to shame,
 Nor let my foes rejoice.

Since mercy is the grace
 That most exalts thy fame,
 Forgive my heinous sin, O Lord,
 And so advance thy name.

For God to all his saints
 His secret will imparts,
 And does his gracious cov'nant write
 In their obedient hearts.

Gloria Patri.

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

PSALM XXVI.

C. M.

VER., 1, 2, 3, 6.

Judge me, O Lord, for I the paths
 Of righteousness have trod ;
 I cannot fail, who all my trust
 Repose on thee, my God.

Search thou my heart, whose innocence
 Will shine the more 'tis tried ;
 For I have kept thy grace in view,
 And made thy truth my guide.

I'll wash my hands in innocence,
 And bring a heart so pure,
 That when thy altar I approach,
 My welcome shall secure.

Gloria Patri.

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

PSALM XXVII.

C. M.

VER. 7, 8, 9.

Continue, Lord, to hear my voice,
Whene'er to thee I cry;
In mercy my complaint receive,
Nor my request deny.

When us to seek thy glorious face,
Thou kindly dost advise;
"Thy glorious face I'll always seek,"
My grateful heart replies.

Then hide not thou thy face, O Lord,
Nor me in wrath reject;
My God and Saviour, leave not him
Thou did'st so oft protect.

Gloria Patri.

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

PSALM XXX.

C. M.

VER. 1, 2, 3, 4.

I'll celebrate thy praises, Lord,
Who did'st thy power employ
To raise my drooping head, and check
My foes' insulting joy.

In my distress I cried to thee,
Who kindly did'st relieve,
And from the grave's expecting jaws
My hopeless life retrieve.

Thus to his courts, ye Saints of his,
With songs of praise repair;
With me commemorate his truth,
And providential care.

Gloria Patri.

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

PSALM XXXIII.

C. M.

VER. 1, 2, 3. 4, 5.

Let all the just to God with joy
Their cheerful voices raise,
For well the righteous it becomes
To sing glad songs of praise.

Let harps, and psalteries, and lutes,
In joyful concert meet,
And new made songs of loud applause
The harmony complete.

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.

Gloria Patri.

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

PSALM XXXIII.

C. M.

VER. 8,9. 10, 11.

Let earth and all that dwell therein
 Before him trembling stand ;
 For when he spake the word 'twas made,
 'Twas fix'd at his command.

He, when the heathen closely plot,
 Their counsels undermines ;
 His wisdom ineffectual makes
 The people's rash designs.

Whate'er the mighty Lord decrees
 Shall stand for ever sure ;
 The settled purpose of his heart
 To ages shall endure.

Gloria Patri.

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

PSALM XXXIII.

C. M.

VER. 18,19, 20,21, 22.

'Tis God, who those that trust in him
Beholds with gracious eyes;
He frees their soul from death, their want
In time of dearth supplies.

Our soul on God with patience waits,
Our help and shield is he;
Then, Lord, let still our hearts rejoice,
Because we trust in thee.

The riches of thy mercy, Lord,
Do thou to us extend;
Since we for all we want or wish
On thee alone depend.

Gloria Patri.

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

PSALM XXXIV.

C. M.

VER. 1, 2, 3,4.

Thro' all the changing scenes of life,
 In trouble and in joy,
 The praises of my God shall still
 My heart and tongue employ.

Of his deliv'rance I will boast,
 Till all that are distrest
 From my example comfort take,
 And charm their griefs to rest.

O magnify the Lord with me,
 With me exalt his Name;
 When in distress to him I call'd,
 He to my rescue came.

Gloria Patri.

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

PSALM XXXIV.

C. M.

VER. 7, 8, 9,

The hosts of God encamp around
 The dwellings of the just ;
 Deliv'rance he affords to all
 Who on his succour trust.

O make but trial of his love,
 Experience will decide,
 How bless'd are they, and only they,
 Who in his truth confide.

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.

Gloria Patri.

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

PSALM XXXIV.

C. M.

VEL. ^{12,13}, 14, 15.

Let him, who length of life desires,
 And prosp'rous days would see,
 From sland'ring language keep his tongue,
 His lips from falsehood free.

The crooked paths of vice decline,
 And virtue's ways pursue ;
 Establish peace, where 'tis begun,
 And where 'tis lost renew.

The Lord from heaven beholds the just
 With favourable eyes ;
 And, when distress'd, his gracious ear
 Is open to their cries.

Gloria Patri.

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

PSALM XXXV.

C. M.

VER. 11, 12, 13.

False witnesses, with forg'd complaints,
 Against my truth combin'd ;
 And to my charge such things they laid
 As I had ne'er sign'd.

The good which I to them had done,
 With evil they repaid ;
 And did, by malice undeserv'd,
 My harmless life invade.

But as for me, when they were sick,
 I still in sackcloth mourn'd ;
 I prayed and fasted, and my pray'r
 To my own breast return'd.

Gloria Patri.

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

PSALM XXXVI.

L. M.

VER. 7, 8, 9, 10.

Since of thy goodness all partake,
 With what assurance should the just
 Thy shelt'ring wings their refuge make,
 And saints to thy protection trust.

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.

With thee the springs of life remain ;
 Thy presence is eternal day :
 O let thy saints thy favour gain ;
 To upright hearts thy truth display.

Gloria Patri.

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.

PSALM XL.

L. M.

VE.d. 5, 6, 7, 8.

Who can the wond'rous works recount,
 Which thou, O God, for us hast wrought,
 The treasures of thy love surmount
 The pow'r of numbers, speech, and thought.

I've learnt, that thou hast not desir'd
 Off'rings and sacrifice alone ;
 Nor blood of guiltless beasts requir'd
 For man's transgressions to atone.

I therefore come—come to fulfil
 The oracles thy books impart :
 'Tis my delight to do thy will ;
 Thy law is written in my heart.

Gloria Patri.

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.

PSALM XLI.

C. M.

VER. 1, 2, 3.

Happy the man, whose tender care
Relieves the poor distress;
When troubles compass him around,
The Lord shall give him rest.

The Lord his life, with blessings crown'd,
In safety shall prolong;
And disappoint the will of those
That seek to do him wrong.

If he, in languishing estate,
Oppress'd with sickness lie;
The Lord will easy make his bed,
And inward strength supply.

Gloria Patri.

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

PSALM XLII.

C. M.

VER. 1, 2, 5.

As pants the hart for cooling streams,
 When heated in the chase ;
 So longs my soul, O God, for thee,
 And thy refreshing grace.

For thee, my God, the living God,
 My thirsty soul doth pine :
 O when shall I behold thy face,
 Thou Majesty divine !

Why restless, why cast down, my soul ?
 Trust God, who will employ
 His aid for thee, and change these sighs
 To thankful hymns of joy

Gloria Patri.

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

PSALM XLII.

C. M.

VER. 9, 10, 11.

God of my strength, how long shall I,
 Like one forgotten, mourn?
 Forlorn, forsaken, and expos'd
 To my oppressor's scorn?

My heart is pierced, as with a sword,
 Whilst thus my foes upbraid,
 Vain boaster, where is now thy God?
 And where his promis'd aid?

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.

Gloria Patri.

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

PSALM XLVII.

L. M.

VER. 5,6 7,8.

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 go round.

Your utmost skill in praise be shown,
For him, who all the world commands;
Who sits upon his righteous throne,
And spreads his sway o'er heathen lands.

Gloria Patri.

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.

PSALM LI.

S. M.

VER. 1, 2, 3. 4.

Have mercy, Lord, on me,
 As thou wert ever kind;
 Let me, oppressed with loads of guilt,
 Thy wanted mercy find.

Wash off my foul offence,
 And cleanse me from my sin;
 For I confess my crime, and see
 How great my guilt has been.

Against thee, Lord, alone,
 And only in thy sight,
 Have I transgress'd, and, though condemn'd,
 Must own thy judgment right.

Gloria Patri.

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

PSALM LI.

S. M.

VER. 11, 12, 13.

Withdraw not thou thy help,
Nor cast me from thy sight ;
Nor let thy holy spirit take
Its everlasting flight.

The joy thy favour gives
Let me again obtain ;
And thy free Spirit's firm support
My fainting soul sustain.

So I thy righteous ways
To sinners will impart,
Whilst my advice shall wicked men
To thy just laws convert.

Gloria Patri.

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

PSALM LI.

S. M.

VER. 15, 16, 17.

Do thou unlock my lips,
 With sorrow clos'd and shame ;
 So shall my mouth thy wond'rous praise
 To all the world proclaim.

Could sacrifice atone,
 Whole flocks and herds should die ;
 But on such off'rings thou disdain'st
 To cast a gracious eye.

A broken spirit is
 By God most highly priz'd,
 By him a broken contrite heart
 Shall never be despis'd.

Gloria Patri.

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

PSALM LVII.

L. M.

VER. 8, 9, 10, 11.

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.

Thy praises, Lord, I will resound
 To all the list'ning nations round :
 Thy mercy highest heav'n transcends,
 Thy truth beyond the clouds extends.

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.

Gloria Patri.

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

PSALM LXII.

L. M.

VER. 5, 6. 7, 8.

But thou, my soul, on God rely ;
 On him alone thy trust repose ;
 My rock and health will strength supply
 To bear the shock of all my foes.

God does his saving health dispense,
 And flowing blessings daily send :
 He is my fortress and defence,
 On him my soul shall still depend.

In him, ye people, always trust,
 Before his throne pour out your hearts ;
 For God, the merciful and just,
 His timely aid to us imparts.

Gloria Patri.

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.

PLALM LXV.

L. M.

VER. 1, 2, 3.

For thee, O God, our constant praise
 In Zion waits, thy chosen seat ;
 Our promis'd altars there we'll raise,
 And all our zealous vows complete.

O thou, who to my humble pray'r
 Did'st always bend thy list'ning ear,
 To thee shall all mankind repair,
 And at thy gracious throne appear.

Our sins, though numberless, in vain
 To stop thy flowing mercy try ;
 Whilst thou o'erlook'st the guilty stain,
 And washest out the crimson dye.

Gloria Patri.

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.

PSALM LXV.

L. M.

VER. 11, 12, 13.

Thy goodness does the circling year
 With fresh returns of plenty crown ;
 And, where thy glorious paths appear,
 Thy fruitful clouds drop fatness down.

They drop on barren forests, chang'd
 By them to pastures fresh and green ;
 The hills about in order rang'd
 In beauteous robes of joy are seen.

Large flocks with fleecy wool adorn
 The cheerful downs ; the valleys bring
 A plenteous crop of full-ear'd corn,
 And seem for joy to shout and sing.

Gloria Patri.

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.

PSALM LXVI.

C. M.

VER. 1, 2, 3, 4.

Let all the lands with shouts of joy
To God their voices raise;
Sing psalms in honour of his Name,
And spread his glorious praise.

And let them say, how dreadful, Lord,
In all thy works art thou!
To thy great pow'r thy stubborn foes
Shall all be forc'd to bow.

Through all the earth the nations round
Shall thee their God confess;
And with glad hymns their awful dread
Of thy great Name express.

Gloria Patri:

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

*Instead of Psalm LXVI. the two following sublime Verses
from Psalm XVIII, Old Version, may be substituted
to the same tune.*

PSALM XVIII. (Old V.) C. M.

VER. 9, 10.

The Lord descended from above,
And bow'd the heav'ns most high,
And underneath his feet he cast
The darkness of the sky.

On cherubs and on cherubims
Full royally he rode,
And on the wings of mighty winds
Came flying all abroad.

Gloria Patri.

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

PSALM LXVI.

C. M.

VER. 8,9. 10,11. 12.

O all ye nations, bless our God,
And loudly speak his praise ;
Who keeps our soul alive, and still
Confirms our steadfast ways.

For thou hast tried us, Lord, as fire
Does try the precious ore ;
Thou brought'st us into straits, where we
Oppressing burdens bore.

Insulting foes did us, their slaves,
Through fire and water chase ;
But yet at last thou brought'st us forth,
Into a wealthy place.

Gloria Patri.

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

PSALM LXVII.

S. M.

VER. 1, 2, 3.

To bless thy chosen race,
In mercy, Lord, incline;
And cause the brightness of thy face
On all thy saints to shine.

That so thy wond'rous ways
May through the world be known,
While distant lands their tribute pay,
And thy salvation own.

Let diff'ring nations join
To celebrate thy fame;
Let all the world, O Lord, combine
To praise thy glorious name.

Gloria Patri.

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

PSALM LXXI.

C. M.

VER. 1, 2, 3, 4, 5.

In thee I put my steadfast trust,
 Defend me, Lord, from shame ;
 Incline thine ear, and save my soul,
 For righteous is thy Name.

Be thou my strong abiding-place,
 To which I may resort ;
 'Tis thy decree that keeps me safe ;
 Thou art my rock and fort.

From cruel and ungodly men
 Protect and set me free ;
 For from my earliest youth till now
 My hope has been in thee.

Gloria Patri.

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

PSALM LXXVII.

C. M.

VER. 7, 8. 9, 10.

Has God for ever cast us off?
 Withdrawn his favor quite?
 Are both his mercy and his truth
 Retir'd to endless night?

Can his long-practis'd love forget
 Its wonted aids to bring?
 Has he in wrath shut up and seal'd
 His mercy's healing spring?

I said, My weakness hints these fears:
 But I'll my fears disband;
 I'll yet remember the Most High,
 And years of his right hand.

Gloria Patri.

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

PSALM LXXIX.

C. M.

VER. 8, 9, 13.

O think not on our former sins,
But speedily prevent
The utter ruin of thy saints,
Almost with sorrow spent.

Thou God of our salvation, help,
And free our souls from blame ;
So shall our pardon and defence
Exalt thy glorious name.

So we, thy people and thy flock,
Shall ever praise thy name ;
And with glad hearts our grateful thanks
From age to age proclaim.

Gloria Patri.

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

PSALM LXXXI.

C. M.

VER. 1, 2, 3.

To God, our never failing strength,
With loud applauses sing ;
And jointly make a cheerful noise
To Jacob's awful King.

Compose a hymn of praise, and touch
Your instruments of joy ;
Let psalteries and pleasant harps
Your grateful skill employ.

Let trumpets at the great new moon
Their joyful voices raise,
To celebrate th' appointed time,
The solemn day of praise.

Gloria Patri.

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

PSALM LXXXIV.

C. M.

C. M.

VER. 1, 2, 4.

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!

My longing soul faints with desire
To view thy blest abode;
My panting heart and flesh cry out
For thee, the living God.

O Lord of hosts, my King and God,
How highly blest are they,
Who in thy Temple always dwell,
And there thy praise display!

Gloria Patri.

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

PSALM LXXXV.

C. M.

VER. 1, 2, 3, 4.

Lord, thou hast granted to thy land
 The favours we implor'd,
 And faithful Jacob's captive race
 Hast graciously restor'd.

Thy people's sins thou hast absolv'd,
 And all their guilt defac'd ;
 Thou hast not let thy wrath flame on,
 Nor thy fierce anger last.

O God our Saviour, all our hearts
 To thy obedience turn ;
 That, quench'd with our repenting tears,
 Thy wrath no more may burn.

Gloria Patri.

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

PSALM LXXXVI.

C. M.

VER. 1, 2, 3, 4.

To my complaint, O Lord, my God,
Thy gracious ear incline ;
Hear me, distress'd, and destitute
Of all relief but thine.

Do thou, O God, preserve my soul,
That does thy Name adore ;
Thy servant keep, and him whose trust
Relies on thee, restore.

To me, who daily thee invoke,
Thy mercy, Lord, extend ;
Refresh thy servant's soul, whose hopes
On thee alone depend.

Gloria Patri.

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

PSALM LXXXVI.

C. M.

VER. 11, 12, 13.

Teach me thy way, O Lord, and I
 From truth shall ne'er depart;
 In rev'ence to thy sacred Name
 Devoutly fix my heart.

Thee will I praise, O Lord my God,
 Praise thee with heart sincere;
 And to thy everlasting Name
 Eternal trophies rear.

Thy boundless mercy shown to me
 Transcends my pow'r to tell,
 For thou hast oft redeemed my soul
 From lowest depths of hell.

Gloria Patri.

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

PSALM LXXXIX.

L. M.

VER. 1, 2, 5.

Thy mercies, Lord, shall be my song,
 My song on them shall ever dwell;
 To ages yet unborn my tongue
 Thy never failing truth shall tell.

I have affirm'd, and still maintain,
 Thy mercy shall for ever last;
 Thy truth, that does the heav'ns sustain,
 Like them shall stand for ever fast.

For such stupendous truth and love
 Both heav'n and earth just praises owe,
 By choirs of angels sung above,
 And by assembled saints below.

Gloria Patri.

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.

PSALM XC.

C. M.

VER. 1, 2, 3.

O Lord, the Saviour and defence
Of us thy chosen race,
From age to age thou still hast been
Our sure abiding place.

Before thou brought'st the mountains forth,
Or th' earth and world did'st frame,
Thou always wert the mighty God,
And ever art the same.

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.

Gloria Patri.

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

PSALM XC.

C. M.

VER. 13, 14, 16.

O to thy servants, Lord, return,
And speedily relent !
As we of our misdeeds, do thou
Of our just doom repent.

To satisfy and cheer our souls
Thy early mercy send ;
That we may all our days to come
In joy and comfort spend.

To all thy servants, Lord, let this
Thy wond'rous work be known,
And to our offspring yet unborn
Thy glorious pow'r be shown.

Gloria Patri.

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

PSALM XCII.

C. M.

VER. 1, 2, 4.

How good and pleasant must it be
To thank the Lord most high ;
And with repeated hymns of praise
His Name to magnify !

With ev'ry morning's early dawn
His goodness to relate ;
And of his constant truth each night
The glad effects repeat !

For through thy wond'rous works, O Lord,
Thou mak'st my heart rejoice ;
The thoughts of them shall make me glad
And shout with cheerful voice.

Gloria Patri.

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

PSALM XCII.

C. M.

VER. 1, 3, 4.

How good and pleasant must it be
To thank the Lord most high;
And with repeated hymns of praise
His Name to magnify!

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.

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.

Gloria Patri.

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

PSALM XCIII.

L. M.

VER. 1, 2, 3, 4.

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.

How surely 'stablished is thy throne,
 Which shall no change or period see!
 For thou, O Lord, and thou alone,
 Art God from all eternity.

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.

Gloria Patri.

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.

PSALM XCIV.

C. M.

VER. 12, 13, 14.

Blest is the man, whom thou, O Lord,
In kindness dost chastise,
And by thy sacred rules to walk
Dost lovingly advise.

This man shall rest and safety find
In seasons of distress,
Whilst God prepares a pit for those
That stubbornly transgress.

For God will never from his saints
His favour wholly take ;
His own possession and his lot
He will not quite forsake.

Gloria Patri.

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

PSALM XCIV.

C. M.

VER. 20, 21, 22.

Wilt thou, who art a God most just
Their sinful throne sustain,
Who make the law a fair pretence
Their wicked ends to gain?

Against the lives of righteous men
They form their close design ;
And, blood of innocents to spill,
In solemn league combine.

But my defence is firmly plac'd
In God the Lord most high ;
He is my rock, to which I may
For refuge always fly.

Gloria Patri.

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

PSALM XCV.

VER. 1, 2, 6.

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.

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.

O let us to his courts repair,
And bow with adoration there ;
Down on our knees devoutly all
Before the Lord our Maker fall.

Gloria Patri.

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

PSALM XCVI.

P. M.

VER. 1,2,3. 10,11. 12,13.

Sing to the Lord a new-made song ;
 Let earth in one assembled throng,
 Her common patron's praise resound.
 Sing to the Lord, and bless his Name,
 From day to day his praise proclaim,
 Who us hath with salvation crown'd.

CHORUS.

To heathen lands his fame rehearse,
 His wonders to the universe.

Proclaim aloud, Jehovah reigns,
 Whose pow'r the universe sustains,
 And banish'd justice will restore.
 Let therefore heav'n new joys confess,
 And heav'nly mirth let earth express ;
 Its loud applause the ocean roar :

CHORUS.

Its mute inhabitants rejoice,
 And for this triumph find a voice.

For joy let fertile valleys sing,
The cheerful groves their tribute bring ;
The tuneful choir of birds awake,
The Lord's approach to celebrate ;
Who now sets out with awful state,
His circuit thro' the earth to take.

CHORUS.

From heav'n to judge the world he's come,
With justice to reward and doom.

PSALM XCVII.

L. M.

VER. 1, 2, 12.

Jehovah reigns, let all the earth
 In his just government rejoice ;
 Let all the isles, with sacred mirth,
 In his applause unite their voice.

Darkness and clouds of awful shade
 His dazzling glory shroud in state ;
 Justice and truth his guards are made,
 And, fix'd by his pavilion, wait.

Rejoice, ye righteous, in the Lord :
 Memorials of his holiness
 Deep in your faithful breasts record,
 And with your thankful tongues confess.

Gloria Patri.

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.

PSALM XCVII.

L. M.

VER. 10, 11, 12.

You, who to serve the Lord aspire,
 Abhor what's ill, and truth esteem ;
 He'll keep his servants' souls entire,
 And them from wicked hands redeem.

For seeds are sown of glorious light,
 A future harvest for the just ;
 And gladness for the heart that's right,
 To recompence its pious trust.

Rejoice, ye righteous, in the Lord :
 Memorials of his holiness
 Deep in your faithful breasts record,
 And with your thankful tongues confess.

Gloria Patri.

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.

PSALM XCVIII.

C. M.

VER. 1, 2, 4.

Sing to the Lord a new-made song,
Who wond'rous things has done ;
With his right hand and holy arm,
The conquest he has won.

The Lord has thro' th' astonish'd world
Displayed his saving might,
And made his righteous acts appear
In all the heathen sight.

Let therefore earth's inhabitants
Their cheerful voices raise,
And all with universal joy
Resound their Maker's praise.

Gloria Patri.

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

PSALM C.

L. M.

VER. 1, 2, 3, 4.

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.

Convinc'd that he is God alone,
From whom both we and all proceed ;
We, whom he chooses for his own,
The flock that he vouchsafes to feed.

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.

Gloria Patri.

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.

PSALM CII.

C. M.

VER. 25, 26, 27.

The strong foundations of the earth
Of old by thee were laid ;
Thy hands the beauteous arch of heav'n
With wond'rous skill have made.

Whilst thou for ever shalt endure,
They soon shall pass away ;
And, like a garment often worn,
Shall tarnish and decay.

Like that, when thou ordain'dst their change,
To thy command they bend ,
But thou continu'st still the same,
Nor have thy years an end.

Gloria Patri.

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

VER. 8, 9, 10, 11.

The Lord abounds with tender love,
And unexampled acts of grace ;
His waken'd wrath does slowly move,
His willing mercy flows apace.

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.

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.

Gloria Patri.

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.

PSALM CIII.

L. M.

VER. 19, 20, 21, 22.

The Lord, the universal King,
 In heav'n has fix'd his lofty throne :
 To him, ye angels, praises sing,
 In whose great strength his pow'r is shewn.

Ye that his just commands obey,
 And hear and do his sacred will,
 Ye hosts of his, this tribute pay,
 Who still what he ordains fulfil.

Let ev'ry creature jointly bless
 The mighty Lord : and thou, my heart,
 With grateful joy thy thanks express,
 And in this concert bear thy part.

Gloria Patri.

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.

PSALM CIV.

L. M.

VER. 1, 2, 3.

Bless God, my soul ; thou, Lord alone,
Possessest empire without bounds ;
With honour thou art crown'd, thy throne
Eternal Majesty surrounds.

With light thou dost thyself enrobe,
And glory for a garment take ;
Heav'n's curtains stretch beyond the globe,
Thy canopy of state to make.

God builds on liquid air, and forms
His palace-chambers in the skies ;
The clouds his chariots are, and storms
The swift-wing'd steeds with which he flies.

Gloria Patri.

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 ever more.

PSALM CV.

C. M.

VER. 1, 2, 3.

O render thanks, and bless the Lord ;
Invoke his sacred Name ;
Acquaint the nations with his deeds,
His matchless deeds proclaim.

Sing to his praise, in lofty hymns,
His wond'rous works rehearse ;
Make them the theme of your discourse,
And subject of your verse.

Rejoice in his almighty Name
Alone to be ador'd ;
And let their hearts o'erflow with joy
That humbly seek the Lord.

Gloria Patri.

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

PSALM CVI.

L. M.

C. M.

VER. 1, 2, 4.

O render thanks to God above,
 The fountain of eternal love ;
 Whose mercy firm through ages past
 Has stood, and shall for ever last.

Who can His mighty deeds express,
 Not only vast but numberless ?
 What mortal eloquence can raise
 His tribute of immortal praise ?

se,

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.

Gloria Patri.

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

PSALM CVII.

L. M.

VER. 1, 2, 3, 4, 5.

To God your grateful voices raise,
 Who does your daily patron prove ;
 And let your never-ceasing praise
 Attend on his eternal love.

Let those give thanks whom he from bands
 Of proud oppressing foes releas'd ;
 And brought them back from distant lands,
 From north and south, and west and east.

Through lonely desert ways they went,
 Nor could a peopled city find ;
 Till, quite with thirst and hunger spent,
 Their fainting soul within them pined.

Gloria Patri.

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.

PSALM CVIII.

C. M.

VER. 1, 2, 3.

O God, my heart is fully bent
To magnify thy Name ;
My tongue with cheerful songs of praise
Shall celebrate thy fame.

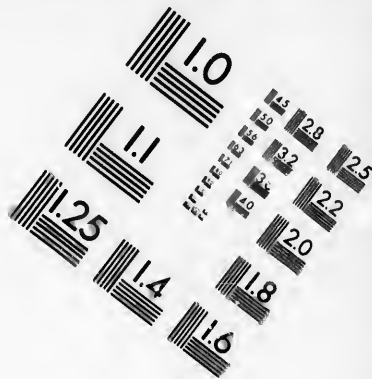
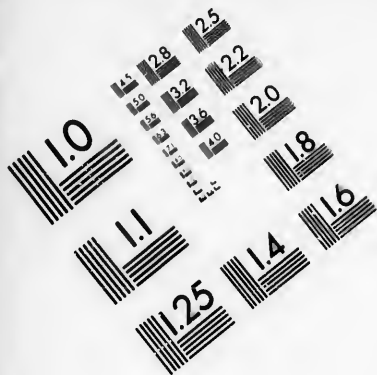
Awake, my lute ; nor thou, my harp,
Thy warbling notes delay ;
Whilst I with early hymns of joy
Prevent the dawning day.

To all the list'ning tribes, O Lord,
Thy wonders I will tell ;
And to those nations sing thy praise
That round about us dwell.

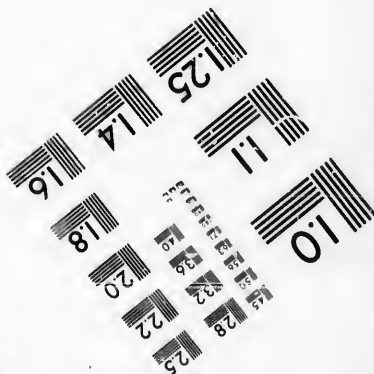
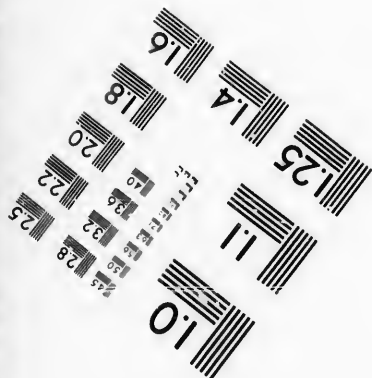
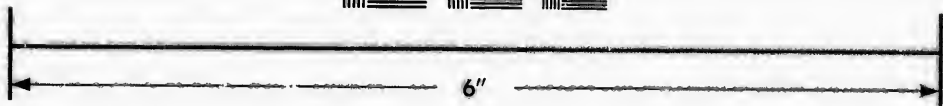
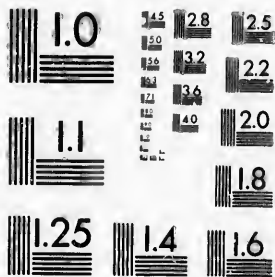
Gloria Patri.

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





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PSALM CXI.

L. M.

VER. 1, 2, 3.

Praise ye the Lord ; our God to praise
 My soul her utmost powers shall raise,
 With private friends, and in the throng
 Of saints, his praise shall be my song.

His works, for greatness though renown'd,
 His wond'rous works with ease are found
 By those who seek for them aright,
 And in the pious search delight.

His works are all of matchless fame,
 And universal glory claim ;
 His truth, confirm'd through ages past,
 Shall to eternal ages last.

Gloria Patri.

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

PSALM CXII.

I. M.

VER. 1, 2, 3, 4.

HALLELUJAH.

That man is bless'd, who stands in awe
 Of God, and loves his sacred law :
 His seed on earth shall be renown'd,
 And with successive honours crown'd.

His house, the seat of wealth, shall be
 An inexhausted treasury ;
 His justice, free from all decay,
 Shall blessings to his heirs convey.

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.

Gloria Patri.

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

PSALM CXIII.

P. M.

VER. 1,2,3. 4,5. 6.

Ye saints and servants of the Lord,
The triumphs of his name record ;
His sacred name for ever bless.
Where'er the circling sun displays
His rising beams or setting rays,
Due praise to his great Name address.

God through the world extends his sway ;
The regions of eternal day
But shadows of his glory are.
With him, whose majesty excels,
Who made the heav'n in which he dwells,
Let no created pow'r compare.

Though 'tis beneath his state to view
In highest heav'n what angels do,
Yet he to earth vouchsafes his care :

M. He takes the needy from his cell,
Advancing him in courts to dwell,
Companion to the greatest there.

Gloria Patri.

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
The God whom heav'n's triumphant host,
And suffering saints on earth adore,
Be glory, as in ages past,
As now it is, and so shall last,
When time itself must be no more.

PSALM CXV.

C. M.

VER. 1, 11, 14, 15.

Lord, not to us, we claim no share,
But to thy sacred Name,
Give glory for thy mercy's sake,
And truth's eternal fame.

Let all, who truly fear the Lord,
On him they fear rely :
Who them in danger can defend,
And all their wants supply.

On you, and on your heirs, he will
Increase of blessings bring ;
Thrice happy you, who fav'rites are
Of this almighty King !

Gloria Patri.

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

PSALM CXVI.

C. M.

VER. 5, 6, 8, 9.

How just and merciful is God !
 How gracious is the Lord !
 Who saves the harmless, and to me
 Does timely help afford.

When death alarm'd me, he remov'd
 My dangers and my fears :
 My feet from falling he secur'd,
 And dried my eyes from tears.

Therefore my life's remaining years,
 Which God to me shall lend,
 Will I in praises to his Name,
 And in his service spend.

Gloria Patri.

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

PSALM CXVIII.

C. M.

VER. 1,2. 3,4. 8,9.

O praise the Lord, for he is good,
 His mercies ne'er decay :
 That his kind favours ever last,
 Let thankful Isr'el say.

Their sense of his eternal love,
 Let Aaron's house express ;
 And, that it never fails, let all
 That fear the Lord confess.

For better 'tis to trust in God,
 And have the Lord our friend,
 Than on the greatest human pow'r
 For safety to depend.

Gloria Patri.

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

PSALM CXIX.

C. M.

VER. 5, 6, 7.

O then that thy most holy will
Might o'er my ways preside,
And I the course of all my life
By thy direction guide!

Then with assurance should I walk,
From all confusion free ;
Convinc'd, with joy, that all my ways
With thy commands agree.

My upright heart shall my glad mouth
With cheerful praises fill ;
When, by thy righteous judgments taught,
I shall have learnt thy will.

Gloria Patri.

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

PSALM CXIX.

C. M.

VER. 17, 18, 19.

Be gracious to thy servant, Lord,
Do thou my life defend,
That I, according to thy word,
My future time may spend.

Enlighten both my eyes and mind,
That so I may discern
The wond'rous things which they behold
Who thy just precepts learn.

Though like a stranger in the land
From place to place I stray,
Thy righteous judgments from my sight
Remove not thou away.

Gloria Patri.

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

PSALM CXIX.

C. M.

VER. 89, 90, 91.

For ever, and for ever, Lord,
Unchang'd thou dost remain :
Thy word establish'd in the heav'ns,
Does all their orbs sustain.

Through circling ages, Lord, thy truth
Immovable shall stand,
As doth the earth, which thou uphold'
By thy almighty hand.

All things the course by thee ordain'd
E'en to this day fulfil ;
They are thy faithful subjects all,
And servants of thy will.

Gloria Patri.

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

PSALM CXIX.

C. M.

VER. 132, 133, 134.

With favour, Lord, look down on me,
Who thy relief implore ;
As thou art wont to visit those
Who thy blest Name adore.

Directed by thy heavenly word
Let all my footsteps be ;
Nor wickedness of any kind
Dominion have o'er me.

Release, entirely set me free
From persecuting hands,
That, unmolested, I may learn
And practise thy commands.

Gloria Patri.

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

PSALM CXIX.

C. M.

VER. 169, 170, 171.

To my request and earnest cry
Attend, O gracious Lord ;
Inspire my heart with heavenly skill
According to thy word.

Let my repeated pray'r at last
Before thy throne appear ;
According to thy plighted word
For my relief draw near.

Then shall my grateful lips return
The tribute of their praise,
When thou thy counsels hast reveal'd,
And taught me thy just ways.

Gloria Patri.

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

PSALM CXXII.

C. M.

VER. 1, 2, 3, 4.

O! 'twas a joyful sound to hear
Our tribes devoutly say,
Up, Israel, to the Temple haste,
And keep your festal day.

At Salem's courts we must appear
With our assembled pow'rs,
In strong and beauteous order rang'd,
Like her united tow'rs.

'Tis thither, by divine command,
The tribes of God repair,
Before his ark to celebrate
His name with praise and pray'r.

Gloria Patri.

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

PSALM CXXV.

C. M.

VER. 1, 2, 4.

Who place on Sion's God their trust,
Like Sion's rock shall stand ;
Like her immovably be fix'd
By his almighty hand.

Look how the hills on ev'ry side
Jerusalem enclose ;
So stands the Lord around his saints
To guard them from their foes.

Be good, O righteous God, to those
Who righteous deeds affect ;
The heart that innocence retains
Let innocence protect.

Gloria Patri.

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

PSALM CXXX.

S. M.

VER. 1, 2. 3, 4. 5.

From lowest depths of woe
 To God I sent my cry ;
 Lord, hear my supplicating voice,
 And graciously reply.

Should'st thou severely judge,
 Who can the trial bear ?
 But thou forgiv'st, lest we despond,
 And quite renounce thy fear.

My soul with patience waits
 For thee, the living Lord ;
 My hopes are on thy promise built,
 Thy never failing word.

Gloria Patri.

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

PSALM CXXXIII.

C. M.

VER. 1, 2, 3.

How vast must their advantage be,
 How great their pleasure prove,
 Who live like brethren, and consent
 In offices of love!

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.

'Tis like refreshing dew, which does
 On Hermon's top distil ;
 Or like the early drops that fall
 On Sion's fruitful hill.

Gloria Patri.

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

PSALM CXXXV.

C. M.

VER. 1, 2, 3.

O praise the Lord with one consent,
And magnify his Name ;
Let all the servants of the Lord
His worthy praise proclaim.

Praise him all ye that in his house
Attend with constant care ;
With those that to his utmost courts
With humble zeal repair.

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.

Gloria Patri.

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

PSALM CXXXVI.

P. M.

VER, 1, 2, 3, 25, 26.

To God, the mighty Lord,
Your joyful thanks repeat ;
To him due praise afford,
As good as he is great.

For God does prove
Our constant friend ;
His boundless love
Shall never end.

To him whose wond'rous pow'r
All other gods obey,
Whom earthly Kings adore,
This grateful homage pay.

For God does prove
Our constant friend ;
His boundless love
Shall never end.

He does the food supply
 On which all creatures live ;
 To God who reigns on high
 Eternal praises give.

For God will prove
 Our constant friend ;
 His boundless love
 Shall never end.

Gloria Patri.

To God the Father, Son,
 And Spirit, ever blest,
 Eternal Three in One,
 All worship be address ;

As heretofore
 It was, is now,
 And shall be so
 For evermore.

PSALM CXXXIX.

L. M.

VER, 1,2. 3,4. 5,6.

Thou, Lord, by strictest search hast known
 My rising up and lying down ;
 My secret thoughts are known to thee,
 Known long before conceiv'd by me.

Thine eye my bed and path surveys,
 My public haunts and private ways ;
 Thou know'st what 'tis my lips would vent,
 My yet unutter'd words' intent.

Surrounded by thy pow'r I stand,
 On ev'ry side I find thy hand :
 O skill, for human reach too high !
 Too dazzling bright for mortal eye !

Gloria Patri.

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

PSALM CXLV.

C. M.

VER. 1, 2, 3, 4.

Thee I'll extol, my God and King,
Thy endless praise proclaim ;
This tribute daily I will bring,
And ever bless thy Name.

Thou, Lord, beyond compare art great,
And highly to be prais'd ;
Thy Majesty, with boundless height,
Above our knowledge rais'd.

Renown'd for mighty acts, thy fame,
To future time extends ;
From age to age thy glorious Name,
Successively descends.

Gloria Patri.

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

PSALM CXLV.

VER. 8, 9, 10, 11.

The Lord is good ; fresh acts of grace
 His pity still supplies ;
 His anger moves with slowest pace,
 His willing mercy flies.

Thy love thro' earth extends its fame,
 To all thy works exprest :
 These show thy praise, whilst thy great Name
 Is by thy servants blest.

They, with the glorious prospect fir'd,
 Shall of thy kingdom speak ;
 And thy great pow'r, by all admired,
 Their lofty subject make.

Gloria Patri.

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

PSALM CXLVI.

C. M.

VER. 6, 7, 8.

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.

The poor opprest from all their wrongs
Are eas'd by his decree ;
He gives the hungry needful food,
And sets the pris'ners free.

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.

Gloria Patri.

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

PSALM CXLVIII.

P. M.

VER, 1,2. 3,4. 5,6.

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.

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.

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.

Gloria Patri.

To God, the Father, Son,
And Spirit, ever blest,
Eternal Three in One,
All worship be addrest ;

As heretofore
It was, is now,
And shall be so
For evermore.

PSALM CXLIX.

P. M.

VER, 1 2. 3,4.

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 Zion
 Be glad in their King.

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.

Gloria Patri.

By angels in heav'n
Of ev'ry degree,
And saints upon earth
All praise be address'd
To God in Three Persons,
One God ever bless'd
As it has been, now is,
And always shall be.

PSALM CL.

L. M.

VER, 1, 5, 6.

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.

Let them, who joyful hymns compose,
To cymbals set their songs of praise ;
Cymbals of common use, and those
That loudly sound on solemn days.

Let all that vital breath enjoy,
The breath he does to them afford,
In just returns of praise employ :
Let every creature praise the Lord.

Gloria Patri.

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.

SACRAMENT HYMN.

My God, and is thy table spread,
And doth thy cup with love o'erflow !
Thither be all thy children led,
And let them all thy sweetness 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.

O! let thy table honour'd be,
And furnish'd well with joyful guests ;
And may each soul salvation see,
That here its sacred 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.

EASTER HYMN.

Jesus Christ is risen to-day,
Hallelujah ! Amen.

Our triumphant holy day ;
Hallelujah ! Amen.

Who did once, upon the cross,
Hallelujah ! Amen.

Suffer to redeem our loss,
Hallelujah ! Amen.

Hymns of praise then let us sing
Hallelujah ! Amen.

Unto Christ our heavenly King ;
Hallelujah ! Amen.

Who endur'd the cross and grave,
Hallelujah ! Amen.

Sinners to redeem and save.
Hallelujah ! Amen.

But the pains which he endur'd

Hallelujah ! Amen.

Our salvation hath procur'd ;

Hallelujah ! Amen.

Now above the sky he's King,

Hallelujah ! Amen.

Where the angels ever sing.

Hallelujah ! Amen.

MORNING HYMN.

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

Redeem thy misspent moments past,
And live this day as if the last ;
Thy talents to improve take care ;
For the great day thyself prepare.

Let all thy converse be sincere,
Thy conscience as the noon-day clear ;
For God's all-seeing eye surveys
Thy secret thoughts, thy works and ways.

Wake, and lift up thyself, my heart,
And with the angels bear thy part ;
Who all night long unwearied sing
High glory to th' eternal King !

EVENING HYMN.

Glory to thee, my God, this night,
For all the blessings of the light ;
Keep me, O keep me, King of kings,
Beneath thy own almighty wings !

Forgive me, Lord, for thy dear Son,
The ill that 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
Rise glorious at the awful day.

O let my soul on thee repose !
And may sweet sleep my mine eyelids close !
Sleep, that shall me more vig'rous make,
To serve my God, when I awake.

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

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