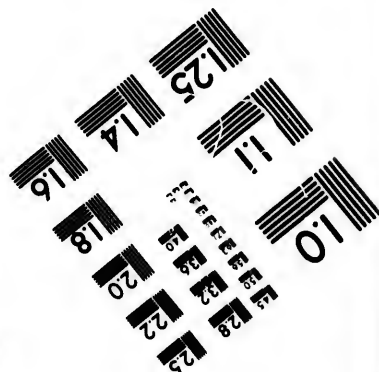
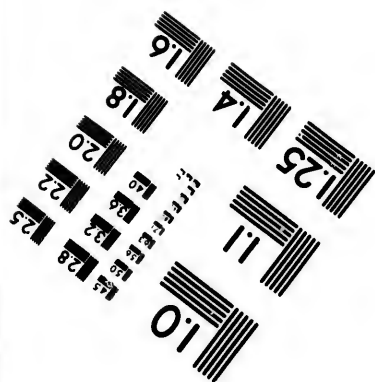
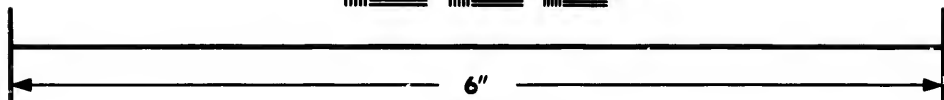
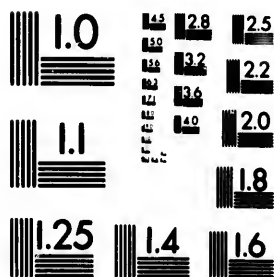


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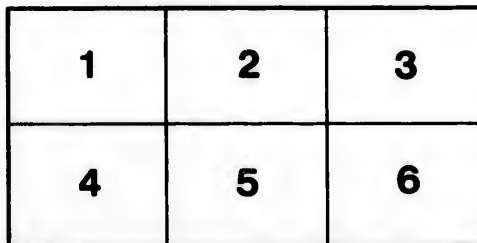
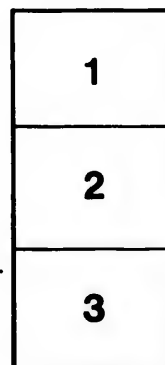
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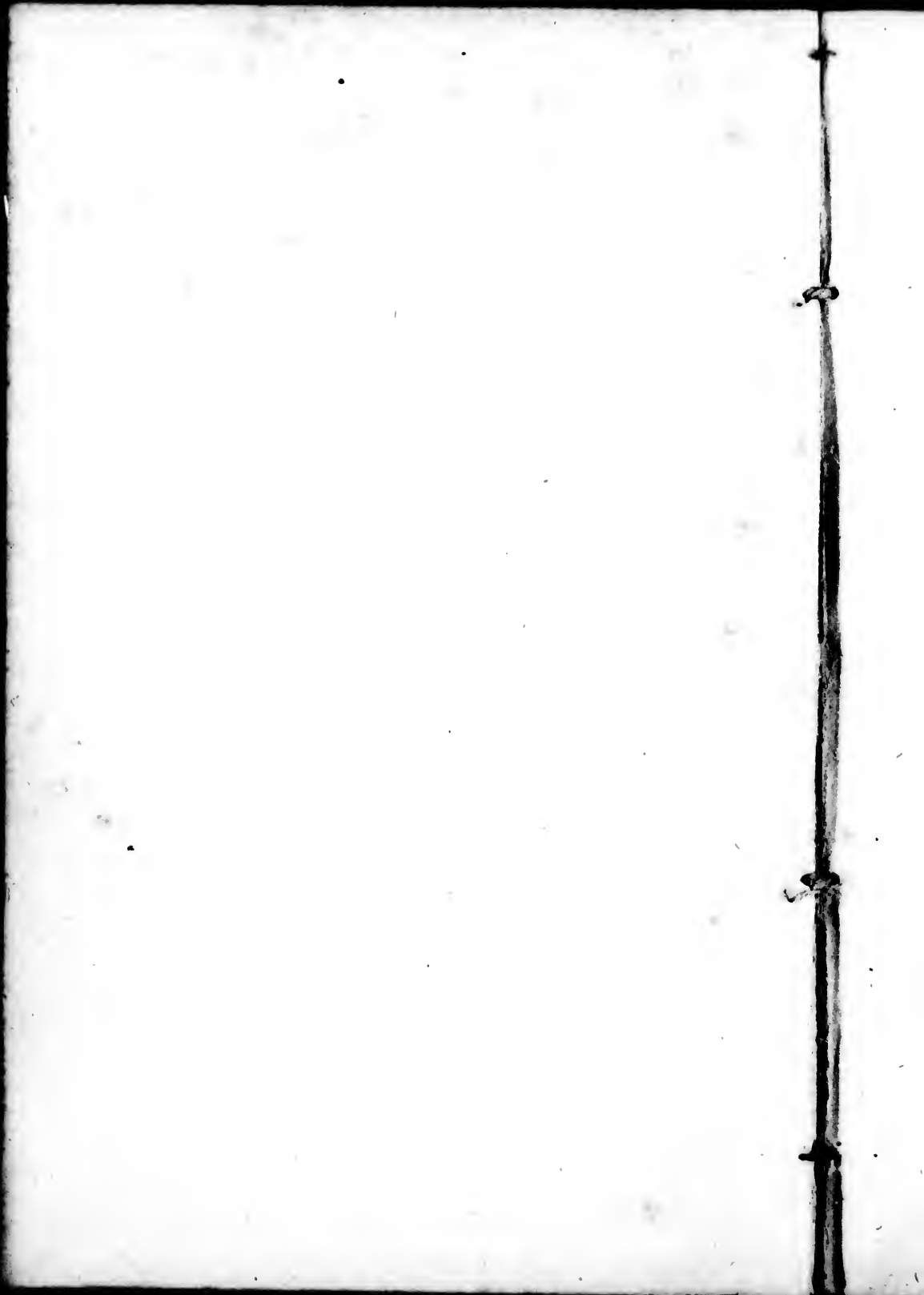
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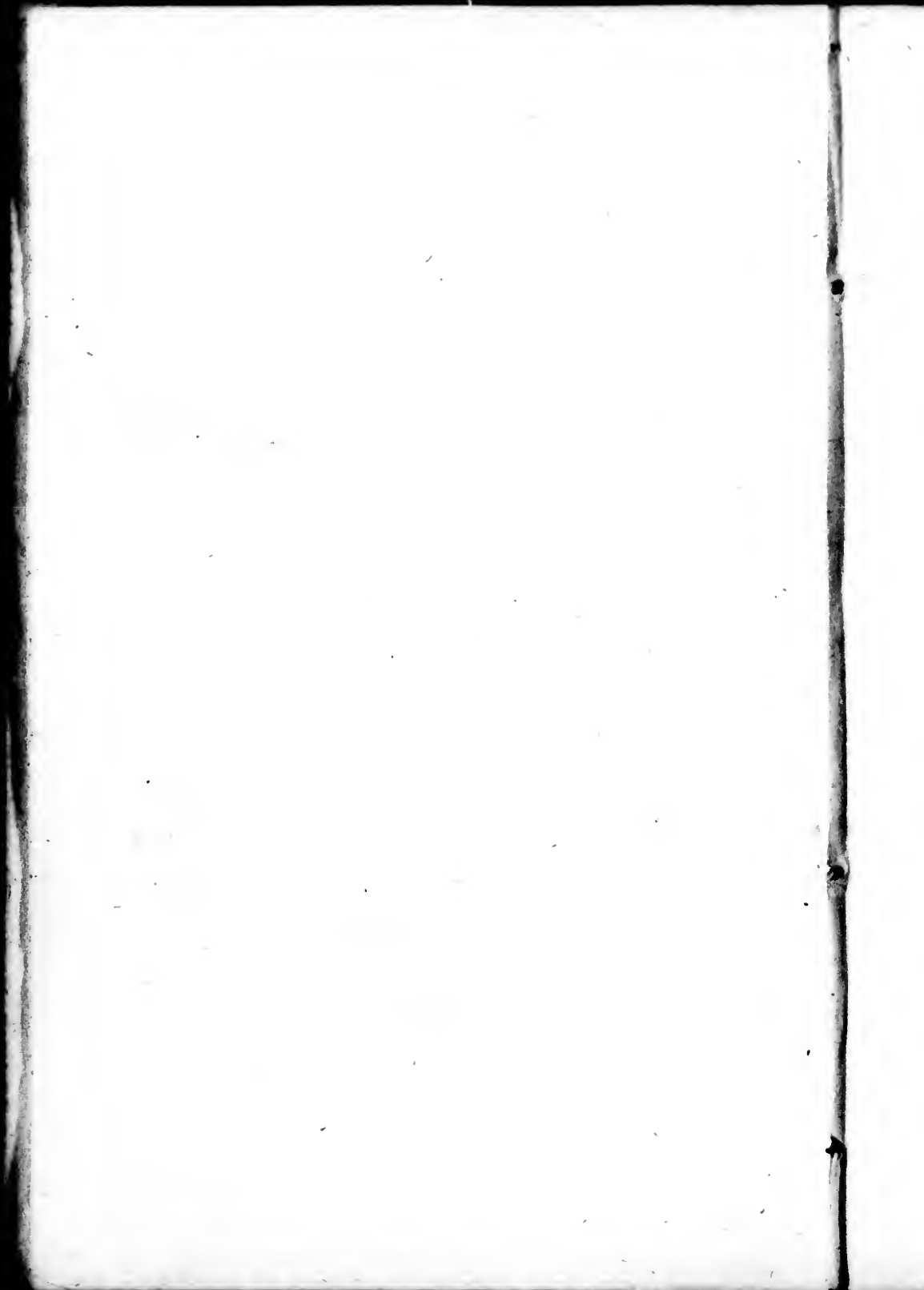
O sing praises, sing praises unto our God ; O sing praises, sing
praises unto our King.
For God is the King of all the earth : sing ye praises with un-
derstanding.

PSALM XLVII.

Montreal :

PRINTED BY N. MOWER, ST. PAUL STREET.

.....
1825.



A
SELECTION.
&c.

PSALMS.

PSALM I. (C. M.)

- 1 **H**OW 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 dispersed
Like chaff before the wind.
- 5 Their guilt shall strike the wicked dumb
Before their Judge's face :
No formal hypocrite shall then
Among 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.

PSALM II. (C. M.)

- 1 **W**ITH restless and ungoverned rage,
 Why do the heathen storm ?
 Why in such rash attempts engage,
 As they can ne'er perform ?
- 2 Attend, O Earth, whilst I declare
 God's uncontrol'd decree ;
 "Thou art my Son, this day my heir
 "Have I begotten thee.
- 3 "Ask, and receive thy full demands,
 "Thine shall the heathen be,
 "The utmost limits of the lands
 "Shall be possessed by thee.
- 4 "Thy threat'ning sceptre thou shalt shake,
 "And crush them every where ;
 "As massy bars of iron break
 "The potter's brittle ware."
- 5 Learn then, ye princes, and give ear
 Ye judges of the earth ;
 Worship the Lord with holy fear ;
 Rejoice with awful mirth.

PSALM III. (C. M.)

- 1 **B**UT thou, O Lord, art my defence ;
 On thee my hopes rely ;
 Thou art my glory, and shalt yet
 Lift up my head on high.
- 2 Since, whensoever in like distress
 To God I made my pray'r.
 He heard me from his holy hill,
 Why should I now despair ?

- 3 Guarded by him, I laid me down,
 My sweet repose to take :
 For I through him securely sleep,
 Through him securely wake.
- 4 Salvation to the Lord belongs ;
 He only can defend ;
 His blessing he extends to all
 That on his power depend.

PSALM IV. (C. M.)

- 1 **O** LORD, that art my righteous Judge,
 To my complaint give ear ;
 Thou still redeem'st me from distress ;
 Have mercy, Lord, and hear.
- 2 How long will ye, O sons of men,
 To blot my fame devise ?
 How long your vain designs pursue,
 And spread malicious lies ?
- 3 Consider, that the righteous man
 Is God's peculiar choice ;
 And, when to him I make my prayer,
 He always hears my voice.
- 4 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.
- 5 The place of other sacrifice
 Let righteousness supply ;
 And let your hope securely fixt,
 On God alone rely.
- 6 While worldly minds impatient grow
 More prosperous times to see ;
 Still let the glories of thy face,
 Shine brightly, Lord, on me.

PSALM V. (C. M.)

- 1 **L**ORD, hear the voice of my complaint,
 Accept my secret pray'r ;
 To thee alone, my King, My God,
 Will I for help repair.
- 2 Thou in the morn my voice shalt hear,
 And with the dawning day ;
 To thee devoutly I'll look up,
 To thee devoutly pray.
- 3 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.
- 4 To righteous men the righteous Lord
 His blessings will extend ;
 And with his favour all his saints
 As with a shield defend.

PSALM VI. (C. M.)

- 1 **T**HY 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 tortured 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 wonderous mercy's sake,
 Vouchsafe to make me whole.

PSALM VIII. (C. M.)

- 1 **O** THOU, to whom all creatures bow
 Within this earthly frame,
 Through all the world how great art thou!
 How glorious is thy name!
- 2 In Heav'n thy wond'rous acts are sung,
 Nor fully reckon'd there;
 And yet thou mak'st the infant tongue
 Thy boundless praise declare.
- 3 Through thee the weak confound the strong,
 And crush their haughty foes;
 And so thou quell'st the wicked throng,
 That thee and thine oppose.
- 4 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;
- 5 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 wond'rous kind?

PSALM IX. (C. M.)

- 1 **I**NNO 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.
- 3 The Lord for ever lives, who has
 His righteous throne prepar'd,
 Impartial justice to dispense;
 To punish or reward.

- 4 God is a constant sure defence
 Against oppressing rage ;
 As troubles rise, his needful aids
 In our behalf engage.
- 5 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.
- 6 Sing praises, therefore, to the Lord,
 From Sion his abode ;
 Proclaim his deeds, 'till all the world
 Confess no other God.

PSALM XII. (C. M.)

- 1 **S**INCE godly men decay, O Lord,
 Do thou my cause defend ;
 For scarce these wretched times afford
 One just and faithful friend.
- 2 One neighbour now can scarce believe
 What t'other doth impart :
 With flatt'ring lips they all deceive,
 And with a double heart.
- 3 But lips that with deceit abound
 Can never prosper long ;
 God's righteous vengeance will confound
 The proud blaspheming tongue.
- 4 In vain those foolish boasters say,
 " Our tongues are sure our own ;
 " With doubtful words we'll still betray,
 " And be control'd by none."
- 5 For God, who hears the suff'ring poor,
 And their oppression knows,
 Will soon arise and give them rest,
 In spite of all their foes.

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

PSALM XIII. (C. M.)

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

PSALM XV. (C. M.)

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

- 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 power
 Can treat with just neglect ;
 And piety, though cloth'd in rags,
 Religiously respect.
- 5 Who to his plighted vows and trust
 Has ever firmly stood ;
 And though 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 his steady course
 Has happiness insur'd,
 When earth's foundation shakes, shall stand,
 By Providence secur'd.

PSALM XVI. (C. M.)

- 1: **P**ROTECT me from my cruel foes,
 And shield me, Lord, from harm ;
 Because my trust I still repose
 On thy almighty arm.
- 2 Therefore my soul shall bless the Lord;
 Whose precepts gave me light,
 And private counsel still afford
 In sorrow's dismal night.
- 3 I strive each action to approve
 To his all-seeing eye ;
 No danger shall my hopes remove,
 Because he still is nigh.

- 4 Therefore my heart all grief defies,
 My glory does rejoice ;
 My flesh shall rest in hope to rise,
 Wak'd by his pow'rful voice.
- 5 Thou, Lord, when I resign my breath,
 My soul from hell shalt free ;
 Nor let thy holy one, in death,
 The least corruption see.
- 6 Thou shalt the paths of life display,
 That to thy presence lead ;
 Where pleasures dwell without allay,
 And joys that never fade.

PSALM XVIII. (L. M.)

- 1 **T**HOU suit'st, O Lord, thy righteous ways
 To various paths of human kind :
 They, who for mercy merit praise,
 With thee shall wond'rous mercy find.
- 2 Thou to the just shalt justice shew,
 The pure thy purity shall see :
 Such as perversely choose to go,
 Shall meet with due returns from thee.
- 3 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 turned to light.
- 4 On his firm succour I rely'd,
 And did o'er numerous foes prevail ;
 Nor fear'd, whilst he was on my side,
 The best defended walls to scale.
- 5 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.

5 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. (C. M.)

1 **T**HE heav'ns 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 confined ;
 'Tis nature's voice, and understood
 Alike by all mankind.

4 Their doctrine does its sacred sense
 Through 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 through his progress cheerful light
 And vital warmth bestows.

PART 2. (C. M.)

1 **T**HE statutes of the Lord are just,
And bring sincere delight :
His pure commands, in search of truth,
Assist the feeblest sight.

2 His perfect worship here is fix'd,
On sure foundations laid ;
His equal Laws are in the scales
Of truth and justice weigh'd :

3 Of more esteem than golden mines,
Or gold refin'd with skill :
More sweet than honey, or the drops
That from the comb distil.

4 My trusty counsellors they are,
And friendly warnings give ;
Divine rewards attend on those
Who by thy precepts live.

5 But what frail man observes how oft
He does from virtue fall ?
O cleanse me from my secret faults,
Thou God that know'st them all !

6 Let no presumptuous sin, O Lord,
Dominion have o'er me ;
That, by thy grace preserv'd, I may
The great transgression flee.

7 So shall my pray'r and praises be
With thy acceptance blest ;
And I, secure on thy defence,
My strength and Saviour, rest.

PSALM XXIII. (C. M.)

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

- 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 cheerful wine,
 With oil anoints my head.
- 6 Since God does thus his wond'rous love
 Through all my life extend,
 That life to him I will devote,
 And in his temple spend.

PSALM XXIV. (C. M.)

- 1 **T**HE spacious earth is all the Lord's,
 The Lord's her fulness is ;
 The world, and they that dwell therein,
 By sov'reign right are his.
- 2 But for himself this Lord of all
 One chosen seat design'd :
 O ! who shall to that sacred hill
 A free admittance find ?
- 3 The man whose heart and hands are pure,
 Whose thoughts from pride are free ;
 Who honest poverty prefers
 To gainful perjury.

- 4 This is the man, on whom the Lord
Will show'r his blessings down,
Whom God his Saviour will vouchsafe
With righteousness to crown.

PSALM XXV. (S. M.)

- 1 **T**O God, in whom I trust,
I lift my heart and voice ;
Oh ! let me not be put to shame,
Nor let my foes rejoice.
- 2 Those who on thee rely
Let no disgrace attend :
Be that the shameful lot of such
As wilfully offend.
- 3 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.
- 4 Thy mercies and thy love,
O Lord recal to mind ;
And graciously continue still,
As thou wert ever, kind.
- 5 Let all my youthful sins
Be blotted out by thee ;
And, for thy wond'rous goodness' sake
In mercy think on me.
- 6 His mercy and his truth
The righteous Lord displays,
In bringing wand'ring sinners home,
And teaching them his ways.

PSALM XXVII. (C. M.)

- 1 **C**ONTINUE, Lord, to hear my voice,
Whene'er to thee I cry ;
In mercy my complaints receive,
Nor my request deny.

- 2 When us to seek thy glorious face
 Thou kindly dost advise ;
 " Thy glorious face I'll always seek,"
 My grateful heart replies.
- 3 Then hide not thou thy face, O Lord,
 Nor me in wrath reject :
 My God, and Saviour, leave not him
 Thou didst so oft protect.
- 4 Though all my friends, and nearest kin,
 Their helpless charge forsake,
 Yet thou, whose love excels them all,
 Wilt care and pity take.
- 5 Instruct me in thy paths, O Lord ;
 My ways directly guide ;
 Lest envious men, who watch my steps,
 Should see me tread aside.
- 6 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.
- 7 God's time with patient faith expect,
 And he'll inspire thy breast
 With inward strength : Do thou thy part,
 And leave to him the rest.

PSALM XXX. (C. M.)

- 1 **I** 'LL celebrate thy praises, Lord,
 Who didst thy power employ,
 To raise my drooping head, and check
 My foes' insulting joy.
- 2 In my distress I cried to thee,
 Who kindly didst relieve,
 And from the grave's expecting jaws
 My hopeless life retrieve.

- 3 Thus to his courts, ye saints of his,
 With songs of praise repair ;
 With me commemorate his truth
 And providential care.
- 4 His wrath has but a moment's reign
 His favour no decay ;
 Your night of grief is recompens'd
 With joy's returning day.
- 5 Exalted thus, I'll gladly sing
 Thy praise in grateful verse ;
 And, as thy favours endless are,
 Thy endless praise rehearse.

PSALM XXXI. (S. M.)

- 1 **D**EFEND me, Lord, from shame,
 For still I trust in thee :
 As just and righteous is thy name,
 From danger set me free.
- 2 Bow down thy gracious ear,
 And speedy succour send :
 Do thou my steadfast rock appear,
 To shelter and defend.
- 3 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.

PSALM XXXII. (L. M.)

1. **H**E's bless'd whose sins have pardon gain'd,
No more in judgment to appear ;
Whose guilt remission has obtain'd,
And whose repentance is sincere.
- 2 While I conceal'd the fretting sore,
My bones consum'd without relief ;
All day did I with anguish roar ;
But no complaints assuag'd my grief.
- 3 Heavy on me thy hand remain'd,
By day and night alike distress'd,
'Till quite of vital moisture drain'd,
Like land with summer's drought oppress'd.
- 4 No sooner I my wound disclos'd,
The guilt that tortur'd me within,
But thy forgiveness interpos'd,
And mercy's healing balm pour'd in.
- 5 True penitents shall thus succeed,
Who seek thee whilst thou may'st be found.
And, from the common deluge freed,
Shall see remorseless sinners drown'd.

PSALM XXXIII. (C. M.)

- 1 **L**ET all the just to God, with joy,
Their cheerful voices raise ;
For well the righteous it becomes
To sing glad songs of praise.
- 2 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.
- 3 By his almighty word, at first,
Heaven's glorious arch was rear'd ;
And all the beauteous hosts of light
At his command appear'd.

- 4 The swelling floods, together roll'd,
 He makes in heaps to lie ;
 And lays, as in a storehouse safe,
 The wat'ry treasures by.
- 5 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.
- 6 Whate'er the mighty Lord decrees,
 Shall stand for ever sure,
 The settled purpose of his heart
 To ages shall endure.

PSALM XXXIV. (C. M.)

- 1 **T**HROUGH 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 distrest,
 From my example comfort take,
 And charm their griefs to rest.
- 3 Oh ! magnify the Lord with me,
 With me exalt his name :
 When in distress to him I call'd,
 He to my rescue came.
- 4 Fear him, ye Saints, and you will then
 Have nothing else to fear :
 Make you his service your delight,
 He'll make your wants his care.
- 5 For God preserves the souls of those
 Who on his truth depend ;
 To them and their posterity
 His blessings shall descend.

PSALM XXXVI. (L. M.)

- 1 **B**UT, Lord, thy mercy, my sure hope,
 The highest orb of Heav'n transcends ;..
 Thy sacred truth's unmeasur'd scope
 Beyond the spreading sky extends :
- 2 Thy justice, like the hills, remains ;
 Unfathom'd depths thy judgments are ;
 Thy providence the world sustains ;
 The whole creation is thy care.
- 3 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 !
- 4 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.
- 5 With thee the springs of life remain,
 Thy presence is eternal day :
 Oh ! let thy saints thy favour gain ;
 To upright hearts thy truth display.

PSALM XXXVII. (P. M.)

- 1 **T**HOUGH wicked men grow rich or great,
 Yet let not their successful state
 Thy anger or thy envy raise :
 For they, cut down like tender grass,
 Or like young flow'rs away shall pass,
 Whose blooming beauty soon decays.
- 2 Depend on God, and him obey,
 So thou within the land shalt stay,
 Secure from danger and from want :
 Make his commands thy chief delight,
 And he thy duty to requite,
 Shall all thy earnest wishes grant.

- 3 In all thy ways trust thou the Lord,
 And he will needful help afford,
 To perfect every just design ;
 He'll make, like light serene and clear,
 Thy clouded innocence appear,
 And as a mid-day sun to shine.

PSALM XXXIX. (C. M.)

- 1 **L**ORD, 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.
- 2 My life, thou know'st is but a span,
 A cypher sums my years ;
 And every man, in best estate,
 But vanity appears.
- 3 Man like a shadow vainly walks,
 With fruitless cares oppress'd ;
 He heaps up wealth, but cannot tell
 By whom 'twill be possess'd.
- 4 Why then should I on worthless toys:
 With anxious care attend ?
 On thee alone my steadfast hope
 Shall ever, Lord, depend.
- 5 Lord, hear my cry, accept my tears,
 And listen to my pray'r ;
 Who sojourn like a stranger here,
 As all my fathers were.
- 6 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. (C. M.)

- 1 **H**APPY the man whose tender care
Relieves the poor distress'd !
When troubles compass him around,
The Lord will 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,
" Though I have much transgress'd."

PSALM XLII. (C. M.)

- 1 **A**S pants the hart for cooling streams,
When heated in the chase,
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 !
- 3 Why restless, why cast down, my soul ?
Trust God, and he'll employ
His aid for thee, and change thy sighs,
To thankful hymns of joy.

PSALM XLIII. (L. M.)

- 1 **L**ET me with light and truth be bless'd,
 Be these my guides to lead the way,
 'Till on thy holy hill I rest,
 And in thy sacred temple pray.
- 2 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.
- 3 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 XLV. (C. M.)

- 1 **H**OW matchless is thy form, O King !
 Thy mouth with grace o'erflows ;
 Because fresh blessings God on thee
 Eternally bestows.
- 2 Gird on thy sword, most mighty Prince ;
 And, clad in rich array,
 With glorious ornaments of pow'r
 Majestic pomp display.
- 3 Ride on in state, and still protect
 The meek, the just, and true :
 Whilst thy right hand, with swift revenge,
 Does all thy foes pursue.
- 4 Therefore did God, thy God, on thee
 The oil of gladness shed ;
 And has, above thy fellows round,
 Advanc'd thy glorious head.

PSALM XLVI. (P. M.)

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

2 A gentler stream with gladness still
 The city of our Lord shall fill,
 The royal seat of God most high ;
 God dwells in Sion, whose fair tow'rs
 Shall mock th' assaults of earthly pow'rs,
 While his almighty aid is nigh.

3 In tumults when the heathen rag'd,
 And kingdoms war against us wag'd,
 He thunder'd and dispers'd their pow'rs :
 The Lord of hosts conducts our arms,
 Our tow'r of refuge in alarms,
 Our fathers' guardian God and ours.

PSALM LI. (S. M.)

1 **H**AVE mercy, Lord, on me,
 As thou wert ever kind ;
 Let me, oppress'd with loads of guilt,
 Thy wonted mercy find.

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

3 Make me to hear with joy
 Thy kind forgiving voice ;
 That so the bones which thou hast broke,
 May with fresh strength rejoice.

- 4 Blot out my crying sins,
 Nor me in anger view ;
 Create in me a heart that's clean,
 An upright mind renew.
- 5 Withdraw not thou thy help,
 Nor cast me from thy sight ;
 Nor let thy Holy Spirit take
 Its everlasting flight.
- 6 The joy thy favour gives .
 Let me again obtain ;
 And let thy Spirit's firm support
 My fainting soul sustain.

PSALM LXIII. (P. M.)

- 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 Oh ! to my longing eyes once more
 That view of glorious pow'r restore,
 Which thy majestic house displays ;
 Because to me thy wondrous love
 Than life itself does dearer prove,
 My lips shall always speak thy praise.
- 3 When down I lie sweet sleep to find,
 Thou, Lord, art present to my mind,
 And when I wake in dead of night ;
 Because thou still dost succour bring,
 Beneath the shadow of thy wing
 I rest with safety and delight.

PSALM LXVI. (C. M.)

- 1 **L**ET all the lands, with shouts of joy,
 To God their voices raise ;
 Sing Psalms in honour of his name,
 And spread his glorious praise.

- 2 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.
- 3 Through all the earth the nations round
 Shall thee their God confess ;
 And with glad hymns, their awful dread
 Of thy great name express.
- 4 O ! come, behold the works of God,
 And then with me you'll own,
 That he to all the sons of men
 Has wondrous judgments shewn.
- 5 He made the sea become dry land,
 Through which our fathers walk'd ;
 While to each other of his might
 With joy his people talk'd.
- 6 He, by his pow'r, for ever rules ;
 His eyes the world survey ;
 Let no presumptuous man rebel
 Against his sov'reign sway.

PSALM LXVII. (S. M.)

- 1 **T**HOU 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,
 Shalt govern all the earth.
- 5 Then shall the teeming ground,
 A large increase disclose ;
 And we with plenty shall be crown'd,
 Which God, our God, bestows.
- 6 Then God upon our land
 Shall constant blessings show'r ;
 And all the world in awe shall stand
 Of his resistless pow'r.

PSALM LXXIII. (L. M.)

- 1 **A**T 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 'Till this sustaining truth I knew,
 My stagg'ring feet had almost fail'd ;
 I griev'd the sinners' wealth to view,
 And envy'd when the fools prevail'd.
- 3 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.
- 4 How high soe'er advanc'd, they all
 On slipp'ry places loosely stand ;
 Thence into ruin headlong fall,
 Cast down by thy avenging hand.
- 5 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 LXXXV. (C. M.)

1. **L**ORD, thou has granted to thy land
 The favours we implor'd,
 And faithful Jacob's captive race
 Hast graciously restor'd.
2. 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.
3. O God, our Saviour, all our hearts
 To thy obedience turn ;
 That, quench'd with our repenting tears,
 Thy wrath no more may burn,
4. For why shouldst thou be angry still,
 And wrath so long retain ?
 Revive us, Lord, and let thy saints
 Thy wonted comfort gain.
5. Thy gracious favour, Lord, display,
 Which we have long implor'd ;
 And, for thy wondrous mercy's sake,
 Thy wonted aid afford.

PSALM LXXXVI. (C. M.)

1. **I**N 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 help, and him, whose trust
 Relies on thee, restore.
3. To me, who daily thee invoke,
 Thy mercy, Lord, extend ;
 Refresh thy servant's soul, whose hopes
 On thee alone depend.

- 4 Thou, Lord, art good, not only good,
 But prompt to pardon too ;
 Of plenteous mercy to all those
 Who for thy mercy sue.
- 5 To my repeated humble pray'r,
 O Lord, attentive be,
 When troubled, I on thee will call ;
 For thou wilt answer me.

PSALM XC. (C. M.)

- 1 **T**HOU turnest man, O Lord, to dust,
 Of which he first was made ;
 And when thou speak'st the word, " Return,"
 'Tis instantly obey'd.
- 2 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.
- 3 We by thine anger are consum'd,
 And by thy wrath dismay'd ;
 Our public crimes, and secret sins,
 Before thy sight are laid.
- 4 Beneath thy anger's sad effects,
 Our drooping days we spend ;
 Our unregarded years break off,
 Like tales that quickly end.

PSALM XCI. (P. M.)

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

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

PSALM XCII. (C. M.)

- 1 **H**OW good and pleasant must it be
 To thank the Lord most high ;
 And with repeated hymns of praise.
 His name to magnify !
- 2 With every 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.

PSALM XCIII. (L. M.)

- 1 **W**ITH 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 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.
- 4 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. (L. M.)

- 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 unrivall'd glory great ;
A King superior far to all,
Whom gods the heathen falsely call.
- 4 O let us to his courts repair,
And bow with adoration there ;
Down on our knees devoutly all
Before the Lord our Maker fall.

PSALM XCVIII. (C. M.)

- 1 **S**ING to the Lord a new-made song,
Who wondrous things has done ;
With his right hand and holy arm
The conquest he has won.

- 2 The Lord has through th' astonish'd world
 Display'd his saving might,
 And made his righteous acts appear
 In all the heathen's sight.
- 3 Of Israel's house his love and truth
 Have ever mindful been ;
 Wide earth's remotest parts, the pow'r
 Of Israel's God have seen.
- 4 Let therefore earth's inhabitants
 Their cheerful voices raise,
 And all with universal joy
 Resound their Maker's praise.

PSALM C. (L. M.)

- 1 **W**ITH 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.
- 2 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.
- 3 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.
- 4 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. (L. M.)

- 1 **A**LL 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, laud, and bless his name always,
For it is seemly so to do.
- 4 For why ? The Lord our God is good,
His mercy is for ever sure ;
His truth at all times firmly stood,
And shall from age to age endure.

PSALM CII. (C. M.)

- 1 **W**HEN I pour out my soul in pray'r,
Do thou, O Lord, attend ;
To thy eternal throne of grace
Let my sad cry ascend.
- 2 O hide not thou thy glorious face
In times of deep distress ;
Incline thine ear, and, when I call,
My sorrow soon redress.
- 3 Thou to the children of thy saints
Shalt lasting quiet give ;
Whose happy race, securely fix'd,
Shall in thy presence live.

PSALM CIII. (L. M.)

- 1 **M**Y 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.
- 2 '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.

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

4 God will not always harshly chide,
 But with his anger quickly part ;
 He loves his punishments to guide,
 More by his love than our desert.

PSALM CIV. Old Version. (P. S. M.)

1 **M**Y 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 sort
 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 CV (C. M.)

- 1 **O** RENDER thanks, and bless the Lord,
 Invoke his sacred name :
 Acquaint the nations with his deeds,
 His matchless deeds proclaim.
- 2 Sing to his praise in lofty hymns,
 His wondrous works rehearse ;
 Make them the theme of your discourse
 And subject of your verse.
- 3 Rejoice in his Almighty name,
 Alone to be ador'd ;
 And let their hearts o'erflow with joy,
 That humbly seek the Lord.
- 4 Seek ye the Lord, his saving strength
 Devoutly still implore ;
 And where he's ever present, seek
 His face for ever more.

PSALM CVI. (L. M.)

- 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 judgments never stray :
 Who know what's right, not 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.

PSALM CXI. (L. M.)

- 1 **P**RAISE 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 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 fathers sign'd.
- 5 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.

PSALM CXII. (L. M.)

- 1 **T**HAT 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.
- 2 His house, the seat of wealth, shall be
An inexhausted treasury ;
His justice, free from all decay,
Shall blessings to his heirs convey.
- 3 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.
- 4 His lib'ral favours he extends,
To some he gives, to others lends ;
Yet what his charity impairs,
He saves by prudence in affairs.
- 5 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.

PSALM CXV. (C. M.)

- 1 **L**ORD, not to us, we claim no share,
But to thy sacred name
Give glory for thy mercy's sake,
And truth's eternal fame.
- 2 Let all who truly fear the Lord,
On him they fear rely ;
Who then in danger can defend,
And all their wants supply.
- 3 Heav'n's highest orb of glory he
His empire's seat design'd ;
And gave this lower globe of earth
A portion to mankind.

- 4 They who in death and silence sleep,
 To him no praise afford :
 But we will bless for evermore
 Our ever living Lord.

PSALM CXVI. (C. M.)

- 1 **M**Y soul with grateful thoughts of love
 Entirely is possest,
 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.
- 3 How just and merciful is God !
 How gracious is the Lord !
 Who saves the harmless, and to me
 Doth timely aid afford.
- 4 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.
- 5 To thee I'll off'rings bring of praise ;
 And whilst I bless thy name,
 The just performance of my vows
 To all thy saints proclaim.

PSALM CXVII. (C. M.)

- 1 **W**ITH cheerful notes let all the earth
 To Heav'n their voices raise ;
 Let all inspir'd with godly mirth,
 Sing solemn hymns of praise.
- 2 God's tender mercy knows no bound,
 His truth shall ne'er decay ;
 Then let the willing nations round
 Their grateful tribute pay.

PSALM CXVIII. (C. M.)

1. **O** PRAISE the Lord, for he is good,
His mercies ne'er decay ;
That his kind favours ever last,
Let thankful Israel say.
- 2 Then open wide the temple gates
To which the just repair ;
That I may enter in, and praise,
My great deliv'rer there.
- 3 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.
- 4 That which the builders once refus'd
Is now the corner stone ;
This is the wondrous work of God,
The work of God alone.
- 5 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. (C. M.)

- 1 **H**OW blest 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.
- 3 How shall the young preserve their ways
From all pollution free ?
By making still their course of life
With thy commands agree.

4. With hearty zeal for thee I seek,
To thee for succour pray ;
O ! suffer not my careless steps
From thy right paths to stray.
5. Safe in my heart, and closely hid ;
Thy word, my treasure, lies ;
To succour me with timely aid
When sinful thoughts arise.
6. 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 CXIX. at verse 33. (C. M.)

1. **I**NSTRUCT me in thy statutes, Lord,
Thy righteous paths display ;
And I from them, through all my life,
Will never go astray.
2. If thou true wisdom from above
Wilt graciously impart,
To keep thy perfect laws I will
Devote my zealous heart.
3. Direct me in thy sacred ways,
To which thy precepts lead ;
Because my chief delight has been
Thy righteous paths to tread.
4. Do thou to thy most just commands
Incline my willing heart :
Let no desire of worldly wealth
From thee my thoughts divert.

PSALM CXXI. (C. M.)

1. **T**O Sion's hill I lift my eyes,
From thence expecting aid ;
From Sion's hill, and Sion's God,
Who heav'n and earth has made.

- 2 Shelter'd beneath th' Almighty wings
 Thou shalt securely rest ;
 Where neither sun nor moon shall thee
 By day or night molest.
- 3 From common accidents of life
 His care shall guard thee still :
 From the blind strokes of chance, and foes
 That lie in wait to kill.
- 4 At home, abroad, in peace, in war,
 Thy God shall thee defend ;
 Conduct thee through life's pilgrimage
 Safe to thy journey's end.

PSALM CXXX. (S. M.)

- 1 **F**ROM lowest depths of woe
 To God I sent my cry ;
 Lord hear my supplicating voice,
 And graciously reply.
- 2 Should'st thou severely judge,
 Who can the trial bear ?
 But thou forgiv'st lest we despond,
 And quite renounce thy fear.
- 3 My soul with patience waits
 For thee, the Living Lord ;
 My hopes are on thy promise built,
 Thy never-failing word.
- 4 My longing eyes look out
 For thy enliv'ning ray ;
 More duly than the morning watch
 To spy the dawning day.
- 5 Let Israel trust in God,
 No bounds his mercy knows,
 The plenteous source and spring, from whence
 Eternal succour flows.

- 6 Whose friendly streams to us
 Supplies in want convey ;
 A healing spring, a spring to cleanse,
 And wash our guilt away.

PSALM CXXXIII. (C. M.)

- 1 **H**OW 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. (C. M.)

- 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 constant 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 wond'rous pow'r
Above all gods is crown'd.

PSALM CXXXIX. (L. M.)

- 1 **T**HOU, 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.
- 2 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.
- 3 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 !
- 4 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 ?
- 5 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.

PSALM CXLII. (S. M.)

- 1 **T**O God with mournful voice
In deep distress I pray'd ;
Made him the umpire of my cause,
My wrongs before him laid.

- 2 I look'd, but found no friend
 To own me in distress ;
 All refuge fail'd, no-man vouchsaf'd
 His pity or redress.
- 3 To God at last I pray'd ;
 Thou, Lord, my refuge art,
 My portion in the land of life,
 'Till life itself depart.
- 4 That I may praise thy name,
 My soul from prison bring ;
 Whilst of thy kind regard to me
 Assembled saints shall sing.

PSALM CXLIII. (C. M.)

- 1 **L**ORD, hear my pray'r, and to my 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 e'er be justify'd.
- 3 To thee my hands in humble pray'r
 I fervently stretch out ;
 My soul for thy refreshment thirsts,
 Like land oppress'd with drought.
- 4 Do thou, O Lord, from all my foes
 Preserve and set me free ;
 A safe retreat against their rage,
 My soul implores from thee.
- 5 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. (C. M.)

- 1 **T**HE Lord is good ; fresh acts of grace
 His pity still supplies ;
 His anger moves with slowest pace,
 His willing mercy flies.
- 2 Thy love through earth extends its fame,
 To all thy works express'd ;
 These shew thy praise, whilst thy great name
 Is by thy servants bless'd .
- 3 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 .
- 4 God's glorious works of ancient date
 Shall thus to all be known ;
 And thus his kingdom's royal state
 With public splendour shewn .
- 5 His steadfast throne, from changes free,
 Shall stand for ever fast ;
 His boundless sway no end shall see,
 But time itself out-last.

PART 2. (C. M.)

- 1 **T**HE Lord doth them support that fall,
 And make the prostrate rise ;
 For his kind aid all creatures call,
 Who timely food supplies .
- 2 Whate'er their various wants require,
 With open hand he gives ;
 And so fulfils the just desire
 Of ev'ry thing that lives .
- 3 How holy is the Lord, how just,
 How righteous all his ways !
 How nigh to him, who with firm trust
 For his assistance prays !

- 4 He grants the full desires of those
Who him with fear adore ;
And will their troubles soon compose,
When they his aid implore.
- 5 The Lord preserves all those with care
Whom grateful love employs ;
But sinners, who his vengeance dare,
With furious rage destroys.
- 6 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. (C. M.)

- 1 **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.
- 2 On Kings, the greatest sons of men,
Let none for aid rely ;
They cannot save in dang'rous times,
Nor timely help apply.
- 3 Depriv'd of breath, to dust they turn,
And there neglected lie,
And all their thoughts and vain designs
Together with them die.
- 4 Then happy he, who Jacob's God
For his protector takes ;
Who still with well-plac'd hope, the Lord
His constant refuge makes.
- 5 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.
- 6 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.

- 7 The strangers he preserves from harm,
 The orphan kindly treats,
 Defends the widow, and the wiles
 Of wicked men defeats.

PSALM CXLVII. (C. M.)

- 1 **O** PRAISE the Lord with hymns of joy,
 And celebrate his fame !
 For pleasant, good, and comely 'tis
 To praise his holy name.
- 2 He kindly heals the broken hearts,
 And all their wounds doth close ;
 He tells the number of the stars,
 Their several names he knows.
- 3 Great is the Lord, and great his pow'r,
 His wisdom has no bound ;
 The meek he raises, and throws down
 The wicked to the ground.
- 4 And he to him that fears his name
 His tender love extends ;
 To him that on his boundless grace
 With steadfast hope depends.

PSALM CXLVIII. (P. M.)

- 1 **Y**E boundless realms of joy
 Exalt pour Maker's fame,
 His praise your song employ
 Above the starry frame ;
 Your voices raise,
 Ye cherubim
 And seraphim,
 To sing his praise.
- 2 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,

- 3 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. (P. S. M.)

- 1 **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.

- 2 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. (L. M.)

- 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 shews.
- 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.
- 3 Let all that vital breath enjoy,
 The breath he doth to them afford,
 In just returns of praise employ ;
 Let every creature praise the Lord.

HYMNS.



HYMN I. (C. M.)

- 1 **H**ARK! the glad sound, the Saviour comes,
The Saviour promis'd long!
Let ev'ry heart prepare a throne,
And ev'ry voice a song.
- 2 On him the spirit, largely pour'd,
Exerts his sacred fire;
Wisdom and might, and zeal and love,
His holy breast inspire.
- 3 He comes the pris'ners to release,
In Satan's bondage held;
The gates of brass before him burst,
The iron fetters yield.
- 4 He comes, from thickest films of vice
To clear the inward sight,
And on the eye-balls of the blind
To pour celestial light.
- 5 He comes, the broken heart to bind,
The bleeding soul to cure;
And with the treasures of his grace
T' enrich the humble poor.
- 6 Our glad hosannah's, Prince of peace,
Thy welcome shall proclaim;
And heav'n's eternal arches ring
With thy beloved name.

HYMN II. (C. M.)

- 1 **H**IGH let us swell our tuneful notes,
And join th' angelic throng,
For angels no such love have known,
T' awake a cheerful song.
- 2 Good will to sinful men is shewn,
And peace on earth is given :
For, lo ! th' incarnate Saviour comes
With messages from heav'n.
- 3 Justice and grace, with sweet accord,
His rising beams adorn :
Let heav'n and earth in concert join,
To us a child is born.
- 4 Glory to God in highest strains,
In highest words be paid :
His glory by our lips proclaim'd,
And by our lives display'd.
- 5 When shall we reach those blissful realms
Where Christ exalted reigns ?
And learn of the celestial choir
Their own immortal strains ?

HYMN III. (7's.)

- 1 **H**ARK ! the herald angels sing,
Glory to the new-born King !
Peace on earth, and mercy mild,
God and sinners reconcil'd !
Joyful all ye nations rise,
Join the triumph of the skies,
With th' angelic host proclaim,
Christ is born in Bethlehem :
Hark, the herald angels sing
Glory to the new-born King !

3 Christ, by highest heav'n ador'd,
 Christ, the everlasting Lord !
 Late in time behold him come,
 Offspring of a Virgin's womb :
 Veil'd in flesh the Godhead he ;
 Hail th' incarnate Deity !
 Pleas'd as man with man t' appear,
 Jesus our Immanuel here.

Hark, the herald, &c.

3 Hail the heav'n-born Prince of Peace !
 Hail the Sun of Righteousness !
 Light and life to all he brings,
 Ris'n with healing in his wings.
 Mild he lays his glory by,
 Born that man no more may die ;
 Born to raise the sons of earth,
 Born to give them second birth.

Hark, the herald-angels sing
 Glory to the new-born King !

HYMN IV. (C. M.)

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

2 "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 :

3 "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 ;

4 "The heav'nly babe you there shall find
 "To human view display'd,
 "All meanly wrapp'd in swathing bands,
 "And in a manger laid."

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

6 "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 V. (L. M.)

1 **T**HE 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.

2 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.

3 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 ?"

4 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.

5 To thee our spirits we resign,
 Make them and own them still as thine,
 And land them on that happy shore,
 Where years and death are known no more.

HYMN VI. (C. M.)

- 1 **N**OW, gracious Lord, thine aim reveal,
And make thy glory known ;
Now let us all thy presence feel,
And soften hearts of stone !
- 2 Help us to venture near thy throne,
And plead the Saviour's name ;
For all, that we can call our own,
Is vanity and shame.
- 3 From all the guilt of former sin,
May mercy set us free ;
And let the year we now begin,
Begin and end with thee.
- 4 Send down thy spirit from above,
That saints may love thee more ;
And sinners now may learn to love,
Who never lov'd before.
- 5 And when before thee we appear,
In our eternal home,
May growing numbers worship here,
And praise thee in our room.

HYMN VII. (7's.)

- 1 **B**LESS, O Lord, the op'ning year
To each soul assembled here ;
Clothe the word with power divine,
Make us willing to be thine.
- 2 Shepherd of thy blood-bought sheep !
Teach the stony heart to weep ;
Let the blind have eyes to see,
See themselves, and look on thee !
- 3 Let the minds of all our youth
Feel the force of sacred truth ;
While the gospel-call they hear,
May they learn to love and fear.

4 Shew them what their ways have been,
Shew them the desert of sin ;
Then thy dying love reveal,
This shall melt a heart of steel.

5 Where thou hast thy work begun,
Give new strength the race to run ;
Scatter darkness, doubts and fears,
Wipe away the mourner's tears.

6 Bless us all, both old and young ;
Call forth praise from ev'ry tongue ;
Let the whole assembly prove
All thy power, and all thy love.

HYMN VIII. (C. M.)

1 **F**ROM whence these direful omens rise,
Which heav'n and earth amaze ?
Wherefore do earthquakes cleave the ground ?
Why hides the sun his rays ?

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

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

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

5 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 IX. (C. M.)

1 **B**EHOLD the Saviour on the cross,
A spectacle of woe :
See from his agonizing wounds
The blood incessant flow,

2 'Till death's pale ensigns o'er his cheek
And trembling lips were spread ;
'Till light forsook his closing eyes,
And life his drooping head.

3 'Tis finish'd—was his latest voice ;
These sacred accents o'er,
He bow'd his head, gave up the ghost,
And suffer'd pain no more.

4 'Tis finish'd—the Messiah dies
For sins, but not his own ;
The great redemption is complete,
And Satan bow'r o'erthrown.

5 'Tis finish'd—all his groans are past ;
His blood, his pain, and toils,
Have fully vanquished our foes,
And crown'd him with their spoils.

6 'Tis finish'd—Legal worship ends,
And gospel ages run ;
All old things now are pass'd away,
And a new world begun.

HYMN X. (C. M.)

1 **L**IKE sheep we went astray,
And left the fold of God,
Each wand'ring in a diff'rent way,
But all the downward road.

2 How dreadful was the hour
When God our wand'rings laid,
And did his awful vengeance pour
Upon the shepherd's head !

- 3 How glorious was the grace
 When Christ sustain'd the stroke !
 His precious blood the shepherd pays,
 A ransom for the flock.
- 4 His honour and his breath
 Were taken both away ;
 Join'd with the wicked in his death,
 And deem'd as vile as they.
- 5 But God hath rais'd his head
 O'er all the sons of men,
 And made him see a num'rous seed,
 To recompense his pain.
- 6 " I'll give him," saith the Lord,
 " A portion with the strong ;
 " He shall possess a large reward,
 " And hold his honours long."

HYMN XI. (C. M.)

- 1 **S**INCE Christ, our passover, is slain,
 A sacrifice for all ;
 Let all, with thankful hearts, agree
 To keep the festival ;
- 2 Not with the leaven as of old,
 Of sin and malice fed ;
 But with unfeign'd sincerity,
 And truth's unleaven'd bread.
- 3 Christ being rais'd by pow'r divine,
 And rescu'd from the grave,
 Shall die no more ; death shall on him
 No more dominion have.
- 4 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.

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

HYMN XII. (C. M.)

- 1 **F**ATHER of peace, and God of love !
 We own thy pow'r to save,
 That pow'r by which our shepherd rose
 Victorious o'er the grave.
- 2 Him, from the dead, thou brought'st again,
 When, by his sacred blood,
 Confirm'd and seal'd for evermore,
 Th' eternal cov'nant stood.
- 3 O may thy spirit seal our souls,
 And mould them to thy will,
 That our weak hearts no more may stray,
 But keep thy precepts still ;
- 4 That to perfection's sacred height
 We nearer still may rise,
 And all we think, and all we do,
 Be pleasing in thine eyes.

HYMN XIII. (C. M.)

- 1 **B**LEST morning ! whose first dawning rays
 Beheld the son of God
 Arise triumphant from the grave,
 And leave his dark abode.
- 2 Wrapt in the silence of the tomb,
 The great Redeemer lay,
 Till the revolving skies had brought
 The third, th' appointed day.
- 3 Hell and the grave combin'd their force,
 To hold our Lord in vain ;
 Sudden the conqueror arose,
 And burst their feeble chain.

- 4 To thy great name, Almighty Lord!
 We sacred honours pay,
 And loud hosannahs shall proclaim
 The triumphs of the day.
- 5 Salvation and immortal praise
 To our victorious King!
 Let heav'n and earth, and rocks and seas
 With glad hosannahs ring.

HYMN XIV. 7's. (P. M.)

- 1 **A**NGELS, roll the stone away,
 Death, give up thy mighty prey;
 See! he rises from the tomb,
 Shining in immortal bloom.
- 2 'Tis the Saviour; angels, raise
 Your triumphant song of praise;
 Let the heavens' remotest bound
 Hear the joy inspiring sound.
- 3 Now, ye saints, lift up your eyes,
 Now to glory see him rise;
 Mark his progress through the sky,
 To the radiant world on high.
- 4 Heaven displays her crystal gate;
 Enter in thy royal state;
 King of glory, mount thy throne,
 'Tis thy father's and thy own.
- 5 Praise him, all ye heav'nly choirs,
 Strike with awe your golden lyres;
 Shout, O earth, in rapt'rous song,
 Let the strains be loud and long.
- 6 To the list'ning nations tell,
 Sin o'erthrown, and vanquish'd hell,
 Where is death's once dreaded king!
 Where, O monster, is thy sting!

HYMN XV. (L. M.)

- 1 **O**UR Lord is risen from the dead,
 Our Jesus is gone up on high ;
 The pow'rs of hell are captive led,
 Dragg'd to the portals of the sky.
- 2 There his triumphal chariot waits,
 And angels chant the solemn lay,
 "Lift up your heads, ye heav'nly gates !
 "Ye everlasting doors give way !"
- 3 Loose all your bars of massy light,
 And wide unfold the radiant scene ;
 He claims those mansions as his right,
 Receive the King of glory in.
- 4 "Who is the King of glory ? who ?"
 The Lord that all his foes o'ercame,
 The world, sin, death and hell o'erthrew,
 And Jesus is the conqu'ror's name.
- 5 Lo ! his triumphant chariot waits,
 And angels chant the solemn lay,
 "Lift up your heads, ye heav'nly gates !
 "Ye everlasting doors give way !"
- 6 "Who is the King of glory ? who ?"
 The Lord of boundless power possest,
 The King of saints and angels too,
 God over all, for ever blest.

HYMN XVI. (L. M.)

- 1 **L**ORD, when thou didst ascend on high,
 Unnumber'd angels fill'd the sky :
 Those heav'nly guards around thee wait,
 Like Chariots that attend thy state.
- 2 Not Sinai's mountain could appear
 More glorious, when the Lord was there ;
 While he pronounc'd his dreadful law,
 And struck the chosen tribes with awe.

- 3 How bright the triumph none can tell,
 When the rebellious pow'rs of hell,
 • That countless souls had captive made,
 Were all in chains like captives led.
- 4 Rais'd by his father to the throne,
 He sent the promis'd Spirit down,
 With gifts and grace for rebel-men,
 That God might dwell on earth again

VENI CREATOR.

HYMN XVII. (L. M.)

- 1 **C**OME, Holy Ghost ; Creator come,
 And visit all the souls of thine ;
 Thou hast inspir'd our hearts with life ;
 Inspire them now with life divine.
- 2 Thou art the Comforter, the gift
 Of God most high ; the fire of love ;
 The everlasting spring of joy,
 And holy unction from above.
- 3 Thy gifts are manifold ; thou writ'st
 God's laws in ev'ry faithful heart :
 The promise of the father, thou
 Dost heav'nly eloquence impart.
- 4 Enlighten our dark souls, till they
 Thy love, thy heav'nly love embrace ;
 And since we are by nature frail,
 Assist us with thy saving grace.
- 5 Drive far from us the mortal foe,
 And grant us to have peace within,
 That with thy light and guidance blest,
 We may escape the snares of sin.
- 6 Teach us the father to confess,
 And son who from the grave reviv'd ;
 And, with the father and the son,
 Thee, Holy Ghost, from both deriv'd.

7 With thee, O Father, therefore may
 Thy son, who was from death restor'd,
 And sacred Comforter, one God,
 To endless ages be ador'd.

VENI CREATOR.

HYMN XVIII. (C. M.)

- 1 **C**OME, Holy Ghost! Creator, come,
 Inspire the souls of thine;
 'Till every heart, which thou hast made,
 Is fill'd with grace divine.
- 2 Thou art the Comforter, the gift
 Of God, and fire of love,
 The everlasting spring of joy,
 And unction from above.
- 3 Thy gifts are manifold; thou writ'st
 God's laws in each true heart,
 The promise of the Father, thou
 Dost heav'nly speech impart.
- 4 Enlighten our dark souls, till they
 Thy sacred love embrace;
 Assist our minds, by nature frail,
 With thy celestial grace.
- 5 Drive far from us the mortal foe,
 And give us peace within,
 That by thy guidance blest, we may
 Escape the snares of sin.
- 6 Teach us the Father to confess,
 And son from death reviv'd;
 And with them both, thee, Holy Ghost,
 Who art from both deriv'd.
- 7 With thee, O Father, therefore, may
 The son from death restor'd,
 And sacred Comforter, one God,
 Devoutly be ador'd;

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

HYMN XIX. (C. M.)

- 1 **T**HE Saviour, what a noble flame
 Was kindled in his breast,
 When, hasting to Jerusalem,
 He march'd before the rest !
- 2 Good will to men, and zeal for God,
 His ev'ry thought engross ;
 He longs to be baptiz'd with blood,
 He pants to reach the cross.
- 3 With all his suff'rings full in view,
 And woes to us unknown,
 Forth to the task his spirit flew,
 'Twas love that urg'd him on.
- 4 Lord, we return thee what we can !
 Our hearts shall sound abroad,
 Salvation to the dying man,
 And to the rising God.
- 5 And while thy bleeding glories here
 Engage our wond'ring eyes,
 We learn our lighter cross to bear,
 And hasten to the skies.

HYMN XX. (L. M.)

- 1 **I**T WAS on that night when doom'd to know
 The eager rage of every foe,
 That night on which he was betray'd,
 The Saviour of the world took bread.
- 2 And after thanks and glory given
 To him that rules in earth and heav'n
 That symbol of his flesh he broke,
 And thus to all his followers spoke :

- 3 My broken body thus I give
 For you, my friends, take, eat and live ;
 And oft the sacred rite renew,
 That brings my wondrous love to view.
- 4 Then in his hands the cup he rais'd,
 And God anew he thank'd and prais'd ;
 While kindness in his bosom glow'd,
 And from his lips salvation flow'd.
- 5 My blood I thus pour forth, he cries,
 To cleanse the soul in sin that lies ;
 In this the covenant is seal'd,
 And heav'n's eternal grace reveal'd.
- 6 With love to man this cup is fraught,
 Let Saints partake the sacred draught ;
 Through latest ages let it pour
 In mem'ry of my dying hour.

HYMN XXI. (L. M.)

- 1 **M**Y 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.
- 2 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 !
- 3 Why are its dainties all in vain,
 Before unwilling hearts display'd ?
 Was not for you the victim slain,
 Are you forbid the children's bread ?
- 4 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 !

- 5 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.
- 6 Revive thy dying churches, Lord,
 And bid our drooping graces live ;
 And more, that energy afford,
 A Saviour's blood alone can give.

HYMN XXII. (C. M.)

- 1 **T**HOU God, all glory, honour, pow'r,
 Art worthy to receive ;
 Since all things by thy pow'r were made,
 And by thy bounty live.
- 2 And worthy is the Lamb, all pow'r,
 Honour and wealth, to gain,
 Glory and strength : who for our sins
 A sacrifice was slain.
- 3 All worthy thou who hast redeem'd
 And ransom'd us to God,
 From ev'ry nation, ev'ry coast,
 By thy most precious blood.
- 4 Blessing and honour, glory, pow'r,
 By all in earth and heav'n,
 To him that sits upon the throne,
 And to the Lamb be giv'n.

HYMN XXIII. (C. M.)

- 1 **A**LL ye who faithful servants are
 Of our Almighty King,
 Both high and low, and small and great,
 His praise devoutly sing.
- 2 Let us rejoice and render thanks
 To his most holy name ;
 Rejoice, rejoice, for now is come,
 The marriage of the Lamb.

- 3 His bride herself has ready made,
 How pure and white her dress!
 Which is her saints' integrity,
 And spotless holiness.
- 4 O therefore bless'd is every one,
 Who to the marriage feast,
 And holy supper of the Lamb,
 Is call'd a welcome guest!

HYMN XXIV. (C. M.)

- 1 **T**HO God be glory, peace on earth,
 To all mankind good will!
 We bless, we praise, we worship thee,
 And magnify thee still.
- 2 And thanks for thy great glory give,
 That fills our souls with light;
 O Lord! God! heav'nly King! the God
 And Father of all might.
- 3 And thou, begotten son of God,
 Before all time begun;
 O Jesu Christ! God! Lamb of God!
 The Father's only Son!
- 4 Have mercy, thou, that tak'st the sins
 Of all the world away!
 Have mercy, Saviour of mankind,
 And hear us when we pray!
- 5 O! thou who sitt'st at God's right hand,
 Upon the Father's throne,
 Have mercy on us, thou, O Christ,
 Who art the Holy one!
- 6 Thou, Lord—who with the Holy Ghost,
 Whom earth and heav'n adore,
 In glory of the Father art
 Most high for evermore.

TE DEUM LAUDAMUS.

HYMN XXV. (C. M.)

- 1 **O** GOD, we praise thee and confess
That thou, the only Lord
And everlasting Father, art
By all the earth ador'd.
- 2 To thee all angels cry aloud ;
To thee the pow'rs on high,
Both cherubim and seraphim,
Continually do cry.
- 3 O holy, holy, holy Lord,
Whom heav'nly hosts obey,
The world is with the glory fill'd
Of thy majestic ray.
- 4 The apostles' glorious company,
And prophets crown'd with light,
With all the martyrs' noble host,
Thy constant praise recite.
- 5 The holy church throughout the world,
O Lord, confesses thee,
That thou eternal Father art,
Of boundless majesty.
- 1 Thy honour'd, true, and only Son,
And Holy Ghost, the spring
Of never-ceasing joy : O Christ !
Of glory, thou art King.

2d PART. (C. M.)

- 1 **T**HE Father's everlasting Son,
Thou from on high didst come
To save mankind, and didst not then
Disdain the Virgin's womb.
- 2 And having overcome the sting
Of death, thou open'dst wide
The gates of heav'n to all, who firm
In thy belief abide.

- 3 Crown'd with the Father's glory, thou
 At God's right hand dost sit ;
 Whence thou shalt come to be our Judge,
 To sentence or acquit.
- 4 O therefore save thy servants, Lord,
 Whose souls so dearly cost ;
 Nor let the purchase of thy blood,
 Thy precious blood, be lost.

3d PART. (C. M.)

- 1 **W**E magnify thee day by day,
 And ever worship thee :
 Vouchsafe to keep us, Lord, this day
 From sin and danger free.
- 2 Have mercy, mercy on us, Lord,
 To us thy grace extend,
 According as for mercy we
 On thee alone depend !
- 3 In thee I have repos'd my trust,
 And ever shall do so ;
 Preserve me then from ruin here,
 And from eternal woe.

HYMN XXVI. (C. M.)

- 1 **H**OW large the promise, how divine,
 To Abrah'm and his seed !
 "I'll be a God to thee and thine,
 "Supplying all their need."
- 2 The words of thy extensive love
 From age to age endure ;
 The angel of the cov'nant proyes
 And seals the blessings sure.
- 3 Jesus the ancient faith confirms,
 To our great fathers given ;
 He takes young children in his arms,
 And calls them heirs of heav'n.

- 4 Our God! how faithful are his ways!
 His love endures the same;
 Nor from the promise of his grace,
 Blots out the children's name.

HYMN XXVII. (C. M.)

- 1 **S**EE, Israel's gentle shepherd stand,
 With all engaging charms;
 Hark, how he calls the tender lambs,
 And takes them in his arms!
- 2 "Permit them to approach," he cries,
 "Nor scorn their humble name;
 "It was to bless such souls as these,
 "The Lord of angels came."
- 3 We bring them, Lord, with grateful hearts,
 And yield them up to thee;
 Rejoic'd that we ourselves are thine,
 Thine let our offspring be.
- 4 Ye little flock, with pleasure hear;
 Ye children, seek his face,
 And fly with transport to receive
 The blessings of his grace.
- 5 If orphans they are left behind,
 Thy guardian care we trust;
 That thought shall heal our bleeding hearts,
 When weeping o'er their dust.

HYMN XXVIII. (C. M.)

- 1 **O** GOD of Bethel, by whose hand
 Thy people still are fed;
 Who through this weary pilgrimage
 Hast all our fathers led:
- 2 Our vows, our pray'rs we now present
 Before thy throne of grace:
 God of our fathers! be the God
 Of their succeeding race.

- 3 Through each perplexing path of life
 Our wand'ring footsteps guide ;
 Give us each day our daily bread,
 And raiment fit provide.
- 4 O ! spread thy cov'ring wings around,
 'Till all our wand'rings cease,
 And at our Father's lov'd abode
 Our souls arrive in peace.
- 5 Such blessings from thy gracious hand
 Our humble pray'rs implore ;
 And thou shalt be our chosen God,
 And portion evermore.

HYMN XXIX. (P. L. M.)

- 1 **I**'LL praise my Maker with my breath,
 And when my voice is lost in death,
 Praise shall employ my nobler pow'rs ;
 My days of praise shall ne'er be past,
 While life and thought and being last,
 Or immortality endures.
- 2 Why should I make a man my trust ?
 Princes must die and turn to dust ;
 Vain is the help of flesh and blood ;
 Their breath departs, their pomp and pow'r
 And thoughts all vanish in an hour,
 Nor can they make their promise good.
- 3 Happy the man whose hopes rely
 On Israel's God, who made the sky
 And earth and seas, with all their train ;
 His truth for ever stands secure ;
 He saves th' oppress'd, he feeds the poor,
 And none shall find his promise vain.

- 4 The Lord hath eyes to give the blind ;
 The Lord supports the sinking mind ;
 He sends the lab'ring conscience peace ;
 He helps the stranger in distress,
 The widow and the fatherless,
 Ane grants the pris'ner sweet release.
- 5 He loves his saints, he knows them well ;
 His love their joyful lips shall tell :
 Thy God, O Zion, ever reigns :
 Let ev'ry tongue, let ev'ry age,
 In this delightful work engage ;
 Praise him in everlasting strains.

HYMN. XXX. (C. M.)

- 1 **L** O ! what a glorious sight appears
 To our believing eyes !
 The earth and seas are past away,
 And the old rolling skies !
- 2 From the third heav'n, where God resides,
 That holy, happy place,
 The new Jerusalem comes down,
 Adorn'd with shining grace.
- 3 Attending angels shout for joy,
 And the bright armies sing :
 " Mortals, behold the sacred seat
 " Of your descending King.
- 4 " The God of glory down to men
 " Removes his blest abode ;
 " Men are the objects of his love,
 " And he their gracious God.
- 5 " His tender hand shall wipe the tears
 " From ev'ry weeping eye ;
 " And pains and groans, and griefs and fears,
 " And death itself shall die."

- 6 How bright the vision ! but how long
 Shall this glad hour delay !
 Fly swiftly round ye wheels of time,
 And bring the welcome day.

HYMN XXXI. (C. M.)

- 1 **H**OW still and peaceful is the grave !
 Where life's vain tumults past,
 Th' appointed house by Heav'n's decree,
 Receives us all at last.
- 2 The wicked there from troubling cease ;
 Their passions rage no more ;
 And there the weary pilgrim rests
 From all the toils he bore.
- 3 There rest the pris'ners, now releas'd
 From slav'ry's sad abode :
 No more they hear th' oppressor's voice,
 Or dread the tyrant's rod.
- 4 There servants, masters, small and great,
 Partake the same repose ;
 And there in peace, the ashes mix
 Of those who once were foes.
- 5 All levell'd by the hand of death,
 Lie sleeping in the tomb ;
 Till God in judgment call them forth
 To meet their final doom.
- 6 O may we stand before the Lamb,
 When earth and seas are fled,
 And hear the Judge pronounce our name,
 With blessings on our head !

HYMN XXXII. (L. M.)

- 1 **B**EHOLD the path that mortals tread
 Down to the regions of the dead !
 Nor will the fleeting moments stay,
 Nor can we measure back our way.

- 2 Our kindred and our friends are gone :
 Know, O my soul, this doom thy own ;
 Feeble as theirs my mortal frame ;
 The same my way, my house the same.
- 3 From vital air, from cheerful light,
 To the cold grave's perpetual night,
 From scenes of duty, means of grace,
 Must I to God's tribunal pass ?
- 4 Important journey ! awful view !
 How great the change, the scenes how new !
 The golden gates of heav'n display'd,
 Or hell's fierce flames and gloomy shade !
- 5 Awake, my soul, thy way prepare,
 And lose in this each mortal care ;
 With steady feet that path be trod,
 Which through the grave conducts to God.

HYMN XXXIII. (S. M.)

- 1 **A**ND must this body die ?
 This mortal frame decay ?
 And must these active limbs of mine
 Lie mould'ring in the clay ?
- 2 What though corruption's worm,
 Devour this mould'ring flesh,
 Soon my triumphant spirit comes
 To put it on afresh.
- 3 God, my redeemer, lives,
 He knows his people's dust :
 He'll raise it up a purer frame ;
 His promise is my trust.
- 4 Array'd in glorious grace
 Shall these vile bodies shine,
 And ev'ry shape and ev'ry face,
 Look heav'nly and divine.

- 5 These lively hopes we owe
 To Jesus' dying love ;
 We would adore his grace below,
 And sing his pow'r above.
- 6 Dear Lord, accept the praise
 Of these our humble songs,
 'Till tunes of nobler sound we raise
 With our immortal tongues.

HYMN XXXIV. (C. M.)

- 1 **H**ARK ! from the tombs, a doleful sound,
 My ears attend the 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 prepar'd 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 XXXV. (C. M.)

- 1 **H**EAR, 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."
- 2 Then, why lament departed friends,
 Or shake at death's alarms ?
 Death's but the servant Jesus sends
 To call us to his arms.

- 5 If sin be pardon'd, we're secure,
 Death hath no sting beside ;
 The Law gave sin both strength and pow'r ;
 But Christ our ransom died !
- 4 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 !
- 3 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 ?"

HYMN XXXVI. (L. M.)

- 1 **W**HY 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 O ! if my Lord would come and meet,
 My soul should stretch its wings in haste,
 Fly fearless through death's gloomy gate,
 Nor feel the terrors as it 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 XXXVII. (P. M.)

Or Psalm 84.

1 **L**ORD of the worlds above,
 How pleasant and how fair,
 The dwellings of thy love,
 Thine earthly temples are!
 To thine abode
 My heart aspires,
 With warm desires.
 To see my God.

2 O happy souls that 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.

3 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!
 There God our King
 Shall safely bring
 Our willing feet.

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

5 God is our Sun and shield,
 Our light and our defence ;
 With gifts his hands are fill'd,
 We have our blessings thence :
 He shall bestow
 On Jacob's race
 His saving grace
 And glory too.

HYMN XXXVIII. (P. M.)

Or Psalm 121.

1. **T**HU God I lift mine eyes,
 From whom is all my aid ;
 The God who built the skies,
 And earth's foundation laid.
 God is the tow'r
 To which I fly ;
 His grace is nigh
 In ev'ry hour.

2 My feet shall never slide,
 Nor fall in fatal snares,
 Since God, my guard and guide,
 Defends me from my fears.
 Those wakeful eyes
 Which never sleep,
 Shall Israel keep,
 When dangers rise.

3 No burning heat by day,
 Nor blast 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 promis'd, Lord,
 To save my soul from death?
 And I can trust thy word,
 To keep my mortal breath.
 I'll go and come,
 Nor fear to die,
 'Till from on high
 Thou call me home.

HYMN XXXIX. (C. M.)

Or Psalm 122.

- 1 **H**OW 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 kindred dwell,
 There God my Saviour reigns.

HYMN XL. (C. M.)

- 1 **R**ISE, rise, my soul, and leave the ground;
Stretch all thy thoughts abroad;
And rouse up ev'ry tuneful sound
To praise th' 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 XLI. (C. M.)

- 1 **W**HEN all thy mercies, O my God,
My rising soul surveys,
Transported with the view, I'm lost
In wonder, love and praise!
- 2 O how shall words with equal warmth
The gratitude declare,
That glows within my ravish'd heart!
But thou canst read it there.

- 3 Thy Providence my life sustain'd,
 And all my wants redrest,
 When in the silent womb I lay,
 And hung upon the breast.
- 4 To all my weak complaints and cries
 Thy mercy lent an ear,
 Ere yet my feeble thoughts had learn'd,
 To form themselves in pray'r.
- 5 Unnumber'd comforts to my soul
 Thy tender care bestow'd,
 Before my infant heart conceiv'd,
 From whom those comforts flow'd.
- 6 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.
- 7 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.
- 8 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.
- 9 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.
- 10 Ten thousand thousand precious gifts
 My daily thanks employ,
 Nor is the least a cheerful heart,
 That tastes those gifts with joy.

- 11 Through ev'ry period of my life,
 Thy goodness I'll proclaim ;
 And after death, in distant worlds
 Resume the glorious theme.
- 12 When nature fails, and day and night,
 Divide thy works no more,
 My ever grateful heart, O Lord,
 Thy mercy shall adore.
- 13 Through all eternity, to thee
 A joyful song I'll raise ;
 For, Oh ! eternity's too short
 To utter all thy praise.

HYMN XLII. (P. M.)

- 1 **P**ARENT of good ! thy works of might
 I trace with wonder and delight,
 In them thy glories shine ;
 There's nought in earth, or sea, or air,
 Or heav'n itself, that's good or fair,
 But what is wholly thine.
- 2 The riches of thy matchless grace,
 Display'd in the Redeemer's face,
 Still more attract my mind ;
 Here wisdom, love, and mercy meet,
 In all their dignity complete,
 With truth and justice join'd.
- 3 Thy glories here immensely rise,
 They strike my soul with sweet surprise,
 And heav'nly pleasure yield ;
 An ocean vast without a bound,
 Where ev'ry noble wish is drown'd,
 And ev'ry want is fill'd.
- 4 Thy love is my unfailing store,
 Thy light in darkness I implore,
 To set my heart at rest ;

Were I depriv'd of all below,
 And thou thy gracious smile bestow,
 I should be richly blest.

5 This all my gloomy path shall cheer,
 And banish ev'ry painful fear
 That can my soul invade :
 Should earth and hell against me join,
 The beamings of thy love divine
 Would give me sov'reign aid.

6 What shall I do to spread thy praise,
 My God, through my remaining days,
 Or how thy name adore ?
 To thee I consecrate my breath ;
 May I be thine in life and death,
 And thine for evermore.

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

HYMN XLIII. (C. M.)

1 **A** WAKE, my soul, stretch ev'ry nerve,
 And press with vigour on ;
 A heav'nly race demands thy zeal,
 And an immortal crown.

2 'Tis God's all-animating voice
 That calls thee from on high ;
 'Tis his own hand presents the prize,
 To thine aspiring eye.

3 A cloud of witnesses around
 Hold thee in full survey :
 Forget the steps already trod,
 And onward urge thy way.

- 4 Bless'd Saviour, introduc'd by thee,
 Have we our race begun ;
 And, crown'd with vict'ry, at thy feet,
 We lay our laurels down.

HYMN XLIV. (L. M.)

- 1 **A** WAKE, my soul, and with the Sun,
 Thy daily course of duty run ;
 Shake off dull sloth, and early rise,
 To pay thy morning sacrifice.
- 2 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.
- 3 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.
- 4 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.
- 5 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.

HYMN XLV. (L. M.)

- 1 **G** LORY 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.
- 2 Forgive me, Lord, for thy dear Son,
 The ills that I this day have done ;
 That, with the world, myself and thee,
 I, ere I sleep, at peace may be.

- 3 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 Judgment day.
- 4 O may my soul on thee repose,
And with sweet sleep my eye-lids close ;
Sleep that may me more active make,
To serve my God when I awake.
- 5 When in the night I sleepless lie,
My soul with heav'nly thoughts supply :
Let no ill dreams disturb my rest,
No pow'rs of darkness me molest.

HYMN XLVI. (L. M.)

Dedicatory Ode.

- 1 **W**ITH joyful hearts and tuneful song,
Let us approach the mighty Lord,
Proclaim his honours with our tongue,
And sound his wondrous truth abroad !
- 2 His glorious name on golden lyres,
Strike all the tuneful choirs above ;
And boundless nature's realms conspire,
To celebrate his matchless love.
- 3 In temples sacred to his name.
His saints assemble round his board.
Raise their hosannahs to the Lamb,
And taste the supper of the Lord.
- 4 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.
- 5 O King of saints, O triune God,
Bow the high heav'ns and lend thine ear ;
O make this house thy fix'd abode,
And let the heav'nly dove rest here,

6 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.

GLORIA PATRI.

C. M.

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

S. M.

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

L. M.

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

As Psalm 148.

To God the Father, Son,
 And Spirit ever bless'd,
 Eternal three in one
 All worship be address'd ;
 As heretofore
 It was, is now,
 And shall be so
 For evermore.

As Psalm 149.

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.

As Hymns 7th and 14th.

Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
 One in three, and three in one ;
 As by the celestial Hosts,
 Let thy will on earth be done.

Praise by all to thee be giv'n,
 Glorious Lord of earth and heav'n ;
 Men on earth, and Saints above,
 Sing thine everlasting love.

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APPENDIX.

Hymns adapted for Private Devotion.

THE LAMENTATION OF A SINNER.

- 1 **O** LORD, turn not thy face from me,
Who lie in woful state,
Lamenting all my sinful life
Before thy mercy-gate ;
- 2 A gate which opens wide to those -
That do lament their sin :
Shut not that gate against me, Lord,
But let me enter in.
- 3 And call me not to strict account,
How I have sojourn'd here ;
For then my guilty conscience knows
How vile I shall appear.
- 4 I need not to confess my life
To thee, who best canst tell
What I have been, and what I am ;
I know thou know'st it well.
- 5 The circumstances of my crimes,
Their number and their kind,
Thou know'st them all ; and more, much more
Than I can call to mind :
- 6 Therefore, with tears, I come to beg
Of my offended God
For pardon, like a child that dreads
His angry parent's rod.

- 7 So come I to thy mercy-gate,
Where mercy doth abound,
Imploring pardon for my sin,
To heal my deadly wound.
- 8 O Lord, I need not to repeat
The comfort I would have :
Thou know'st, O Lord, before I ask,
The blessing I do crave.
- 9 Mercy, good Lord, mercy I ask,
This is the total sum ;
For mercy, Lord, is all my suit ;
Lord, let thy mercy come !

HYMN II.—2 Tim. I. 12.

- 1 I'M not ashamed to own my Lord,
Or to defend his cause,
Maintain the glory of his cross,
And honour all his Laws.
- 2 Jesus, my Lord, I know his name,
His name is all my boast ;
Nor will he put my soul to shame,
Nor let my hope be lost.
- 3 I know that safe with him remains,
Protected by his pow'r,
What I've committed to his trust,
'Till the decisive hour.
- 4 Then will he own his servant's name
Before his Father's face,
And in the new Jerusalem
Appoint my soul a place.

HYMN III.

- 1 **W**HEN rising from the bed of death,
O'erwhelm'd with guilt and fear,
I see my Maker, face to face,
O how shall I appear !

- 2 If yet while pardon may be found,
 And mercy may be sought,
 My heart with inward horror shrinks,
 And trembles at the thought ;
- 3 When thou, O Lord ! shalt stand disclos'd
 In majesty severe,
 And sit in judgment on my soul,
 O how shall I appear !
- 4 But thou hast told the troubled soul,
 Who doth her sins lament,
 That timely grief for errors past
 Shall future woe prevent.
- 5 Then see the sorrows of my heart,
 Ere yet it be too late ;
 And hear my Saviour's dying groans,
 To give those sorrows weight.
- 6 For never shall my soul despair
 Of mercy at thy throne,
 Who knows thine only son has died
 Thy justice to atone.

HYMN IV.—CANT. I. 3.

- 1 **H**OW sweet the name of Jesus sounds
 In a believer's ear !
 It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds,
 And drives away his fear.
- 2 It makes the wounded spirit whole,
 And calms the troubled breast ;
 'Tis manna to the hungry soul,
 And to the weary rest.
- 3 Dear name ! the rock on which I build,
 My shield and hiding-place ;
 My never-failing treas'ry fill'd
 With boundless stores of grace.

- 4 By thee my pray'rs-acceptance gain,
 Although with sin defil'd ;
 Satan accuses me in vain,
 Yet I am own'd a child.
- 5 Jesus ! my Shepherd, husband, friend,
 My Prophet, Priest and King ;
 My Lord, my life, my way, my end,
 Accept the praise I bring.
- 6 Weak is the effort of my heart,
 And cold my warmest thought ;
 But when I see thee as thou art,
 I'll praise thee as I ought.
- 7 'Till then I would thy love proclaim
 With ev'ry fleeting breath ;
 And may the music of thy name
 Refresh my soul in death.

HYMN V.

- 1 **T**HE hour of my departure's come ;
 I hear the voice that calls me home,
 At last, O Lord ! let trouble cease,
 And let thy servant die in peace.

The race appointed I have run ;
 The combat's o'er, the prize is won,
 And now my witness is on high,
 And now my record's in the sky.

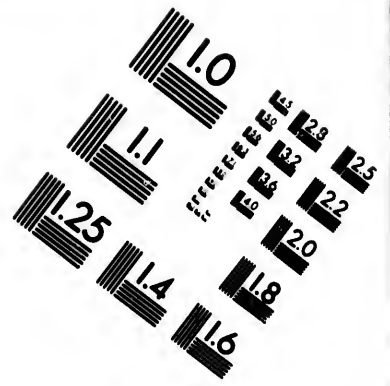
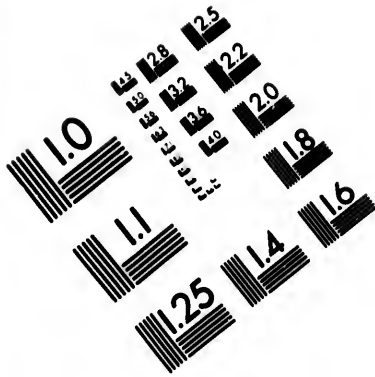
- 3 Not in mine innocence I trust ;
 I bow before thee in the dust ;
 And through my Saviour's blood alone
 I look for mercy at thy throne.
- 4 I leave the world without a tear,
 Save for the friends I held so dear ;
 To heal their sorrows, Lord, descend,
 And to the friendless, prove a friend.

- 5 I come, I come, at thy command,
I give my spirit to thy hand ;
Stretch forth thine everlasting arms,
And shield me in the last alarms.
- 6 The hour of my departure's come ;
I hear the voice that calls me home ;
Now, O my God ! let trouble cease,
Now let thy servant die in peace.

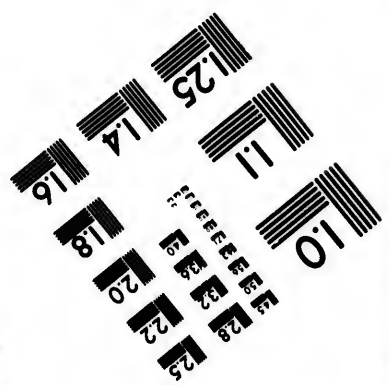
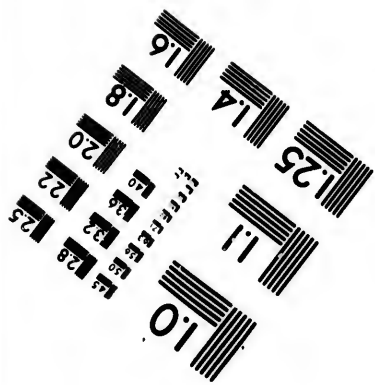
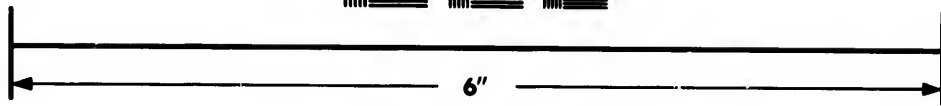
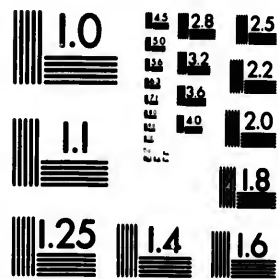
HYMN, VI.—PHILIP II. 6-12.

- 1 **Y**E who the name of Jesus bear,
His sacred steps pursue ;
And let that mind which was in him
Be also found in you.
- 2 Though in the form of God he was,
His only son declar'd,
Nor to be equally ador'd
As robb'ry did regard ;
- 3 His greatness he for us abas'd,
For us his glory veil'd ;
In human likeness dwelt on earth,
His Majesty conceal'd :
- 4 Nor only as a man appears,
But stoops a servant low ;
Submits to death, nay, bears the cross,
In all its shame and woe.
- 5 Hence God this gen'rous love to men—
With honours just hath crown'd,
And rais'd the name of Jesus far
Above all names renown'd :
- 6 That at this name, with sacred awe,
Each humble knee should bow,
Of hosts immortal in the skies,
And nations spread below.





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- 7 That all the prostrate pow'rs of hell
 Might tremble at his word,
 And ev'ry tribe, and ev'ry tongue,
 Confess that he is Lord.

HYMN VII.—1 THESS. IV. 13. TO THE END.

- 1 **T**AKE comfort, Christians, when your friends
 In Jesus fall asleep ;
 Their better being never ends,
 Why then dejected weep ?
2. Why inconsolable, as those
 To whom no hope is giv'n ?
 Death is the messenger of peace,
 And calls the soul to heav'n.
3. As Jesus died, and rose again
 Victorious from the dead ;
 So his disciples rise, and reign
 With their triumphant head.
- 4 The time draws nigh, when from the clouds
 Christ shall with shouts descend,
 And the last trumpet's awful voice
 The heav'ns and earth shall rend.
- 5 Then they who live shall changed be,
 And they who sleep shall wake ;
 The graves shall yield their ancient charge,
 And earth's foundations shake.
- 6 The saints of God, from death set free,
 With joy shall mount on high ;
 The heav'nly hosts, with praises loud,
 Shall meet them in the sky.
- 7 Together to their Father's house
 With joyful hearts they go ;
 And dwell for ever with the Lord,
 Beyond the reach of woe.

8 A few short years of evil past,
 We reach the happy shore,
 Where death-divided friends, at last,
 Shall meet to part no more.

HYMN VIII.—1 CORIN. XV. 52. TO THE END.

- 1 **W**HEN the last trumpet's awful voice
 This rending earth shall shake,
 When op'ning graves shall yield their charge,
 And dust to life awake ;
- 2 Those bodies that corrupted fell
 Shall incorrupted rise,
 And mortal forms shall spring to life
 Immortal in the skies.
- 3 Behold what heav'nly prophets sung
 Is now at last fulfill'd,
 That Death should yield his ancient reign,
 And, vanquish'd, quit the field.
- 4 Let faith exalt her joyful voice,
 And thus begin to sing ;
 O Grave ! where is thy triumph now ?
 And where, O Death ! thy sting ?
- 5 Thy sting was sin, and conscious guilt,
 'Twas this that arm'd thy dart ;
 The Law gave sin its strength and force
 To pierce the sinner's heart :
- 6 But God, whose name be ever bless'd !
 Disarms that foe we dread,
 And makes us conqu'rors when we die,
 Through Christ our living head.
- 7 Then steadfast let us still remain,
 Though dangers rise around,
 And in the work prescrib'd by God
 Yet more and more abound ;

3 Assur'd that though we labour now,
 We labour not in vain,
 But through the grace of heav'n's great Lord,
 Th' eternal crown shall gain.

To God, our benefactor, bring
 The tribute of your praise ;
 Too small for an Almighty King,
 But all that we can raise.

Glory to thee, bless'd Three in One,
 The God whom we adore ;
 As was, and is, and shall be done ;
 When time shall be no more.



A PRAYER AT OUR FIRST ENTRANCE INTO THE CHURCH.

LORD, I am now in thine House : assist, I pray thee,
 and accept of my services. Enable me, and all who
 shall this day meet in thy name, to worship thee in spirit
 and in truth. Let thy Holy Spirit help our infirmities,
 and dispose our hearts to seriousness, attention and devo-
 tion ; and grant that we may improve this opportunity to
 the honour of thy Holy Name, and the benefit of our souls,
 through Jesus Christ, our Lord. *Amen.*

A PRAYER AT CHURCH AFTER THE SERVICE IS ENDED.

BLESSED be thy name, O Lord, for this opportunity
 of attending thee in thy House and service. Grant
 that I, and all that profess thy name, may be doers of thy
 word, and not hearers only. Pardon our wanderings and
 imperfections ; and accept both us and our services, through
 our only Mediator, Jesus Christ. *Amen.*



ERRATA

PAGE. PSALM. VERSE. LINE.

5	4	6	2	for prosperous, <i>read</i> prosp'rous.
6	6	4	3	— wonderous; — wond'rous.
10	15	7	1	— his, — this.
43	139	2	4	— words, — words'.
49	1	6	1	— hosannah's — hosannahs.
50	2	4	2	— words, — worlds.
53	6	1	1	— aim, — arm.
70	29	4	6	— Ane, — And.
73	34	3	4	— prepar'd — prepare.
83	46	5	1	— triuned, — triune.

