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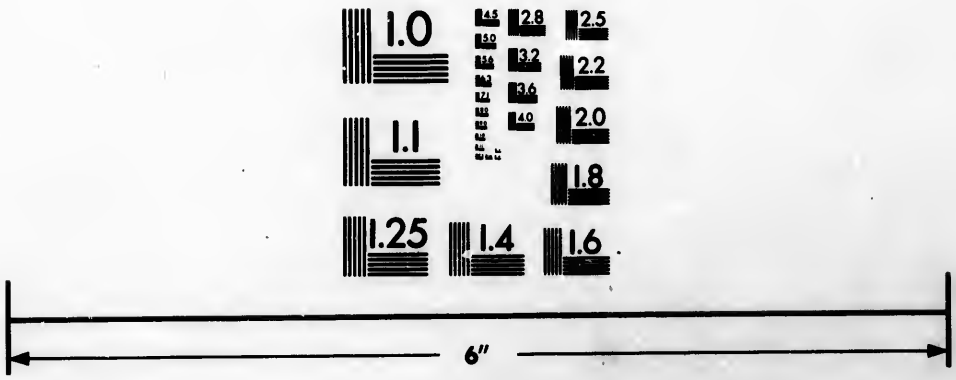

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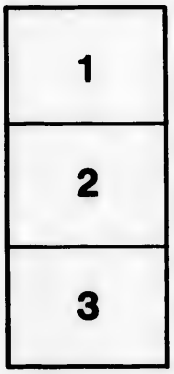

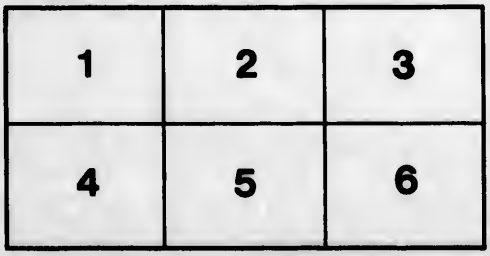

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TRANSLATIONS

AND

PARAPHRASES,

IN VERSE,

OF SEVERAL PASSAGES OF

Sacred Scripture.

COLLECTED AND PREPARED

By a Committee of the GENERAL ASSEMBLY of the Church of SCOTLAND, in Order to be sung in Churches.

HALIFAX:
RE-PRINTED BY JOHN HOWE, CORNER OF BARRINGTON AND SACKVILLE STREETS.
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TRANSLATIONS and PARAPHRASES,

IN VERSE,

OF SEVERAL PASSAGES OF

SACRED SCRIPTURE.

I. GENESIS i.

1 LET heav'n arise, let earth appear,
said the Almighty Lord:
The heav'n arose, the earth appear'd,
at his creating word.

2 Thick darkness brooded o'er the deep:
God said, "Let there be light;"
The light shone forth with smiling ray,
and scatter'd ancient night.

3 He bade the clouds ascend on high;
the clouds ascend and bear
A wat'ry treasure to the sky,
and float upon the air.

4 The liquid element below
was gather'd by his hand;
The rolling seas together flow,
and leave the solid land.

5 With herbs, and plants, and fruitful trees,
the new-form'd globe he crown'd,

Ere there was rain to bliſs the ſoil,
or ſun to warm the ground.

6 Then high in heav'n's reſplendent arch
he plac'd two orbs of light;
He ſet the ſun to rule the day,
the moon to rule the night.

7 Next, from the deep, th' Almighty King
did vital beings frame;
Fowls of the air, of ev'ry wing,
and fiſh of ev'ry name.

8 To all the various brutal tribes
he gave their wond'rous birth;
At once the lion and the worm
ſprung from the teeming earth.

9 Then, chief o'er all his works below,
at laſt was Adam made;
His Maker's image bleſs'd his ſoul,
and glory crown'd his head.

10 Fair in th' Almighty Maker's eye
the whole creation ſtood.
He view'd the fabric he had rais'd;
His word pronounc'd it good.

II. GENESIS xxviii. 20,—22.

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

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 ſoul's 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.

III. Job i. 21.

1 NAKED as from the earth we came,
and enter'd life at firſt;
Naked we to the earth return,
and mix with kindred duſt.

2 Whate'er we fondly call our own
belongs to heav'n's great Lord;
The bleſſings lent us for a day
are ſoon to be reſtor'd.

3 'Tis God that lifts our comforts high,
or ſinks them in the grave:
He gives; and when he takes away,
he takes but what he gave.

4 Then, ever bleſſed be his name!
his goodneſs ſwell'd our ſtore;
His juſtice but reſumes its own;
'tis ours ſtill to adore.

IV. Job iii. 17—20.

1 HOW ſtill and peaceful is the grave,
where life's vain tumults pa[illegible]
The appointed houſe by Heav'n's d[illegible]
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.

V. Job v. 6,--12.

1 THO' trouble ſprings not from the duſt,
nor ſorrow from the ground ;
Yet ills on ills, by Heav'n's decree,
in man's eſtate are found.

2 As ſparks in cloſe ſucceſſion riſe,
ſo man, the child of woe,
Is doom'd to endleſs cares and toils
through all his life below.

3 But with my God I leave my cauſe ;
from him I ſeek relief ;
To him, in confidence of pray'r,
unboſom all my grief.

4 Unnumber'd are his wond'rous works,
unſearchable his ways ;
'Tis his the mourning [illegible] to chear,
the bowed down to raiſe.

VI.

VI. Job viii. 11,—22.

1 THE rush may rise where waters flow,
and flags beside the stream;
But soon their verdure fades and dies
before the scorching beam,

2 So is the sinner's hope cut off;
or, if it transient rise,
'Tis like the spiders's airy web,
from ev'ry breath that flies.

3 Fix'd on his house he leans; his house,
and all its props, decay:
He holds it fast; but while he holds,
the tott'ring frame gives way.

4 Fair in his garden to the sun
his boughs with verdure smile;
And, deeply fix'd, his spreading roots
unshaken stand awhile.

5 But forth the sentence flies from Heav'n,
that sweeps him from his place;
Which then denies him for its lord,
nor owns it knew his face.

6 Lo! this the joy of wicked men,
who Heav'n's high laws despise;
They quickly fall; and in their room
as quickly others rise.

7 But, for the just, with gracious care
God will his power employ;
He'll teach their lips to sing his praise,
and fill their hearts with joy.

VII. Job ix. 2,—10.

1 HOW should the sons of Adam's race
be pure before their God?

If he contends in right'ousness,
we sink beneath his rod.

2 If he should mark my words and thoughts
with strict inquiring eyes,
Could I for one of thousand faults
the least excuse devise?

3 Strong is his arm, his heart is wise;
who dares with him contend?
Or who, that tries th' unequal strife,
shall prosper in the end?

4 He makes the mountains feel his wrath,
and their own seats forsake;
The trembling earth deserts her place,
and all her pillars shake.

5 He bids the sun forbear to rise:
th' obedient sun forbears:
His hand with sackcloth spreads the skies,
and seals up all the stars.

6 He walks upon the raging sea:
flies on the stormy wind:
None can explore his wond'rous way,
or his dark footsteps find.

VIII. Job xiv. 1,—15.

FEW are thy days, and full of woe,
O man, of woman born!
Thy doom is written, "Dust thou art,
"and shalt to dust return."

Behold the emblem of thy state,
in flow'rs that bloom and die;
Or in the shadow's fleeting form,
that mocks the gazer's eye.

Guilty and frail, how shalt thou stand
before thy Sov'reign Lord?

Can troubled and polluted ſprings
a hallow'd ſtream afford?

4 Determin'd are the days that fly
ſucceſſive o'er thy head;
The number'd hour is on the wing
that lays thee with the dead.

5 Great God! afflict not in thy wrath
the ſhort allotted ſpan,
That bounds the few and weary days
of pilgrimage to man.

6 All nature dies, and lives again:
the flow'r that paints the field,
The trees that crown the mountain's brow,
and boughs and bloſſoms yield,

7 Reſign the honours of their form
at winter's ſtorm̃y blaſt,
And leave the naked leafleſs plain
a deſolated waſte.

8 Yet ſoon reviving plants and flow'rs
anew ſhall deck the plain;
The woods ſhall hear the voice of Spring,
and flouriſh green again.

9 But man forſakes this earthly ſcene,
ah! never to return:
Shall any following Spring revive
the aſhes of the urn?

10 The mighty flood that rolls along
its torrents to the main,
Can ne'er recal its waters loſt
from that abyſs again.

11 So days, and years, and ages paſt,
deſcending down to night,

Can henceforth never more return
back to the gates of light:

12 And man, when laid in lonesome grave,
shall sleep in Death's dark gloom,
Until th' eternal morning wake
the slumbers of the tomb.

13 O may the grave become to me
the bed of peaceful rest,
Whence I shall gladly rise at length,
and mingle with the blest!

14 Chear'd by this hope, with patient mind
I'll wait Heav'n's high decree,
Till the appointed period come
when Death shall set me free.

IX. Job xxvi. 6. to the end.

1 WHO can resist th' Almighty arm
that made the starry sky?
Or who elude the certain glance,
of God's all-seeing eye?

2 From him no cov'ring veils our crimes,
hell opens to his sight;
And all Destruction's secret snares
lie full disclos'd in light.

3 Firm on the boundless void of space
he pois'd the steady pole;
And in the circle of his clouds
bade secret waters roll.

4 While Nature's universal frame
its Maker's pow'r reveals,
His throne, remote from mortal eyes,
an awful cloud conceals.

5 From where the rising day ascends,
to where it sets in night,
He

He compaſſes the floods with bounds,
and checks their threat'ning might.

6 The pillars that ſupport the ſky
tremble at his rebuke;
Thro' all its caverns quakes the earth,
as though its centre ſhook.

7 He brings the waters from their beds,
although no tempeſt blows;
And ſmites the kingdom of the proud
without the hand of foes.

8 With bright inhabitants above
he fills the heav'nly land,
And all the crooked ſerpent's breed
diſmay'd before him ſtand.

9 Few of his works can we ſurvey;
theſe few our ſkill tranſcend;
But the full thunder of his pow'r
what heart can comprehend?

X. Prov. i. 20,—31.

1 IN ſtreets, and op'nings of the gates,
where pours the buſy crowd,
Thus heav'nly Wiſdom lifts her voice,
and cries to men aloud:

2 How long, ye ſcorners of the truth,
ſcornful will ye remain?
How long ſhall fools their folly love,
and hear my words in vain?

3 O turn, at laſt, at my reproof!
and in that happy hour,
His bleſs'd effuſions on your heart
my Spirit down ſhall pour.

4 But ſince ſo long with earneſt voice
to you in vain I call,

Since all my counſels and reproofs
thus ineffectual fall;

5 The time will come, when humbl'd low
in ſorrow's evil day,
Your voice by anguiſh ſhall be taught,
but taught too late to pray.

6 When, like the whirlwind, o'er the deep
comes Deſolation's blaſt,
Pray'rs then extorted ſhall be vain,
the hour of mercy paſt.

7 The choice you made has fix'd your doom;
for this is Heav'n's decree,
That with the fruits of what he ſow'd
the ſinner fill'd ſhall be.

XI. Prov. iii. 13,—17.

1 O HAPPY is the man who hears
Inſtruction's warning voice;
And who celeſtial Wiſdom makes
his early, only choice!

2 For ſhe has treaſures greater far
than eaſt or weſt unfold;
And her rewards more precious are
than all their ſtores of gold.

3 In her right hand ſhe holds to view
a length of happy days;
Riches, with ſplendid honours join'd,
are what her left diſplays.

4 She guides the young with innocence
in pleaſure's paths to tread;
A crown of glory ſhe beſtows
upon the hoary head.

5 According as his labours riſe,
ſo her rewards increaſe;

Her ways are ways of pleasantness,
and all her paths are peace.

XII. Prov. vi. 6,—12.

1 YE indolent and slothful! rise,
View the ant's labours, and be wise.
She has no guide to point her way,
No ruler chiding her delay.

2. Yet see with what incessant cares
She for the winter's storm prepares;
In summer she provides her meat,
And harvest finds her store complete.

3 But when will slothful man arise?
How long shall sleep seal up his eyes?
Sloth more indulgence still demands;
Sloth shuts the eyes, and folds the hands.

4 But mark the end; want shall assail,
When all your strength and vigour fail;
Want, like an armed man, shall rush
The hoary head of age to crush.

XIII. Prov. viii. 22. to the end.

1 KEEP silence, all ye sons of men,
and hear with rev'rence due;
Eternal Wisdom from above
us lifts her voice to you:

2 I was th' Almighty's chief delight,
from everlasting days,
Ere yet his arm was stretched forth
the heav'ns and earth to raise.

3 Before the sea began to flow,
and leave the solid land,
Before the hills and mountains rose,
I dwelt at his right hand.

4 When first he rear'd the arch of heav'n,
and spread the clouds on air,
When first the fountains of the deep
he open'd, I was there.

5 There I was with him when he stretch'd
his compass o'er the deep,
And charg'd the ocean's swelling waves
within their bounds to keep.

With joy I saw th' abode prepar'd
which men were soon to fill;
Them from the first of days I lov'd;
unchang'd, I love them still.

Now therefore hearken to my words,
Ye children! and be wise:
Happy the man that keeps my ways;
the man that shuns them, dies;

Where dubi'us paths perplex the mind,
direction I afford;
Life shall be his that follows me,
and favour from the Lord.

But he who scorns my sacred laws
shall deeply wound his heart;
He courts destruction who contemns
the counsel I impart.

XIV. Eccles. vii. 2,—6.

WHILE others crowd the house of mirth
and haunt the gaudy show,
Let such as would with Wisdom dwell,
frequent the house of woe.

Better to weep with those who weep,
and share in afflicted's smart,
[illegible] with fools in giddy joys,
[illegible] cheat and wound the heart.

3 When virt'ous ſorrow clouds the face,
and tears bedim the eye,
The ſoul is led to ſolemn thought,
and wafted to the ſky.

4 The wiſe in heart reviſit oft
grief's dark ſequeſter'd cell ;
The thoughtleſs, ſtill, with levity
and mirth delight to dwell.

5 The noiſy laughter of the fool
is like the crackling ſound
Of blazing thorns, which quickly fall
in aſhes to the ground.

XV. Eccles. ix. 4, 5, 6, 10.

1 AS long as life its term extends,
Hope's bleſt dominion never ends ;
For while the lamp holds out to burn,
The greateſt ſinner may return.

2 Life is the ſeaſon God hath giv'n
To fly from hell, and riſe to heav'n ;
That day of grace fleets faſt away,
And none its rapid courſe can ſtay.

3 The living know that they muſt die ;
But all the dead forgotten lie ;
Their mem'ry and their name is gone,
Alike unknowing, and unknown.

4 Their hatred and their love is loſt,
Their envy bury'd in the duſt ;
They have no ſhare in all that's done
Beneath the circuit of the ſun.

5 Then what thy thoughts deſign to do,
Still let thy hands with might purſue ;
Since no device nor work is found,
Nor wiſdom, underneath the ground,

6 In the cold grave, to which we haste,
There are no acts of pardon past;
But fix'd the doom of all remains,
And everlasting silence reigns.

XVI. Eccles. xii. 1.

1 IN life's gay morn, when sprightly youth,
with vital ardour glows,
And shines in all the fairest charms
which beauty can disclose;

2 Deep on thy soul, before its pow'rs
are yet by vice enslav'd.
Be thy Creator's glori'us name
and character engrav'd.

3 For soon the shades of grief shall cloud
the sunshine of thy days;
And cares and toils, in endless round,
encompass all thy ways.

4 Soon shall thy heart, the woes of age,
in mournful groans deplore,
And sadly muse on former joys,
that now return no more.

XVII. Isaiah i. 10,—19.

1 RULERS of Sodom! hear the voice
of heav'n's eternal Lord:
Men of Gomorrah! bend your ear
submissive to his word.

2 'Tis thus he speaks: To what intent
are your oblations vain?
Why load my altars with your gifts,
polluted and profane?

3 Burnt-offrings long may blaze to heav'n,
and incense cloud the skies;
The worship and the worshipper
are [illegible] in my eyes.

4 Your

4 Your rites, your fasts, your pray'rs, I scorn,
and pomp of solemn days:
I know your hearts are full of guile,
and crooked are your ways.

5 But cleanse your hands, ye guilty race,
and cease from deeds of sin;
Learn in your actions to be just,
and pure in heart within.

6 Mock not my name with honours vain,
but keep my holy laws;
Do justice to the friendless poor,
and plead the widow's cause.

7 Then, tho' your guilty souls are stain'd
with sins of crimson die,
Yet, thro' my grace, with snow itself
in whiteness they shall vie.

XVIII. ISAIAH ii. 2,—6.

1 BEHOLD! the mountain of the Lord
in latter days shall rise
On mountain tops above the hills,
and draw the wond'ring eyes.

2 To this the joyful nations round,
all tribes and tongues shall flow;
Up to the hill of God, they'll say,
and to his house, we'll go.

3 The beam that shines from Zion hill
shall lighten every land;
The King who reigns in Salem's tow'rs
shall all the world command.

4 Among the nations he shall judge;
his judgments truth shall guide;
His sceptre shall protect the just,
and quell the sinner's pride.

5 No

5 No ſtrife ſhall rage, nor hoſtile feuds
disturb thoſe peaceful years;
To plough-ſhares men ſhall beat their ſwords,
to pruning hooks, their ſpears.
6 No longer hoſts encount'ring hoſts
ſhall crowds of ſlain deplore;
They hang the trumpet in the hall,
and ſtudy war no more.
7 Come, then, O houſe of Jacob! come
to worſhip at his ſhrine;
And, walking in the light of God,
with holy beauties ſhine.

XIX. Isaiah ix. 2,—8.

THE race that long in darkneſs pin'd
have ſeen a glori'us light;
The people dwell in day who dwelt
in Death's ſurrounding night.

To hail thy riſe, thou better Sun!
the gath'ring nations come,
Joyous, as when the reapers bear
the harveſt-treaſures home.

For thou our burden haſt remov'd,
and quell'd th' oppreſſor's ſway;
Quick as the ſlaughter'd ſquadrons fell
in Midian's evil day.

To us a Child of hope is born;
to us a Son is giv'n;
Him ſhall the tribes of earth obey,
him, all the hoſts of heav'n.

His name ſhall be the Prince of Peace,
for evermore ador'd,
The Wonderful, the Counſellor,
the great and mighty Lord.

6 His pow'r increasing still shall spread;
his reign no end shall know:
Justice shall guard his throne above,
and peace abound below.

XX. Isaiah xxvi. 1,—7.

1 NOW glori'us Zion's courts appear,
the city of our God!
His throne he hath establish'd here,
here fix'd his lov'd abode.

2 Its walls, defended by his grace,
no pow'r shall e'er o'erthrow;
Salvation is its bulwark sure
against th' assailing foe.

3 Lift up the everlasting gates,
the doors wide open fling;
Enter, ye nations, who obey
the statutes of our King.

4 Here shall ye taste unmingled joys,
and dwell in perfect peace,
Ye who have known Jehovah's name,
and trusted in his grace.

5 Trust in the Lord, for ever trust!
and banish all your fears;
Strength in the Lord Jehovah dwells
eternal as his years.

6 What tho' the wicked dwell on high!
his arm shall bring them low;
Low as the caverns of the grave
their lofty heads shall bow.

7 Along the dust shall they be spread
their tow'rs, that brave the skies;
On them the needy's feet shall tread,
and on their ruins rise.

XXI. ISAIAH xxxiii. 13,—18.

1 ATTEND, ye tribes that dwell remote,
ye tribes at hand, give ear;
Th' upright in heart alone have hope;
the false in heart have fear.

2 The man who walks with God in truth,
and ev'ry guile disdains,
Who hates to lift Oppression's rod,
and scorns its shameful gains;

3 Whose soul abhors th' impious bribe
that tempts from truth to stray:
And from th' enticing snares of vice
who turns his eyes away;

His dwelling, 'midst the strength of rocks,
shall ever stand secure;
His Father will provide his bread;
his waters shall be sure.

For him the kingdom of the just
afar doth glorious shine;
And he the King of kings shall see
in majesty divine.

XXII. ISAIAH xl. 27, to the end.

WHY pour'st thou forth thine anxi'us [plaint,
despairing of relief,
As if the Lord o'erlook'd thy cause,
and did not hear thy grief?

Hast thou not known, hast thou not heard,
that firm remains on high
The everlasting throne of Him
who form'd the earth and sky?

Shall his pow'r fail, or wearied
O
all-creating arm
weary or decay?

4 Sa-

4 Supreme in wiſdom as in pow'r
the Rock of ages ſtands;
Tho' him thou canſt not ſee, nor trace
the working of his hands.

5 He gives the conqueſt to the weak,
ſupports the fainting heart;
And courage in the evil hour
his heav'nly aids impart.

6 Mere human pow'r ſhall faſt decay,
and youthful vigour ceaſe;
But they who wait upon the Lord,
in ſtrength ſhall ſtill increaſe.

7 They with unweary'd feet ſhall tread
the path of life divine;
With growing ardour onward move,
with growing brightneſs ſhine.

8 On eagle's wings they mount, they ſoar,
their wings are faith and love,
Till, paſt the cloudy regions here,
they riſe to heav'n above.

XXIII. ISAIAH xlii. 1,—13.

1 BEHOLD my Servant! ſee him rise
exalted in my might!
Him have I choſen, and in him
I place ſupreme delight.

2 On him, in rich effuſion pour'd,
my Spirit ſhall deſcend;
My truths and judgments he ſhall ſhow
to earth's remoteſt end.

3 Gentle and ſtill ſhall be his voice;
no threats from him proceed;
The ſmoaking flax he ſhall not quench,
nor break the bruiſed reed.

4 The feeble ſpark to flames he'll raiſe;
the weak will not deſpiſe:
Judgment he ſhall bring forth to truth,
and make the fallen riſe.

5 The progreſs of his zeal and pow'r
ſhall never know decline,
Till foreign lands, and diſtant iſles,
receive the law divine.

6 He who erected heav'n's bright arch,
and bade the planets roll,
Who peopled all the climes of earth,
and form'd the human ſoul.

7 Thus ſaith the Lord, Thee have I rais'd
my Prophet thee inſtall;
In right I've rais'd thee, and in ſtrength
I'll ſuccour whom I call.

8 I will eſtabliſh with the lands
a covenant in thee,
To give the Gentile nations light,
and ſet the pris'ners free.

9 Aſunder burſt the gates of braſs;
the iron fetters fall;
And gladſome light, and liberty,
are ſtraight reſtor'd to all.

10 I am the Lord, and by the name
of great Jehovah known;
No idol ſhall uſurp my praiſe,
nor mount into my throne.

11 Lo! former ſcenes, predicted once,
conſpicu'us riſe to view;
And future ſcenes, predicted now,
ſhall be accompliſhed too.

12 Sing to the Lord in joyful ſtrains?
let earth his praiſe reſound,
Ye who upon the ocean dwell,
and fill the iſles around!

13 O city of the Lord! begin
the univerſal ſong;
And let the ſcatter'd villages
the chearful notes prolong.

14 Let Kedar's wilderneſs afar
lift up its lonely voice,
And let the tenants of the Rock
with accents rude rejoice;

15 Till 'midſt the ſtreams of diſtant lands
the iſlands ſound his praiſe;
And, all combin'd, with one accord,
Jehovah's glories raiſe.

XXIV. ISAIAH xlix. 13.—17.

1 YE heav'ns, ſend forth your ſong of praiſe!
earth, raiſe your voice below
Let hills and mountains join the hymn
and joy thro' nature flow.

2 Behold how gracious is our God!
hear the conſoling ſtrains
In which he chears our drooping hearts,
and mitigates our pains.

3 Ceaſe ye, when days of darkneſs come,
in ſad diſmay to mourn,
As if the Lord could leave his ſaints
forſaken or forlorn.

4 Can the fond mother e'er forget
the infant whom ſhe bore?
And can its plaintive cries be heard,
nor move compaſſion more?

5 She may forget: nature may fail,
a parent's heart to move;
But Zion on my heart ſhall dwell
in everlaſting love.

6 Full in my ſight, upon my hands
I have engrav'd her name;
My hands ſhall build her ruin'd walls,
and raiſe her broken frame.

XXV. Isaiah liii.

1 HOW few receive with cordi'l faith
the tidings which we bring?
How few have ſeen the arm reveal'd
of heav'n's eternal King?

2 The Saviour comes! no outward pomp
beſpeaks his preſence nigh;
No earthly beauty ſhines in him
to draw the carnal eye.

3 Fair as the beaut'ous tender flow'r
amidſt the deſert grows,
So, ſlighted by a rebel-race,
the heav'nly Saviour roſe.

4 Rejected and deſpis'd of men,
behold a man of woe!
Grief was his cloſe companion ſtill,
through all his life below.

5 Yet all the griefs he felt were ours,
ours were the woes he bore;
Pangs, not his own, his ſpotleſs ſoul
with bitter anguiſh tore.

6 We held him as condemn'd by Heav'n,
an outcaſt from his God,
While for our ſins he groan'd, he bled,
beneath his Father's rod.

7 His ſacred blood hath waſh'd our ſouls
from ſin's polluted ſtain;
His ſtripes have heal'd us, and his death
reviv'd our ſouls again.

8 We all, like ſheep, had gone aſtray
in ruin's fatal road;
On him were our tranſgreſſions laid;
he bore the mighty load.

9 Wrong'd and oppreſs'd, how meekly he
in patient ſilence ſtood!
Mute, as the peaceful harmleſs lamb
when brought to ſhed its blood.

10 Who can his generation tell?
from priſon ſee him led,
With impi'us ſhew of law condemn'd;
and number'd with the dead.

11 'Midſt ſinners low in duſt he lay;
the rich a grave ſupply'd:
Unſpotted was his blameleſs life,
unſtain'd by ſin, he died.

12 Yet God ſhall raiſe his head on high,
though thus he brought him low;
His ſacred off'ring, when complete,
ſhall terminate his woe.

13 For, ſaith the Lord, my pleaſure then
ſhall proſper in his hand;
His ſhall a num'rous offſpring be,
and ſtill his honours ſtand.

14 His ſoul, rejoicing, ſhall behold
the purchaſe of his pain;
And all the guilty whom he ſav'd
ſhall bleſs Meſſiah's reign.

7 His

15 He

15 He with the great shall share the spoil,
and baffle all his foes;
Tho' rank'd with sinners here he fell,
a conqueror he rose.

16 He died to bear the guilt of men,
that sin might be forgiv'n:
He lives to bless them and defend,
and plead their cause in heaven.

XXVI. Isaiah lv.

1 HO! ye that thirst, approach the spring
where living waters flow;
Free to that sacred fountain all
without a price may go.

2 How long to streams of false delight
will ye in crowds repair?
How long your strength and substance waste
on trifles light as air?

3 My stores afford those rich supplies
that health and pleasure give;
Incline your ear, and come to me;
the soul that hears shall live.

4 With you a cov'nant I will make,
that ever shall endure;
The hope which gladden'd David's heart
my mercy hath made sure.

5 Behold he comes! your leader comes,
with might and honour crown'd;
A witness, who shall spread my name
to earth's remotest bound.

6 See! nations hasten to his call
from ev'ry distant shore;
Men yet unknown shall bow to him,
and Isra'l's God adore.

7 Seek

7 Seek ye the Lord, while yet his ear
is open to your call;
While offer'd mercy ſtill is near,
before his footſtool fall.

8 Let ſinners quit their evil ways,
their evil thoughts forego;
And God, when they to him return,
returning grace will ſhow.

9 He pardons with o'erflowing love:
for hear the voice divine:
My nature is not like to yours,
nor like your ways are mine:

10 But far as heav'n's reſplendent orbs
beyond earth's ſpot extend,
As far my thoughts, as far my ways,
your ways and thoughts tranſcend.

11 And as the rains from heav'n diſtil,
nor thither mount again,
But ſwell the earth with fruitful juice,
and all its tribes ſuſtain;

12 So not a word that flows from me
ſhall ineffectu'l fall;
But univerſal nature prove;
obedient to my call.

13 With joy and peace ſhall then be led
the glad converted lands;
The loſty mountains then ſhall ſing,
the foreſts clap their hands.

14 Where briers grew, 'midſt barren wilds,
ſhall firs and myrtles ſpring;
And nature, thro' its utmoſt bounds,
eternal praiſes ſing.

XXVII. ISAIAH lvii. 15, 16.

1 THUS ſpeaks the High and Loſty One;
ye tribes of earth give ear;
The words of your Almighty King
with ſacred rev'rence hear:

2 Amidſt the majeſty of heav'n
my throne is fix'd on high;
And through eternity I hear
the praiſes of the ſky:

3 Yet, looking down, I viſit oft
the humble hallow'd cell;
And with the penitent who mourn
'tis my delight to dwell;

4 The downcaſt ſpirit to revive,
the ſad in ſoul to chear;
And from the bed of duſt the man
of heart contrite to rear.

5 With me dwells no relentleſs wrath
againſt the human race;
The ſouls which I have form'd ſhall find
a refuge in my grace.

XXVIII. ISAIAH lviii. 5,—9.

1 ATTEND, and mark the ſolemn faſt
which to the Lord is dear;
Diſdain the falſe unhallowed maſk
which vain diſſemblers wear.

2 Do I delight in ſorrow's dreſs?
ſaith he who reigns above;
The hanging head, and rueful look,
will they attract my love?

3 Let ſuch as feel oppreſſion's load
thy tender pity ſhare;
And let the helpleſs homeleſs poor
be thy peculiar care.

4 Go, bid the hungry orphan be
with thy abundance bless'd;
Invite the wand'rer to thy gate,
and spread the couch of rest.

5 Let him who pines with piercing cold
by thee be warm'd and clad;
Be thine the blissful task to make
the downcast mourner glad.

6 Then, bright as morning, shall come forth,
in peace and joy, thy days;
And glory from the Lord above
shall shine on all thy ways.

XXIX. LAMENT. iii. 37,—40.

1 AMIDST the mighty, where is he
who saith, and it is done?
Each varying scene of changeful life
is from the Lord alone.

2 He gives in gladsome bow'rs to dwell,
or clothes in sorrow's shroud;
His hand hath form'd the light, his hand
hath form'd the dark'ning cloud.

3 Why should a living man complain
beneath the chast'ning rod?
Our sins afflict us; and the cross
must bring us back to God.

4 O sons of men! with anxious care
your hearts and ways explore;
Return from paths of vice to God;
return and sin no more!

XXX. HOSEA vi. 1,—4.

1 COME, let us to the Lord our God
with contrite hearts return;

Our God is gracious, nor will leave
the desolate to mourn.

2 His voice commands the tempests forth,
and stills the stormy wave:
And though his arm be strong to smite,
'tis also strong to save.

3 Long hath the night of sorrow reign'd:
the dawn shall bring us light;
God shall appear, and we shall rise
with gladness in his sight.

4 Our hearts, if God we seek to know,
shall know him, and rejoice;
His coming like the morn shall be,
like morning-songs his voice.

5 As dew upon the tender herb,
diffusing fragrance round:
As show'rs that usher in the spring,
and chear the thirsty ground;

6 So shall his presence bless our souls,
and shed a joyful light;
That hallow'd morn shall chace away
the sorrows of the night.

XXXI. Micah vi. 6,—9.

1 THUS speaks the Heathen; how shall man
the Pow'r supreme adore?
With what accepted off'rings come
his mercy to implore?

2 Shall clouds of incense to the skies
with grateful odour speed?
Or victims from a thousand hills
upon the altar bleed?

3 Does justice nobler blood demand
to save the sinner's life?

Shall,

Shall, trembling, in his offspring's side
the father plunge the knife?

4 No: God rejects the bloody rites
which blindfold zeal began;
His oracles of truth proclaim
the message brought to man.

5 He what is good hath clearly shown,
O favour'd race! to thee.
And what doth God require of those
who bend to him the knee?

6 Thy deeds, let sacred justice rule;
thy heart, let mercy fill;
And, walking humbly with thy God,
to him resign thy will.

XXXII. Habak. iii. 17,—18.

1 WHAT though no flow'rs the fig-tree clothe
tho' vines their fruit deny;
The labour of the olive fail,
and fields no meat supply?

2 Tho' from the fold, with sad surprise,
my flock cut off I see;
Tho' famine pines in empty stalls
were herds were wont to be?

3 Yet in the Lord will I be glad,
and glory in his love;
In him I'll joy, who will the God
of my salvation prove.

4 He to my tardy feet shall lend
the swiftness of the roe;
Till, rais'd on high, I safely dwell
beyond the reach of woe.

5 God is the treasure of my soul,
the source of lasting joy,
A joy which want shall not impair,
nor death itself destroy.

XXXIII. MATTH. vi 9,—14.

1 FATHER of all! we bow to thee,
who dwell'st in heav'n ador'd;
But present still thro' all thy works,
the universal Lord.

2 For ever hallow'd be thy name
by all beneath the skies;
And may thy kingdom still advance,
till grace to glory rise.

3 A grateful homage may we yield,
with hearts resign'd to thee;
And as in heav'n thy will is done,
on earth so let it be.

4 From day to day, we humbly own
the hand that feeds us still:
Give us our bread, and teach to rest
contented in thy will.

5 Our sins before thee we confess;
O may they be forgiv'n!
As we to others mercy shew,
we mercy beg from Heav'n.

6 Still let thy grace our life direct;
from evil guard our way;
And in temptation's fatal path
permit us not to stray.

7 For thine the pow'r, the kingdom thine;
(all glory's due to thee,)
Thine from eternity they were,
and thine shall ever be.

XXXIV.

XXXIV. MATTH. xi. 25. to the end.

1 THUS spoke the Saviour of the world,
and rais'd his eyes to heav'n:
To thee, O Father! Lord of all,
eternal praise be given.

2 Thou to the pure and lowly heart
hast heav'nly truth reveal'd;
Which from the self-conceited mind
thy wisdom hath conceal'd.

3 Even so! thou, Father, hast ordain'd
thy high decree to stand;
Nor men nor angels may presume
the reason to demand.

4 Thou only know'st the Son; from thee
my kingdom I receive;
And none the Father know but they
who in the Son believe.

5 Come then to me, all ye who groan,
with guilt and fears oppress'd;
Resign to me the willing heart,
and I will give you rest.

6 Take up my yoke, and learn of me
the meek and lowly mind;
And thus your weary troubled souls
repose and peace shall find.

7 For light and gentle is my yoke;
the burden I impose,
Shall ease the heart which groan'd before
beneath a load of woes.

XXXV. MATTH. xxvi. 26.—29.

1 'TWAS on that night when doom'd
The eager rage of every foe,
That night in which he was betray'd,
The Saviour of the world took bread.

2 And, after thanks and glory giv'n,
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, for all ; take, eat, and live ;
And oft the ſacred rite renew,
That brings my wond'rous 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 all partake the ſacred draught ;
Through lateſt ages let it pour,
In mem'ry of my dying hour.

XXXVI. Luke i. 46,—56.

1 My ſoul and ſpirit, fill'd with joy,
my God and ſaviour praiſe,
Whoſe goodneſs did from poor eſtate
his humble handmaid raiſe.

2 Me bleſs'd of God, the God of might,
all ages ſhall proclaim ;
From age to age his mercy laſts,
and holy is his name.

3 Strength with his arm th' Almighty ſhew'd ;
the proud his looks abas'd ;
He caſt the mighty to the ground,
the meek to honour rais'd.

The

4 The hungry with good things were fill'd,
the rich with hunger pin'd;
He ſent his ſervant Iſra'l help,
and call'd his love to mind;

5 Which to our father's ancient race
his promiſe did enſure,
To Abrah'm and his choſen ſeed,
for ever to endure.

XXXVII. Luke ii. 8,—15.

1 WHILE humble ſhepherds watch'd their [flocks
in Bethleh'm's plains by night,
An angel ſent from heav'n appear'd,
and fill'd the plains with light.

2 Fear not, he ſaid, (for ſudden 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 wrapt in ſwaddling-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 is ſhewn by Heav'n to men,
and never more ſhall ceaſe.

XXXVIII. LUKE ii. 25,—33.

JUST and devout old Simeon liv'd;
to whom it was reveal'd,
That Christ, the Lord, his eyes should see,
ere death his eye-lids seal'd.

2 For this consoling gift of Heav'n
to Israel's fallen state,
From year to year with patient hope
the aged saint did wait.

3 Nor did he wait in vain; for, lo!
revolving years brought round,
In season due, the happy day,
which all his wishes crown'd.

4 When Jesus to the temple brought
by Mary's pious care,
As Heav'n's appointed rites requir'd,
to God was offer'd there.

5 Simeon into those sacred courts
a heav'nly impulse drew;
He saw the Virgin hold her Son,
and straight his Lord he knew.

6 With holy joy upon his face
the good old father smil'd;
Then fondly in his wither'd arms
he clasp'd the promis'd child;

7 And while he held the heav'n-born babe,
ordain'd to bless mankind,
Thus spoke, with earnest look, and heart
exulting, yet resign'd:

8 Now, Lord! according to thy word,
let me in peace depart;
Mine eyes have thy salvation seen,
and gladness fills my heart.

9 At length my arms embrace my Lord,
now let their vigour ceaſe;
At laſt my eyes my Saviour ſee,
now let them cloſe in peace.

10 This great ſalvation, long prepar'd,
and now diſclos'd to view,
Hath prov'd thy love was conſtant ſtill,
and promiſes were true.

11 That ſun I now behold whoſe light,
ſhall Heathen darkneſs chace;
And rays of brighteſt glory pour
around thy choſen race.

XXXIX. Luke iv. 18, 19.

1 HARK, the glad ſound, the Saviour comes!
the Saviour promis'd long;
Let ev'ry heart exult with joy,
and ev'ry voice be ſong!

2 On him the Spirit, largely ſhed,
exerts its ſacred fire;
Wiſdom and might, and zeal and love,
his holy breaſt inſpire.

3 He comes, the pris'ners to relieve
in Satan's bondage held;
The gates of braſs before him burſt,
the iron fetters yield.

4 He comes, from dark'ning ſcales of vice
to clear the inward ſight;
And on the eye-balls of the blind
to pour celeſtial light.

5 He comes, the broken hearts to bind,
the bleeding ſouls to cure;
And with the treaſures of his grace
enrich the humble poor.

6 The ſacred year has now revolv'd,
accepted of the Lord,
When Heav'n's high promiſe is fulfill'd,
and Iſra'l is reſtor'd.

7 Our glad hoſannahs, Prince of Peace!
thy welcome ſhall proclaim;
And Heav'n's exalted arches ring
with thy moſt holy name.

XL. LUKE xv. 13,—25.

1 THE wretched prodigal behold
in mis'ry lying low,
Whom vice had ſunk from high eſtate,
and plung'd in want and woe.

2 While I, deſpis'd and ſcorn'd, he cries,
ſtarve in a foreign land,
The meaneſt in my father's houſe
is fed with bount'ous hand;

3 I'll go, and with a mourning voice
fall down before his face:
Father! I've ſinn'd 'gainſt Heav'n and thee,
nor can deſerve thy grace.

4 He ſaid, and haſten'd to his home
to ſeek his father's love;
The father ſees him from afar,
and all his bowels move.

5 He ran, and fell upon his neck,
embrac'd and kiſs'd his ſon;
The grieving prodigal bewail'd
the follies he had done.

6 No more, my father, can I hope
to find paternal grace;
My utmoſt wish is to obtain
a ſervant's humble place.

7 Bring forth the fairest robe for him,
the joyful father said;
To him each mark of grace be shewn,
and ev'ry honour paid:

8 A day of feasting I ordain;
let mirth and song abound;
My son was dead, and lives again,
was lost, and now is found.

9 Thus joy abounds in paradise
among the hosts of Heav'n,
Soon as the sinner quits his sins,
repents, and is forgiv'n.

XLI. JOHN iii. 14,—19.

1 AS when the Hebrew prophet rais'd
the brazen serpent high,
The wounded look'd, and straight were cur'd,
the people ceas'd to die;

2 So from the Saviour on the cross
a healing virtue flows;
Who looks to him with lively faith
is sav'd from endless woes.

3 For God gave up his Son to death,
so gen'rous was his love,
That all the faithful might enjoy
eternal life above.

4 Not to condemn the sons of men
the Son of God appear'd;
No weapons in his hand are seen,
nor voice of terror heard:

5 He came to raise our fallen state,
and our lost hopes restore;
Faith leads us to the mercy-seat,
and bids us fear no more.

6 But vengeance juſt for ever lies
on all the rebel-race,
Who God's eternal Son deſpiſe,
and ſcorn his offer'd grace.

XLII. JOHN xiv. 1,—7.

1 LET not your hearts with anxious thoughts
be troubled or diſmay'd;
But truſt in Providence divine,
and truſt my gracious aid.

2 I to my Father's houſe return;
there num'rous manſions ſtand,
And glory manifold abounds
through all the happy land.

3 I go your entrance to ſecure,
and your abode prepare;
Regions unknown are ſafe to you
when I, your friend, am there.

4 Thence ſhall I come, when ages cloſe,
to take you home with me;
There ſhall we meet to part no more,
and ſtill together be.

5 I am the way, the truth, the life:
no ſon of human race,
But ſuch as I conduct and guide,
ſhall ſee my Father's face.

XLIII. JOHN xiv. 25,—28.

1 YOU now muſt hear my voice no more;
my Father calls me home;
But ſoon from Heav'n the Holy Ghoſt
your Comforter, ſhall come.

2 That heav'nly Teacher ſent from God,
ſhall your whole ſoul inſpire;
Your minds ſhall fill with ſacred truth,
your hearts, with ſacred fire.

3 Peace is the gift I leave with you,
my peace to you bequeath;
Peace that ſhall comfort you thro' life
and chear your ſouls in death.

4 I give not as the world beſtows,
with promiſe falſe and vain;
Nor cares, nor fears, ſhall wound the heart
in which my words remain.

XLIV. JOHN xix. 30.

1 BEHOLD 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's power 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 paſt away,
and a new world begun.

XLV. Romans ii. 4,—8.

1 UNGRATEFUL ſinners! whence this ſcorn
of God's long-ſuff'ring grace?
And whence this madneſs that inſults
th' Almighty to his face?

2 Is it becauſe his patience waits,
and pitying bowels move,
You multiply tranſgreſſions more,
and ſcorn his offer'd love?

3 Doſt thou not know, ſelf-blinded man!
his goodneſs is deſign'd
To wake repentance in thy ſoul,
and melt thy harden'd mind?

4 And wilt thou rather chuſe to meet
th' Almighty as thy foe,
And treaſure up his wrath in ſtore
againſt the day of woe?

5 Soon ſhall that fatal day approach,
that muſt thy ſentence ſeal,
And right'ous judgements now unknown
in awful pomp reveal;

6 While they who full of holy deeds
to glory ſeek to riſe,
Continuing patient to the end,
ſhall gain th' immortal prize.

XLVI. Romans iii. 19,—22.

1 VAIN are the hopes the ſons of men
upon their works have built;
Their hearts by nature are unclean,
their actions full of guilt.

2 Silent let Jew and Gentile ſtand,
without one vaunting word;
And, humbled low, confeſs their guilt
before Heav'n's righteous Lord.

3 No hope can on the law [illegible]uilt
of juſtifying grace;
The law that ſhews the ſinner's guilt
condemns him to his face.

4 Jeſus! how glorious is thy grace?
when in thy name we truſt,
Our faith receives a right'ouſneſs
that makes the ſinner juſt.

XLVII. ROMANS vi. 1,—7.

1 AND ſhall we then go on to ſin,
that grace may more abound?
Great God forbid that ſuch a thought
ſhould in our breaſt be found!

2 When to the ſacred fount we came,
did not the rite proclaim,
That, waſh'd from ſin, and all its ſtains,
new creatures we became?

3 With Chriſt the Lord we died to ſin;
with him to life we riſe,
To life, which now begun on earth
is perfect in the ſkies.

4 Too long enthrall'd to Satan's ſway,
we now are ſlaves no more;
For Chriſt hath vanquiſh'd Death and Sin,
our freedom to reſtore.

XLVIII. ROMANS viii. 31. to the end.

1 LET Chriſtian faith and hope diſpel
the fears of guilt and woe;
The Lord Almighty is our friend,
and who can prove a foe?

2 He who his Son moſt dear and lov'd
gave up for us to die,
Shall he not all things freely give
that goodneſs can ſupply?

Behold the best, greatest gift,
of everlasting love!
Behold the pledge of peace below,
and perfect bliss above!

4 Where is the judge, who can condemn,
since God hath justifi'd?
Who shall charge those with guilt or crime,
for whom the Saviour died?

5 The Saviour died, but rose again
triumphant from the grave;
And pleads our cause at God's right-hand,
omnipotent to save.

6 Who then can e'er divide us more
from Jesus and his love,
Or break the sacred chain that binds
the earth to heav'n above?

Let troubles rise, and terrors frown,
and days of darkness fall;
Through him all dangers we'll defy,
and more than conquer all.

Nor death nor life, nor earth nor hell,
nor time's destroying sway,
Can e'er efface us from his heart,
or make his love decay.

Each future period that will bless
as it has bless'd the past;
He lov'd us from the first of time;
he loves us to the last.

XLIX. CORINTH. xiii.

THO' perfect eloquence adorn'd
my sweet persuading tongue,
Tho' I could speak in higher strains
than ever angel sung;

2 Tho' prophecy my ſoul inſpir'd,
and made all myſt'ries plain;
Yet, were I void of Chriſtian love,
theſe gifts were all in vain.

3 Nay, tho' my faith with boundleſs pow'r
e'en mountains could remove,
I ſtill am nothing, if I'm void
of charity and love.

4 Although with lib'ral hand I gave
my goods the poor to feed,
Nay, gave my body to the flames,
ſtill fruitleſs were the deed.

5 Love ſuffers long: love envies not;
but love is ever kind:
She never boaſteth of herſelf,
nor proudly lifts the mind.

6 Love harbours no ſuſpicious thought,
is patient to the bad;
Griev'd when ſhe hears of ſins and crimes,
and in the truth is glad.

7 Love no unſeemly carriage ſhows,
nor ſelfiſhly confin'd;
She glows with ſocial tenderneſs,
and feels for all mankind.

8 Love beareth much, much ſhe believes,
and ſtill ſhe hopes the beſt;
Love meekly ſuffers many a wrong,
though ſore with hardſhip preſs'd.

9 Love ſtill ſhall hold an endleſs reign,
in earth and heav'n above,
When tongues ſhall ceaſe, and Prophets fail,
and ev'ry gift but love.

10 Here all our [illegible] imperfect are,
but better days draw nigh,
When perfect light ſhall pour its rays,
and all thoſe ſhadows fly.

11 Like children here we ſpeak and think,
amus'd with childiſh toys;
But when our pow'rs their manhood reach,
we'll ſcorn our preſent joys.

12 Now dark and dim, as thro' a glaſs,
are God and truth beheld;
Then ſhall we ſee, as face to face,
and God ſhall be unveil'd.

13 Faith, Hope, and Love, now dwell on earth,
and earth by them is bleſt;
But Faith and Hope muſt yield to Love,
of all the graces, beſt.

14 Hope ſhall to full fruition riſe,
and Faith be ſight above;
Theſe are the means, but this the end;
for ſaints for ever love.

L. 1 CORINTH. xv. 52. to the end.

WHEN the laſt trumpet's awful voice
this rending earth ſhall ſhake,
When op'ning graves ſhall yield their charge,
and duſt to life awake,

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 bleſt!
diſarms that foe we dread,
And makes us conqu'rors when we die,
through Chriſt our living head.

7 Then, ſtedfaſt let us ſtill remain,
though dangers riſe around,
And in the work preſcrib'd by God
yet more and more abound;

8 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.

LI. 2 CORINTH. V. 1,—11.

1 SOON ſhall this earthly frame diſſolv'd
in death and ruins lie;
But better manſions wait the juſt,
prepar'd above the ſky.

2 An houſe eternal, built by God,
ſhall lodge the holy mind;
When once thoſe priſon-walls have fall'n
by which 'tis now confin'd.

3 Hence, burthen'd with a weight of clay,
we groan beneath the load,
Waiting the hour which ſets us free,
and brings us home to God.

1 We know, that when the ſoul uncloath'd
ſhall from this body fly,
'Twill animate a purer frame
with life that cannot die.

5 Such are the hopes that chear the juſt;
theſe hopes their God hath giv'n:
His Spirit is the earneſt now,
and ſeals their ſouls for heav'n.

6 We walk by faith of joys to come,
faith grounded on his word;
But while this body is our home,
we mourn an abſent Lord.

7 What faith rejoices to believe,
we long and pant to ſee;
We would be abſent from the fleſh,
and preſent, Lord! with thee.

8 But ſtill, or here, or going hence,
to this our labours tend,
That, in his ſervice ſpent, our life
may in his favour end.

9 For, lo! before the Son, as Judge,
th' aſſembled world ſhall ſtand,
To take the puniſhment or prize
from his unerring hand.

10 Impartial retributions then
our diff'rent lives await;
Our preſent actions, good or bad,
ſhall fix our future fate.

LII. PHILIP. ii. 6,—12.

1 YE 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

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 his name, with sacred awe,
each humbled knee shall bow,
Of hosts immortal in the skies,
and nations spread below;

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.

LIII. 1 THESSAL. iv. 13. to the end.

1 TAKE 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
victori'us 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.

LIV. 2 TIM. i. 12.

1 I'M not asham'd 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.

LV. 2 Tim. iv. 6, 7, 8, 18.

1 MY race is run; my warfare's o'er;
the solemn hour is nigh,
When, offer'd up to God, my soul
shall wing its flight on high.

2 With heav'nly weapons I have fought
the battles of the Lord;
Finish'd my course, and kept the faith,
depending on his word.

3 Henceforth there is laid up for me
a crown which cannot fade;
The right'ous Judge at that great day
shall place it on my head.

4 Nor hath the Sov'reign Lord decreed
this prize for me alone;
But for all such as love like me
th' appearance of his Son.

5 From ev'ry snare and evil work,
his grace shall me defend,
And to his heav'nly kingdom safe
shall bring me in the end.

LVI. Titus iii. 3,—9.

1 HOW wretched was our former state
when, slaves to Satan's sway,
With hearts disorder'd and impure,
o'erwhelm'd in sin we lay!

But, O my soul, for ever praise,
for ever love his name,
Who turn'd thee from the fatal paths
of folly, sin, and shame.

3 Vain and presumptu'us is the trust
which in our works we place,
Salvation from a higher source
flows to the human race.

4 'Tis from the mercy of our God
that all our hopes begin;
His mercy sav'd our souls from death,
and wash'd our souls from sin.

5 His Spirit, through the Saviour shed,
its sacred fire imparts,
Refines our dross, and love divine
rekindles in our hearts.

6 Thence, rais'd from death, we live anew,
and, justifi'd by grace,
We hope in glory to appear,
and see our Father's face.

7 Let all who hold this faith and hope
in holy deeds abound;
Thus faith approves itself sincere
by active virtue crown'd.

LVII. Heb. iv. 14. to the end.

1 JESUS, the Son of God, who once
for us his life resign'd,
Now lives in heav'n our great High Priest,
and never-dying Friend.

2 [illegible] life, thro' death, let us to him
[illegible] constancy adhere;
[illegible] new strength, and hope
[illegible] every fear.

3 To

3 To human weakneſs not ſevere
is our High Prieſt above;
His heart o'erflows with tenderneſs,
his bowels melt with love.

4 With ſympathetic feelings touch'd,
he knows our feeble frame;
He knows what ſore temptations are,
for he has felt the ſame.

5 But though he felt temptation's pow'r,
unconquer'd he remain'd;
Nor, 'midſt the frailty of our frame,
by ſin was ever ſtain'd.

6 As in the days of feeble fleſh
he pour'd forth cries and tears;
So, though exalted, ſtill he feels
what ev'ry Chriſtian bears.

7 Then let us with a filial heart
come boldly to the throne
Of grace ſupreme, to tell our griefs,
and all our wants make known;

8 That mercy we may there obtain
for ſins and errors paſt,
And grace to help in time of need,
while days of trial laſt.

LVIII. Another verſion of the ſam

1 WHERE high the heav'nly tem
The houſe of God not made wi
A great High Prieſt our nature wears
The guardian of mankind appears.

2 He who for men their ſurety ſtood,
And pour'd on earth his precious bloo
Purſues in heav'n his mighty plan,
The Saviour, and the friend of man.

3 Though now ascended up on high,
He bends on earth a brother's eye;
Partaker of the human name,
He knows the frailty of our frame.

4 Our fellow-suff'rer yet retains
A fellow-feeling of our pains;
And still remembers in the skies
His tears, his agonies, and cries.

5 In ev'ry pang that rends the heart,
The Man of sorrows had a part;
He sympathizes with our grief,
And to the suff'rer sends relief.

6 With boldness, therefore, at the throne,
Let us make all our sorrows known;
And ask the aids of heav'nly pow'r
To help us in the evil hour.

LIX. Heb. xii. 1,—13.

BEHOLD what witnesses unseen
encompass us around;
once like us with suff'ring try'd,
now with glory crown'd.
ith zeal like theirs inspir'd,
he Christian race,
d from each encumb'ring weight,
bly footsteps trace.
a Witness nobler still,
o trod affliction's path,
at once the finisher
author of our faith.
the joy before him set,
en'rous was his love,
ur'd the cross, despis'd the shame,
nd now he reigns above.

5 If

5 If he the ſcorn of wicked men,
with patience did ſuſtain,
Becomes it thoſe for whom he died
to murmur or complain.

6 Have ye, like him, to blood, to death,
the cauſe of truth maintain'd?
And is your heav'nly Father's voice
forgotten or diſdain'd?

7 My ſon, ſaith he, with patient mind
endure the chaſt'ning rod;
Believe, when by affliction tried,
that thou art lov'd by God.

8 His children thus moſt dear to him,
their heav'nly Father trains,
Through all the hard experience led
of ſorrows and of pains.

9 We know he owns us for his ſons,
when we correction ſhare;
Nor wander as a baſtard race,
without our Father's care.

10 A father's voice with rev'rence we
on earth have often heard;
The Father of our ſpirits now
demands the ſame regard.

11 Parents may err; but he is wiſe,
nor lifts the rod in vain;
His chaſt'nings ſerve to cure the ſoul
by ſalutary pain.

12 Affliction, when it ſpreads around,
may ſeem a field of woe,
Yet there, at laſt, the happy fruits
of right'ouſneſs ſhall grow.

3 Then, let our hearts no more despond,
our hands be weak no more;
Still let us trust our Father's love,
his wisdom still adore.

LX. Heb. xiii. 20, 21.

1 FATHER 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.

LXI. 1 Pet. i. 3,—5.

BLESS'D be the everlasting God,
the Father of our Lord;
Be his abounding mercy prais'd,
his majesty ador'd.

When from the dead he rais'd his Son,
and call'd him to the sky,
He gave our souls a lively hope
that they should never die.

To an inheritance divine
he taught our hearts to rise;
'Tis uncorrupted, undefil'd,
unfading in the skies.

4 Saints by the pow'r of God are kept
till the salvation come:
We walk by faith as strangers here;
but Christ shall call us home.

LXII. 2 PET. iii. 3,—14.

1 LO! in the last of days behold
a faithless race arise;
Their lawless lust their only rule;
and thus the scoffer cries:

2 Where is the promise, deemed so true,
that spoke the Saviour near?
E'er since our fathers slept in dust,
no change has reach'd our ear.

3 Years roll'd on years successive glide,
since first the world began,
And on the tide of time still floats,
secure, the bark of man.

4 Thus speaks the scoffer; but his words
conceal the truth he knows,
That from the water's dark abyss
the earth at first arose.

5 But when the sons of men began
with one consent to stray,
At Heav'n's command a deluge swept
the godless race away.

6 A diff'rent fate is now prepar'd
for Nature's trembling frame;
Soon shall her orbs be all enwrapt
in one devouring flame.

7 Reserv'd are sinners for the hour,
when to the gulph below,
Arm'd with the hand of sov'reign pow'r,
the Judge consigns his foe.

8 Tho' now, ye just! the time appears
protracted, dark, unknown,
An hour, a day, a thousand years,
to heav'n's great Lord are one.

9 Still all may share his sov'reign grace,
in ev'ry change secure;
The meek, the suppliant contrite race,
shall find his mercy sure.

10 The contrite race he counts his friends,
forbids the suppliant's fall;
Condemns reluctant, but extends
the hope of grace to all.

11 Yet as the night-wrapp'd thief, who lurks
to seize the expected prize;
Thus steals the hour when Christ shall come,
and thunder rend the skies.

12 Then at the loud, the solemn peal,
the heav'ns shall burst away;
The elements shall melt in flame
at Nature's final day.

13 Since all this frame of things must end,
as Heav'n has so decreed,
How wise our inmost thoughts to guard,
and watch o'er ev'ry deed.

14 Expecting calm th' appointed hour,
when Nature's conflict o'er,
A new and better world shall rise,
where sin is known no more!

LXIII. 1 JOHN iii. 1—4.

BEHOLD th' amazing gift of love
The Father hath bestow'd
On us, the sinful sons of men,
Call us sons of God.

2 Con-

2 Conceal'd as yet his honour lies,
by this dark world unknown,
A world that knew not when he came,
ev'n God's eternal Son.

3 High is the rank we now possess;
but higher we shall rise;
Though what we shall hereafter be
is hid from mortal eyes:

4 Our souls, we know, when he appears,
shall bear his image bright;
For all his glory, full disclos'd,
shall open to our sight.

5 A hope so great and so divine
may trials well endure,
And purge the soul from sense and sin,
as Christ himself is pure.

LXIV. Rev. i. 5,—9.

1 TO him that lov'd the souls of men,
and wash'd us in his blood,
To royal honours rais'd our head,
and made us priests to God;

2 To him let ev'ry tongue be praise,
And ev'ry heart be love!
All grateful honours paid on earth,
and nobler songs above!

3 Behold on flying clouds he comes!
his saints shall bless the day;
While they that pierc'd him sadly mourn
in anguish and dismay.

4 I am the First, and I the Last;
time centers all in me;
Th' Almighty God, who was, and is,
and evermore shall be.

LXV. Rev. v. 6. to the end.

1 BEHOLD the glories of the Lamb,
amidst his Father's throne;
Prepare new honours for his name,
and songs before unknown.

2 Lo! elders worship at his feet,
the church adores around,
With vials full of odours rich,
and harps of sweetest sound.

3 These odours are the pray'rs of saints,
these sounds the hymns they raise;
God bends his ear to their requests,
he loves to hear their praise.

4 Who shall the Father's record search,
and hidden things reveal?
Behold the Son that record takes,
and opens every seal.

5 Hark! how th' adoring hosts above
with songs surround the throne;
Ten thousand thousand are their tongues;
but all their hearts are one.

6 Worthy the Lamb that died, they cry
to be exalted thus;
Worthy the Lamb, let us reply,
for he was slain for us.

7 To him be pow'r divine ascrib'd,
and endless blessings paid;
Salvation, glory, joy, remain
for ever on his head.

8 Thou hast redeem'd us with thy blood,
and set the pris'ners free;
Thou mad'st us kings and priests to God,
and we shall reign with thee.

9 From

9 From ev'ry kindred, ev'ry tongue,
thou brought'st thy chosen race;
And distant lands and isles have shar'd
the riches of thy grace.

10 Let all that dwell above the sky,
or on the earth below,
With fields and floods, and ocean's shore,
to thee their homage show.

11 To him who sits upon the throne,
the God whom we adore,
And to the Lamb, that once was slain,
be glory evermore.

LXVI. Rev. vii. 13. to the end.

1 HOW bright these glorious spirits shine,
whence all their white array?
How came they to the blissful seats
of everlasting day?

2 Lo! these are they from suff'rings great
who came to realms of light,
And in the blood of Christ have wash'd
those robes which shine so bright.

3 Now, with triumphal palms, they stand
before the throne on high,
And serve the God they love, amidst
the glories of the sky.

4 His presence fills each heart with joy,
tunes ev'ry mouth to sing;
By day, by night, the sacred courts
with glad hosannahs ring.

5 Hunger and thirst are felt no more,
nor suns with scorching ray;
God is their sun, whose chearing beams
diffuse eternal day.

6 The Lamb who dwells amidſt the throne
ſhall o'er them ſtill preſide;
Feed them with nouriſhment divine,
and all their footſteps guide.

7 'Mong paſtures green he'll lead his flock,
where living ſtreams appear;
And God the Lord from ev'ry eye
ſhall wipe off ev'ry tear.

LXVII. Rev. xxi. 1,—9.

1 LO! what a glorious ſight appears
to our admiring eyes;
The former ſeas have paſs'd away,
the former earth and ſkies.

2 From heav'n the New Jerus'lem comes,
all worthy of its Lord;
See all things now at laſt renew'd,
and paradiſe reſtor'd.

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 bleſs'd abode;
He dwells with men; his people they,
and he his peoples God.

5 His gracious hand ſhall wipe the tears
from ev'ry weeping eye;
And pains, and groans, and griefs, and fears,
and Death itſelf ſhall die.

6 Behold, I change all human things!
ſaid he whoſe words are true;
Lo! what was old is paſt away,
and all things are made new!

7 I am the Firſt, and I the Laſt,
thro' endleſs years the ſame;
I AM, is my memorial ſtill,
and my eternal name.

8 Ho, ye that thirſt! to you my grace
ſhall hidden ſtreams diſcloſe,
And open full the ſacred ſpring
whence life for ever flows.

9 Bleſs'd is the man that overcomes;
I'll own him for a ſon;
A rich inheritance rewards
the conqueſts he hath won.

10 But bloody hands and hearts unclean,
and all the lying race,
The faithleſs and the ſcoffing crew,
who ſpurn at offer'd grace.

11 They, ſeiz'd by juſtice, ſhall be doom'd,
in dark abyſs to lie;
And in the fiery burning lake,
the ſecond death ſhall die.

12 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.

HYMNS.

HYMN I.

1 WHEN 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 these 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 Hast hidden dangers, toils, and deaths,
it gently clear'd my way;

And

And thro' 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 bount'ous hand with worldly bliss
hath made my cup run o'er;
And in a kind and faithful friend
hath doubled all my store.

10 Ten thousand thousand precious gifts
my daily thanks employ;
Nor is the least a chearful heart
that tastes these 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 II.

1 THE spacious firmament on high,
With all the blue etherial sky,
And spangl'd heav'ns, a shining frame,
Their great Original proclaim.

[illegible] day's sun, from day to day,
[illegible] his Creator's pow'r display;
And [illegible]s to every land
The wor[illegible] an almighty hand.

Soon as the ev'ning shades prevail,
The moon takes up the wondrous tale
And nightly to the list'ning earth
Repeats the story of her birth;

While all the stars that round her burn,
And all the planets in their turn,
Confirm the ti[illegible]ngs as they roll,
And spread the truth from pole to pole.

What though in solemn silence all
Move round the dark terrestrial ball?
What though no real voice, nor sound,
Amidst the radiant orbs be found?

In Reason's ear they all rejoice,
And utter forth a glori'us voice;
For ever singing, as they shine,
"The hand that made us is divine."

HYMN III.

WHEN 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!

If yet while pardon may be found,
And mercy may be sought,
My heart with inward horror shrinks,
And trembles at the thought,

When thou, O Lord! shalt stand disclos'd
[illegible] severe,
[illegible] judgment on my soul,
[illegible] shall I appear!

4 But

4 But thou hast told [illegible]
who doth her [illegible]
That timely grief [illegible]
shall future woe prev[illegible].

5 Then see the sorrows of [illegible]
ere yet it be too late;
And hear my Saviour's dying [illegible]
to give those sorrows weight.

6 For never shall my soul despair
of mercy at thy throne,
Who knows thine only Son has dy'd,
thy justice to atone.

HYMN IV.

1 BLEST 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 victori'us King!
Let heav'n and earth, and rocks, and [illegible]
[illegible]th glad hosannahs ring.

[illegible] Christ,
[illegible] are,
[illegible] is,
[illegible] evermore.

HYMN V.

3 The 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.

Not in mine innocence I truſt;
I bow before thee in the duſt;
And thro' my Saviour's blood alone
I look for mercy at thy throne.

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.

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!

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.

FINIS.

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