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A COLLECTION OF PSALMS AND HYMNS.

CHARLES-TOWN,
Printed by Lewis Timothy. 1737.
PSALMS and HYMNS
For Sunday.

I.
Psalm XXXIII.

1 Ye holy Souls, in God rejoice,
    Your Maker's Praise becomes your Voice;
    Great is your Theme, your Songs be new:
    Sing of his Name, his Word, his Ways,
    His Works of Nature and of Grace,
    How wise and holy, just and true!

2 Justice and Truth he ever loves,
    And the whole Earth his Goodness proves;
    His Word the heavenly Arches spread:
    How wide they shine from North to South!
    And by the Spirit of his Mouth
    Were all the Starry Armies made.

3 Thou gatherest the wide-flowing Seas;
    Those watry Treasures know their Place
    In the vast Store-house of the Deep:
    He spake, and gave all Nature Birth;
    And Fires and Seas and Heaven and Earth
    His everlasting Orders keep.

4 Let Mortals tremble and adore
    A GOD of such resistless Power,
    Nor dare indulge their feeble Rage:
    Vain are your Thoughts and weak your Hands,
    But his eternal Counsel stands,
    And rules the World from Age to Age.

A
Psalm XLVI.

ON God supreme our Hope depends,
Whose omnipresent Sight
Even to the pathless Realms extends
Of unrestricted Night.

Plung'd in the Abyss of deep Distress
To him we rais'd our Cry:
His Mercy had our Sorrows cease
And fill'd our Tongue with Joy.

Tho' Earth her ancient Seat forfake,
By Pangs convulsive torn,
Tho' her self ballanc'd Fabrick shake
And ruin'd Nature mourn:

Tho' Hills be in the Ocean lost
With all their trembling Load,
No Fear shall e'er disturb the Just,
Or shake his Trust in God.

Nations remote and Realms unknown
In vain resist his Sway;
For lo! Jehovah's Voice is shewn
And Earth shall melt away.

Let War's devouring Surges rise
And swell on every side:
The Lord of Hosts our Safeguard is,
And Jacob's God our Guide.

III.
Psalm XLVII.

O For a Shout of sacred Joy
To God the sovereign King!
Psalms and Hymns.

Let every Land their Tongues employ,
And Hymns of Triumph sing.

2 Jesus our God ascends on high;
His heavenly Guards around
Attend him rising through the Sky,
With Trumpet's joyful Sound.

3 While Angels shout and praise their King,
Let Mortals learn their Strains:
Let all the Earth his Honours sing;
O'er all the Earth he reigns.

4 Rehearse his Praise with Awe profound,
Let Knowledge guide the Song,
Nor mock him with a solemn Sound
Upon a thoughtless Tongue.

5 In Israel stood his ancient Throne,
He lov'd that chosen Race;
But now he calls the World his own.
And Heathens taste his Grace.

6 Remotest Nations are the Lord's;
There Abraham's God is known:
While Powers and Princes, Shields and Swords
Bow down before his Throne.

IV.
Psalms C.

1 Before Jehovah's awful Throne,
Ye Nations, bow with sacred joy.
Know that the Lord is God alone;
He can create, and he destroy.

2 His sovereign Power without our aid
Made us of clay and form'd us Men;
And when like wandering Sheep we stray'd
He brought us to his Fold again.

3 We'll
Psalms and Hymns.

3 We'll crowd thy Gates with thankful Songs,
   High as the Heavens our Voices rise;
   And Earth with her Ten Thousand Tongues
   Shall fill thy Courts with sounding Praise.

4 Wide as the World is thy Command,
   Vast as Eternity thy Love:
   Firm as a Rock thy Truth must stand
   When rolling Years shall cease to move.

V.

Psalm CXIII.

1 Ye Priestsof God, whose happy Days
   Are spent in your Creator's Praise,
   Still more and more his Fame express!
   Ye pious Worshippers proclaim
   With shouts of Joy his holy Name;
   Nor satisfied with praising, bless.

2 Let God's high Praises still resound,
   Beyond old Times too scanty bound
   And thro' eternal Ages pierce,
   From where the Sun first gilds the Streams
   To where he sets with purpled Beams,
   Thro' all the wide Stretch'd Universe.

3 The various Tribes of Earth obey
   Thy awful and imperial Sway;
   Nor Earth thy sovereign Power confines;
   Above the Sun's all-cheering Light
   Above the Stars and far more bright
   Thy pure essential Glory shines.

4 What mortal form'd of fading clay,
   What Native of eternal Day
   Can with the God of Heaven compare?
   Yet Angels round thy glorious Throne
   Thou
Psalms and Hymns.

Thou stoope'st to view: nor they alone;
Even Earth-born Men thy Goodness share.

5 The Poor thou liftest from the Dust;
The Sinner, if in thee he trust,
From depths of guilt and shame thou'lt raise,
That he in Peace and Safety plac'd
With Power and Love and Wisdom grac'd
May sing aloud his Saviour's Praise.

6 To Father, Son and Holy-Ghost
The God whom Heaven's triumphant H oft
And suffering Saints on Earth adore,
Be Glory as in Ages past,
As now it is and to shall last
When Earth and Heaven shall be no more.

VI.

Part of Psalm C\N.

1 Nor unto us: We all disclaim:
Glory alone to God's great Name
Whose Truth shall stand for ever fast,
Whose Love to endless Ages last.

2 Thou reignest, Lord, enthroned above!
Yet dost thy humble Sons approve:
Thou all Events disposest still;
For all obey thy sovereign Will.

3 The silent Dead no Praises give:
But we who by thy Mercy live,
While we have Breath will Offerings bring,
And grateful Hallelujahs sing.

4 To God the Father, God the Son,
And God the Spirit, Three in One,
Be Honour, Praise and Glory given,
By all on Earth and all in Heaven.
Psalm CXVI.

1 O Thou, who when I did complain,
   Didst all my Grieves remove,
O Saviour, do not now disdain
   My humble Praise and Love.

2 Since thou a pitying Ear didst give
   And hear me when I pray’d,
I’ll call upon thee while I live,
   And never doubt thy aid.

3 Pale Death with all his ghastly Train
   My Soul encompass round,
Anguish and Sin, and Dread and Pain
   On every side I found.

4 To thee, O Lord of Life, I pray’d
   And did for Succour flee:
O live (in my Distreß I said)
   The Soul that trusts in thee!

5 How good thou art! How large thy Grace!
   How easy to forgive!
The helpless thou delight’st to raile:
   And by thy Love I live.

6 Then, O my Soul, be never more
   With anxious Thoughts dißtreß,
God’s bounteous Love doth thee restore
   To Ease and Joy and Rest.

7 My Eyes no longer drown’d in Tears
   My Feet from falling free,
Redeem’d from Death and guilty Fears
   O Lord, I’ll live to thee!
Psalm CXVII.

1 Ye Nations, who the Globe divide,
    Ye numerous Nations scatter'd wide,
    To God your grateful Voices raise:
    To all his boundless Mercies shown,
    His Truth to endless Ages known
    Require our endless Love and Praise.

2 To him who reigns inthron'd on high,
    To his dear Son, who deign'd to die,
    Our Guilt and Errors to remove;
    To that blest Spirit who Grace imparts,
    Who rules in all believing Hearts,
    Be ceaseless Glory, Praise and Love!

Psalm CXLVI.

1 I'll praise my Maker while I've Breath
    And when my Voice is lost in Death
    Praise shall employ my nobler Powers.
    My Days of Praise shall ne'er be past
    While Life and Thought and Being last,
    Or Immortality endures.

2 Happy the Man whose hopes rely
    On Israel's God: He made the Sky
    And Earth and Seas with all their Train:
    His Truth for ever stands secure;
    He saves th' Opprest; he feeds the Poor,
    And none shall find his Promise vain.

3 The Lord pours Eye-sight on the Blind,
    The Lord supports the fainting Mind,
    He sends the labouring Conscience Peace,
He helps the Stranger in distress,
The Widow and the Fatherless,
And grants the Prisoner sweet Release.

4 I'll praise him while he lends me Breath,
And when my Voice is lost in Death,
Praise shall employ my nobler Powers:
My Days of Praise shall never be past,
While Life and Thought and Being last,
Or Immortality endures.

Psalm CXLVII.

1 Praise ye the Lord: 'Tis good to praise
Our Hearts and Voices in his Praise,
His Nature and his Works invite
To make this Duty our Delight.

2 He form'd the Stars, those heavenly Flames
He counts their Numbers, calls their Names
His Wisdom's vast and knows no Bound,
A deep where all our Thoughts are drown'd.

3 Great is the Lord and great his Might
And all his Glory's infinite
He crowns the Meek, rewards the Just,
And treads the Wicked to the Dust.

4 Sing to the Lord exalt him high,
Who spreads his Clouds around the Sky,
There he prepares the fruitful Rain,
Nor lets the Drops descend in vain.

5 He makes the Grass the Hills adorn
And clothes the smiling Fields with Corn:
The Beasts with Food his Hands supply
And the young Ravens when they cry.

6 Whag
Psalms and Hymns

6 What is the Creature's Skill or Force? The spritely: Man or warlike Horse? The piercing Wit, the active Limb? All are too mean Delights for him.

7 But Saints are lovely in his Sight He views his Children with Delight: He sees their Hope, he knows their Fear, And looks and loves his Image there.

3 Praise God from whom all Blessings flow, Praise him all Creatures here below: Praise him above, ye heavenly Host, Praise Father, Son and Holy Ghost,

XI.

Hymn to God the Father.

1 Hail, Father, who by creating Call Unnumber'd Worlds attend, Jehovah, comprehending all, Whom none can comprehend!

2 In Light unsearchable intrench'd Which Angels dimly see; The Fountain of the God-head own'd And foremost of the Three.

3 From thee thro' an eternal Now, The Son, thine Offspring, flow'd; An everlasting Father thou, As everlasting God.

4 Nor quite display'd to Worlds above, Nor quite on Earth conceal'd: By wondrous, unexhausted Love To mortal Man reveal'd.

3 Supreme
5 Supreme and all sufficient God,
  When Nature shall expire
  And Worlds created by thy Nod
  Shall perish by thy Fire.

6 Thy Name Jehovah be ador'd
   By Creatures without End,
   Whom none but thy essential Word
   And Spirit comprehend.

XII.

Hymn to God the Son.

1 Hail, God the Son, in Glory crown'd
   E'er Time began to be,
   Thron'd with thy Sire thro' half the Round
   Of wide Eternity!

2 Let Heaven and Earth's stupendous Frame
   Display their Author's Power,
   And each exalted Seraph Flame,
   Creator, thee adore!

3 Thy wondrous Love the God-head Shew'd
   Contracted to a Span,
   The Co-eternal Son of God,
   The mortal Son of Man.

4 To save Mankind from lost Estate,
   Behold his Life-Blood Stream!
   Hail, Lord Almighty to create!
   Almighty to redeem!

5 The Mediator's Godlike sway,
   His Church beneath sustains:
   Till Nature shall her Judge survey
   - The King Messiah reigns.

6 Hail
Psalms and Hymns.

Hail with essential Glory crown'd
When time shall cease to be,
Thron'd with the Father thro' the Round
Of whole Eternity!

XIII.

Hymn to God the Holy Ghost.

Hail, Holy Ghost, Jehovah, Third
In order of the Three;
Sprung from the Father and the Word
From all Eternity.

Thy Spirit brooding o'er th' Abyss
Of firmless Waters lay,
Spoke into Order all that is,
And Darkness into Day.

In deepest Hell or Heavens height
Thy Presence who can fly?
Known is the Father to thy Sight,
Th' Abyss of Deity.

Thy Power thro' Jesus's Life display'd
Quite from the Virgin's Womb,
Dying his Soul an offering made,
And rais'd him from the Tomb.

God's Image which our Sins destroy
Thy Grace restores below.
And Truth and Holiness and Joy
From thee, their Fountain, flow.

Hail, Holy Ghost, Jehovah, third
In order of the three,
Sprung from the Father and the Word
From all Eternity.

XIV.
Hymn to the Trinity.

1 Hail, Holy, Holy, Holy Lord!
   Be endless Praise to thee!
   Supreme, essential One, ador'd
   In Co-eternal Three.

2 Inthron'd in everlasting State
   E'er Time its Round began,
   Who join'd in Council to create
   The Dignity of Man.

3 To whom Isaiah's Vision shew'd
   The Seraphs veil their Wings,
   While thee, Jehovah, Lord and God
   Th' angelick Army sings.

4 To thee by Mystick Powers on high
   Were humble Praises given,
   When John beheld, with favour'd Eye
   Th' Inhabitants of Heaven.

5 All that the Name of Creature owns
   To thee in Hymns aspire:
   May we as Angels on our Thrones
   For ever join the Choir!

6 Hail, Holy, Holy, Holy Lord!
   Be endless Praise to thee;
   Supreme, essential One, ador'd
   In Co-eternal Three;

XV.

God's Eternity.

1 Rise, o my Soul and leave the Ground,
   Stretch all thy Thoughts abroad,
   And
And rouse up every tuneful Sound
To praise th' eternal God.

2 Long e'er the lofty Skies were spread
Jeborab fill'd his Throne;
E'er Adam form'd or Angels made
The Maker liv'd alone.

3 Thy boundless Years can ne'er decrease,
But still maintain their Prime,
Eternity's thy dwelling place,
And Ever is thy time.

4 While like a Tide our Minutes flow,
The present and the past,
He fills his own immortal Now
And sees our Ages wait.

5 The Sea and Sky must perish too
And vast destruction come;
The Creatures, look how old they grow!
And wait their fiery doom.

6 Well, let the Sea wait all away,
And Flame melt down the Skies,
My God shall live an endless Day,
When th' old Creation dies.

XVI.

From the German,

1 O God, thou bottomless Abyss,
Thee to perfection who can know?
O Height immense! What Words suffice
Thy countless Attributes to shew!
Unfathomable Depths thou art!
I plunge me in thy Mercies Sea;
Void of true Wisdom is my Heart:
With
Psalms and Hymns.

With love embrace and cover me.
While thee, All-infinite, I set
Before my ravish'd Eye,
My Weakness bends beneath the Weight:
I sink, I faint, I die!

2 Eternity thy Fountain was,
Which like thee, no beginning knew;
Thou wast e'er Time began his Race,
E'er glow'd with Stars th' eternal Blew.
Greatness unspeakable is thine
Greatness whose undiminish'd Ray
When short-liv'd Worlds are lost, shall shine,
When Earth and Heaven are fled away.
Unchangeable, all perfect Lord,
Of Life the boundless Sea,
What lives and moves, lives by thy Word
What is, is all from thee!

3 Thy Parent Hand, thy forming Skill
Firm fixt this universal Chain:
Else empty, barren darkness still
Had held his un molested Reign.
Whate'er in Earth, or Sea, or Sky
Or shuns or meets the wandering Thought
Escapes or strikes the searching Eye,
By thee was to perfection brought.
High is thy Power above all Height:
Whate'er thou wilt'is done:
Thy Wisdom equal to thy Might
Only to thee is known.

4 Heaven's Glory is thy awful Throne,
Yet Earth partakes thy gracious Sway:
Vain Man! Thy Wisdom, Folly own:
Lost is thy Reason's feeble Ray.
What his dim Eye cou'd never see
Is plain and naked to thy Sight;
Psalms and Hymns

What thickest Darkness veil's, to thee
Shines clearly as the Morning Light.
In Light thou dwell'st: Light that no shade
No changes ever knew:
And Heaven above and Hell beneath
Are open to thy View.

Thou, true and only God, lead'st forth
Th' immortal Armies of the Sky:
Thou taught'st to form the Gods of Earth,
Thou thunder'dst, and amaz'd they fly.
With down cast Eye thy angelic Choir
Appear before thy awful Face,
Trembling they strike the golden Lyre
And thro' Heav'n's Vault resound thy Praise.
In Earth, Air, Skies, in all thou art:
Creation feels thy Nod,
Whole Hand impress on every Part
The Image of its God.

Thine, Lord, is Wisdom, thine alone;
Justice and Truth before thee stand:
Yet nearer to thy sacred Throne
Mercy withholds thy lifted Hand.
Each Evening shews thy tender Love,
Each rising Morn thy plenteous Grace;
Thy waken'd Wrath doth slowly move,
Thy willing Mercy flies a Pace.
Father, to thy indulgent Care
This Light, this Breath we owe:
And all we have, and all we are,
From thee, great Fountain, flow.

Parent of Good, thy bounteous Hand
Incessant Blessings down distills,
And all in Air or Sea, or Land
With plenteous Food and Gladness fills.

All
All things in thee, live, move and are,
Thy power infused does all sustain;
Even those thy daily favours share
Who shrink'dst spurn thy easy reign.
Thy sun thou bid'st his genial ray
On all impartial pour;
To all who hate or bless thy sway
Thou send'st the fruitful show'r.

Yet while at length, who scorn'd thy might
Shall feel thee a consuming fire,
How sweet the joys, the crown, how bright
Of those who to thy love aspire!
All creatures praise thy eternal name!
Ye hosts that to his courts belong,
Cherubick quires, seraphick flames,
Awake the everlastling song.
Thrice holy, thine the kingdom is,
Th' almighty power is thine,
And when created nature dies
Thy ceaseless glories shine;

XVII.

Hymn to Christ.

1 JESU, behold the wife from far,
Led to thy cradle by a star
Bring gifts to thee, their God and King:
O guide us by thy light, that we
The way may find, and so to thee
Our hearts, our all for tribute bring.

2 Jesu, the pure, the spotless Lamb,
Who to the temple humbly came,
Duties the legal rights to pay,
O make our proud, our stubborn will

All
All thy Wife, gracious Laws fulfill,
What e'er rebellious Nature say.

4 Jesu, who on the fatal Wood
Pour'dst forth thy Life's last drop of Blood
Nailed to the accursed shameful Cross;
O may we bless thy Love, and be
Ready, dear Lord, to bear for thee
All Shame, all Grief, all Pain, all Loss!

4 Jesu, who by thine own Love retrofit,
By thine own Power took it Life again
And Conqueror from the Grave didst rise,
O may thy Death our Hearts revive,
And at our Death a new Life give,
A glorious Life that never dies.

5 Jesu, who to thy Heaven again
Return'dst in triumph, there to reign
Of Men and Angels sovereign King,
O may our parting Souls take flight
Up to that Land of Joy and Light
And there for ever grateful sing.

6 All Glory to the sacred Three,
One undivided Deity,
All Honour, Power and Love and Praise;
Still may thy blessed Name shine bright
In beams of uncreated Light
Crown'd with its own eternal Rays.

XVIII.
Adoption.

1 Behold what wondrous Grace
The Father hath bestowed
On Sinners of a mortal Race,
To call them Sons of God!
20 Psalms and Hymns.

2 Nor doth it yet appear
   How great we shall be made
But when we see our Saviour here
   We shall be like our Head

3 Lord, arm us with this Hope
   All Trials to endure:
O purge our Souls from Sense and Sin,
   As thou our God art pure.

4 In my Father's Love
   I share filial Part,
Show'r down thy Influence, holy Dove,
   And rest upon my Heart.

5 We would no longer lie
   Like Slaves beneath thy Throne:
O let us abba, Father, cry
   And thou the Kindred own!

XIX.

The Christian Race.

1 Awake our Souls (away our Fears,
   Let every trembling Thought be gone)
Awake, and run the heavenly Race
   And put a cheerful Courage on.

2 True, 'tis a freight and thorny Road,
   And mortal Spirits tire and faint:
But we forget the mighty God,
   That feeds the Strength of every Saint.

3 O mighty God thy matchless Power
   Is ever new, and ever young,
And firm endures while endless Years
   Their everlasting Circles run.

4 From thee the overflowing Spring
Psalms and Hymns.

Our Souls shall drink a fresh Supply:
While such as trust their native Strength
Shall melt away and droop, and die.

Swift as an Eagle cuts the Air
We'll mount aloft to thine Abode;
On Wings of Love our Souls shall fly
Nor tire amid'st the heavenly Road!

XX.
Praise.

1 O King of Glory, King of Peace,
   Thee only will I love;
Thee that my Love may never cease
   Incessant will I move.

2 For thou hast granted my Request,
   For thou my Cries hast heard;
Mark'd all the Workings of my Breast,
   And hast in Mercy spares'd.

3 Therefore with all my Strength and Art
   Thy Mercy will I sing:
To thee the Tribute of my Heart
   My Soul, my all I bring.

4 What tho' my Sins against me cried
   Thou didst the Sinner spare:
In vain th' Accuser loud replied;
   For Love had charm'd thy Ear.

5 The seven whole Days, nor one in seven,
   Unwearied will I praise,
And in my Heart as in thy Heaven
   Thy Throne triumphant raise.

6 Soften'd and vanquish'd by my Tears
   Thou cou'dst no more withstand,
   But
Psalms and Hymns.

But when stern Justice call’d for Fears
Disarm’d her lifted Hands;

Small is it in this humble fort
Thy Mercy’s Fame to raise;
For even Eternity’s too short
To utter all thy Praise!

X\XI.

Christ’s Humiliation and Exaltation.

What equal Honours shall we bring
To thee o Lord, our God the Lamb?
Since all the Notes that Angels sing
Are far inferior to thy Name.

Worthy is he that once was slain,
The Prince of Peace that groan’d and died,
Worthy to rise and live and reign
At his Almighty Father’s Side.

Power and Dominion are his due
Who stood condemn’d at Pilate’s Bar:
Wisdom belongs to Jesus too,
Tho’ he was charg’d with Madness here.

Honour immortal must be paid
Instead of Scandal and of Scorn.
While Glory shines around this Head,
And a bright Crown without a Thorn.

Blessings for ever on the Lamb,
Who bore the curse for wretched Men!
Let Angels sound his sacred Name,
And every Creature say, Amen.

XXII.

Hymn to the Holy Ghost.

Come holy Spirit, tend down those Beams
Which gently flow in silent Streams
Psalms and Hymns

From thy eternal Throne above,
Come thou enricher of the Poor,
Thou bounteous source of all our Store,
Fill us with Faith and Hope and Love.

2 Come thou, our Soul's delightful Guest,
The wearied Pilgrim's sweetest rest,
The fainting Sufferer's best relief:
Come thou, our Passions cool allay:
Thy Comfort wipes all Tears away,
And turns to Peace all Joy and Grief.

3 Lord, wash our sinful Stains away,
Water from Heaven our barren Clay,
Our Sickness cure, our Bruises heal:
To thy sweet Yoke our stiff Necks bow,
Warm with thy Fire our Hearts of Snow,
And there cuthron'd for ever dwell.

4 All Glory to the sacred Three
One everlasting Deity,
All Love and Power and Might and Praise;
As at the first, e'er time begun,
May the same Homage still be done
When Earth and Heaven itself decays.

XXIII.
The Offices of Christ.

1 We bless the Prophet of the Lord,
That comes with Truth and Grace;
Jesus, thy Spirit and thy Word
Shall lead us in thy Ways.

2 We reverence our high Priest above;
Who offer'd up his Blood:
Live, Lord, and carry on thy Love
By pleading with our God.

3 We
Psalms and Hymns.

3 We honour our exalted King;
   How sweet are thy Commands!
O Guard our Souls from Hell and Sin
   In thy Almighty Hands.

4 Hosannab to thy glorious Name
   Who sav’st by different Ways!
Thy Mercies lay a sovereign Claim
   To our immortal Praise.

XXIV.
Hymn for Sunday.

1 Behold we come, dear Lord, to thee
   And bow before thy Throne,
We come to offer all our Vows,
   Our Souls to thee alone.

2 What e’er we have, what e’er we are,
   Thy Bounty freely gave:
Thou dost us here in Mercy spare,
   And wilt hereafter save.

3 But o! can all our Store afford
   No better Gifts for thee?
Thus we confess thy Riches, Lord,
   And thus our Poverty.

4 ’Tis not our Tongues or Knees can pay
   The mighty Debt we owe:
Far more we should, than we can say,
   Far lower should we bow.

5 Come then my Soul, bring all thy Powers
   And grieve thou hast no more,
Bring every Day thy choicest Hours
   And thy great God adore.

6 But above all prepare thy Heart
   On this his own blest Day,
Psalms and Hymns

In its sweet Task to bear a part,
And sing and love and pray!

XXV.
Triumph over Death.

1 And must this Body die?
   This well wrought Frame decay?
   And must these active Limbs of mine
   Lie mouldring in the Clay?

2 Corruption, Earth and Worms
   Shall but refine this flesh,
   Till my triumphant Spirit comes
   To put it on a fresh.

3 God my Redeemer lives
   And often from the Skies
   Looks down and watches all my Dust,
   Till he shall bid it rise.

4 Array'd in glorious Grace
   Shall these vile Bodies shine,
   And every Shape and every Face
   Be heavenly and divine.

5 These lively Hopes we owe,
   Lord, to thy dying Love:
   O may we blest thy Grace below,
   And sing thy Power above.

6 Saviour accept the Praise
   Of these our humble Songs,
   Till Tunes of nobler Sound we raise
   With our immortal Tongues.
Psalms and Hymns.

XVI.
From the German.

1 Jesu, to thee my Heart I bow,
Strange Flames far from my Soul remove:
Fairest among Ten Thousand thou,
Be thou my Lord, my Life, my Love.

2 All Heav'n thou fill'st with pure desire;
O shine upon my frozen Breast;
With sacred Warmth my Heart inspire,
May I too thy bid Sweetness taste.

3 I see thy Garments roll'd in Blood,
Thy streaming Head, thy Hands, thy Side:
All hail, thou suffering, conquering God,
Now Man shall live; for God hath died.

4 O kill in me this rebel Sin,
And triumph o'er my willing Breast;
Restore thy Image Lord, therein,
And lead me to my Father's Rest.

5 Ye earthly Loves be far away!
Saviour, be thou my Love alone;
Ne'er more may mine usurp the Sway,
But in me thy great Will be done!

6 Yea, thou, true Witness, Spotless Lamb,
All Things for thee I count but Loss;
My sole desire, my constant Aim,
My only Glory be thy Cross!

XVII.
Thanksgiving for God's particular Providence.

1 When all thy Mercies, o my God,
My rising Soul surveys,
Psalms and Hymns.

Why my cold Heart, art thou not lost
In Wonder, Love and Praise?

2 Thy Providence my Life sustain'd
And all my Wants redress;
While in the silent Womb I lay
And hung upon the breast.

3 To all my weak Complaints and Cries
Thy Mercy lent an Ear;
E'er yet my feeble Thoughts had learn'd
To form themselves in Prayer.

4 Unnumber'd Comforts on my Soul
Thy tender Care bestow'd,
Before my infant Heart conceived
From whom those Comforts flow'd.

5 When in the slippery Paths of Youth
With heedless Steps I ran,
Thine Arm unseen convey'd me safe
And led me up to Man.

6 Thro' hidden Dangers, Toils and Deaths
I gently clear'd my way,
And thro' the pleating Snares of Vice,
More to be fear'd than they.

7 Ten Thousand Ten Thousand precious Gifts
My daily Thanks employ;
Nor is the least a cheerful Heart
That taits those Gifts with Joy.

8 Thro' every Period of my Life
Thy Goodness I'll praise,
And after Death in distant Worlds
The pleasing Theme renew.

9 Thro' all Eternity to thee
A grateful Song I'll raise:

But
Psalms and Hymns.

But o! Eternity's too short
To utter all thy Praise.

XXVIII.
A Morning Hymn.

1 My God how endless is thy Love!
   Thy Gifts are every Evening new:
   And Morning Mercies from above
   Gently distill like early Dew.

2 Thou spread'st the Curtains of the Night
   Great Guardian of my sleeping Hours:
   Thy sovereign Word restores the Light
   And quickens all my drooping Powers.

3 I yield my Powers to thy Command,
   To thee I consecrate my Days:
   Perpetual Blessings from thy Hand
   Demand perpetual Songs of Praise.

XXIX.
Heaven begun on Earth.

1 Come, ye that love the Lord,
   And let your Joys be known,
   Join in a Song with sweet accord
   While ye surround his Throne.

2 Let those refuse to sing
   That never knew our God:
   But servants of the heavenly King
   May speak their Joys abroad.

3 The God that rules on high,
   That all the Earth surveys,
   That rides upon the stormy Sky
   And
Psalms and Hymns.

And calms the roaring Seas.

4 This awful God is ours,
   Our Father and our Love:
   Thou shalt send down thy heavenly Powers
   To carry us above.

5 There we shall see thy Face
   And never, never Sin;
   There from the Rivers of thy Grace
   Drink endless Pleasures in.

6 Yea, and before we rise
   To that immortal State,
   The Thoughts of such amazing Bliss,
   Shou'd constant Joys create.

7 The Men of Grace have found
   Glory begun below:
   Celestial Fruits on earthly Ground
   From Faith and Hope may grow.

8 Then let our Songs abound
   And every Fear be dry:
   We're marching thro' Immanuel's Ground
   To happier Worlds on high.

X \X. The Names of Christ.

1 Join all the Names of Love and Power
   That ever Men or Angels bore,
   All are too mean to speak thy Worth,
   Saviour, or let thy Glories forth.

2 But o! what condescending Ways
   Thou take'st to teach thy heavenly Grace;
   My Eyes with Joy and Wonder see
   What Forms of Love thou bear'st for me.

3 Great
Psalms and Hymns

3 Great Prophet, let me bless thy Name!  
By thee the joyful Things came,  
Of Wrath appeas'd, of Sins forgiven,  
Of Hell subdued, and Peace with Heaven.

4 My bright Example and my Guide,  
I would be walking near thy Side:  
O never let me run astray,  
Nor follow the forbidden Way.

5 Jesus my great high Priest has died,  
I seek no Sacrifice beside;  
Thy Blood did once for all atone,  
And now it pleads before thy Throne.

6 My Lord, my Conqueror and my King,  
Thy Scepter and thy Sword I sing,  
Thine is the Victory and I sit  
A joyful Subject at thy Feet.

7 Aspire, my Soul, to glorious Deeds,  
The Captain of Salvation leads:  
March on, nor fear to win the Day,  
Thou Death and Hell obstruct the Way.

8 Should Death and Hell and Powers unknown  
Put on their Forms of Mischief on,  
I shall be safe, for Christ displays  
Salvation in more powerful Ways.

XXXI.

Solomon's Song, Ch. 2 Ver. 8. &c.

1 The Voice of my beloved sounds,  
Over the Rocks and rising Grounds,  
O'er Hills of Guilt and Seas of Grief  
He leaps, he flies to my Relief.

2 Now thru' the Veil of Flesh I see  
With,
With Eyes of Love he looks at me,
Now in the Gospel’s clearest Glass
He shews the Beauties of his Faces.

3 Gently he draws my Heart along
Both with his Beauties and his Tongue;
Rise, faith my Lord, make haste away,
No mortal Joys are worth thy Stay.

4 The Jewish wintry State is gone
The Mists are fled, the Spring comes on,
The sacred Turtle Dove we hear
Proclaim the new, the joyful Year.

5 Th’ immortal Vine of heavenly Root
Blossoms and buds and gives her Fruit;
So we are come to taste the Wine;
Our Souls rejoice and bless the Vine.

6 And when I hear my Jesus say
Rise up, my Love, make haste away!
My Heart would fain out-fly the Wind,
And leave all earthly Loves behind.

XXXII.

Verse 14, &c.

1 Dear Lord, my thankful Heart revives
The Hope thine Invitation gives:
To thee, my joyful Lips shall raise
The Voice of Prayer, the Voice of Praise.

2 I am my Lord’s, and he is mine:
Our Hearts, our Hopes, our Passions join:
Not let a Motion or a Word,
Or Thought arise to grieve my Lord.

3 Till the Day breaks and Shadows flee,
Till the sweet drawing Light I see,
Psalms and Hymns.

Thine Eyes to me ward ever turn,
Nor let my Soul in Darkness mourn.

4 Be like a Hart on Mountains green;
Leap o'er these Hills of Fear and Sin:
Nor Guilt nor Unbelief divide
My Love, my Saviour from my Side.

XXXIII.
Sincere Praise.

3 Almighty Maker, God!
    How glorious is thy Name!
Thy Wonders how diffus'd abroad,
    Thro'out Creations Frame!

2 In Native white and red,
    The Rose and Lilly stand;
And free from Pride their Beauties spread
    To shew thy skillful Hand.

3 The Lark mounts up the Sky
With unambitious Song,
And bears her Maker's Praise on High
Upon her artless Tongue.

4 Fain wou'd I rise and sing
    To my Creator too;
Fain wou'd my Heart adore my King
    And give him Praises due.

5 But Pride that busy Sin,
    Spoils all that I perform,
Curs'd Pride that creeps securely in
    And swells a haughty Worm.

6 Thy Glories I abate,
    Or praise thee with Design,
Psalms and Hymns

Part of thy Favours I forget,
Or think the Merit mine.

4 Create my Soul a new,
Else all my Worship's vain:
This wretched Heart will ne'er prove true
Till it be form'd again.

8 Descend, celestial Fire
And seize me from above!
Wrap me in Flames of pure Desire
A Sacrifice to love.

9 Let Joy and Worship spend
The remnant of my Days,
And to my God my Soul attend
In sweet Perfumes of Praise!

XXXIV.

O ye Spirits and Souls of the Righteous, bless ye the Lord.

1 Hail, glorious Angels, Heirs of Light,
Ye high born Sons of Fire:
Whose Hearts burn chaft, whose Flames shine
All Joy, yet all Desire.

2 Hail, holy Saints, who long in Hope
And Expectation sat,
Till for its King, Heaven did set ope' Its everlasting Gate.

3 Hail, great Apostles of the Lamb,
Who brought that early Ray,
Which from our Sun reflected came,
And made a glorious Day.

4 Hail!
Psalms and Hymns.

4 Hail, generous Martyrs, whose strong Hearts
Bravely rejoiced to prove,
How weak, pale Death, are all thy Darts
Compar'd to those of Love.

5 Hail, beauteous Virgins, whose pure Love
Renoon'd all low Desires,
Who wildly fixt your Hearts above,
And burn with heavenly Fires.

6 Hail, all ye happy Spirits above,
Who make that glorious Ring
About the sparkling Throne of Love
And there for ever sing.

7 Great Lord, among their Crowns of Praise
Accept this little Wreath,
Which while their lofty Notes they raise
We humbly sing beneath.

XXXV.

The Shortness of Life.

1 Time, what an empty Vapour 'tis!
And Days how swift they are!
Swift as an Indian Arrow flies
Or as a shooting Star!

2 The present Moments just appear,
Then glide away in haste.
That we can never say they're here!
But only say, they're past!

3 Our Life is ever on the Wing
And Death is ever nigh;
The Moment when our Lives begin
We all begin to die.
Psalms and Hymns.

4 Yet, mighty God, our fleeting Days
   Thy lasting Favours share:
   Yet with the Bounties of thy Grace
   Thou load'st the rolling Year.

5 'Tis sovereign Mercy finds us Food,
   And we are cloth'd by Love,
   While Grace stands pointing out the Road
   That leads our Souls above.

6 Thy Goodness runs an endless Round!
   All Glory to the Lord!
   Thy Mercy never knows a Bound,
   Be thy great Name ador'd!

7 Thus we begin the lasting Song,
   And when we close our Eyes,
   Let following Times thy Praise prolong,
   Till Time and Nature dies.

XXXVI.

Christ our Wisdom, &c.

1 Buried in Shadows of the Night
   We lie, till Christ restores the Light;
   Wisdom descends to heal the Blind
   And chase the Darkness of the Mind.

2 Our guilty Souls are drown'd in Tears
   Till thy atoning Blood appears:
   Then we awake from deep distress
   And sing, the Lord our Righteousness.

3 Jesus beholds where Satan reigns,
   Binding his Slaves in heavy Chains,
   He lets the Prisoners free and breaks
   The iron Bondage from our Necks.
36 Psalms and Hymns.

4 Poor helpless Worms in thee possess,
   Grace, Wisdom, Power and Righteousness,
   Thou art our mighty All, and we
   Give our whole selves, O Lord, to thee.

XXXVII.
Gloria Patri.

1 Be the Father and his Love,
   To whose celestial Source we owe
   Rivers of endless Joys above
   And Rills of Comfort here below.

2 Glory to thee, great Son of God,
   Forth from thy wounded Body rolls
   A precious Stream of vital Blood,
   Pardon and Life for dying Souls.

3 We give the sacred Spirit Praise,
   Who in our Hearts of Sin and Woe
   Make's living Springs of Grace arise
   And into boundless Glory flow.

4 Thus God the Father, God the Son
   And God the Spirit we adore;
   That Sea of Life, and Love unknown
   Without a Bottom or a Shore.

XXXVIII.
Hymn to Christ.

1 O Jesus, why, why dost thou Love
   Such worthless Things as we?
   Why is thy Heart still toward us
   Who seldom think on thee?

2 Thy
Psalms and Hymns

2 Thy Bounty gives us all we have
And we thy Gifts abuse:
Thy Bounty gives us even thy self,
And we thy self refuse.

3 And why alas, why do we love
Such wretched Things as these?
These that withdraw us from our Lord
And his pure Eyes displease?

4 Break off and raise thy manly Eye
Up to those Joys above,
Behold all there our Lord prepares
To gain and crown thy Love.

5 Alas, o Lord, we cannot love
Unless thou draw our Heart!
Thou who vouchsafe't to make us know,
O make us do our part.

6 Still do thou love me, o my Lord,
That I may still love thee:
Still make me love thee, o my God
That thou mayst still love me.

XXXIX.
Prayer.

1 How swiftly wafted in a Sigh,
Thou God that hear'st the Prayer;
Do our Requests invade the Sky
And pierce thy bending Ear!

2 My Suit is made, my Prayer is o'er,
If I but lift my Eye;
Thou gracious Father, canst no more
Not hear, than thou canst die.

3 How
38 Psalms and Hymns.

3 How shall we thy great Arm revere
   Which gives this All to be,
   Connects the Center with the Sphere
   And spans Infinity?

4 Whate'er our ardent Souls require,
   Whate'er we wish is there;
   Thy Power exceeds our scant Desire
   And blames our partial Prayer.

5 O! how unbounded is thy Love
   Which when thou could'st not die,
   Descending from thy Throne above
   Put on Mortality!

6 Thou leav'st thy Father's blissful Face
   Our Guilt and Curse to assume,
   To burst the Bars that stop'd thy Grace
   And make thy Bounty room.

7 Then still let Prayer with me remain,
   This my Companion be;
   So shall I all my wants obtain,
   Obtain all Heaven in thee!

XL.

From the German.

1 O Jesus, Source of calm Repose,
   Thy like nor Man nor Angel knows,
   Fairest among ten thousand fair!
   Even those whom Death's sad Fetters bound,
   Whom thickest Darknesses compaft round
   Find Light and Life if thou appear.

2 Effulgence of the Light Divine,
   E'er rolling Planets knew to shine,
   E'er Time its ceaseless Course began;
   Thou
Thou when the appointed Hour was come
Didst not disdain the Virgin's Womb,
But God with God was Man with Man:
The World, Sin, Death oppose in vain,
Thou by thy dying, Death hast slain,
My great Deliverer and my God!
In vain does the old Dragon rage,
In vain all Hell its Powers engage:
None can withstand thy conquering Blood.

Lord over all, sent to fulfill
Thy gracious Father's sovereign Will,
To thy dread Scepter will I bow:
With duteous Reverence at thy Feet,
Like humble Mary, lo, I sit,
Speak, Lord, thy Servant heareth now.

Renew thy Image Lord in me,
Lowly and gentle may I be;
No Charms to thee but these are dear:
No Anger mayst thou ever find;
No Pride in my unruffled Mind
But Faith and Heav'n-born Peace are there.

A patient, a victorious Mind
That Life and all Things cast behind,
Springs forth, obedient to thy call,
A Heart that no desire can move,
But still adore and praise and love,
Give me, my Lord, my Life, my All.
Psalm XXXVIII.

1 A Midst thy Wrath remember Love,
Reftore thy Servant, Lord!
Nor let a Father's Chast'ning prove
Like an Avenger's Sword!

2 My Sins a heavy Burden are,
And o'er my Head are gone.
Too heavy they for me to bear,
Too great for me t' atone.

3 My Thoughts are like a troubled Sea,
My Head still bending down:
And I go mourning all the Day,
Father, beneath thy Frown.

4 All my desire to thee is known,
Thine Eye counts every Tear,
And every Sigh and every Groan
Is notice'd by thine Ear.

5 Thou art my God, my only Hope;
O hearken to my cry,
O hear my fainting Spirits up,
When Satan bids me die.

6 Lord, I confess my Guilt to thee,
I grieve for all my Sin;
My helpless Impotence I see,
And beg Support divine.
Psalms and Hymns.

7 O God, forgive my Follies past;
   Be thou for ever nigh!
O Lord of my Salvation haste,
   And save me, or I die!

II.
Psalms LI.

1 O Thou that hearest when Sinners cry,
   Thou all my Crimes before thee lie,
Behold me not with angry Look,
   But blot their Memory from thy Book.

2 Create my Nature pure within,
   And form my Soul averse from Sin:
Let thy good Spirit ne'er depart,
   Nor hide thy Presence from my Heart.

3 I cannot live without thy Light,
   Cast out and banish'd from thy Sight:
Thy saving Strength, o Lord restore,
   And guard me that I fall no more.

4 The I have griev'd thy Spirit, Lord,
   His help and comfort still afford:
And let a Wretch come near thy Throne
   To plead the Merits of thy Son.

5 My Soul lies humbled in the Dust,
   And owns thy dreadful Sentence just:
Look down o Lord with pitying Eye,
   And save the Soul condemn'd to die.

5 Then will I teach the World thy Ways:
   Sinners shall learn thy sovereign Grace:
I'll lead them to my Saviour's Blood,
   And they shall praise a pard'ning God.
Psalms and Hymns.

7 O may thy Love inspire my Tongue,
   Salvation shall be all my Song,
   And all my Powers shall join to bless
   The Lord my Strength and Righteousness.

III.

Psalm XC.

1 Thro' every Age, eternal God,
   Thou art our Rest, our safe Abode:
   High was thy Throne c'er Heaven was made,
   Or Earth thy humble Foot stool laid.

2 Long had'rt thou reign'd c'er time began
   Or Dust was fashioned into Man:
   And long thy Kingdom shall endure,
   When Earth and Time shall be no more.

3 But Man, weak Man is born to die,
   Made up of Guilt and Vanity:
   Thy dreadful Sentence, Lord, was just:
   Dust as thou art, return to dust.

4 Death like an over-flowing Stream
   Sweeps us away, our Life's a Dream:
   An empty Tale, a Morning Flower,
   Cut down and wither'd in an Hour.

5 Our Age to seventy Years is set:
   How short the Term, how frail the State!
   Or if to Eighty we arrive,
   We rather high and green than live.

6 Teach us, o Lord, how frail is Man;
   And kindly lengthen out our Span,
   Till from the Chains of Sin set free
   We find immortal Life in thee!
Psalms and Hymns.

IV.

The same.

1 Lord, if thine Eye surveyest our Faults
   And Justice grow severe,
   Thy dreadful Wrath exceed our Thoughts,
   And burns beyond our Fears.

2 Thine Anger turns our Frame to Dust:
   By one Offence to thee
   Adam with all his Sons have lost
   Their Immortality.

3 Life like a vain Amusement flies,
   A Fable or a Song,
   By swift Degrees our Nature dies,
   Nor can our Joys be long.

4 'Tis but a few whose Days amount
   To three score Years and ten:
   And all beyond that short Account,
   Is sorrow, Toil and Pain.

5 Almighty God reveal thy Love,
   And not thy Wrath alone!
   O let our sweet Experience prove
   The Mercies of thy Throne.

6 Our Souls would learn the heav'ly Art
   To improve the Hours we have:
   That we may act the wiser Part,
   And live beyond the Grave.

V.

A Thought in Affliction.

1 Wilt thou, O Lord, regard my Tears,
   The Fruit of Guilt and Fear?

2 Me
Psalms and Hymns.

Me, who thy Justice have provok'd,
O will thy Mercy spare?

2 Yes: for the broken, contrite Heart
Saviour, thy Sufferings plead:
O quench not then the smoking Flax,
Nor break the bruised Reed!

3 Thy poor unworthy Servant view,
Resign'd to thy Decree;
Ordain me or to live or die,
But live or die in thee.

4 Upon thy gracious Promise, Lord,
My humbled Soul is cast!
O bear me safe thro' Life, thro' Death,
And raise me up at last!

5 Low as this mortal Frame must lie
This mortal Frame shall sing,
Where is thy Victory, o Grave,
And where, o Death, thy Sting?

VI.

On the Crucifixion.

1 From whence these dire Portents around,
That Earth and Heav'n amaze?
Wherefore do Earthquakes cleave the Ground,
Why hides the Sun his Rays?

2 Not thus did Sinai's trembling Head
With sacred Horror nod,
Beneath the dark Pavilion spread
O legislative God.

3 Thou, Earth, thy lowest Center shake
With Jesus sympathize!
PSALMS and HYMNS.

Thou Sun, as Hell's deep Gloom be black,
'Tis thy Creator dies!

4 See streaming from th' accursed Tree
  His all atoning Blood!
Is this the Infinite? 'Tis he,
  My Saviour and my God!

5 For me these Pangs his Soul assail,
  For me the Death is born!
My Sin gave sharpness to the Nail
  And pointed every Thorn!

6 Let Sin no more my Soul enslave!
  Break, Lord, the Tyrant's Chain!
O save me, whom thou cam'st to save,
  Nor bleed nor die in vain!

VII.
Discipline.

1 O Throw away thy Rod!
  O throw away thy Wrath!
My gracious Saviour and my God,
  O take the gentle Path.

2 Thou seest my Heart's Desire
  Still unto thee is bent!
Still does my longing soul aspire
  To an entire Content.

3 Not e'en a Word or Look
  Do I approve or own,
But by the Model of thy Book,
  Thy sacred Book alone

4 Altho' I fail, I weep,
  Altho' I hate in Peace

Yet:
Yet still with trembling steps I creep
Unto the Throne of Grace.

O then let Wrath remove;
For Love will do the Deed;
Love will the Conquest gain with Love
Even strong Hearts will bleed.

For Love is swift of Foot,
Love is a Man of War;
Love can resist less Arrows shoot,
And hit the Mark from far.

Who can escape his Bow?
That which hath wrought on thee,
Which brought the King of Glory low,
Must surely work on me.

O throw away thy Rod,
What tho' Man Frailties hath?
Thou art our Saviour and our God:
O throw away thy Wrath!

VIII.
On the Crucifixion.

Behold the Saviour of Mankind
Nail'd to the shameful Tree!
How vast the Love that him inclin'd
To bleed and die for thee!

Hark how he groans! while Nature shakes,
And Earth's strong Pillars bend!
The Temple's Veil in sunder breaks,
The solid Marbles rend.

'Tis done! the precious Ransom's paid;
Receive my soul, he cries:
Psalms and Hymns.

See where he bows his sacred Head!
He bows his Head and dies.

4 But soon he'll break Death's envious Chain
   And in full Glory shine;
O Lamb of God was ever pain,
   Was ever Love like thine!

IX.
A Sinner's Prayer.

1 Thou Lord my Power and Wisdom art
   O do not then reject my Heart!
   Thy Clay that weeps, thy Dust I am
   That call's—O put me not to shame.

2 Thy Glories, Lord, in all Things shine,
   Thine is the Deed, the Praise is thine.
   A feeble helpless Creature, I
   Do at thy Pleasure live or die.

3 Lord well I know, I merit Grief,
   Yea endless Fears without Relief:
   Ye not 'tis exact thy Due forbear,
   And spare, a feeble Creature, spare.

4 Still if I wail not (still to wail
   Nature denies and Flesh would fail)
   Lord, pardon, for thy Son makes good
   My want of Tears with store of Blood.

X.
Judgment.

1 When rising from the Bed of Death,
   O'erwhelm'd with Guilt and Fear
I view my Maker Face to Face,
   O how shall I appear.
Psalms and Hymns.

1 If yet, while Pardon may be found
   And Mercy may be sought,
   My soul with inward Horror shrinks,
   And trembles at the Thought;

2 When thou o Lord shalt stand disclos'd
   In Majesty severe,
   And sit in Judgment on my soul,
   O how shall I appear!

3 O may my broken, contrite Heart
   Timely my Sins lament,
   And early with repentant Tears
   Eternal Woe prevent!

4 Behold the Sorrows of my Heart,
   E'er yet it be too late!
   And hear my Saviour's dying Groans
   To give those sorrows weight.

5 For never shall my soul despair
   Her Pardon to secure;
   Who knows thy only Son has died,
   To make that Pardon sure.

XI.

Christ's Compassion to the Tempted.

1 With Joy we meditate the Grace
   Of our high Priest above;
   His Heart is made of Tenderness,
   His Bowels melt with Love.

2 Touch'd with a Sympathy within
   He knows our feeble Frame;
   He knows what fore Temptations mean,
   For he hath felt the same.
Psalms and Hymns

3. He in the Days of feeble Flesh
    Pour'd out his Cries and Tears
    And in his Measure feels afresh
    What every Member bears.

4. He'll never quench the smoaking Flax
    But rate it to a Flame,
    The bruised Reed he never breaks
    Nor scorns the meanest Name

5. Then let our humble Faith address
    His Mercy and his Power:
    We shall obtain delivering Grace
    In the distressing Hour.

XII.

Frailty.

5. Lord, how in Silence I despise
    The giddy Worldling's Share,
    This Beauty, Riches, Honour, Toys
    Beneath a Moment's Care?

6. Hence painted Dust, and gilded Clay:
    You have no Charms for me:
    Delusive Breath be far away!
    I waste no Thought on thee.

7. But when abroad at once I view
    Both the World's Haves and thine,
    These simple, sad, afflicted, few,
    Those numerous, gay and fine?

8. Left my Resolves, my Scorn is past,
    I boast my Strength no more:
    A willing Slave they bind me fast
    With unresisted Power.
50 Psalms and Hymns.

5 O book not this! Let not thy Foes
Prefer thy hallow'd Shrine:
Thine is my Soul, by sacred Vows
Of strictest Union Thine!

6 O hear my just, tho' late Request,
Once more the Captive free,
Renew thy Image in my Breast,
And claim my Heart for thee.

XIII.

Unfruitfulness.

1 Long have I sat beneath the Sound
Of thy Salvation, Lord,
But still! how weak my Faith is found
And Knowledge of thy Word!

2 Of thy frequent thy holy Place;
Yet hear almost in vain:
How small a Portion of thy Grace
Can my hard Heart retain!

3 My gracious Saviour and my God
How little art thou known
By all the Judgments of thy Rod,
And blessings of thy Throne?

4 How cold and feeble is my Love!
How negligent my Fear!
How low my hope of Joys above!
How few Affections there!

5 Great God, thy sovereign Power imparts
To give thy Word Success;
Write thy Salvation in my Heart,
And make me learn thy Grace.

6 Shew
Psalms and Hymns

6 Shew my forgetful Feet the way
That leads to Joys on high,
There Knowledge grows without Decay
And Love shall never die.

XIV.

From the German.

1 Thou Lamb of God, thou Prince of Peace,
For thee my sinful Soul doth yearn.
My longings Heart implores thy Grace,
O make in me thy Likeness shine.

2 With fraudless, even, humble Mind
Thy Will in all Things may I see;
In Love be every With resign'd,
And hallow'd my whole Heart to thee.

3 When Pain o'er my weak Flesh prevails
With Lamb-like Patience arm my Breast
When Grief my wounded Soul afflicts
In lowly Meekness may I rest.

4 Close by thy Side still may I keep,
How e'er Life's various current flow;
With fasting Eye mark every Step,
And follow thee where'er thou go.

5 Thou, Lord, the dreadful Fight hast won
Alone thou halt the Vinepress trod;
In me thy Strengthening Grace be shewn,
O may I conquer thro' thy Blood!

6 So when on Sin thou shalt stand,
And all Heaven's Host adore their King,
Shall I be found at thy Right Hand,
And free from Pain thy Glories sing.
Psalm 52

Faith in Christ.

1 How sad our State by Nature is,
   Our Sin how deep it stains!
   And Satan binds our captive Souls
   Fall in his Deceitful Chains.

2 But there's a Voice of sovereign Grace
   Sounds from thy Sacred Word,
   Here ye despairing Sinners come
   And trust upon the Lord.

3 My Soul obeys th'Almighty Call
   And runs to this Relief;
   I would believe thy Promise, Lord!
   O help my unbelief.

4 To the blest Fountain of thy Blood,
   Incarnate God, I fly:
   Here let me wash my spotted Soul
   From Crimes of deepest Die.

5 Stretch out thy Arm, victorious King,
   My reigning Sins subdue:
   Drive the old Dragon from his Seat
   With his infernal Crew.

6 A guilty, weak and helpless Worm
   Into thy Arms I fall;
   Be thou my Strength and Righteousness,
   My Jesus and my All.

XVI.

Longing.

1 With bended Knees and aking Eyes
   Weary and faint to thee my Cries,
Psalm 53

To thee my Tears, my Groans I send;
O when shall my Complainings end?

2 Wither'd my Heart like barren Ground
Accursed of God: My Head turns round,
My Throat is hoarse; I faint, I fall,
Yet falling still for Pity call.

3 Eternal Streams of Pity flow
From thee their source to Earth below:
Mothers are kind, because thou art,
Thy Tenderness o'erflows their Heart.

4 Lord of my Soul, bow down thine Ear!
Hear, Bowels of Compassion, hear!
O give not to the Winds my Prayer!
Thy Name, thy hallow'd Name is there.

5 Look on my Sorrows! Mark them well;
The Shame, the Pangs, the Flames, I feel!
Consider, Lord, thine Ear incline:
Thy Son hath made my Sufferings thine.

6 Thou, Jesus, on th'acquiescent Tree
Didst bow thy dying Head for me:
Incline it now! Who made the Ear
Can he, can he forget to hear?

7 See thy poor Dust in pity see
It stirs, it creeps, it aims at thee!
Haste, save it from the greedy Tomb:
Come, every Atom bids thee come!

8 'Tis thine to help! forget me not!
O be thy Mercy ne'er forgot!
Lock'd is thy Ear? Yet still my Plea
May speed, for Mercy keeps the Key.

9 Thou tarriest while I sink, I die,
And fall to nothing! Thou on high
56 Psalms and Hymns.

See'lt me undone! yet am I still!
By thee (loft as I am) thy Child.

Yet thou art good; and yet abide
Thy Promises; they speak, they chide,
They in my Bosom pour my Tears,
And my Complaint present as theirs.

Hear, Jesu! Hear my broken Heart!
Broken so long, that every part
Hath got a Tongue which never shall cease,
Till thou pronounce, depart in Peace.

My Lord, my Saviour, hear my Cry,
By these thy Feet at which I lie;
Pluck out thy Dart: Regard my Sighs:
Now heal my Heart, or now it dies.

XVII.

Salvation by Grace.

Lord, we confess our numerous Faults,
How great our Guilt has been!
Foolish and vain were all our Thoughts,
And all our Lives were Sin.

But, O my Soul, for ever praise
For ever love his Name,
Who turns thy Feet from dangerous Ways
Of Folly, Sin and Shame.

'Tis not by Works of Righteousness,
Which our own Hands have done;
But we are saved by sovereign Grace
Abounding thro' thy Son.

'Tis from the Mercy of our God
That all our Hopes begin;

'Tis
Psalms and Hymns.

'Tis by the Water and the Blood
Our Souls are wash'd from Sin:

'Tis thro' the Purchase of his Death
Who hung upon the Tree
Thy Spirit is sent down to breath
On such dry Bones as we.

Rais'd from the Dead we live anew
And justified by Grace,
We shall appear in Glory too
And see our Father's Face.

XVIII.

Inconstancy.

1 Lord Jesu when when shall it be,
This I no more shall break with thee!
When will this War of Passions cease,
And my free Soul enjoy thy Peace?

2 Here I repent and sin again:
Now I revive and now am Slain:
Slain with the same unhappy Dart,
Which, o! too often wounds my Heart.

3 O Saviour when when shall I be
A Garden seal'd to all but thee:
No more expos'd, no more undone:
But live und grow to thee alone!

4 Guide thou my Lord, guide thou my Course
And draw me on with thy sweet Force?
Still make me walk, still make me tend
By thee my Way, to thee my End.

XIX.
Christ our Righteousness.

1. How heavy is the Night
   That hangs upon our Eyes!
   Till Christ with his reviving Light
   Upon our Souls arise!

2. Our guilty Spirits dread
   To meet the Wrath of Heaven;
   But in thy Righteousness array'd
   We see our Sins forgiven.

3. Utholy and impure
   Are all our Thoughts and Ways:
   Thy hand infected Nature cure
   With sanctifying Grace.

4. The Powers of Hell agree
   To hold our Souls in vain:
   Thou set'st the Sons of Bondage free,
   And break'st the cursed Chain.

5. Lord, we adore thy Ways
   To bring us near to God,
   Thy sovereign Power, thy healing Grace
   And thine atoning Blood.

XX.

From the German.

1. My Soul before thee prostrate lies,
   To thee, her Source my Spirit flies,
   My Wants I mourn, my Chains I see
   O let thy Presence set me free!

2. Lost and undone for aid I cry:
   In thy Death, Saviour, let me die.
Griev'd with thy Grief, pain'd with thy Pain,
Ne'er may I feel Self-Love again

3 Jesu, vouchsafe my Heart and Will
With thy meek Lowliness to fill;
No more her Power let Nature boast,
But in thy Will may mine be lost!

4 I feel well that I love thee, Lord:
I exercise me in thy Word:
Yet vile Affections claim a part,
And thou hast only half my Heart.

5 In Life's short Day let me yet more
Of thy enlivening Power implore:
My Mind must deeper sink in thee;
My Foot stand firm, from wand'ring free.

6 Ye Sons of Men, here nought avails
Your Strength, here all your Wisdom fails;
Who bids a sinful Heart be clean?
Thou only, Lord, supreme of Men.

7 And well I know thy tender Love:
Thou never didst unfaithful prove:
And well I know thou shalt it by me,
Pleas'd from my self to set me free.

8 Still I do watch and labour still!
To banish every Thought of ill;
Till thou in thy good Time appear
And save me from theowler's Snare.

9 Already springing Hope I feel;
God will destroy the Power of Hell:
God from the Land of Wars and Pain
Leads me, where Peace and Safety reign.

10 One only care my Soul shall know,
Father, all thy Command's to do:

Ah
Ah deep engrave it on my Breast,
That I in thee ev'n now am blest;

When my warm'd Thoughts I fix on thee
And plunge me in thy Mercie's Sea,
Then ev'n on me thy Face shall shine
And quicken this dead Heart of Mine.

So ev'n in Storms my Zeal shall grow,
So shall I thy hid Sweetness know,
And feel (what endles Age shall prove)
That thou, my Lord, my God art Love!

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PSALMS and HYMNS

For Saturday.

I.

Psalm XIX.

1 Behold the lofty Sky
   Declares its Maker God,
   And all his starry Works on high
   Proclaim his Power abroad.

2 The Darkness and the Light
   Still keep their Course the same,
   While Night to Day and Day to Night
   Divinely teach his Name.

3 In every different Land
   Their general Voice is known:
   They shew the Wonders of his Hand,
   And Orders of his Throne.

4 Ye happy Lands rejoice
   Where he reveals his Word:
We are not left to Nature's Voice
To bid us know the Lord.

5 His Statutes and Commands
Are set before our Eye;
He puts his Gospel in our Hands
Where our Salvation lies:

6 His Laws are just and pure
His Truth without Deceit,
His Promises for ever sure,
And his Rewards are great.

7 While of thy Works I sing
Thy Glory to proclaim,
Accept the Praise, my God and King
In my Redeemer's Name.

II.

The same.

1 The Spacious Firmament on high,
And all the wide, ethereal Sky,
And spangled Heav'ns, a shining Frame,
Their great Original proclaim.
Th' unwearyed Sun from Day to Day
Does his Creator's Power display
And publishes to every Land
The Work of an Almighty Hand.

2 Soon as the Evening Shades prevail
The Moon takes up the wondrous Tale,
And nightly to the listening Earth
Repeats the Story of her Birth:
While all the Stars that round her burn
And all the Planets in their Turn,
Confirm the Tidings as they roll,
And spread the Truth from Pole to Pole.
Psalms and Hymns.

3 What tho' in solemn Silence all
More round this dark terrestrial Ball,
What tho' not real Voice nor Sound,
Amid their radiant Orbs be found is
In Reason's Ear they all rejoice,
And utter forth a glorious Voice,
For ever singing as they shine,
The Hand that made us is divine.

III.
The same.

1 Great God, the Heav'n's well order'd Frame
Declares the Glory of thy Name,
There thy rich Works of Wonder shine:
A Thousand starry Beauties there,
A Thousand radiant Marks appear
Of boundless Power and Skill divine.

2 From Night to Day from Day to Night
The dawning and the falling Light
Lectures of heavenly Wisdom read:
With silent Eloquence they raise
Our Thoughts to our Creator's Praise,
And neither Sound nor Language need.

5 Yet their divine Instructions run
Far as the Journeys of the Sun,
And every Nation knows their Voice:
The Sun like a young Bridegroom drest
Breaks from the Chamber of the East
Rolls round and makes the Earth rejoice.

4 Where'er he spreads his Beams abroad
He smiles and speaks his Maker God:
All Nature joins to show thy Praise.

Thus
Thus God in every Creature shines;
Fair are the Book of Nature's Lines;
But fairer is thy Book of Grace.

5 I love the Volumes of thy Word:
What Joy and Light those Leaves afford
To Souls benighted and distressed;
Thy Precepts guide my doubtful Way,
Thy Fear forbids my Feet to stray;
Thy Promise leads my Heart to rest.

6 Who knows the Errors of his Thoughts?
O cleanse me from my secret Faults,
And from presumptuous Sins restrain:
Accept my poor Attempts of Praise,
If I have read thy Book of Grace
And Book of Nature not in vain.

IV.

Psalm LXV.

1 On thee the Race of Man depends,
Far as the Earth's remotest Ends;
Where the Creator's Name is known
By Nature's feeble Light alone.

2 At thy Command the Morning Ray
Smiles in the East and leads the Day:
Thou guid'st the Sun's declining Wheels
Over the Tops of Western Hills.

3 Seasons and Times obey thy Voice;
The Evening and the Morn rejoice
To see the Earth made soft with Showers,
Laden with Fruit and drest in Flowers.

4 'Tis from the watry Stores on high:
Thou giv'st the thirsty Ground Happy;
Thou
Psalm CIV.

Part I.

1. Thou, Lord, my Soul aspires to sing,
   Almighty, everlasting King,
   Creator! wondrous to survey
   Thy Works excite the grateful Lay.
   From thy bright Throne beyond yon Height
   Spread Plains of Empyrean Light,
   The Spheres assume the second place,
   Swift moving thro' th' Eternal Space.

2. Beneath more clohe compacted lie
   The Regions of th' inferior Sky.
   Here float the Clouds, the Thunders roll,
   And Tempefts whirl from Pole to Pole.
   Here thy obedient Spirits find
   The Stores of Vengeance for Mankind:
   And pleas'd thy Orders to perform
   Lance the hot Bolt, or drive the Storm.
3 Till thou restrain'd it like a Robe
The deep involv'd the shapeless Globe;
And now tho' the proud Surges rise,
Range the wide waft, and threat the Skies,
Fix'd is their Bound, their Tumults end;
Yet where thou bidst the Main extend,
Awed by thy Voice aloof they roar,
Or gently leave th'uninjured shore.

4 Mean while the piercing Liquid strains
Thro' the tall Mountains secret Veins;
Thence down the silver Currents flow
And wander thro' the Vales below.
And while their Streams fresh Moisture yield
To the dry Cattle of the Field,
Lo, Trees project their Branches fair
And lodge the Songsters of the Air.

Part II.

1 Thou send'st, thy Creatures to sustain,
The former and the latter Rain:
See streight Herbs, Flowers and Fruits appear,
And various Plenty crowns the Year.
Grass for the Beast, the Olive grows
For Man, and the rich Vintage flows
His Life and Vigour to sustain
Waves o'er the Field the ripening Grain.

2 Lord, how dost thou all-bounteous send,
Unnumber'd Blessings without End!
"Thro' all the Earth thy Glories shine,
Thy Works pronounce thy Power divine"
To their full growth by just Degrees
Majestick rise the forest Trees
Up to the Clouds their Arms they throw.
Their Roots the Center seek below.
Psalms and Hymns.

3 The Nations of the feather'd kind
Here hospitable Shelter find
The Stork in the tall Fir-Trees height
Here leaves her Brood, and wings her Flight:
And where their shadowy Gloom they throw
Wide waving o'er the Mountains Brow
Earth's feeble Tribes rejoice to share
Thy tender Love and guardian Care.

Part III.

1 The Moon to run her destin'd Space
Fills her pale Orb with borrow'd Rays,
The appointed Sun with just Career
Meters out the Day, the Month, the Year.
His Lamp withdrawn then ravening stray
Wild Beasts, outrageous for their Prey;
The Lion roars his wants aloud
And roaring, seeks his Meat from God.

2 When the East glows with opening Day
Back to their Dens they haste away:
Nor sooner are the Shades of Night
Fled from the Suns returning Light,
Then the strong Husbandman renewes
His Toil, his daily Task pursues,
Till Evening calls again to rest,
Both toiling Man and weary Beast.

3 How various is thy Praise display'd
O Lord, in all thy Hands have made:
Loft in amazement down we fall;
In Wieldom thou hast made them all:
How on the Earth thy Riches shower
Inexhaust, unexhausted Store;
New every Morn thy Gifts appear;
Great God, thy Goodness fills the Year!
Psalms and Hymns.

4 And yet, to other scenes disclose!
The sea no less thy goodness shows, 
Here the finned race unnumber'd play, 
Dive deep, or on the surface play. 
Here huge Leviathan may reign 
Sole tyrant of the watry plains. 
He moves; the boiling deeps divide; 
He breathes a storm and spouts a tide.

Part IV.

1 These all own thy paternal care, 
In thee they live and move and are! 
The copious Good thy hand bestows; 
Enjoy, and praise thee as it flows. 
But thy blest influence once withdrawn, 
No more joy, light or comfort dawn: 
Dite pain succeeds and sad decay, 
And death demands his destined prey.

2 Yet unimpaired the species all 
Stand, while the individuals fall; 
Thy timely care each chasm supplies, 
One rising as another dies. 
Hence thro' the whole creation known, 
Still shall thy guardian power be shown; 
Till at thy word devouring flame 
Consumes the universal frame.

5 Eve in that lov'd that dreadful day 
When earth and heav'n shall melt away, 
Thou still, my soul, shalt found abroad, 
Praise to thy Father, and thy God. 
Praise thou the Lord; he is thy friend, 
The cause of all things and their end! 
O'er earth, seas, heav'n, let time prevail! 
The rock thou build'st on, cannot fail.

I

VI.
VI.
Psalm CXIV.

1 When Israel, freed from Pharoah's Hand,
   Left the proud Tyrant and his Land,
The Tribes with cheerful Homage own
   Their King, and Judah was his Throne.

2 Across the Deep their Journey lay;
The Deep divides to make them way:
   Jordan beheld their March and fled
With backward Current to his Head.

3 The Mountains shook like frightened Sheep.
   Like Lambs the little Hillocks leap:
Not Sinai on the Base cou’d stand,
Conscious of Sovereign Pow’r at Hand.

4 What Pow’r cou’d make the Deep divide?
   Make Jordan backward roll his Tide?
Why did ye leap, ye little Hills?
And whence the Fright that Sinai feels?

5 Let every Mountain, every Flood
   Retire, and know th’approaching God,
The King of Israel: See him here,
Tremble thou Earth; adore and fear!

6 He thunders, and all Nature mourns;
The Rock to Standing Pools he turns;
Flints spring with Fountains at his Word,
And Fires and Seas confess the Lord.

VII.
Psalm CXLVIII.
Part I.

1 Let every Creature join
   To praise th’Eternal God,
Ye heavenly Hosts the Song begin
And found his Name abroad.

2 Thou Sun with golden Beams
And Moon with paler Rays,
Ye starry Lights, ye sparkling Flames
Shine to your Maker's Praise.

3 He built those Worlds above
And fixt their wrondrous Frame,
By his Command they stand or move
And ever speak his Name.

4 Ye Vapours, when ye rise
Or fall in Showers, or Snow,
Ye Thunders murm'ring round the Skies
His Power and Glory shew.

5 Wind, Hail and flaming Fire
Agree to praise the Lord,
When ye in vengeful Storms conspire
To execute his Word.

6 By all his Works above
His Honours be express'd:
But those who taste his saving Love
Shou'd sing his Praises best.

Part II.

1 Let Earth and Ocean know
They owe their Maker Praise:
Praise him, ye watry Worlds below
And Monsters of the Seas.

2 From Mountains near the Sky
Let his loud Praise resound;
From humble Shrubs and Cedars high
And Vales and Fields around.
68  Psalms and Hymns.

3 Ye Lions of the Wood
   And tamer Beasts that graze,
   Ye live upon his daily Food,
   And he expects your Praise.

4 Ye Birds of lofty Wing,
   On high his Praisés bear:
Or sit on flowry Bows and sing
   Your Maker’s Glory there.

5 Ye creeping Ants and Worms
   His various Wíldom shew;
   And Flies in all your shining Forms
   Praise him that drest you fo.

6 By all the Earth-born Race
   His Honours be exprest:
   But those that know his heavenly Grace
   Shou’d learn to praise him best.

Part III.

1 Monarchs of wide Command,
   Praise ye th’Eternal King:
   Judges, adore that sovereign Hand
   Whence all your Honours spring.

2 Let vigorous Youth engage
   To found his Praisés high,
   While growing Babes and withering Age
   Their feebler Voices try.

3 United Zeal be shown
   His wondrous Fame to raise:
   God is the Lord; his Name alone
   Deserves our endless Praise.

4 Let Nature join with Art
   And all pronounce him blest;

But
But Saints who dwell so near his Heart
Shou'd sing his Praises best.

VIII.

Universal Praise.

Hark, my dull Soul, how every Thing
Strives to adore our bounteous King?
Hark, each a double Tribute pays:
First sings its part and then obeys.

Here Nature's sprightliest, sweetest Quire
Their Lord with cheerful Notes admire
And every Day they chant their Lauds,
Th' echoing Grove their Song applauds.

What tho' their Voices lower be,
The Streams too have their Melody,
Both Night and Day they warbling run,
They never pause but still sing on.

All the gay Flow'rs that paint the Spring
Hither their silent Muffick bring;
If Heaven bles 'em thankful they
Do smell more sweet, and look more gay.

Awake from Shame my sluggish Heart,
Awake and gladly sing thy part,
Learn ev'n of Birds and Springs and Flowers
How to employ thy nobler Powers.

O call whole Nature to thy aid
Since it was he whole Nature made:
Join we in one Eternal Song,
We who to one God all belong.

Live thou for ever, glorious Lord,
Live thou by all thy Works ador'd,
Psalms and Hymns.

Great-One in Three and Three in One
May all Things bow to thee alone.

IX.

Sun, Moon and Stars, praise ye the Lord.

1 Regent of all the Worlds above,
   Thou, Sun, whose Rays adorn our Sphere
   And with unwearied Swiftness move
   To form the Circle of the Year:

2 Praise the Creator of the Skies
   Who deck's thy Orb with borrow'd Rays:
   Or may the Sun forget to rise
   When he forgets his Maker's Praise:

3 Thou reigning Beauty of the Night,
   Fair Queen of Silence, Silver Moon,
   Whose paler Fires and Female Light
   Are sotter Rivals of the Noon:

4 Arise, and to that sovereign Power
   Waxing and waining Honours pay,
   Who bad thee rule the dusky Hours
   And half supply the absent Day.

5 Ye glittering Stars that gild the Skies
   When Darkness has her Curtain drawn,
   That keep the Watch with wakeful Eyes,
   When Business, Cares and Day are gone:

6 Proclaim the Glories of your Lord,
   Dispers'd thro' all the heav'ny Street,
   Whose boundless Treasures can afford
   So rich a Pavement for his Feet.

7 Thou
Psalms and Hymns

7 Thou Heav'n of Heav'ns supremely bright,
    Fair Palace of the Court divine,
Where with inimitable Light
    The Godhead condescends to shine:

8 Praise thou thy great Inhabitant,
    Who scatters lovely Beams of Grace
On every Angel, every Saint,
    Nor veils the Lustr of his Face.

9 O God of Glory, God of Love,
    Thou art the Sun that mak'st our Days:
Mid'a all thy wondrous Works above
    Let Earth and Duff attempt thy Praise!

X.

Eupolis's Hymn to the Creator.

Part 1.

1 A Author of Being, Source of Light,
    With never fading Beauties bright.
Thou, Fullness, Goodness, rolling round
    Thy own fair Orb without a Bound.
Ei, or Jao, thee we hail,
Great Essence that canst never fail!
By Grecian or Barbarick Name,
    Thy steadfast Being still the same!

2 Thee may thy humble Suppliants call
Or Truth, or Good, or One, or All!
Thee, when fair Morning greets the Skies
With rosy Cheeks and humid Eyes,
Thee, when the sweet declining Day
Now sinks in purple Waves away,
Thee will I sing, O Parent Jove,
    And reach the World to praise and love.
Psalms and Hymns

3 Lo! yonder azure Vault on high,
   Lo! yonder blue, low, liquid Sky,
   Lo! Earth on its firm Basis plac'd,
   And round with circling Waves embrac'd;
   All these creating Power confess,
   All these their mighty Maker bless;
   And still thy powerful Hands sustain
   Both Earth and Heav'n, both Firm and Main.

Part II.

1 Scarce can our daring Thought arise
   To thy Pavilion in the Skies;
   Nor can a mortal Tongue declare
   The Bliss, the Joy, the Rapture there.
   Nor solitary dost thou reign,
   But circled with a glorious Train,
   The Sons of God, the Sons of Light,
   For ever joying in thy Sight!

2 For thee their silver Harps are strung,
   While ever beauteous, ever young,
   Th' Angelick Forms their Voices raise,
   And thro' Heav'n's Arch resound they Praise.
   The feather'd Souls that swim the Air,
   And bath in liquid Ether there;
   The Lark, Precentor of their Quire,
   Leading them higher still and higher,

3 Listen and learn, th' angelick Notes
   Repeating in their warbling Throats:
   And e'er to soft Repose they go
   They teach them to their Lords below.
   On the green Turf, their mossy Nest,
   The Ev'ning Anthem swells their Breast.
   Thus, like thy golden Chain from high,
   Thy Praise unites the Earth and Sky:

Part
Psalms and Hymns.

Part III.

1 Then, Sole from Sole, command'd the Sun
   Round on the burning Axles run;
The Stars like Dust around him fly
   And strew the Area of the Sky.
He drives so swift his Race above
   That Mortals can't perceive him move;
So smooth his Course, oblique or straight,
   Olympus shakes not with his Weight.

2 As the fair Queen of solemn Night
   Fills at his Vase her Orb of Light,
   Imparted Luster; thus we see
   The solar Virtue shines by thee.
   Eirestone we'll no more
   Imaginary Power adore,
   Since Oil and Wool and chearing Wine
   And Life-sustaining Bread are thine.

3 The fragrant Thyme, the bloomy Rose,
   Flower and Herb and Shrub that grows
   Or on Thessalian Tempe's Plain,
   Or where the rich Sabeans reign:
   That treat the Taste, or Smell, or Sight,
   For Food, for Medicine, or Delight,
   All planted by thy parent Care
   Do spring and smile and flourish there.

Part IV.

1 O ye sweet Nurses of soft Dreams,
   Ye ready Brooks and winding Streams,
   Or murm'ring o'er the Pebbles * sheen,
   Or sliding thro' the Meadows green;
   Or where thro' matted Sedge you creep
   Slow traveling to your parent Deep,
   K
   Refound
   * i.e. flowing or smooth.