HYMNS
FOR THE
NATION,
In 1782.

In TWO PARTS.

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PART I.

HYMNI.

After the Defeat at the Chesapeake.

1 THE Lord, th' almighty Lord of hosts
   His own dread purpose hath fulfill'd;
Rebuk'd a sinful Nation's boasts,
   That all may see his arm reveal'd;
And Britain humbled in the dust,
   Confes his sharpest judgments just.

2 Righteous, O Lord, thy judgments are!
   We bow to thy severe decree,
Who, casting out our formal prayer,
   Hast giv'n our foes the victory:
As pleas'd Rebellion's Cause to bless,
   And crown the Wicked with success.

3 The Wicked are thy sword and rod,
   Our crimes commissi'd to chastise;
Who long have fought against our God,
   Provok'd the vengeance of the skies:
Thy threat'nings mock'd, thy favors spurn'd,
   Thy blessings into curfes turn'd.

A  

4 Therefore
Therefore the dire decree takes place,
Abandon'd as to Satan's power,
A desperate, death-devoted race:
We see the slaughtering sword devour:
Our Legions pass beneath the yoke,
Our Nation is of God forsook.

Yet if thou hast not fixt our doom,
And sworn, in wrath no more to spare,
If still there is for mercy room;
For hope, and penitence, and prayer,
Us in our blood once more reprieve,
And bid thy sentence'd Rebels live.

H Y M N II.

For the Loyal Americans.

Father of everlasting love,
The only refuge of despair,
Thy bowels toward th' afflicted move;
And now thou hear'st the mournful prayer,
We for our helpless Brethren breathe,
Who pant within the jaws of death.

The men who dared their King revere,
And faithful to their Oaths abide,
'Midst perjur'd Hypocrites sincere,
Harrased, oppreis'd on every side;
Gall'd by the Tyrant's iron yoke,
By Britain's faithles sons forsook.
3. Our patriot Chiefs betray'd their trust,
   To serve their own infernal ends,
The Slaves of avarice and lust,
   Sparing their foes, they spoil'd their friends;
Bastly repaid their loyal zeal,
   And left them—to the Murther's will.

4. As sheep appointed to be slain,
   The victims of fidelity
To man they look for help in vain;
   But shall they look in vain to Thee,
God over all, who canst subdue
   The hearts which mercy never knew.

5. Ev'n now thou canst disarm their rage,
   (If so thy gracious will intends)
The wrath implacable assuage
   The malice of remorseless fiends:
Mercy at last compell'd to show,
   And let the hopeless captives go.

6. Yet if our Brethren's doom be seal'd;
   And for superior joys design'd,
They have their glorious course fulfill'd;
   To foul and the altar join'd,
Their guiltless blood hath found a tongue,
   And every drop exclaims—"How long?"

7. O earth, conceal thou not their blood.
   Which loud as Zachariah's cries!
O God, thou just, avenging God,
   Behold them with thy flaming eyes,
And blast and utterly consume
   Those Murtherers of fanatic Rome.

8. Till then, thou bidst thy servants rest,
   Who suffered death for conscience sake,
And wait to rise completely blest,
   The general triumph to partake,
To see the righteous Judge come down,
   And boldly claim the Martyrs crown.

A 3
Hymn
HYMN III.

By whom shall Jacob arise! For he is small,
Amos viii. 2.

1 By whom, O God, shall Britain rise,
So small in all the nation's eyes,
So lessen'd in our own!
Out of the deep, we cry to thee,
And with profound humility
Believe thy gracious throne.

2 By whom, O God, shall Britain rise?
Not by th' ignoble slaves of vice
Who have their country fold,
Betray'd us in their prosperous hour,
To raise a restless Faction's power,
And glut their lust of gold.

3 Not by the basest tools of war,
Who all thy plagues and judgments dare,
In oaths and blasphemies,
Ravage their friends with sword and fire,
Thro' covetous or foul desire,
And hate the thoughts of peace.

4 By whom—but we enquire in vain,
Till thou thy own design explain,
For only Lord to thee
Thy works, before the world begun,
Thy chosen Instrument were known
From all eternity.

5 Thy searching eye beholds him now:
While suppliant at thy feet we bow
To us the man be how'd,
Th' intrepid man of virtuous zeal,
Resolv'd and incorruptible,
Who seeks our nation's good:

6 Our
6 Our nation's good, and not his own:
While lifting to the plaintive moan,
Of loyalty opprest,
He serves his King's and God's designs,
America and Britain joins,
And blends them in his breast.

7. O that he in the gap may stand,
Rais'd up to save a sinking land,
Our blessings to restore,
Concord, and peace, and loyal fear,
And truth, and piety sincere,
Till time shall be no more.

8 Then shall we, Lord, surround thy throne,
Thro' Christ inseparably one,
United in thy praise,
And sing, with all those hosts above,
The triumphs of all-conquering love
In everlasting lays.

HYMN IV.

1 GREAT God, we know not what to do,
But fix our watchful eyes on thee,
Who or by many or by few
Sav'lt in the last extremity!
Whole arm, when all resources fail,
Its own immortal strength puts on,
When the internal hosts prevail,
And Satan shouts—"The work is done."

2 Whom hostile multitudes surround,
And nations ready to devour,
No help for us in man is found,
No refuge in our darkest hour,
Unless thy greatness interpos'd,
To blast th' infallible design,
Confound our proud, triumphant foes,
And claim this ransom'd land for thine.

3 Oft-
Of thine arm, in ancient days,
Stretch'd out in our defence appear'd,
And ransomed a devoted race,
And snatch'd us from the death we fear'd.
Armies and fleets invincible
Were baffled in their surest aim,
Treasons and plots thou didst dispel
Deep as the pit from which they came.

Thy Providence revers'd our doom,
When Parricides the land o'erflow'd;
(Rebellious lefts in league with Rome)
And turn'd it to a field of blood.
For years we groan'd beneath their sway,
But mercy by a powerful word,
Crush'd all our Tyrants in a day;
Our blessings all at once restored.

Have we not lately heard and seen
More wonderful escapes than these;
From furious, persecuting men,
From hosts of human savages?
App'ld, we heard Apollyon roar,
Aghast we saw the flames aspire,
Till rescued by Almighty power,
And pluck'd as brands out of the fire.

Why then, great God, should we despair,
As thou wert not Almighty still,
But deaf to thy own people's prayer
Who tremble at the impending ill;
Who will not let the Scourge o'erflow,
The desolating Judgment come,
But still suspend the final blow,
And screen the land from Sodom's doom.

Wrestling with Abraham's faithful seed
Lo! in the gap we humbly stand,
The righteous for the wicked plead
Protectors of a guilty land,
Thou
Thou infinite in gracious power,
   With theirs our suppliant suit receive,
Stay the rough wind, the fiery shower,
   And for the remnant's sake forgive.

If now in us thy Spirit cry,
   In ours thy own request attend,
The Lord of hosts, the Lord most high
   Deliverance to thine Israel send:
Because thou art the faithful God,
   Our God in every age the same,
Because we trust in Jesu's blood,
   And ask the grace in Jesu's name.

H Y M N V.

For his Majesty King George.

Jesus, from whom dominion springs,
   The faithful Counsellor of kings,
The sovereign Lord thou art:
   Thy Spirit on our King bestow,
Who only dost the mazes know
   Of man's deceitful heart.

By factious Demagogues gainsaid,
   By fawning Sycophants betrayed
Who boast their loyalty,
   How can he judge, or chuse aright,
Unless assisted by thy light,
   And taught himself by thee?

Do thou the true discernment give,
   Whom to reject, and whom receive
His royal toils to share;
   O point him out where'er conceal'd
The upright man, with wisdom fill'd,
   An Empire's weight to bear.

The
4 The man with heavenly courage bold,
   Above the lust of fame, or gold,
   Detach'd and unconfin'd,
   A foe to every selfish end,
   Religion's, and his Country's friend,
   A friend to all mankind.

5 Not for himself but others made,
   His Country and his King to aid
   With talents large endow'd;
   Out of the throng thy servant chuse,
   A vessel fitted for thy use,
   And for Britannia's good.

6 Him as a guardian Angel send,
   Our feuds, and woes, and wars to end,
   Our sinking State to raise;
   Brethren in lasting bonds to join,
   And then confess—The work is thine;
   And give thee all the praise.

7 So shall our happy Monarch see
   His kingdoms in prosperity,
   Thro' thy uniting power,
   The source of all our blessings own,
   And prostrate at thy gracious throne,
   The King of kings adore.

HYMN VI.

1 At this most alarming crisis,
   Shall we not from sin awake,
   While the great Jehovah rises,
   Terribly the earth to shake?
   While he doth a moment spare,
   Shall we not attend the Rod,
   Hear his thunder's voice, "Prepare,
   Prepare, to meet your God!"
2 Compass'd
2 Compass’d round with hostile Nations,
   All to our destruction sworn,
God of unexhausted patience,
   Still we may to the return:
Though thy peremptory sentence
   Absolute perdition sound,
Place there is for true repentance,
   Mercy sought may yet be found.

3 Still thou hearest the mourners sighing
   For our wickedness abhorrid,
Thousands in our Israel crying
   Stop, O stop the slaughtering sword,
Drop thy dreadful controversy,
   While we at thy footstool groan;
Lord, in wrath remember mercy,
   Give us to thy pleading Son.

4 By his bloody cross and passion,
   By his precious death, we pray,
Turn aside thine indignation,
   Take thy heaviest plague away;
Sin, the cause of our distresses,
   Sin the bitter root remove,
Then appeas’d, thine anger ceases,
   Then redeem’d, we praise and love.

HYMN VII.

For Concord.

1 DIVIDED against itself so long
   How could a kingdom stand,
Had we not a Redeemer, strong
   To prop our tottering land?
Had he not left himself a seed
   Who deprecate the woe,
Who day and night for mercy plead,
   And still suspend the blow.

2 Still
2 Still let thy praying seed prevail
Our evils to remove,
Till mercy turns the hovering scale,
And justice yields to love;
His King till every Briton owns
With warmest loyalty,
And Faction's and Rebellion's sons
Stretch out their hands to thee.

3 Now, Lord, a gracious token show,
The stoutest hearts incline
Their own true happiness to know,
Their common foes' design;
Against ourselves who turn our swords,
That they the spoils may gain,
And rise at last despotic lords,
And by our ruin reign.

4 Why should the specious fiend deceive
The many by the few?
Saviour, the multitude forgive;
They know not what they do;
They fancy Those their Country's friends,
Who hasten on its doom,
And blindly serve the treacherous ends
Of Tyranny and Rome.

5 Open their eyes Almighty grace,
The latent snare to see,
That brethren may again embrace
In closest amity;
Britons no more with Britons fight,
No more our God oppose,
Let Europe then their powers unite,
And all the world be foes.
HYMN VIII.

A Prayer for the Congress.

1. True is the Oracle divine,
   The sentence which thy lips hath past,
   Tho' hand in hand the wicked join,
   They shall not, Lord, escape at last;
   Who for awhile triumphant seem,
   Curst with their own false heart's desire,
   Their Empire is a fleeting dream,
   Their hopes shall all in smoke expire.

2. Surely thou wilt full vengeance take
   On rebels, 'gainst their King and God,
   And strictest inquisition make
   For rivers spilt of guiltless blood,
   By men who take thy name in vain,
   By fiends in sanctity's disguise,
   As thou wert serv'd with nations slain,
   Or pleas'd with human sacrifice.

3. Thou know'st thine own appointed time
   Th' ungodly homicides to quell,
   Chastise their complicated crime,
   And break their covenant with hell:
   Thy plagues shall then o'erwhelm them all,
   From proud Ambition's summit driven;
   And faith-foresees th' Usurpers fall,
   As Lucifer cast down from heaven.

4. Yet if they have not sinn'd the sin
   Which never can obtain thy grace,
   When Tophet yawns to take them in,
   And claims them as their proper place,
   The authors of our woes forgive,
   And snatch their souls from endless woes,
   Who would'st that all mankind should live,
   Who did'st thyself to save thy foes.
H Y M N I X.

Thy kingdom come!

1 J E S U S, supreme in majesty,
Thy kingdom and thy glory claim,
For every soul, and every knee
Must bow to thy tremendous Name,
J E H O V A H on Jehovah's throne,
Fulness of power to thee is given;
Thou settest up, and castest down,
And ordrest all in earth and heaven.

2 We trace thy footsteps in the deep,
Who dost in previous judgments come,
And with Destruction's biform sweep
The earth, to make thy kingdom room:
The havoc which on earth we see,
The dire effects of human will
Accomplish thy unknown decree,
Thy own mysterious mind fulfil.

3 Thou sufferest now the evil done,
Where the rebellious multitude
In the new world rash madly on,
O'er hills of slain, through seas of blood:
Their rage for power, their fury blind
Hastens the coming of our Lord,
The Good supreme for man design'd,
With Paradise on earth restored.

4 Whate'er the plagues that intervene,
The judgments, and vindictive days,
Saviour, we know the final scene,
The earth renew'd in righteousness,
Descending on thine azure throne.
Thy in the clouds we soon shall see,
To reign before thy saints alone,
And then through all eternity.
1 Turn us again, our Saviour-God,
   And let thy righteous anger cease;
Be satisfied with seas of blood,
Spilt for our Nation's wickedness:
But seas of blood cannot atone
For sins which cost thee all thine own.

2 Thine own, thine own, for respite cries,
   When smote a sinner turns to Thee;
And dares not lift his guilty eyes,
   But sighs—"Be merciful to me!"
O that with hearts, not garments, rent,
   We all might as one man, repent!

3 In vain alas, thy patience spares,
   Unless thy grace our hearts convince,
In vain are all our fasts and prayers,
   Unless we cast away our sins,
(Of all our woes the bitter root,
   And bear the penitential fruit.

4 O that at last the faithful Seed,
   Who day and night besiege thy throne,
The just who for our Sodom plead,
   Might pray the contrite Spirit down,
On those, who harden'd from thy fear,
   Defy eternal judgments near.

5 Behold them with that pitying eye,
   Which wept the bloody city's doom;
Who wou'dst not let thy murderers die:
   Who wou'dst not let the flames consume,
When urg'd by fiends implacable,
   We hung as o'er the mouth of hell.

6 Hence, by a glimmering ray of hope,
   Cheer'd, we presume to sue for grace;
That sin which fills the measure up,
   That sin which saints and prophets slays,

B 2 That
That only sin, through grace alone
Restrain'd, thou know'st, we have not done.

7 Then let thy people's suit succeed,
    For those that have thy people spare'd,
And save them at their greatest need,
    By general penitence prepar'd,
The humbl'd prodigals receive,
    And for thy own dear sake forgive.

8 Cut short thy work in righteousness,
    That all thy gracious work may see;
Born in a day our Nation blest,
    With pure, primeval piety;
Born in a day, from heaven above,
The day of thine Almighty Love.

HYMN XI.

1 SAVIOUR, whom our hearts adore,
    To bless our earth again,
Now assume thy royal power,
    And o'er the Nations reign:
Christ, the world's Desire and Hope,
    Pow'r compleat to thee is given,
Set the last great empire up,
    Eternal God of heaven.

2 When thy foes are swept away,
And meet their righteous doom,
Then thy Deity display,
    And let thy kingdom come:
Then in the new world appear,
    In lands where thou wast never known,
There th' Imperial standard rear,
    And fix thy fav'rite throne.

3 Where they all thy laws have spurn'd,
    Thy holiest Name profan'd,
Where the ruin'd earth hath mourn'd,
    With blood of millions slain:
Open
Open there th' ethereal scene,
Claim the savage race for thine,
There thy endless reign begin
With majesty divine.

4 Universal, Saviour, Thou
   Wilt all thy creatures bless,
   Every knee to Thee shall bow,
   And every tongue confess:
   None shall in thy mount destroy:
   War shall then be learnt no more,
   Saints shall their great King enjoy,
   And all mankind adore.

5 Then, according to thy word;
   Salvation is reveal'd;
   With thy glorious knowledge, Lord,
   The new-made earth is fill'd:
   Then we found the mystery,
   The depths and heights of Godhead prove,
   Swallow'd up in mercy's sea,
   For ever lost in Love.

HYMN XII.

For the Conversion of the French.

1 Supreme, immortal Potentate,
   Whose will omnipotent is Fate,
   Who on thy lofty throne
   Doft with unrivall'd glory sit,
   Till earth, and heaven, and hell submit,
   And bow to thee alone:

2 Hear us, in this our evil day,
   Against the treacherous Nation pray,
   Which by pernicious wiles
   Conspires our Country to o'erthrow,
   And with the wisdom from below
   The Christian world embroils.
3 A Nation whom no Oaths can bind,
The false corrupters of mankind,
The slaves of every lust,
Despiteful, insolent, and proud,
Haters of the Redeeming-God,
And murthers of the just.

4 Fraught with the policy of Rome,
By the old Felon led, they come
To scatter, steal, and slay;
Brethren and countrymen divide,
While with gigantic steps they stride
To universal sway.

5 Arise, O Lord of hosts, arise,
Open the drowsy Nations eyes,
To see the threatened blow;
Europe's unconscious states alarm,
In strict confederacy to arm
Against the common Foe.

6 O let thy jealousy awake,
Into thy hand the matter take,
That all thy hand may see;
Which casts the proud and mighty down,
Which doth the weak, and humble crown
With more than victory.

7 Compel triumphant Gallia's pride
To own that God is on our side,
Who nothing fear but God:
Nor can their plots, or arms succeed,
While in our Saviour's steps we tread,
And glory in his blood.

8 The wretches, Lord, who thee blaspheme,
O let thy blood be heard for them,
Into the furnace cast;
So shall the infidels return,
Look upon Thee they pierc'd, and mourn,
And 'scape the fire at last.

Hymn
HYMN XIII.

For her Majesty.

1 Jesus, with complaisance see,
Her our faith presents to thee;
Her, the choicest gift of heaven,
To our favor'd Monarch given.

2 Giv'n, his joys and griefs to share,
Ev'ry toil, and ev'ry care;
Born to soften his distress,
Born to influe his happiness.

3 Her, thou hast on all bestow'd,
Lovely minister of good;
Her, in our flagitious days,
 Beautify'd with every grace.

4 Virtuous, wife, without pretence,
Meek as lamb-like innocence;
Rival of the saints above,
Object of a Nation's love.

5 Malice ventures not to blame,
Envy sickens at her name;
Gen'ral praise is Charlotte's right,
Parties all in this unite.

6 Neither man, nor God they spare,
Yet they all are friends to her;
Strangest sight that earth can show,
Goodness lives—without a foe!

7 Happy that she long may live,
Jesus, all thy blessings give;
Partner of the British throne,
Count her worthy of thy own.

8 Let her then triumphant stand,
With the blest at thy right-hand;
She, and all her children given,
All ordained to reign in heaven.

HYMN
H Y M N X I V.

For the ROYAL Family.

1 FATHER, to thee we bring
   In faithful, fervent prayer,
The Offspring of our gracious King,
   Thy own peculiar care;
Acknowledging for thine,
   Into thy arms receive,
And let them in thy service join,
   And to thy glory live.

2 From every secret foe,
   From every flattering friend,
Who all thy creatures hearts doth know,
   Their innocence defend:
To make them truly great,
   Thy grace to them be given,
And with thy people's Princes meet
   Th' anointed heirs of heaven.

3 O may they still approve
   Their gratitude to thee,
And recompense their parents' love
   With dutcous piety;
Still bow to thy command,
   Till the great King comes down,
And each receives from Jesu's hand
   An everlasting crown.

H Y M N X V.

Thanksgiving for the Success of the Gospel in America.

1 GLORY to our redeeming Lord,
   Whose kingdom over all presides,
While in the chariot of the word,
   And on the whirlwind's wings he rides.

2 Nothing
2 Nothing his rapid course can stay,
   Or stop his government's increase;
   Earthquakes, and plagues prepare his way,
   Wars usher in the Prince of peace.

3 Rebellions, massacres, and blood
   On every side as water shed,
   Are suffer'd by a righteous God;
   That happier days may then succeed.

4 Ev'n now his word doth swiftly run,
   And saving knowledge multiplies,
   And still his gracious work goes on,
   And still his temple's walls arise.

5 The church is built in troublous times,
   (Jehovah the commission gave)
   And God from all their sins and crimes
   Would all the sons of Adam save.

6 Loving to the whole ransom'd race,
   He fits the creatures for his use,
   In every age and every place
   One uniform design pursues.

7 In love he doth his sons chastise,
   His defolating judgments send!
   Judgments are mercies in disguise,
   And all in man's salvationend.

8 Wherefore beneath thy hand we bow,
   And bless each salutary blow;
   If what thou'ldst we know not now,
   We shall, O Lord, hereafter know.

9 Shall see thy footsteps in the abyss,
   Unwind the providential maze,
   And own, amidst the general bliss,
   Mercy, and Truth are all thy ways.

10 With
With grateful joy we comprehend
The meaning of th' eternal mind;
Accept, thou universal Friend,
The ceaseless praise of all mankind!

H. Y M N XVI.

1 God, who wouldst a world forgive,
Offerst all sufficient grace:
All may in thy Son believe,
Numbers do, thy Son embrace;
Numbers sav'd, from ev'ry sect,
Form the Church of thy Elect.

2 Scatter'd o'er the earth they lie,
Sheep with wolves incompact round,
Guided by their Shepherd's eye,
Safe they in the fold are found;
Angels all their steps attend,
Serve, and keep them to the end.

3 When thy judgments are abroad,
Them thou kindly dost conceal,
Hidden in the ark of God,
Shelter'd they in Zoa dwell,
Find a sanctuary prepar'd,
Find Omnipotence their guard.

4 Poor and mean, whom all reject,
Persecute, or else despise,
They their enemies protest,
Stay the vengeance of the skies;
Till thou hast secure'd thine own,
Stands the world for Them alone.

5 States and empires rise, or fall,
Stands the church till time shall end,
Waiting for the Bridegroom's call,
Lift'ning, longing to ascend,
Fair, and spotless, and compleat,
Jesus in the clouds to meet.

6 When
6 When the number is fulfill'd,
    When the righteous are brought home,
When the mystery is seal'd,
    Then the world shall meet its doom,
Earth burnt up in smoke expire,
Sinners in eternal fire.

H Y M N XVII.

1 Let earth be glad; the Lord is King,
The multitude of isles may sing,
Britain may still rejoice in him
The Lord almighty to redeem,
Who o'er th' impatient heathen reigns,
And holds our furious foes in chains.

2 Frowning on us, he seems awhile
On perjur'd parricides to smile,
Our foes with much long-suffering spares
A bundle of devoted tares,
But bids us patiently attend
His time, and calmly mark the end!

3 Escaping for their wickedness,
Triumphant in their sure success,
Off from their necks the yoke they shake,
And meek saints the kingdom take,
And 'stablish both by land and sea,
The fifth the final monarchy.

4 Yet instruments of thy design
The kingdom is not theirs, but thine,
Who-dost with wisdom deep employ
Thy foes each other to destroy,
And use, beyond their own intent,
To shock, and purge the Continent.

5 Extir-
5 Extirpating th' ungodly race,
With whom wilt thou supply their place?
With Israel's tribes so long conceal'd?
Just Jews, and real Christians fill'd?
With savages thro' Jefu's blood
Redeem'd, and seal'd the sons of God?

6 America, we trust shall show
Thy glorious kingdom fixt below,
A kingdom of perennial peace;
Pure joy, and perfect righteousness,
Not of this world, but that above,
Where all is harmony and love.

7 Then shall thy whole design be seen,
How far beyond the thoughts of men!
When all authority put down,
All powers are swallowed up in one,
And challenging thy right divine,
Thou claimst the Universe for thine.

8 Then shall we hallelujah sing,
Angels and saints, to Christ our King,
Loud as the mighty waters noise,
Loud as the rattling thunder's voice,
"Th' Omnipotent his sway maintains,
6 The Lord our God for ever reigns!"
PART II.

Hymn XVIII.

1 LET every prophet cry aloud,
   Lift up the voice, the trumpet blow,
Shew their transgression to the crowd,
   The nation's sin to Britons show,
That sin which marks the worst of times,
   Which Heaven with most displeasure sees,
Which fills the measure of our crimes,
   Profane, extreme UNGODLINESS!

2 Thro' every rank and order spread:
   The poor and rich, the low and high,
Alike disdain their God to dread,
   And Him throughout their lives deny:
His laws, thro' ignorance of Him,
   His Providence they dare disown,
Neglect, despise, insult, blaspheme,
   And all defy the God unknown.

3 Their Oaths have caus'd the land to mourn,
   The land to its foundation shuck,
And fill the profligates sworn
   Are blind to the impending stroke:
His outstretched Arm they will not see,
   His thunder's voice they will not hear,
But mock at their calamity,
   And triumph in destruction near.

4 God
4 God is not in their thoughts, or ways;  
As Atheists in the world they live,  
A-curting, curft, abandon'd race,  
To Satan's will themselves they give,  
Daily devote themselves to hell;  
And when they in their sins expire,  
Convinc'd, alas, too late they feel  
The real, true, eternal fire.

5 The pit of bottomless despair  
Hath oped its mouth to take them in:  
Yet still our nation doth not bear  
The utmost penalty of sin:  
Some unknown friend before the throne  
To God the just for mercy prays,  
And will not let his wrath alone,  
To swallow up our impious race.

6 A few at this tremendous hour,  
Whole faithful prayer doth heaven afford,  
One with their Head, exert their power,  
And wrestling on with God prevail:  
Their prayer a longer space supplies,  
Their prayer hath power with God, we know,  
Who are not lifting up our eyes,  
With fiends and infidels below.

7 God of all grace and patience, hear  
The prayer presented thro' thy Son,  
Who doth our Advocate appear,  
Who made our every sin his own:  
Justice and us He stands between;  
His blood hath quench'd the wrath of Heaven,  
His blood—which cleanses from all sin,  
And speaks a guilty world forgiven.
H Y M N X I X.

1  GOD of tremendous power,
   Our evils we confess,
And prostrate in the dust, adore
   Thy sov'reign Righteousness,
Which cuts our Israel short,
   Which lays our Nation low,
And gives us up the scorn and sport
   Of every taunting foe.

2  Stricken so oft, we mourn,
   But fear to ask thy aid,
By vile, intestine vipers torn,
   By faithless friends betray'd,
By factions fierce and bold,
   Rebellion's sworn allies,
Traitors, who have their Country sold,
   And on its ruins rise.

3  'Gainst our Anointed Lord
   The Parricides conspire,
With lies and calumnies abhorr'd
   Th' unthinking people fire,
From all restraint set free,
   Fit instruments of ill,
And mad with rage of liberty
   To do whate'er they will.

4  Of sense Thou dost bereave
   The slaves of every vice,
And to our own confusions leave,
   And sin by sin chastise;
While from one wickedness
   We to another fall,
Till the dark, bottomless abyss
   Yawns and receives us all.

C 2  5 Alas,
Alas, what shall we do,
To escape our instant doom?
If Thou art just, if Thou art true,
The threatened curse must come;
On such a land as this
Thy soul must vengeance take,
Nor can thy plagues and judgments cease,
Till we our sins forswake.

O were the work begun,
O were our hearts inclin'd
The dire Destroyer's paths to shun,
The way of peace to find!
Casting our sins away,
Might all our nation grieve,
To-day, while it is call'd to-day,
Return, repent, and live!

Father, if still we have
An Advocate with Thee,
Who can ev'n to the utmost save;
From sin and misery,
Let justice strike, or spare,
We leave it to thy Son,
And only offer up his prayer,
Father, thy will be done!

THOU awful God of righteousness,
Whose heavy chastishments we bear,
We mournfully our sins confess,
Which would not suffer thee to spare,
But urg'd the ling'ring ruin on,
And forc'd thy heaviest judgments down.

Year after year, thy patient grace
Hath waited our return to Thee,
With mercies blest a thankless race,
With wide-extended victory,
And
And forced the nations to submit,
And bruised our foes beneath our feet.

3 But drunk with insolence of power,
   And surfeited with every good,
We thought not in our prosperous hour,
   How soon thou couldst abase the proud,
The victors crush, the vanquished raise,
And crown our enemies with success.

4 Therefore a sad reverse we find,
   So suddenly of late brought low,
Scourged by the baleful of mankind,
   Who aim'd by one destructive blow
Our plundered Cities to consume,
And seal a sinful Nation's doom.

5 Therefore the sword abroad bereaves,
   And thousands and ten thousands fall:
America the yoke receives
   Of Rebels, and perfidious Gaul;
We weep our friends in pieces torn,
And the dismember'd Empire mourn.

6 Thou hast an evil spirit sent,
   Brethren from brethren to divide,
Our land is into parties rent,
   And discord storms on every side,
And Briton's sons, her curse and shame,
Throw oil on the outrageous flame.

7 Britain Thou hast to Traitors fold,
   To Faction's and Rebellion's friends,
Who having quench'd their thirst of gold,
   And serv'd their own flagitious ends,
For shelter to a Party fly,
And laws, and King, and God defy.
Wild, independent anarchy,
Sad preface of a nation's fall,
And every order and degree
Corrupt, profane, for vengeance call,
The noble, and ignoble crowd,
Whose lives declare There is no God.

Yet halt thou, Lord, a remnant still,
Who for their guilty brethren plead,
And wait the counsels of thy will,
Th'event by sov'reign love decreed,
Whether thou wilt no longer spare,
Or give us to thy people's prayer.

Father of everlasting love,
In Jesus's Name and Spirit we cry,
Thy judgments with their cause remove,
Who wouldst not have one sinner die,
Millions in Christ accepted see,
And bid us live, restor'd to Thee.

HYMN XXI.
Habbakuk 1.

HOW long to Thee, O God, shall I
Of violence and oppression cry,
And Thou refuse to hear?
Fresh scenes of wickedness I see,
Of bloody strife and cruelty,
But no deliverance near.

Why dost thou to thy servants show
Spoiling, and waste, and grievous woe,
Which force me to complain:
Tyrants and demagogues arise,
Where'er I turn my blained eyes,
And fill my heart with pain.
The silent laws have lost their force,
Where Rebels arm’d obstruct their course,
And grasp at sovereign power,
Their law their own despotic will,
Their whole delight to slay and kill,
To murther and devour.

Suffer’d by Thee, their swift allies,
Whom treach’rous Babylon supplies,
To their assistance hast’
March thro’ a land that is not theirs,
Impatient to demand their shares,
And seize the whole at laft.

As hungry wolves, they come from far,
With violent rage to rend, and tear
America oppress’d,
As eagles to the carcasse fly,
And enemies and friends must die,
To furnish out the feast.

O Lord, my God, my holy One,
High on thine everlasting Throne,
Whom Britain’s crimes offend,
Thou wilt not give our nation up
To the Destroyer’s will, but hope,
And peace is in our end.

More righteous than ourselves are they
Who scourge us in our evil day?
Or dost thou chuse the worst,
Thy wrath vindictive to reveal,
Thy lighter chastisements to deal,
And punish us the first?

Thy purer eyes abhor to see,
Or look upon iniquity,
Nor wilt thou always bear
With treach'rous and blood-thirsty men,
Who have their juster brethren slain,
And all thy judgments dare.

Fizhers of men by Satan sent,
They hunt them thro' the continent,
And catch them in their toils,
As reptiles vile they tread them down,
And then proclaim their own renown,
And glory in their wiles.

But soon their evil day shall come,
And Thou, the righteous God consume,
The weapons of thine ire:
Yet merciful when once severe,
O let them have their chastening here,
And 'scape th' eternal fire!

HYMN XXII.

Happy, forever happy they,
Taken from the evil day,
Who will not live to see
Their Country waisted and o'erthrown,
Or swell the sympathizing groan
At Britain's misery.

The great vindictive day's begun,
God's destructive work we own,
Which general horror spreads;
His thunders roar, his lightnings shine,
And vials big with wrath divine
Are hurling on our heads.

But while the showers of vengeance come,
May not prayer prevent our doom,
And save us from the fire?
Have we no part in Abraham's God?
Or is it not in Jesus's blood
To quench thy flaming ire?

4 With the flagitious multitude
Wilt Thou slay the just and good,
In whom Thou dost delight,
The men who tremble at thy word?
Or shall not the great Judge and Lord
Of all the earth do right?

5 Wouldst Thou for fifty righteous men,
Wouldst Thou for the sake of Ten
Have spared the wicked place?
And wilt Thou not Ten thousand hear,
Who ceaseless advocates appear
For our abandon'd Race?

6 Ten thousand now unite their cries
Mingled with that Sacrifice
Which did for all atone;
The church, in one request agreed,
For mercy ask, and only plead
The death of Abraham's Son.

7 The Son of Abraham, and thine,
Just with righteousness divine,
Doth in his members pray;
Our powerful Advocate and Head,
He ever lives to intercede,
And turn thy wrath away.

8 Thou always hear'st thy favourite Son:
Make in Him thy mercy known,
That all again may see
Britannia pluck'd out of the flame,
And glorify our Saviour's Name,
For ever One with Thee.

HYMN
H Y M N  XXIII.

Mal. iv. 1.

1 O Lord of hosts, to whom are known
   Thy works of judgment and of grace,
If thy great day is now begun,
   And doth as a fierce furnace blaze,
The foes of pride shall be cast in,
   And all the harden’d slaves of sin.

2 Expos’d to thy vindictive ire
   The workers of iniquity,
As fewel for the quenchless fire,
   As stubble, all burnt up shall be,
(So doth thy righteous will ordain)
   And neither root nor branch remain.

3 But we who truly fear thy name,
   And languish to attain thy love,
May we not now thy promise claim,
   The Light to blest us from above,
The Sun of Righteousness to rise,
   The Glory both of earth and skies.

4 O Sun of Righteousness, appear,
   Appear with healing in thy wings,
With grace which doth the mourners cheer,
   Which pardon and salvation brings;
Which strong immortal health imparts,
   And fills with love the fearful hearts.

5 Then shall we all go forth in peace;
   And up to full perfection grow,
And strong in finish’d holiness
   Trample on our infernal foe,
Till call’d the Saviour’s throne to share,
   We mount, and reign for ever there!

HYMN
H Y M N XXIV.

1 Righteous, O Lord, thy judgments are,
Yet let us plead with Thee,
Thy mercies manifold declare,
To stop thy stern decree;
Before the word bring forth the woe,
And thy uplifted hand
By sword and pestilence o'erthrow
Our execrated land.

2 If fully purpos'd to destroy
Thou art in vengeance come,
Why dost Thou instruments employ
To bring thy wand'ring home?
Why doth thy grace its work revive,
Converting us from sin?
And still we find thy Spirit strive
Our worthless hearts to win.

3 Thy messengers run to and fro,
Believers are increas'd,
And thousands their Redeemer know,
With life eternal blest'd;
Lost sheep for half a century
Have flock'd into thy fold:
And more are daily call'd by Thee,
And in thy book enroll'd.

4 But didst Thou, Lord, thy kingdom send,
Thy kingdom to remove,
To make of sinners a full end
Excluded from thy love?
Corrected, and chastis'd, we trust,
Thou wilt not give us o'er,
But spare the wicked for the just,
And curse our land no more.
5 Out of the deep thy call we wait
To bid our Nation rise,
Aspiring to our first estate,
And by affliction wise;
That following after righteousness,
We may thy grace retrieve,
Repent, believe, and go in peace,
And for thy glory live.

6 For this ten thousand faithful souls
Are weeping round thy throne,
And while thy angry thunder rolls,
They in thy Spirit groan:
We join the heaven-invading cry,
And mercy, mercy claim,
O let thy bowels, Lord, reply:
We ask in Jesu’s Name!

HYMN XXV.

1 HOW happy, Lord, are we
Who have a part in Thee!
Following after righteousness,
Hidden in thine anger’s day,
We enjoy an heart-felt peace,
Peace which none can take away.

2 When plagues the land o’erflow,
We share the common woe:
But our patriotic love
Is not selfish, or confin’d,
But our yearning bowels move
Tow’rd the whole afflicted kind.

3 With every sufferer
We drop the generous tear,
(Whom thy tendering Spirit leads)
Pity no distinction knows,
Love for all the wounded bleeds,
Love embraces friends and foes.

4 Yet
4 Yet though for all we feel,
   Our souls are happy still:
   Soft, compassionate distrest,
   On a wretched world bestow'd,
   Cannot violate our peace,
   Cannot shake our trust in God.

5 With deepest sympathy,
   Saviour, we cry to Thee:
   Listening to thy chosen Race,
   Come thou universal Friend,
   Shorten these vindictive days,
   'Bring the joy which never shall end.

6 Ev'n now with eagle's eye
   We see thee in the sky;
   Soon with eagles' wings we soar,
   Our descending Lord to meet:
   Then the cup of bliss runs o'er,
   Then the rapture is compleat!

   H Y M N XXVI.

1 WHo on the Lord most high
   With humbly fervent zeal,
   With loving faith rely,
   And in his presence dwell,
   In dangers safe and undismay'd,
   We rest beneath th' Almighty shade.

2 The ill we cannot fear,
   Which worldly souls alarms,
   Or shrink appal'd to hear
   Of nations up in arms,
   Assured, if empires are o'erthrown,
   The Lord is King, and reigns alone.

3 His wife, permisive will
   In all events we see,
   Who orders good and ill
   To' accomplish his decree;

   Who
Who kindly for his people cares,
And counts, and keeps their precious hairs.

4 O that the world might feel
What none can comprehend,
The joy unspeakable,
The peace which ne'er shall end,
The happiness his people prove,
Who trust in their Redeemer's love!

5 Then would their vain concern
For earthly toys be o'er,
The nations then would learn
Pernicious war no more,
But bless the mild Immanuel's sway,
And count it heav'n on earth to obey.

6 Come, O thou common Lord,
Thou universal King,
In every soul restor'd
Thy peaceful kingdom bring,
The forces of the sea receive,
And bid the heathen world believe.

7 Hasten the promis'd hour
Of Monarchy divine,
And exercise thy power
Thro' endless ages thine,
Again thine ancient Israel call,
And change their hearts, and save them all.

8 Not one of Adam's race
Shall then unfav'd be found,
But peace and righteousness
Throughout the earth abound,
The thrones shall to thy saints be given,
And the New Earth be turned to heaven.

HYMN
HYMN XXVII.

1. CAN the disciples of our Lord
   With unconcern their Country see
Destroy'd by Parricides abhor'd,
And not complain, O God, to Thee?
The little flock, the pious few,
Whose number we aspire to increase,
When sinners reign, what can we do,
But pray against their wickedness?

2. Snatch'd from the flames by grace divine,
   We see the dire assassin-band
Pursuing still their cursed design,
   To spread confusion through the land,
In league with our inveterate foe,
   Indignant Britons to inthral,
And gainers by the public woe
   To triumph in their Country's fall.

3. The factious enemies to peace,
The friends of Gaul, and tools of hell,
They know, if wars and tumults cease,
   They must their due demerits feel;
Their darkest works shall then appear,
   If laws revive and order reign,
And rulers, freed from servile fear,
   No longer bear the sword in vain.

4. O might they, Lord, this moment rise,
   With courage firm inspir'd by Thee,
Nor suffer Rebels to despise
   Their mild, irresolute lenity!
Too mild, alas for times like these,
   Which sterner discipline require,
To stem the tide of wickedness,
   And pluck us from th' infernal fire.

5. Strengthen their hands, Almighty Lord,
   Incline their hearts to seek thy face,
   That
That truth and righteousness restor'd
May flourish as in ancient days,
That all the pardoning God may know,
Thy kingdom in their hearts receive,
And serve thy blest will below,
And fav'd by grace for ever live!

H Y M N XXVIII.
Part the First.

1 LORD of hosts, and God most high,
Canst Thou a nation bless,
Who thy providence deny,
And rob thee of thy praise,
Of their fleets and armies boast,
For sure success and victory
In themselves entirely trust,
And never look to Thee?

2 Thee the Christian-Infidels
From thy own world exclude,
"Skill and stratagem prevails
"And strength and multitude;"
They on these alone depend;
And if Thou make thy mercy known,
If thine Arm deliverance send,
They cry, "Tis all their own!"

3 Fifty thousand Britons brave
To the New World pass o'er,
Never yet th' Atlantic wave
So huge a burden bore:
Who the prows can withstand
Of fleets and hosts invincible?
Lo! they fly, they reach the land,
They see, and conquer all!

But
4. But if Thou in anger frown,
   No longer on their side,
O how suddenly cast down,
   They suffer for their pride!
Let but One* his trust betray,
   A sad reverse their Legions know,
Yield—and waste—and link away
   Before a conquer’d Foe!

5. Yet th’ infatuated crowd
   Will not thy hand confess,
When thou dost abase the proud,
   And when the abject rase;
When they pass beneath the yoke,
   Thy scourge the chance of war they call;
In the instruments o’erlook
   The sovereign Cause of all.

6. But the men who fear thy Name,
   Thy power and wisdom own;
Now as yesterday the same,
   Thou sittest on the throne:
Good, the creature of thy will,
   Thou only dost to mortals send,
Only Thou permittest ill,
   Which all in good shall end.

7. In this last tremendous blow †
   Thy righteousness we see,
Thousands taken by the foe,
   Though flush’d with victory:
Scandal of the British name,
   Their brethren they no more oppress:
Let their glory end in shame,
   And let their Rapines cease.

* Sir W. H.  † Lord C.
Such their Country's Cause to fight,
Thou wilt not, Lord, employ,
Without human power or might
Who canst our foes destroy:
When the conquerors come, prepar'd
To execute their furious boasts,
Then thy mighty arm is bar'd,
And scatters all their hofts.

Vapours, fire, and hail, and snow
Are servants of our Lord,
Winds by thy direction blow,
And storms fulfil thy word;
Storms go forth at thy command,
And with resistless fury sweep,
Dash our foes against the strand,
Or plunge them in the deep.

This the Lord himself hath done,
Which, wondrous in our eyes,
Fills us, who thy love have known,
With rapturous surprize:
Jesus, at whose throne we bow,
In thee we full affiance have:
Surely Thou hast fav'd us now,
And shalt for ever fav'e!

HYMN XXIX.

Part the Second.

Foolish world, thy vain reply
Is to the Faithful known,
"If we must on God rely,
"And God doth all alone,
"Rust our arms our useless bands
"And navies be dispers'd abroad,
"Let us idly fold our hands,
"And leave it all to God."
2 God who doth appoint the end
   The proper means bestows,
Wills us bravely to defend
   Our country from her foes:
"Fight with Amalek," He cries,
   While Moses on the mountain prays,
Brings assistance from the skies,
   And ascertains success.

3 Still the battle is the Lord's,
   Who doth the victory send:
Bring forth all your spears and swords,
   Yet still on God depend:
Courage, strength, and skill exert,
   Every nerve and sinew strain,
Yet unless he takes your part
   Your utmost effort's vain.

4 Did we in our evil day
   Low at thy footstool mourn,
Cast our daring sins away,
   And to our Smiter turn,
Then thou wouldst for us appear,
   As a wall of brass surround,
Put our vaunting foes in fear,
   And all their force confound.

5 Did we, Lord, in every step
   Look up to Thee for aid,
Us thou wouldst in safety keep
   Beneath th' almighty shade;
While our weapons we employ,
   And in thine only Name confide,
None could hurt us, or annoy,
   With Jesus on our side.

6 Britain Thou again wouldst chuse,
   And call our nation thine,
Teach us means, as means to use,
   And answer thy design,
Wouldst our sins, not us, destroy,
Us out of the dunghill raise,
Turn our sorrow into joy,
And nature into grace.

7 Rise, the Lord of armies, rise
In thy appointed hour,
Scattering evil with thine eyes,
And every adverse power:
Then let earth and hell engage,
Lodged in thine arms to pluck us thence,
Raging against us, they rage
Against Omnipotence.

8 Crush'd by thine almighty hand,
Do Thou our foes suppress,
Then throughout the earth command
Infernal wars to cease,
Bid the ransomed World be still
And know that thou art God alone,
Seated on thy holy hill,
On thy millennial Throne!

HYMN XXX.

1 JESUS, thy flaming eyes
Full on the wicked dart,
Who in Rebellion's Cause arise,
And take the murderers part,
Their bloody path pursue,
A Congress from beneath,
A daring, dark, and desperate Crew,
In league with Hell and Death.

2 Possess of lawless power,
Of absolute command,
The beasts with iron teeth devour
A fad distracted land:

Traitors
Traitors with Gaul combin'd
Their cruel sway maintain,
The scum and refuse of mankind
As sovereign lords they reign.

3 Their heart, O Lord, thou know'st
Elated with success,
Who triumph now, and make their boast
Of prosperous wickedness,
Who blasphemously claim
Divine authority,
As acting treasons in thy name,
And countenanced by Thee.

4 How long, O God, how long,
Wilt Thou their crimes pass by,
And suffer their oppressive wrong
Who all thy plagues defy?
Blast the aspiring Fiend,
Avenge us of the foe,
Confound his sworn Allies, and end
Their Empire at a blow.

5 So shall thy people sing
The Power that sets us free,
The Arm that doth deliverance bring
From hellish tyranny;
The same in heart and mind
With loyal Britons prove,
In strictest bonds fraternal join'd,
In everlasting love.

6 Then, when the work is done
Which fiends in vain withstand,
America and Britain, one
In thy all-healing Hand,
The Lord's Redeem'd shall come,
And crown'd with joy arise
To Sion's heights, their long-fought home,
Their Country in the skies!

HYMN
HYMN XXXI.

For Peace.

1 Come, thou choicest gift of heaven,
   Far from earth by sinners driven,
   While we for thy absence mourn,
   Lovely, lasting Peace return.

2 Forfeited by Britain's sin,
   Lost to us thou long hast been,
   For our iniquity,
   Punish'd with the want of Thee.

3 Never can we know thy way,
   While we from our Maker stray:
   But we now our sin deplore;
   Come, and never leave us more.

4 Prince of Peace, and Israel's King,
   With Thysel'f the blessing bring,
   Peace divine thy Spirit imparts;
   Plant thy kingdom in our hearts.

5 Every stubborn spirit bow,
   Turn us, Lord, and turn us now,
   Thou who hearest thy people's prayer,
   End this dire intestine war.

6 Sprinkling us with thy own blood,
   Reconcile us first to God,
   Then let all the British race
   Kindly, cordially embrace.

7 Concord, on a distant shore,
   To our Countrymen restore,
   Every obstacle remove
   Melt our hatred into love.

8 Gospel-grace to each extend,
   Every foe, and every friend,
   Then in Thee we sweetly find
   Peace with God, and all mankind.
HYMN XXXII.

Another.

1 With tender affection inspire’d,
   With pity for mountains of slain,
My soul is ofmurtherers tir’d,
   And bitterly forc’d to complain;
Heavy-laden, and weary of life,
   Whose sorrows and troubles increase,
I pine for an end of the strife,
   I sigh for the blessings of Peace.

2 O Peace, thou art banish’d and fled!
The cause of our evils I see:
   By sin such a havock is made;
By sin we have forfeited Thee:
   No peace for the wicked there is,
Unless we our wickednesses mourn,
   No good for a Nation like this,
Unless to our God we return.

3 O God, who art always the same,
   Whose nature is still to forgive,
Permit us in Jesus’s name
   To cry for a farther reprieve:
Our sins let us fully confess,
   Our sins let us deeply deplore:
And when from offending we cease,
   Thou wilt to thy favor restore.

4 When once reconcil’d to our God,
   We shall with each other agree,
Possess of the blessing bestow’d,
   And one with our Lord on the tree:
His blood the alliance hath seal’d,
   The blessing his Spirit imparts,
And peace with its Author reveal’d
   Eternally reigns in our hearts!

FINIS.