THE

PREFACE.

M R. Herbert's Poems have met with so
general and deserv'd Acceptance, that
they have undergone Eleven Impressi-
onns near Twenty Years ago: He hath
obtained by way of Eminency, the Name
of Our Divine Poet, and his Poets have been frequent-
ly quoted in Sermons and other Discourses; yet, 1 fear,
now of them have been sung since his Death, the Tunes
not being at the Command of ordinary Readers.

This attempt therefore, (such as it is) is to bring so
many of them as I well could, which I judged suited to
the Capacity and Devotion of Private Christians, into
the common metre to be sung in their Closets or Fa-
nilies: The like I have done as to some of the New Tes-
mament Hymns in Dr. Woodford's Paraphrase: To
all which I have added one Ode in the same Measures
in which I had it, because I think it was never Printed;
and I thought it Pity, if should be lost in a Private Hand.
I hope I shall not be counted a Plagiary, seeing I claim
nothing here as my own, but what they allow me, viz. a
Liberty to Sing and use their Hymns, which I was not
more able to do in their Metre and Tunes, than I was
able to compose them as they did.

Nor will this hinder their use of the Lyric Measures
in Herbert and others, who are enabled to do it by their
skill...
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skill in Musick, which they ought to look upon as a Tal-ent to be accounted for. How much more fit is Her-bert's Temple to be set to the Lute, than Cowley's Mi-tre's ! It is hard that no one can be taught Musick, but in such inward Songs as fill the Hearts of many Learners with Lust and Vainly all their Days. Why should it be thought a greater Propounding of Spiritual Songs to use them in a Musick-School, than it is of the New Testament, to teach Children to spell; yet what Christian would not rather have his Child taught to read in a Bible than in a Play-Book? Especially, when they who learn Musick are generally more apt to receive Im-pressions from the Matter of the Song, than Children are from the Books in which they first learn to Spell. Any attempt hath been made, only to alter the measures of some Hymns, keeping strictly to the Sense of the Author; but how noble an undertaking was it, if any one could and would refine the high flights, and lofty strains found in the most Celebrated Poets, from their privy-tous Applications to Carnal Love, and restore them to the Divine Love! When the Devil drew off the Natio-nous from the True God, He caus'd the same Institutions with which God was honoured, to be used in the Idol Ser-vice, Temple, Priests, Sacrifices, &c. and amongst the rest Pelmody: And it is strange, that when we have so long been emerg'd out of Heathenism, this spe-cial Remnant of it shou'd be amongst us, where the most devoted Part of Religion doth consist.

Almost all Phrases and Expressions of Worship due only to God, are continued in these artificial Compotitioves in the Heathenish use of them, even from the Inspirations that they inspired in their beginning to the Rapture, Flames, Adorations, &c. That they pretend to in the Progress: Now are these mere empty Names with them, but their Hearts are more fervently carried out in the

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musical use of them, than they would be if their Knees were bow'd to Baal and Allarth: Few Holy Souls are more affected with the Praises of a Redemer, than they are of the wanton Object that they profess to adore. Oh for sense to write Parodies, by which Name I find one Poem in Herbert called, which begins, Souls Joy, where all the one, and was, I doubt not, a light Love-song turn'd into a Spiritual Hymn. Eff quum alterius Poetes Verus in alius Argumentum transferratur, I do not find it hath been made a Matter of requisite to turn the Temples built for Idols into Churches: And as to this Cifer, it is to be consider'd, that the Musick and Poetry was an excellent Gift of God, which ought to have been used for His; and that this high strain's of Love, Joy, &c. Suit now but the adorable Saviour; and all their most warm and affection're Expressions are blasted from the Churches Hymn and of the Lord, and who can doubt but the Church may take them, wherever she finds it, whether in an Idaliter: Most-bock or Prophane Love-song? It was a noble Re-formation of him that said,

I'll Consecrate my Magdalene to Thee——

The Eyes, Mouth, Hair, which had been abus'd to Lust and Vainly were us'd to Wath, Kiss, Wipe the Fat of a Saviour: May Men and Angels Praise him for ever and ever! Amen.
Spiritual Songs, or, Songs of Praise to Almighty God upon several Occasions. Together with the Song of Songs which is Solomon's, first turn'd, then paraphras'd in English Verse: To which may be added, Penitential Cries, the Fourth Edition, Corrected with an Addition of a Sacred Poem on Dives and Lazarus.

Sacramental Hymns, Collected (chiefly) out of such Passages of the New Testament, as contain the most suitable Matter of Divine Praises in the Celebration of the Lord's Supper, to which is added, one Hymn relating to Baptism, and another to the Ministry: By Jof. Boyle.

A Collection of Divine Hymns upon several Occasions; suited to our common Tunes, for the Use of Devout Christians, in singing forth the Praises of God.


Family Hymns, gathered (mostly) out of the best Translation of David's Psalms.

The Psalms of David Translated into English Metre. By David King Bishop of

The Psalms of David (commonly called the Scots Psalms) in Metre. Newly translated and diligently compared with the Original Text, and former Translations: More plain, smooth and agreeable to the Text, than any heretofore. Recommended by fix and twenty Divines.

Select Hymns,

Out of

Mr. Herbert's Temple, &c.

The Thanksgiving. To the Tune of Psalm 100.

O King of Griefs! (a Title true

Though strange, and to Thee only due)

How can I grieve enough for Thee,

Who in all grief preventest me?

Shall I weep Blood? Thou'st wept much Store,

That all thy Body was one Gore.

Shall I be scourged, floured, sold?

'Tis but to tell the Tale is told.

Shall I then skip the doleful Story,

And side with thy Triumphant Glory?

Shall wounds be Health? Thy Thorns my Flower?

Thy Rod my Poice? Crofs my Bower?

How shall I imitate Thee, and

Copy thy Fair, though Bloody Hand?

Can I pretend to reach thy Love,

Or try who should Victorious prove?

If then giv'f Wealth, I will restore,

All back unto Thee by the Poor.

If Thou giv'f Honour, Men shall see

The Honour doth belong to Thee.

A +
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Select Hymns, out of
If Befor-Friends should read thy Name,
I will rend thence their Love and Fame.
The World and I'll fall out, the Year
Shall not perceive that I am here.
My Muse shall find Thee, each string
Shall have its Attribute to sing,
That all may well accord in Thee,
And prove one God, one Harmony.

The Agony. To the Tune of Psalm 1:9.

1.
Philosophers have measured Hills,
Tathom'd Seas, traced Springs,
Walk't with their Jacob's-staff to Heaven,
But there are two vast things,
The which to measure, found or trace,
It doth then most behove,
Yet few or none can find their depth,
These two are Sin and Love.

Who would know Sin, let him repair,
To Olivia, and see
One wrong with Pains, that Skin and Hair
And Garments bloody be.
For Sin and Wrath the Wine-prest was,
Which Squeez'd Him, forcing Pain:
Through Soul and Body, Head and Heart,
Hands, Feet, and every Vein.

2.
Who knows not Love, let him but taste
The Juice a Soldier's Pike
Did set abroach, then let him tell
Who e'er did taste the like.

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Love is that Liquor palfing-sweet,
A Drink that is Divine.
'Tis what my God did feel as Blood,
But what I taste as Wine.

The Passion. To the Tune of Psalm 103.

Since Blood is fittest, Lord, to write
Thy Sorrows in, and bloody flight,
My Heart hath fleeced write there, wherein
One Box clothe I both Ink and Sin:
That when Sin spies so many foes,
Thy Whips, thy Nails, thy Wounds, thy Woes,
All come to be there, Sin may say,
No room for me, and fly away.

Sin being gone, oh fill the place,
And keep Repentance with thy Grace;
Let Sin take Courage and return,
And all the Writings blot or burn.

Easter. To the Tune of Psalm 103.

The Lord is risen, sing his Praise,
Rife then, my Heart, without delay's:
Awake my Lute, and do thy Part,
Or struggle for't with all thy Art.

The Cross-hath taught this Wood his Name
To found, who once did bear the Fame:
Street Sineous touch these Strings, what Key
Is left to celebrate this Day.

Both Heart and Heart shall twine a Song,
In Holy Comfort good and long:
And let thy Spirit bear a Part,
To mend our faults by his sweet Art.
Selc't Hymns, out of

I got me Flowers to throw the way,
I got me Boughs of many a Tree;
But thou walt up by break of Day,
And broughtst thy Sweets along with Thee.
The Sun arising in the East,
Though He give Light, and th' East perfume;
If they should offer to contest
With thy arising, they presume.

Can there be any Day but this,
Though many Suns to shine endeavour?
We count three Hundred, but we mifs:
There is but One and that One ever.

Prayer.

Prayer the Churches Banquet is,
Prayer the Angels Age,
Prayer the Soul in Paraphrase,
The Heart in Pilgrimage.

God's breath in Man returning thither
From whence it had its Birth;
Prayer the Christian Plumber is
That foundeth Heav'n and Earth.

Prayer reverfed Thunder is,
And Christ God's side-piercing Spear,
Prayer's a kind of heav'nly Tune
Which all things hear and fear.

Engine against the Almighty One,
It is the Sinners Tower,
The World that was a Six-days Work
Transpolding in an Hour.
Softness and Peace, and Spiritual Joy,
Prayer is Love and Bliss.

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It is as 'twere the Milky-way,
The Bird of Paradise.

Prayer exalted Manna is,
And gladness of the best,
Heaven in Ordinary 'tis,
Prayer is Man well drest.
The Church-Bell's heard beyond the Stars,
It is the Souls Heart-blood,
A kind of Land of Spices 'tis,
And something understood.

Holy Communion.

Not in a rich or fine Array,
Nor in a wedge of Gold,
Doth thou thy self to me convey
Who once for me was sold.

But in a way of Nourishment,
Thou creeping into my Breast,
Setting my Soul upon the wing
To fly unto her rest.

Give me my Captive Soul, or take
My Body also thither,
Another lift like this, will make
Them both to be together.

Before that Sin turn'd Flesh to Stone,
And all our Lump to Leaven;
A fervent Sigh might well have blown
Our innocent Earth to Heaven.

For sure when Adam did not know
To Sin, or Sin to another;
He might to Heaven from Paradise go,
As from one room t'another.
 Thou hast refreshed us to this place;
   By this thy Heavenly Blood,
Which I can go to when I please,
   And leave th’ Earth to their Food.

**Antiphon. To the Time of Psalm 148.**

Ver. The Heav’n are not too high,
   His Praise may thither fly;
The Earth is not too low,
   His Praises there may grow.

Chor. Let all the World
   Rejoice and Sing,
And still repeat,
   *My God and King.*

Ver. The Church with Psalms must shout,
   No Door can keep them out:
But above all, the Heart
   Must bear the longest part.

Chor. Let all the World
   Rejoice and Sing,
And still repeat,
   *My God and King.*

**The Temper.**

How should I Praise thee, and my Rhymes,
   Engrave thy Love in Steel,
If what my Soul doth feel sometimes,
   My Soul might ever feel.

Though there were forty Heav’ns or more
   I peir above them all;
Sometimes I hardly reach a score,
   Sometimes to Hell I fall.

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O rack me not to such extent,
   Such distance is for Thee;
The World’s too little for thy Tent,
   A Grave too big for me.
Wilt thou meet Arms with Man, or stretch
   Thy Duff from Heav’n to Hell?
Will great God measure with a Wretch?
   Shall He thy Statute Spell?

O when thy Roof my Soul hath hid,
   Let me but Nestle there:
Then of a Sinner thou art rid,
   And I of Hope and Fear,
Yet take thy way, for that is best,
   Stroke or Contract thy Debtor;
This is but turning of my Breast,
   To make the Misch better.

**Pentecost. To the Time of Psalm 100.**

Let sweet Dove into my Song,
   And spread thy golden Wings on me,
Hatching my tender Heart to long,
   ’Till it get Wing, and fly with Thee.
Where is that Fire which once defended
   On thy Apostles? Thou didst then
Keep open House, richly attended,
   Feasting all Comers, by Twelve Men.
Such glorious Gifts thou didst bestow,
   That th’ Earth did like a Heav’n appear:
The Stars were coming down to know
   How to mend Wages, and serve here.
The Sun which once did shine alone,
   Hang down his Head and wait for Night,
   When
Selecti Hymns, out of
When He beheld twelve Sins for one,
Tracing the World, and giving Light.

But since those Pipes of Gold, which brought
The Cordial Water to our ground,
Were cut and martyr'd, by their fault
Who did themselves through their Sides wound;

Thou shut't the Door, and keep'st within,
Scarce a good Joy creeps through the Chink:
And if the braves of Conquering Sin
Did not excite Thee, we should sink.

Lord, though we change, thou art the same,
The same sweet God of Love and Light;
Restore this Day, for thy great Name,
Unto its ancient glorious Right.

Dominica Trinitatis. To the Tune of Psalm 67.

Thou didst lead me out of M下半年
Redeemed me with thy Blood,
And satisfied me with thy Grace,
And all to do me good.

My Sins done herebefore,
Purge, for that heavy Score
I do confess, and hate, and I
Will strive to Sin no more.

My Heart, Mouth, Hands in me
With Faith, Hope, Charity
Enrich, O Lord, that so I may
Rise, run, and rest with Thee.

Avarice. To the Tune of Psalm 67.

Money, thou source of Wo,
Although thou art so fine,

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Thy Parantage is safe and low,
Found in a dirty Mine.

Thou couldst so little do
For th'Kingdom thou hast got;
That, Man was fain to Dig thee out
Of thy dark Cave and Grot.

Brightened by Fire, thou'st got
The Face of Man, for we
Transfer our Right; thou art the Man
And we but dross to Thee.

Man calleth Thee his Wealth,
And yet He made Thee Rich,
And while with pains He digs out Thee
Himself falls in the Ditch.

Submission.

But that thou art my Wisdom, Lord,
And both mine Eyes are thine,
My Mind would be extremely stir'd
For miffing my design.

Were it not better to bestow
Some Place or Power on me?
Then should thy Praise with me grow
And share in my degree.

But when I thus dispute and grieve,
I do renounce my light;
And pilfering what I once did give,
Dishon thee of thy Right.

How know I, if thou shouldst me raise
That I should then raise thee?
Perhaps great Places and thy Praise,
Do not so well agree.

Where-
Wherefore unto my Gift I stand;
I will no more advise;
Only do thou lend me an Hand,
Since thou hast both mine Eyes.

Hymn 1.

How soon doth Man decay? When clothes
Took from a Sheaf of Sweats
To swaddle Infants, seem to be
Their little winding Sheets.
Boys step as were into their Graves
When they go first to Bed:
Sleep binds them fast, only their Breath
Shews that they are not Dead.

When Youth is frank and free, and while
His Veins with Blood do swell,
Calling for Mirth, his Musek then
Doth summon to his Knell.
When Man grows fluid, and coveteth
An House and Home to have;
That Dumb inclosure maketh Love,
T a Coffin or a Grave.

When Age grows low or weak, it marks
The Grave which He draws near,
His Chair or Litter where He sits
Or lies, is like his Bier.
And thus Man's last Solemnity
Is first, ere He's aware;
He dresteth up his Hero, while He
Hath Breath as yet to spare.

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Hymn 2. To the Tune of Psalm 100.

Lord, let the Angels Praise thy Name,
Man is an empty foolish Thing
Foily and Sin play all his Game,
His House doth burn, yet He doth Sing.
What strange Pollutions doth He wed,
As if none knew his Works but He?
No Man shall beat into his Head,
Thou canst within His Curtains see.

The best of Men, turn but thine Hand
One Moment, stumble at a Pin:
They would not have their Actions seen'd,
Nor Sorrow tell them, that they Sin.
My God, Man cannot Praise thy Name,
Thou art all perfect Purity:
The Sun holds down his Head for shame
Eclips'd, when we speak of Thee.

As dirty Hands foul all they touch,
And these things most, which are most fine:
So our Clay-Hearts, ev'n when we Sing
Thy Praises, make them less Divine.

Man cannot serve Thee, let Him go,
And serve the Swine, where's his Delight:
He likes not Virtue; let him have
His Dirt to wallow in all Night.

Indeed at first, Man was a Treasure,
A Box of precious Rarities,
A Ring whose Polie was, my Pleasure
A Garden in a Paradise.

But Sin hath fool'd him, now He is
A Lump of Flesh, without a Wing,
To
Obedience. To the Tune of Psalm 67.

My God, if Writings may
Convey Estates away,
Why may not this Poor Paper do
For me as much as they.
On it my Heart doth bleed
As many Lines, as need
To pass it self away, and I
Owe it my Act and Deed.

If that hereafter Pleasure
Cavil, and claim her Measure,
I here exclude the wrangler from
Any part of thy Treasure.

Oh, let thy Sacred Will
All thy delight fulfill;
Let me nor Think or Act, but as
Religious up to thy skill.

Lord, what is Man to Thee
But as a rotten Tree?
Yet since thou feelest all, thou canst
As well me Guide, as fee.

He that will pass his Land
With me, may set his hand
Unto this Deed, to both our Goods,
If He to it will stand.

How happy were my Part,
If some one will his heart
Enter with me in Heav'n's Court-Rolls,
Far above our Desert.

Home. To the Tune of Psalm 100.

Come Lord, my Head and Heart is sick
Whilst thou dost ever, ever stay:
Thy long delays wound to the quick,
My Spirit gaspeth Night and Day.

How can it thou stay, seeing the pace
The Blood did make which thou didst waste?
Viewing it trickle down thy Face,
I never saw thing make such haste.

When Man was lost, thou look'st about
To see what help in th'Earth or Sky;
But there was none, no help without,
The help did in thy bosom lie.

There lay thy Son; and must He leave
That Hive of sweetness, to remove
Thraldom from those, who at a Falt
Left not one Apple for thy Love.

He did, He came; O Saviour Dear,
After all this canst thou be strange?
So long baptiz'd, and not appear,
As if thy Love could fail or change.

Yet if thou stay, why must I stay?
My God, what is this World to me?
This World of Wo? Ye Clouds, away,
Away; I must get up and fee.

With one small Sigh, the other Day
I blasted all the Joys about me;
And scoulding, as they pass away,
Now come again, said I, and scowl me.

Both Drought and Dearth, both Bath and Brake,
Which way so e're I look, I see;

B 2

We
Select Hymns, out of

We may Dream here, but when we wake,
We dress our selves and come to Thee.
We talk of Harvests ; there are none, But when we leave our Corn and Hay;
The fruitful Year is that which brings The last and lowest, though dreadful Day.

This Frame, this Knot of Man untie,
That my free Soul may use her wing,
Now pinion’d with Mortality,
As an entangled hamper’d thing.

What’s left, that I should stay and groan?
The most of me to Heaven is fled:
My Thoughts and Joys pack’d up and gone,
And for their old Acquaintance plead.

Oh saw me, in thy Temple here
Thy wondrous Grace, thy special Love,
Or take me up to dwell with Thee,
Within thy glorious House above.

Dulness.

W hy languish I, as if all Earth,
Thus drooping, dead and dull?
O give me quickness, that with Mirth
I may Thee Praise brim-full.
The wanton in a curious strain
Can Praise His fairest Fair;
And with quaint Metaphors, again
Curl o’er her curled Hair.

Thou alone, Beauty are to me,
Loveliness, Life and Light.
Thy bloody Death and underv’d,
Makes thee pure Red and White.

Mr. Herbert’s Temple.

Where are my Lines? Approaches? Views?
Where are my Window-Songs?
Lovers pretending arc, their Muse
Is sharp’n’d by their wrongs.

But I am lost in Flesh, and mock’t
By sugar’d Fallacies;
Sure thou didn’t put a Mind in me,
Could I find where it lies.

Lord, clear thy Gift that I may look
T’wards Thee with constant Wit;
Look, far to Love Thee, who can be,
Yea Lord, what Angel fit.

Man’s Medley. To the Tune of Psalm 113.

H eark how the chirping Birds do sing,
And how the cackling Woods do ring;
Birds have their Joys, and Man hath his;
Yet if we judge and so express
Mus real Joy and solid Pleasure
Hereafter more than prent is.

Not that He may not sometimes here,
Taft of that Joy, and plesant and cheer;
But as Birds drinking lift their Heads,
So must He lift, and talling think
Of that new Wine, that better drink,
Which He shall have, when He is Dead.

2.

But as his Pleasures then are double,
So are his Cares, and Grief, and Trouble,
He hath two Winters to their one;
Both Frosts and Thoughts do sometimes Nip
As well his Confidence as his Lip;
’Tis Man that fears two Deaths alone.

B 3

Yet
Yet after all, the greatest Grieves
May be turn'd into his Reliefs,
   Could He but take them in their Ways:
Happy is He, whose well-turn'd Heart
Can by a new and heav'nly Art,
   Turn double Pains to double Praife.

**Gratefulness.**

Thou hast giv'n me so much to me,
Give more, a thankful Heart:
See how thy Beggar works on thee
   By an allowed Art.
He makes thy Gifts occasion more;
If He in this be croft,
All thou hast giv'n him heretofore
Is giv'n in vain and loft.
But thou didst reckon, when at first:
Thy Word our Hearts did crave,
What it would come to at the world:
Such wretched Souls to save.
Perpetual knockings at thy Door,
Tears fulfilling thy Rooms,
Gift upon Gift, much would have more;
And in this way it comes.
This notwithstanding thou went'st on,
And didst allow our Noise:
Nay, thou hast made a Sigh and Groan
   Thy Pleasure and thy Joys.
Not that thou hast not Times above
Better than groans can make;
But that these Country-Airs thy Love
Is pleas'd to like and take.

Mr. Herbert's Temple.

Wherefore I cry, and cry again,
Thou at no rate canst be,
Till I a thankful Heart obtain,
Which I may use for Thee.
Not thankful for a fit, as if
Thy Blessings had spare Days;
But such a Heart, whole Public may beat
Continually thy Praife.

**Praife.**

O King of Glory, King of Peace
I will Thee chiefly love:
And that my Love may never cease
   I will Thee daily move.
For thou hast granted my request,
Thou hast me freely heard:
And thou dost Note my working Breas,
Thou hast me gently spair'd.
And therefore with my utmost Art,
I will thy Glory sing:
The very Cream of all my Heart,
   I will a Preciant bring.
And though my Sins against me cry'd,
Thou didst me fully clear:
And when in Terrors they reply'd,
   Thou didst my Prayers hear.
Then fev'n whole Days, not one in fev'n
I will thy Honour Praife:
And in my Heart, though not in Heav'n,
I will thy Glory raife.
When I grew Soft and Moist with Tears,
Thou also didst relent:

Where-
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Select Hymns, out of

And when thy Justice call'd for Fears,
Thou didst in Grace diferent.

Now small it is, in this Poor fort
Thy Name for to enrol;
Eternity it feeleth too short.
Thy Praise for to extol.

Longing. To the Tune of Psalm 67.

With sick and famish'd Eyes,
Doubling Knees, weary Bones,
To Thee my Sighs and Tears ascend,
To Thee my Cries and Groans.

My Threat, my Soul is hoarse,
Heart wither'd like a Ground.
Which thou didst Cure: My Thoughts make me
Giddy by turning round.

Bowels of Pity, Hear,
Thou true Love of my Mind,
Let not my Words and thy Name there,
Be scatter'd by the Wind.

Look on my Sorrows! Mark
My Furnace! O what Flame!
What heat doth in my Heart abide;
What Grief there is! What Shame!

Lord Jesus, thou didst bow
The Head upon the Tree,
Shall He that made the Ear, not hear?
O be not Deaf to me.

Behold thy Dust doth fill,
It creeps, it aims at Thee:
And every Crumb therein faith, Come,
Wilt thou not succour me?

Mr. Herbert's Temple.

Thou tarryest, while I fall
To nothing: Thou dost Reign
And rule on high, while I thy Child
In bitter Grief remain.

Lord Jesus, Hear my Heart
That hath been broke for long:
Thy Beggars grow, and every Part
Of it hath got a Tongue.

My Love, my sweetness Hear,
As thy Feet lies my Heart,
Oh heal my troubled Breast, which cries
And dies: Plead out thy Dart.

The Call. To the Tune of Psalm 103.

O Come, my VVay, my Truth, my Life,
Thourest such a Way as gives us breath:
And such a Truth, as Ends all strife;
And such a Life, as killeth Death.

O come, my Light, my Feall, my Strength,
Ev'n such a Light, as flows a Feall:
And such a Feall, as mends in length;
And such a Strength, as makes his Gueall.

O come, my Joy, my Love, my Heart,
Ev'n such a Joy, as none can move;
And such a Love, as none can Part;
And such a Heart, as Joys in Love.

The Search.

Wether, O whether art thou fled,
My gracious Lord, my Love?
My Searches are my daily Bread,
Yet don't successful prove,
Select Hymns, out of

My Knees pierce th' Earth, mine Eyes the sky,
And yet the higher Sphere
And lower Centre, both deny
To me, that thou art there.

Yet can I mark, how Herbs below
Are Fresh, grow Green and Gay:
As if to meet Thee, they did know
Whilt I Dye and Decay.

Yet can I mark, how Stars above
Simper, as twere, and shine,
As having Keys unto thy Love,
Whilt I grow Pale and Pine.

I sent a Sigh to seek Thee out
Drawn from my Breast in Pain,
Wing'd like an Arrow, but my Scout
Alas! return'd in Vain.

I turn'd another (having store)
Into a deeper groan,
Because the search was Dumb before;
But, ah me! all was one.

Where is my God? What hidden Place
Conceals Thee from me still?
What Covert dares Eclipse thy Face?
My God, is it thy Hill?

O let nor that of any thing
Be it; let rather Brae
Or Steel, or Mountains be thy Ring,
And I through them will pass.

Thy Will such an intrenching is,
As passive humane Thought;
To it all Strength, all Subtilties
Are but as things of Nought.

Mr. Herbert's Temple.

Oh, who will give me Tears to come dwell!
Within my Eyes, ye Springs;
Come Clouds and Rain, my Grief hath need
Of all the VVatry things.

Each Vein suck up a River, to
Supply these weary Eyes;
My Eyes too dry, unless they get
New Conduits, new Supplies.

What can Man do, that little VVorld,
VVith his two little Spouts?
The greater VVorld cannot provide
For all my Griefs and Doubts.

Vefers too fine for my rough Griefs
Must here be Dumb and Mute;
Their running suits my Eyes, but meaoure
Suits beft some Lovers Lute.

His narrow Grief will him allow
The softer-strain and Rhyme;
My harfher Sorrows do exclude
Both Measure, Tune and Time.
Self-Condemnation. To the Tune of Psalm 113.

There who condemnest Jewish Hate,
For chusing of a Murderer
Before a Saviour, Lord of Glory;
Look back upon thy own Estate,
Call home thine Eye (that wanderer);
That thine own Choice may be thy Story.
He that doth Love, and Love amis,
This VWorld before true Christian Joy;
How doth He make a Jewish Choice?
The VWorld an ancient Murderer is,
Thousands it hath and doth destroy,
With her enchanting Looks and Voice.

2.
He that hath made a sorry VWedding
Between his Soul and Gold; preferre'd
False Gain and Riches before true,
Hath done what He condemns in Reading,
Hath Sold for Money His Dear Lord,
And is Himself a Judas-Jew.
Thus we prevent the last great Day
And judge ourselves, that Light which Passion
And Sin before did Dim and Cloak,
VVhen once these Snuffs are ta'ne away,
Shines bright ev'n unto Condemnation,
And that without Excuse or Cloak.

Bitter-Sweet. To the Tune of Psalm 67.

Ah my Dear angry Lord!
Since thou dost Love yet strike;
Thou dost cast down, yet help afford,
Sure I will do the like.

Mr. Herbert's Temple.

I will complain, yet Praise
Bewail and yet approve;
And all my other sower-sweet Days
I will lament yet Love.

The Glimpse. To the Tune of Psalm 100.

When first thy sweet and gracious Eye,
Voiced in the midst of Youth and Night
To look on me, who lay before
In Sion, I felt a strange delight.

Since that Time many a bitter Storm
I've felt, which would have quite destroy'd
My Soul, had the malicious Harm
His sway and swing fully enjoy'd.

But the first Joy, sprung from thine Eye,
Did still so work within my Soul,
That after all it got the Day,
And did the surging Grieves controul.

If the first Glimpse so powerful be,
Mirth open'd and fear'd up again,
What wonders shall we feel at last,
VVhen thou shalt look us out of Pain?
VVhen we shall see thy full ey'd Love;
And that one Heavenly glorious Light,
More than a thousand Suns above
Shall be disbursing joyful Light.

Aaron. To the Tune of Psalm 109.

Olines written on the Head,
Light and Perfections on the Breast,
Harmonious Bells ralling the Dead
To Life: Thus are true Aaron's drest.

But,
Select Hymns, out of

But, oh, prophaneness in my Head,
Defects and darkne's in my Breast,
A notice of Passions like a Knell;
Aha, poor Priest, thus am I drest.

And yet I have another Head,
Christ is my only Heart and Breast,
He is my Mover causing Life:
In him alone I am well drest.

Now again, Holy in my Head,
Perfect and Light in Heart and Breast,
My Doctrine true'd by Christ, who lives
In me: Come People, Adon's drest.

Discipline. To the Tune of Psalm 67.

O Throw away thy Rod,
And throw away thy Wrath,
Though art my Saviour and my God,
O take the gentle Path.

Though feels my Hearts desire
Unto thy Will be bent:
To nothing I do more aspire
Than to a full Content.

There's not a Word or Look
That I affect to own,
But what I have or learn by Book,
And that thy Book alone.

And though I fail, I weep;
And though I halt in Pace,
Yet still I go or rather creep
Unto the Throne of Grace.

Then let thy Wrath remove,
And Love will do the Deed:

Mr. Herbert's Temple.

for with thy Blood, and with thy Love,
These inco Heart will bleed.

Thy Love is swift of Foot,
Thy Love's a Man of War,
That is victorious and can hurt,
And hit our Hearts from far.

And who can escape this Bow?
For that which wrought on Thee,
That brought thee down, and made thee low,
Needs must it work on me.

O throw away thy Rod:
And though Man frailtys hath,
Yet we are Creatures, thou art God,
O throw away thy Wrath.

The Invitation. To the Tune of Psalm 100.

Come hither, all whose Heart and Taste
Savour this Earth: Here mend your fare;
God hath prepar'd and is a Feast,
In whom alone all dainties are.

Come hither, you, whom Love of Wine
Hath made you Drink for hurt, not good:
Now weep what you have drank amiss,
And eat his Flesh and drink his Blood.

Come hither, all whom Fear and Pain
Arraigns, and brings your Sins to light,
Taste and fear not, for God is here,
Who will on Sin return the fright.

Come hither, all whom Joy destroys,
And makes you graze without your bounds:
Here is a Joy that draws all Joys,
As doth a Flood the lower grounds.
Select Hymns, out of

Come hither, all whom Love exalts,
And lift you up unto the sky:
Here is Love breathing even in Death,
Which after Death can never dye.
Thus Lord, I have invited all,
And still I will invite to Thee;
For it doth seem but just and Right,
That where all is, there all should be.

Dejection. To the Tune of Psalm 67.

Soul's joy, when thou art gone
(Which yet here cannot be,
Because thou dost abide in me,
And I depend on Thee.)
Yet when thou dost supprest
The joy of thy abode,
And in my Power not stir abroad,
But leave me to my Lord.
Oh, what a Damph doth seize
My Soul! no stormy Night
Can so afflict or so affright,
As thy eclipsed Light.
Ah Lord! do not withdraw
Thy Love, left Sin appear;
And, when thou dost but shine less clear,
Say that thou art not here.
And then what Life I have,
When Sin doth rage and boast.
That I may seek, but thou art lost;
Thou, and alone thou knowst.
Oh, what a deadly Cole!
Dost make me half believe
That Sin faith true! but while I grieve,
Thou com'st and dost relieve.

Death. To the Tune of Psalm 100.

Death thou wilt once an uncounted thing,
Hid'st, and nothing else but bones;
Mouth open, but thou couldst not sing,
The sad Effects of fader Grains.
For we were wont to look on Thee,
As at some nine or ten years hence,
Heem turn'd to Dust, and Bones to Dicks,
After the los of Life and Sense.
On this side of Thee we did look;
We shot too short, whence we did find
Dust drawing Tears but shedding none,
The Shells of Fledge Souls left behind.
But since our Savours Death hath put
Some Blood and Vigour in thy Face,
Thou art much sought for as a good,
Thou art grown Fair and full of Grace.
We now behold Thee gay and glad,
As thou wilt be at Judgment-Day,
Thy Bones with Beauty shall be clad,
When Souls shall wear their new array.
Therefore we can go Dye as Sleep,
And safely trust half that we have:
(Making our Pillows Doom or Dust)
Unto an honest, faithful Grave.

C NEW

David's Seed b'ing of David's Throne
Eternally possest.

3. Great are the Works that He hath done,
   Who himself is great of Might;
   But of all Names, 'Tis Holiness
   That does him most Delight:
   All Names but that of Mercy, which
   In him is still the same,
   He does to Generations keep,
   With them, who fear his Name.

4. To all besides by's Arm He's known,
   His Strength none can repel;
   His Arm alone the proud pulls down,
   Spoils Plots laid deep as Hell.
   He Kingdoms fways and gives the Crowns
   To those 'tis Duit who lay;
   With good things He the hungry fills,
   Sends Rich empty away.

5. If'ld thus hath He fill'd, thus rais'd;
   Thus rais'd, He doth uphold;
   Ring mindful of (his Name be prais'd)
   His Cov'rant past of old;
   According to his Promife made
   To Air'ham and his Seed,
   Ev'n all whom Air'ham's Faith doth make
   Parties unto the Deed.

The Song of Zacharias. To the Tune of Psalm 100.

[Seas's great God be ever prais'd,
   Who If'ld from the Duit hath rais'd;
   C 2 He's]
He's mindful of his ancient Care, 
Forgotten when we thought we were. 
If I'd to visit He came down, 
The Prison Doors wide open thrown: 
Redemption for us He hath wrought, 
And to the Throne the Captive brought. 
To David's Throne, and 'tis his Son 
Sprung from his Loyn, holds David's Throne; 
With Empire, which no time can bound, 
With Subjects in all Countrys found. 

By Prophets which have been of old 
In evry Age He this foretold: 
For evry Age have Prophets been, 
E're since the World did first begin. 
This to foretell, that God our State 
Would save, and our wrongs vindicate, 
Not for our sakes, but to perform 
The Mercy promised and Sworn. 
Promis'd the Fathers, whofirst were, 
But which He did to Abraham swear: 
By sacred Oath, to be no more 
Doubtless, though stablish'd twas before. 
God the most high by Himself swore, 
That we from Heav'n should have the Power 
His noble Service to attend, 
Fearles of all that may offend. 
( Delivered from our Enemies Hands, 
Their captive Chains, and servile Bands) 
In Righteousness and Holy Praife, 
Which constant laf, through all our Days. 
And now He comes who this hath wrought, 
Who hath this great Salvation brought: 

And now His Prophet shall prepare 
His Ways, which deep and wondrous are; 
To teach and make his Joy'd know, 
Whence their Salvation's source doth flow: 
That from Remission of their Sin 
The mighty source doth first begin: 
Through tender Mercy, He the way 
To Pardon does by Grace dispay, 
That Grace whereby Day-sprenh on high 
Visits with Streams, which ne'er shall dye; 
Streams of a pure Ethereal Light, 
Thine on those who in Darkness sit; 
Death's shadow shall with Rays increase, 
To guide our Feet 'th ways of Peace. 

The Song of Simon. 

1. 

Enough, my God, I beg no more. 
Thou canst no more bellow! 
My Prayers are answered, I adore 
The Word, which forth did go; 
The Word, which like Thee knows no change, 
I am content to Die, 
The Time is trest now, Lord, since 
Thy Word and Life's to reign. 

2. 

Och is the Word, nor hath Death come 
Me and thy Chrift between; 
As high is Life, thy other Word, 
That happy have I been. 
Two Words, fulfill'd one, other been, 
Makes me desire to die;
Dr. Woodford's Paraphrase.

Adoration of the Twenty Four Elders.
Rev. 11.17. To the Tune of Psalm 148.

Thou'rt worthy Honour to receive, Thy power and doth reign;
Honour'd are we, who Honour give: Thy wrath is come, and to the time
Thou in one hour, collected hast When thou wilt sentence ev'ry crime.
All time, the future, present, past. And hence the nations troubled are,
We praise Thee, Lord, for that thou'rt true To Thee thy power, and doth reign;
Thy wrath is come, and to the time When thou wilt sentence ev'ry crime.
And hence the nations troubled are,
The dead must for their judge prepare; And as their works have been,
Their works have been, Glory or shame's on all brows been,
oh mighty are thy works, Lord God Almighty, just
Hail Saviour and salvation! blest king of saints;
Prepar'd of God to be Thy presence dread,
This lower world's redemption, Which thrones receive?
And th' angels scrutiny. Who would not fear Thee, Lord?
The song of Moses and the Lamb. Who would not fear Thee, Lord?
Rev. 15.3. To the Tune of Psalm 148.
And glorious thy praise! Who would not glorify
How mighty are thy works, Lord God Almighty, just
And marvelous thy praise! And true are all thy ways.
Hail Saviour and salvation! Blest King of saints,
Prepar'd of God to be Who would not glorify
This lower world's redemption, Which thrones receive?
And th' angels scrutiny. Who would not fear Thee, Lord?
Such is thy covenant, who before
All nations dolt prepare What shall with praise all nations hie, As in him all have share.
He, as a sun, to a dark world Shall rise with scatter'd light; But, if 's glory shall with rays Be like his own flames bright.
New Testament-Hymns, out of

That wondrous Name of thine,
Which thou hast rais'd so high;
Thy Holy Name
By which thou'rt known,
For Holiness
Is thine alone.

Take then, thou blessed King,
What is thy proper due,
And through all Coasts and Lands
Thy proper right pursue.
That ev'ry Coast
And every Land,
May worship Thee,
And wondering stand.

Joy at the overthrow of Babylon.

Rev. 9. 1. To the Tune of Psalm 100.

Sing Hallelujah to our King,
Honour and Pow'r and Glory sing;
For true and righteous are his Ways;
He both defends and hath our Peace.

Most true and righteous is his Doom,
Who hath in Judgment overcome;
The Whole shall stand and dumb withal,
Without a Friend or Voice to call.

for judg'd the is, who th' Earth did rain
With a vile prolixity Train;
He hath aveng'd the blood the shed,
She dying ever, is never Dead.

Sing Hallelujah to our King,
Worship and Land and Praises bring.'
New Testament-Hymns, out of
Psalm 85.16. and 116.16.

Now I am here, thy Servant, Lord,
One born within thy House:
Son of thy Handmaid, Son of Prayer,
A Son of Tears and Vows.

Psalm 22.9. and 71.6.
Thou tookst me from my Mothers Womb,
When my first Breath I drew,
Where I was curiously wrought,
All Praise to Thee is due.

Psalm 22.9,10.
My Parents then devoting me,
Upon Thee I was cast:
And from my Mothers Belly, Thou
My God in Cov'nant wast.
And while a feeble Infant, I
Hung on my Mothers Breast,
Thou mad'st me hope, for there I had
This ground of Hope and Rest;
That being in thy Family
Thy Charge I there became;
Thou wert my Father, and my God:
I bore on me thy Name.

Psalm 71.5.
Then in pursuance of thy Word
Thy Covenant of Truth,
Thou gav'st me Grace, and waft the Guide
And Hope of my Raw Youth.

Psalm 22.10.
By all Engagements, and by Vows
Renewed, I am thine:

Dr. Woodford's Paraphrase.
And thou art from that Time to this
By the same Title mine.

Psalm 71.9.
And now when Age and Troubles come,
Lord, for thy former love,
Leave me not here diffrest below,
Till lodged safe above.
Lose not an ancient Servant, Lord,
Whole Work is almost done,
Who tookst me first into thy House
Before my Work begun.

Psalm 71.18.
Leave me not, Lord, till I have taught
Thee Babes to know thy Will:
That as I've praised my Fathers God,
My Seed may own Thee still.

An Ode.

Ah Me!
What a Wretch should I be,
Should I suffer what I see,
That my Sins do require?
There is none of them so small,
That for Vengeance doth not call,
And for bitterness and gall,
Loss of Body, Soul and all,
In the Pit of wo and thrall;
'Tis no less than endless Fire,
That in Justice is their hire.

2.
Sin, Sin,
With my Life did begin,
And I have liv'd therein.
New Testament-Hymns, out of
All my Days heretofore;
Sins of Head, Heart, Hands and Tongue,
Through my Life all along,
Like a thred have they run,
Binding me to be undone,
So many and great they're grown,
That if Justice Scan the score
I must perish evermore.

3.
Poor I
Whether now shall I fly,
To be set Liberty,
From this depth of Misery?
'Tis not Sea, 'tis not Shore,
'Tis not all the Indian Ore
'Tis not Rome with all her Store
That hath Salve to Cure my Sore,
Only One can me restore,
To that Altar I will fly,
There I'll Live, there I'll Dye.

4.
Save, Save,
Mercy, Lord, do I crave,
Other refuge none I have,
But thy Mercy to implore:
Look upon me through the Side
That the Spear made so wide:
Look on me through Him that dy'd,
And for Sin was crucify'd:
Grant his wounds my Sins may hide,
And his Blood may cross my score,
And I ask but one thing more.

Dr. Woodford's Paraphrase.

5.
Grace, Grace,
In my Heart do thou place,
That I may run the Race,
Which thy Laws do require:
Give me Lord I humbly sue
Grace to know, Grace to do,
Grace that may me fo renew,
And confirm and perfect too,
That when Death shall claim its due,
Grace in Glory may expire,
This is All my Desire.

FINIS

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