

H Y M N S,

A D A P T E D T O

CHRISTIAN WORSHIP.

*Collected from J. STENNET; Js. WATTS,  
S. BROWNE: and J. MASON, as used  
in the English established CHURCH in  
AMSTERDAM.*

H Y M N S

A D A P T E D T O

C H R I S T I A N W O R S H I P

Collected from J. STEINMETZ; J. W. HAYES,  
S. BROWN; and J. WILSON, as well  
in the English language CHURCH  
LITERATURE

# H Y M N S.



## H Y M N I.

1 **H** Ark, the best News that ever came!  
 To sinful Men, condemn'd, forlorn!  
 Aloud celestial Hosts proclaim,  
*A Saviour, Christ the Lord, is born.*  
 2 Their Sov'reign throws his Beams aside,  
 And steps from his imperial Throne,  
 In Human Form the God to hide,  
 And our frail Flesh to make his own.  
 3 How many Wonders here combine,  
 To draw and fix believing Eyes!  
 And fill all Heav'n with Joy divine,  
 With awful Mirth, & dear Surprise?  
 4 The Angels croud in shining Bands,  
 To wait on this auspicious Birth  
 And loud proclaim their God's Command's,  
*His Praise on high, his Peace on Earth.*  
 5 Let us too try our utmost Skill,  
 And loud with thankful Hearts reply,  
*On Earth be Peace, to Men good Will,  
 And highest Praise to God on high.*

S. BROWNE.

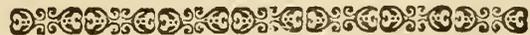


## H Y M N II.

[Tune Ps. 16.]

1 **S** Alvation! O the joyful Sound!  
 'Tis Pleasure to our Ears;  
 A Sov'reign Balm for ev'ry Wound,  
 A Cordial for our Fears.  
 2 Bury'd in Sorrow and in Sin,  
 At Hell's dark Door we lay,  
 But we arise by Grace divine,  
 To See a heav'nly Day.  
 3 *Salvation!* let the Echo fly  
 The spacious Earth around,  
 While all the Armies of the Sky,  
 Conspire to raise the Sound.  
 4 *Now Let the Father and the Son,  
 And Spirit be ador'd,*  
*Where there are works to make him known,  
 Or Saints to Love the Lord.*

J. S. WATTS.



## H Y M N III.

1 **J** Oin all the glorious Names  
 Of Wisdom, Love and Pow'r,  
 That ever Mortals knew,  
 Aa That

That Angels ever bore :	Of Sins forgiv'n,
All are too mean	Of Hell subdu'd,
To speak his Worth,	And Peace with Heav'n.
Too mean to set	5 Be thou my Counsellor,
My Saviour forth.	My Pattern and my Guide;
But O what gentle Terms!	And thro' this desert Land,
What condescending Ways!	Still keep me near thy Side.
Doth Our Redeemer use,	O let my Feet
To teach his heav'nly Grace.	Ne'er run astray,
Mine Eyes with Joy	Nor rove, nor seek
And Wonder see,	The crooked way!
What Forms of Love	6 I love my Shepherd's Voice,
He bears for me.	His watchful Eyes shall keep
Array'd in mortal Flesh,	My wand'ring Soul, among
He Like an Angel stands,	The thousands of his Sheep:
And holds the Promises	He feeds his Flock,
And Pardons in his Hands:	He calls their Names;
Commission'd from	His Bosom bears
His Father's Throne,	The tender Lambs.
To make his Grace	7 To this dear Surety's Hand,
To Mortals known.	Will I commit my Cause;
Great Prophet of my God,	He answers and fulfils
My Tongue would bless thy Name,	His Father's broken Laws.
By Thee the joyful News	Behold my Soul
Of our Salvation came;	At Freedom Set!
The joyful News	My Surety paid

The dreadful Debt,  
 Jesus my Great High-Priest,  
 Offer'd his Blood and dy'd;  
 My guilty Conscience seeks,  
 No Sacrifice beside.  
 His pow'rful Blood  
 Did once atone;  
 And now it pleads  
 Before the Throne.  
 My Advocate appears,  
 For my Defence on high;  
 The Father bows his Ears,  
 And lays his Thunder by.  
 Not all that Hell  
 Or Sin can say,  
 Shall turn his Heart,  
 His Love away.  
 My dear Almighty Lord,  
 My Conqu'ror and my King,  
 Thy Scepter and thy Sword,  
 Thy reigning Grace I sing.  
 Thine is the Pow'r;  
 Behold I sit,  
 In willing Bonds  
 Before thy Feet.  
 11 Now let my Soul arise,

And tread the Tempter down;  
 My Captain leads me forth  
 To Conquest and a Crown.  
 A feeble Saint  
 Shall win the Day,  
 Tho' Death and Hell  
 Obstruct the Way.  
 12 Should all the Hosts of Death,  
 And Pow'rs of Hell unknown,  
 Put their most dreadful Forms,  
 Of Rage and Mischief on;  
 I shall be Safe,  
 For Christ displays,  
 Superior Pow'r  
 And Guardian Grace.  
 13 To God the Father's Throne,  
 Perpetual Honours raise;  
 Glory to God the Son,  
 To God the Spirit Praise:  
 And while our lips  
 Their tribute bring,  
 Our Faith adores  
 The Name we sing.

J. S. WATTS.



## H Y M N I V.

1 **T**he Jewish shades are all withdrawn,  
 And vanish'd quite away:  
 Like pitchy Night, or kindling Dawn,  
 Before the Blaze of Day.

2 No more devoted Beasts must die,  
 On flaming Altars laid:  
 No more must costly Incense fry,  
 Or Blood of Bulls be shed.

3 The priestly Robes are useleſs grown,  
 The Office laid aſide:  
 Since Chriſt to act the Priest came down,  
 And for Transgreſſion dy'd.

4 And harmleſs Beaſts in vain had bled,  
 And Altars ſmoak'd in vain:  
 Had He not in the Sinner's Stead  
 Conſented to be ſlain.

5 But his rich Blood atones for Sin,  
 And full Remiſſion buys:  
 Our gasping Hopes revive Again,  
 At this great Sacrifice.

6 Thus by the ſhine of Goſpel Day,  
 The former Night's diſpell'd:  
 The ancient Miſts are clear'd away,  
 And all the Types fulfill'd.

7 That great Atonement we receive,  
 Which Prophets did foretell:  
 That will from Senſe of Guilt relieve,  
 Redeem from Wrath and Hell.

8 **JESUS**, to Thee our Thanks we owe,  
 For all this Light and Love:  
 Thou Source of all our Hopes below,  
 And all our Blifs above.

S. BROWNE.



## H Y M N V.

1 **H**aſt thou, my Soul, thy Saviour view'd  
 As on the Croſs He hung and bled?  
 Haſt ſeen his Bruiſes, Wounds, and Tears,  
 Seen him bow down his dying Head?

2 Haſt heard how rudely He was ſcarr'd,  
 By thoſe that made him groan and die?  
 Heard him amid their cruel Scoffs,  
 Ev'n rend the Heavens with his Cry.

3 That doleful Cry, *my God, my God,*  
*O why haſt Thou thy Son forſook!*  
 Haſt mark'd the Anguiſh of his Words,  
 The mortal Horror of his Look?

4 All this is much, yet 'tis not all;  
 But thou no proper Terms canſt find,  
 To paint the Torments of his Soul,

The

The inward Bruises of his Mind.  
 5 All this and more than thou, my Soul,  
 Canst tell or think, He did endure,  
 To skreen thee from his Father's Wrath,  
 And thy Eternal Bliss secure.  
 6 Look back once more, and view his *Head*,  
 His *Back*, his *Hands*, his *Feet*, his *Side*;  
 And tell it any Sight like this,  
 Is found in all the World beside.  
 7 No, all to me is Dung and Dross,  
 But my dear Jesus Crucify'd:  
 Under the Shadow of his Cross  
 I'll sit me down, and there abide.  
 8 His Wounds, the noblest Proofs of Love,  
 His Beauty too I there shall see,  
 Darting thro' his reproachful Veil,  
 Its sweet and pow'ful Beams on me.

J. STENNET.



H Y M N VI

1 **W**hile to thy Cross we turn our Eyes,  
 And there thy Agonies review;  
 What we deserv'd but Thou hast born,  
 Thy wounds, thy Groans, thy Torments shew.  
 2 While Terror o'er thy Soul was spread,  
 Thy cruel Foes reviling Stood;

While Clouds of Wrath burst on thy Head,  
 They bath'd their Hands in sacred Blood.  
 3 The Sun astonish'd hid his Face,  
 The Heav'ns a sable Garment wore;  
 The frighted Earth's Foundations shook,  
 And solid Rocks asunder tore:  
 4 The Temple's veil was rent, to shew  
 Heav'ns Throne unveil'd to our High-Priest;  
 The op'ning Graves and rising Saints,  
 The Virtue of his Death confess.

J. STENNET.

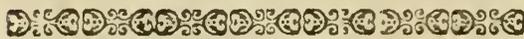


H Y M N VII.

1 **T**is *finish'd* the Redeemer crys;  
 Then lowly bows his fainting Head;  
 And soon th'expiring Sacrifice  
 Sinks, to the Regions of the Dead.  
 2 'Tis done — the mighty Work is done!  
 For Men or Angels much too great;  
 Which none, but God's eternal Son;  
 Or would attempt, or could complete.  
 3 'Tis done — his Tears, his Groans, & Wounds,  
 His Sweat and Blood, his Pains, & Toils:  
 Vict'ry with deathless Glory crowns,  
 With Trophies, and Triumphant Spoils.  
 4 Hell's broken Troops find no defence:

Sin dies, and Death itself is slain:  
 Hope, Peace, Love, Joy & Innocence  
 Return, to dwell on Earth again.  
 'Tis done — Old things are past away,  
 And a new State of things begun;  
 A World whose Age feels no Decay,  
 But shall out — last the circling Sun.  
 A new Account of Time begins,  
 When our dear Lord resign'd his breath,  
 Charg'd with our Sorrows and our Sins,  
 Our Lives to ransom by his Death.  
 Once He was dead; now lives and reigns,  
 Where Angels his great Deeds proclaim:  
 Let's tell our Joys in pious Strains,  
 And spread the Glory of his Name.

J. STENNET.

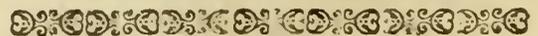


## HYMN VIII.

**C**urſt be the Man, for ever curſt,  
 That doth the ſmalleſt Sin commit;  
 Death and Damnation for the ſirt,  
 Without Relief and Infinite.  
 Thus *Sinai* roars; and round the Earth  
 Thunder and Fire, and Vengeance ſings;  
 But **JESUS**, thy dear gasping Breath,  
 And *Calvary*, ſays gentler Things.

Pardon, and Grace, & boundleſs Love,  
 Streaming along a **SAVIOUR'S** Blood,  
 And Life, and Joys, and Crowns above,  
 Dear — purchas'd by a bleeding God.  
 Hark! how He prays, (the charming Sound  
 Dwells on his dying Lips) **FORGIVE**;  
 And ev'ry Groan, and gaping Wound,  
 Cries; „ *Father*, let the Rebels live.  
 Go, you that reſt upon the Law,  
 And toil & ſeek Salvation there,  
 Look to the Flames that *Moses* ſaw,  
 And ſhrink and tremble & deſpair.  
 But I'll retire beneath the Croſs,  
**SAVIOUR**, at thy dear Feet I lie;  
 And the keen Sword that Juſtice draws,  
 Flaming & red ſhall paſs me by.

J. S. WATTS.



## HYMN IX.

**B**leſt Morning, whoſe young dawning Rays  
 Beheld our riſing God;  
 That ſaw him triumph o'er the Duſt,  
 And Leave his Laſt abode.  
 In the cold Priſon of a Tomb,  
 The dead Redeemer lay,  
 Till the revolving Skies had brought

The

The Third, th'appointed Day,  
 Hell and the Grave unite their force,  
 To hold our God, in Vain;  
 The Sleeping Conqueror arose,  
 And burst their feeble Chain.  
 To thy great Name, Almighty Lord,  
 These sacred Hours we pay,  
 And Loud *Hofannas* shall proclaim,  
 The Triumph of the day.  
 Salvation and immortal Praise,  
 To our Victorious King;  
 Let Heav'n and Earth, and Rocks, and Seas,  
 With glad *Hozannas* ring.

Js. WATTS.

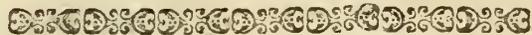


H Y M N X.

Thus saith the Mercy of the Lord,  
*I'll be a God to thee;*  
*I'll bless thy num'rous Race, and they*  
*Shall be a Seed for me.*  
 Abra'm believ'd the promis'd Grace,  
 And gave his Sons to God;  
 But Water seals the Blessing now,  
 That once was seal'd with Blood.  
 Thus *Lydia* Sanctify'd her House,  
 When she receiv'd the Word;

Thus the believing *Jaylor*, gave  
 His Household, to the Lord.  
 Thus later Saints, Eternal King,  
 Thine ancient Truth embrace,  
 To Thee their Infant Off-spring bring,  
 And Humbly claim the Grace:  
*Now let the Father and the Son*  
*and Spirit be ador'd,*  
*Where there are Works to make him known,*  
*or Saints to Love the Lord.*

Js. WATTS.

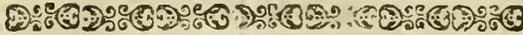


H Y M N XI.

Descend, O King of Saints, descend,  
 By thy free Spirit's vital Heat:  
 Fresh joys to ev'ry Soul extend,  
 That at thy Table finds a Seat.  
 O Prince of Peace, bless Thou this Board,  
 With those sweet Smiles which Angels Cheer,  
 O give us Peace; and tell us, Lord,  
 We're pardon'd, and accepted here.  
 As Thou our hungry Souls hast fed,  
 Our thirsty Souls sustain'd with Wine;  
 Nourish us with this heav'nly Bread,  
 And with this sacred Blood of thine.  
 Amazing Love! 'tis infinite!

No Thoughts its endless Depth can Sound;  
 It Heav'n's high Arch exceeds for Height,  
 And for Extent, the World's vast Round.  
 5 Lord, to advance thy Praises here,  
 Increase our Light, enlarge our Love;  
 And by thy Grace our Souls prepare,  
 For better Songs and Tunes above.  
 6 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.

J. STENNET.



## HYMN XII.

1 Come, let us go and die with Him,  
 Who was content to die for us;  
 Let's wound and crucify those Sins,  
 That nail'd our Saviour to his Cross.  
 2 May Holy Indignation raise,  
 A just Revenge in ev'ry Breast!  
 May ev'ry Soul, that JESUS loves,  
 The very Thoughts of Sin detest!  
 3 My Robes, when wash'd in Sacred Blood,  
 Shall I again with Blots deface?  
 My Soul by Grace advanc'd to Heav'n,  
 Shall I again to Hell debase?

4 Prevent me, O Almighty Grace!  
 Nor let me e'er so treach'rous prove,  
 To crucify my Lord afresh,  
 And render Hate for all his Love!  
 5 His Life, the Model be of mine;  
 His Word, the Rule to guide my ways;  
 His Cross, the Death of all my Crimes;  
 His Love, the Subject of my Praise.  
 6 And let the Church with one accord  
 Resound Amen, and praise the Lord;  
 Hallelujah, Hallelujah,  
 Hallelujah, Hallelujah.

J. STENNET.



## HYMN XIII.

1 No more, my God, I boast no more,  
 Of all the Duties I have done;  
 I quit the Hopes I held before,  
 To trust the Merits of thy Son.  
 2 Now for the Love I bear his Name,  
 What was my Gain I count my Lois;  
 My former Pride I call my Shame,  
 And nail my Glory to his Cross.  
 3 Yes, and I must & will esteem  
 All things but Lois for JESUS' sake:  
 O may my Soul be found in him,

And

And of his Righteousness partake!  
 4 The best obedience of my Hands,  
 Dares not appear before thy Throne,  
 But Faith can answer thy Demands,  
 By pleading what my Lord has done.  
*Now to the God whose pow'r can do,  
 More than our Thoughts or Wisbes know,  
 Be Everlasting Honours done,  
 By all the Church, thro' Christ his Son.*

JS. WATTS.

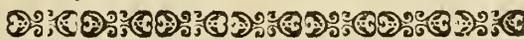


H Y M N XIV.

1 **A**T Pentecost, illustrious Day!  
 With one Accord th' Apostles met,  
 There, where their Master bid them stay;  
 And for the Father's Promise wait.  
 2 Nor did they sit in long Suspense,  
 From Heav'n a sudden Sound was hear'd,  
 Like Wind impetuous rushing thence,  
 And Cloven Tongues of Fire appear'd.  
 3 With flowing Speech in foreign Tongues,  
 God's wondrous Works they now proclaim:  
 Whilst of all Nations num'rous Throgs,  
 To witness to the Wonder came.  
 4 Surpriz'd they hear'd illit'rate Jews,  
 The Language of each Country speak:

The Tongue of Medes, of Lybians use,  
*Arabic, Persian, Roman, Greek.*  
 5 Thus did the Holy Ghost inspire,  
 And fit Them, Christian Truths to spread,  
 Fill ev'ry Heart with Light and Fire,  
 Teach ev'ry Tongue to preach & plead.  
 6 Thus did He open Witness bear,  
 To their Authority divine:  
 Make stupid Lands attentive hear,  
 And all their Gods and Lusts resign.  
 7 Thus Tidings of Salvation run,  
 Through ev'ry Nation far and near,  
 And ev'ry where beneath the Sun,  
 The Triumphs of the Cross appear.

S. BROWNE.



H Y M N XV.

1 **E**'re long the awful Day will come,  
 When Christ in Glory shall appear,  
 And all the World their final Doom,  
 From his most Righteous Lips must hear.  
 2 In God-like State He'll then descend,  
 With Glory crown'd and clad in Light:  
 His heav'nly Host will all attend,  
 With Looks and Robes divinely bright.  
 3 He'll mount his dazzling Judgment Seat,

Bb

Anp

And bid the great Arch—Angel sound,  
 „ Wake all ye dead both small and Great,  
 „ Entomb'd in Earth, in Waters drown'd.  
 4 The dreadful Blast will shake the Sky,  
 The Earth and Seas give up their Dead,  
 Each Grave unlock and open fly,  
 And ev'ry Sleeper lift his Head.  
 5 The Dead reviv'd and all alive,  
 Before Him then shall be conven'd;  
 And their last Sentence to receive,  
 Both Good and Bad shall there attend.  
 6 The Volumes Shall be open thrown,  
 Where all their Deeds are on Record,  
 By his own Hand there written down,  
 Their Righteous Judge, & sov'reign Lord.  
 7 Just as their sev'ral Works have been,  
 Decisive Sentence will be giv'n:  
 They'll be condemn'd who liv'd in Sin,  
 The Righteous welcom'd into Heav'n.  
 8 Oh! may I find my little Name,  
 In God's own *Book of Life*, set down;  
 My Judge will then, *Well done*, proclaim,  
 And with his Hands put on my Crown.

S. BROWNE.



## H Y M N XVI.

**T**He God of Mercy be ador'd,  
 Who calls our Souls from Death,  
 Who saves by his Redeeming Word,  
 And new—creating Breath.  
*To praise the Father and the Son  
 And Spirit all Divine,  
 The One in Three, & Three in One,  
 Let Saints & Angels Join.*

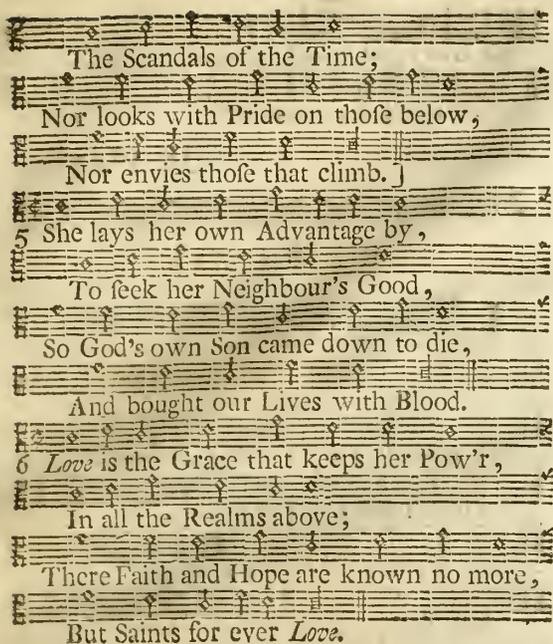
J. S. WATTS.



## H Y M N XVII.

**L**Et Pharisees of high Esteem,  
 Their Faith and Zeal declare;  
 All their Religion is a Dream,  
 If *Love* be wanting there.  
 2 *Love* suffers long with patient Eye,  
 Nor is provok'd in hate,  
 She lets the present Injury die,  
 And long forgets the past.  
 3 Malice and Rage, those Fires of Hell,  
 She quenches with her Tongue;  
 Hopes, and believes, and thinks no Ill,  
 Tho' she endure the wrong.  
 4 She nor desires nor seeks to know,

The



The Scandals of the Time;  
 Nor looks with Pride on those below,  
 Nor envies those that climb,  
 5 She lays her own Advantage by,  
 To seek her Neighbour's Good,  
 So God's own Son came down to die,  
 And bought our Lives with Blood.  
 6 Love is the Grace that keeps her Pow'r,  
 In all the Realms above;  
 There Faith and Hope are known no more,  
 But Saints for ever Love.

Js. WATTS.



H Y M N XVIII.

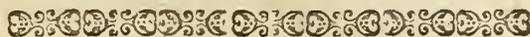


**C**ome, Holy Spirit, Heav'nly Dove,  
 With all thy quick'ning Pow'rs,  
 Kindle a Flame of sacred Love,  
 In these cold Hearts of ours.  
 2 Look, how we grovel here below,  
 Fond of these trifling Toys;  
 Our Souls can neither fly nor go,  
 To reach eternal Joys.  
 3 In vain we tune our formal Songs,  
 In vain we strive to rite;  
 Hosannas languish on our Tongues,  
 And our Devotion dies.



4 Dear Lord! and shall we ever lie,  
 At this poor dying rate;  
 Our Love so faint, so cold to Thee?  
 And thine to us so great?  
 5 Come, Holy Spirit, Heav'nly Dove,  
 With all thy quick'ning Pow'rs,  
 Come, shed abroad a Saviour's Love,  
 And that shall kindle ours.  
 6 *Glory to God the Spirit Give,*  
*From whose Almighty Pow'r,*  
*Our Souls their Heav'nly Birth derive,*  
*And bless the happy Hour.*

Js. WATTS.



H Y M N XIX.



**O**! Might I once mount up and see  
 The Glories of th'eternal Skies,  
 What little Things these Worlds wou'd be!  
 How despicable to my Eyes!  
 2 Had I a Glance of Thee, my God,  
 Kingdoms and Men would vanish soon,  
 Vanish as tho' I saw them not,  
 As a dim Candle dies at Noon.  
 3 *GREAT ALL IN ALL*, Eternal King  
 Let me but view thy Lovely Face,  
 And all my Pow'rs shall bow and sing,  
 Thine

Thine Endless Grandeur, and thy Grace.  
 To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,  
 Be endless Praise and Glory giv'n,  
 By Saints on Earth, and all the Hosts,  
 Of glorious Worshipers in Heav'n.

JS. WATTS.



## HYMN XX.

**N**ot the Malicious or Profane,  
 The Wanton or the Proud,  
 Nor Thieves, nor Sland'ers, shall obtain  
 The Kingdom of our God.  
 Surprizing Grace! And such were we  
 By nature and by Sin,  
 Heirs of immortal Misery,  
 Unholy and unclean.  
 But we are wath'd in *Jesus'* Blood,  
 We're pardon'd thro' his Name;  
 And the good Spirit of our God,  
 Has sanctify'd our Frame.  
 O for a persevering Pow'r,  
 To keep thy Just Commands!  
 We would defile our Hearts no more,  
 No more pollute our Hands.  
 To Father, Son and Holy Ghost,  
 The God, whom we Adore;

Be Glory, as it was, is now,  
 And shall be, evermore.

JS. WATTS.



## HYMN XXI.

**L**ord, Thou hast bound us to believe,  
 If we would be forgiven:  
 We must by Faith thy Son receive,  
 To be made Heirs of Heav'n.  
 Just, fit, & Kind is this Demand.  
 And speaks thy Goodness, Lord;  
 When Pardon thus may be Obtain'd,  
 And forfeit Life restor'd.  
 Sure Thou art prompt to Pardon Sin,  
 And quit our guilty Score:  
 Or thy Demands had higher been,  
 And we oblig'd to more.  
 'Tis glorious Grace, thus, Lord, to give,  
 My bleeding Soul Relief:  
 I would with all mine Heart believe,  
 „ Help Thou mine Unbelief.

S. BROWNE.



## HYMN XXII.

**F**ather, the Prodigal at last  
 Has founded his Retreat;

And

And owning all his Follies past,  
Lies prostrate at thy Feet.  
*Father*, how tender is the Name!  
How soft, how sweet it sounds!  
And yet it covers me with Shame,  
And opens all my Wounds.  
*Father!* wilt Thou Relation own,  
To such a Wretch as I?  
Who have refus'd to be thy Son,  
And left thy Family!  
Ah! what a Monster have I been?  
To turn my Back on Thee!  
And for the low Delights of Sin,  
From Love itself to flee!  
Nor have I only spurn'd thy Grace,  
I have thy Pow'r defy'd,  
And broke thy Laws before thy Face,  
With most contemptuous Pride.  
Can I have any Room to Hope  
For any Good from Thee?  
Lord! should'st Thou give thy Vengeance scope,  
Hell must my Portion be.  
Yet will I hope. Should I despair?  
I cannot live abroad:  
My Saviour's Merits boundless are,  
Thou art a pitying God.

If 'tis too much to be a *Son*,  
Let me a *Servant* be:  
I wou'd on any Terms, be one  
That appertains to Thee.

S. BROWNE.



H Y M N XXIII.

**L**ord, all these Works of thine  
Become thy Hand Divine,  
And Pious Thoughts inspire:  
While all thy Greatness prove  
Thee I admire and Love,  
Love and admire.  
The World's a Temple, where  
Thy Creatures all appear,  
To Offer Praise and Pray'r:  
The Rocks, and Hills and Trees,  
On Earth, in Air, in Seas,  
Thy Altars are.  
The scaly Troops that sweep  
Thro' Regions of the Deep:  
The Beasts that feed and stray  
Thro' Mountains Woods and Plains,  
Confess *Jehovah* reigns,  
And Homage pay.  
The feather'd Tribe that swims

In Air, with various Hymns  
 Sound thro' the Groves thy Name;  
 While impious Men alone,  
 Thy Name, thy Truth, thy Throne  
 Dare to blaspheme.

J. STENNET.



H Y M N XXIV.

**W**elcome sweet Day of Rest,  
 That saw the Lord arise;  
 Welcome to this reviving Breast,  
 And these rejoicing Eyes!  
 The King himself comes near,  
 And seats his Saints to Day;  
 Here we may sit, and see him here  
 And Love, and Praise, and Pray.  
 One Day amidst the Place,  
 Where my dear God hath been,  
 Is sweeter than Ten Thousand Days,  
 Of pleasureable Sin.  
 My willing Soul would stay  
 In such a Frame as this,  
 And sit and sing herself away  
 To everlasting Bliss.  
 Ye Angels round the Throne,  
 And Saints that dwell below,

Worship the Father, Praise the Son,  
 And bless the Spirit too.

Js. WATTS.



H Y M N XXV.

**M**Y God, how endless is thy Love?  
 Thy Gifts are ev'ry Ev'ning new,  
 And Morning Mercies from above,  
 Gently distill like early Dew,  
 Thou spreadst the Curtains of the Night,  
 Great Guardian of my sleeping Hours!  
 Thy sov'reign Word restores the Light  
 And quickens all my drowzy Pow'rs.  
 I yield my Pow'rs to thy Command,  
 To Thee I consecrate my Days;  
 Perpetual Blessings from thine Hand,  
 Demand perpetual Songs of Praise.  
 To God the Father, God the Son,  
 And God the Spirit, Three in One,  
 Be Honour, Praise, and Glory giv'n,  
 By all on Earth, and all in Heav'n,

Js. WATTS.



H Y M N XXVI.

**M**AN has a Soul of vast Desires,  
 He burns within with restless Fires,

Toft

Tost to and fro his Passions fly,  
 From Vanity to Vanity.  
 In vain on Earth we hope to find  
 Some solid Good to fill the Mind,  
 We try new Pleasures, but we feel  
 The inward Thirst and Torment still.  
 So when a raging Fever burns,  
 We shift from Side to Side by Turns;  
 And 'tis a poor Relief we gain  
 To change the Place, but keep the Pain.  
 Great God, subdue this vicious Thirst,  
 This Love to Vanity and Dull;  
 Cure the vile Fever of the Mind,  
 And feed our Souls with Joys refin'd.

J<sup>s</sup>. WATTS.



H Y M N XXVII.

And now, my Soul, another Year,  
 Of my short Life is past:  
 I cannot long continue here,  
 And this may be my last.  
 Much of my dubious Life is done,  
 Nor will return again;  
 And swift my passing Moments run,  
 The few that yet remain.  
 O Lord, what, a Fool, a Wretch am I,

If one more Year is lost!  
 If yet beneath thy Curse I lie,  
 And to thy Wrath expos'd!  
 If I get deeper in Arrear,  
 As Life still shorter grows!  
 More distant from my God, More near,  
 To never dying Woes!  
 Awake, my Soul, with utmost Care  
 Thy true Condition learn:  
 What are thy Hopes, how sure, how fair?  
 And what thy chief Concern?  
 Rouse all the Man, thy Work is great,  
 And all the Man demands:  
 Thine Head, thine Heart, thy Breath, thy Sweat,  
 Thy Strength, & both thine Hands.  
 Now a new Scene of Time begins,  
 Set out therewith for Heav'n:  
 Seek Pardon for thy former Sins,  
 In Christ so freely giv'n.  
 Devoutly yield thyself to God,  
 And to his Care commend:  
 And still pursue the heav'nly Road,  
 Nor doubt an happy End.

S. BROWNE.



## H Y M N XXVIII.

1 **H**ark! from the Tombs a doleful Sound!  
 My Ears attend the Cry,  
 „ Ye living Men, come view the Ground  
 „ Where you must shortly lie.  
 2 „ Princes this Clay must be your Bed,  
 „ In spite of all your Tow'rs;  
 „ The Tall, the Wise, the Rev'rend Head  
 „ Must lie as low as ours.  
 3 Great God! is this our certain Doom?  
 And are we still secure!  
 Still walking downwards to our Tomb,  
 And yet prepare no more?  
 4 Grant us the Pow'rs of quick'ning Grace,  
 To fit our Souls to fly,  
 Then, when we drop this dying Flesh,  
 We'll rise above the Sky.

J s. W A T T S.



## H Y M N XXIX.

1 **L**et others boast how strong they be,  
 Nor Death nor Danger fear;  
 But we'll confess, O Lord, to Thee,  
 What feeble Things we are.  
 2 Fresh as the Grass our Bodies Stand,

And flourish Bright and Gay;  
 A blasting Wind sweeps o'er the Land,  
 And fades the Grass away.  
 3 Our Life contains a thousand Springs,  
 And dies if one be gone:  
 Strange! that a Harp of Thousand Strings,  
 Should keep in Tune so long!  
 4 But 'tis our God Supports our Frame,  
 The God that built us first;  
*Salvation to th' Almighty Name*  
 That rear'd us from the Dust.  
 5 He spoke, and strait our *Hearts and Brains*,  
 In all their Motions rose;  
*Let Blood, said He, flow round the Veins,*  
 And round the Veins it flows.  
 6 While we have Breath, or use our Tongues,  
 Our Maker we'll adore;  
 His Spirit moves our heaving Lungs,  
 Or they would breathe no more.]

J s. W A T T S.



## H Y M N XXX.

1 **S**toop down, my Thoughts, that use to rise,  
 Converse a while with Death:  
 Think how a gasping mortal lies,  
 And pants away his Breath.

2 His

2 His quiv'ring Lip hangs feebly down,  
 His Pulses faint and few,  
 Then, speechless, with a doleful Groan,  
 He bids the World adieu.  
 3 But, O the Soul that never dies!  
 At once it leaves the Clay!  
 Ye Thoughts, pursue it where it flies,  
 And track its wond'rous Way.  
 4 Up to the Courts where Angels dwell,  
 It mounts triumphing there,  
 Or Devils plunge it down to Hell,  
 In infinite Despair.  
 5 And must my Body faint and die?  
 And must this Soul remove?  
 O for some Guardian Angel nigh,  
 To bear it safe above!  
 6 *Jesús*, to thy dear faithful Hand,  
 My naked Soul I trust,  
 And my Flesh waits for thy Command,  
 To drop into my Dust.

Js. WATTS.

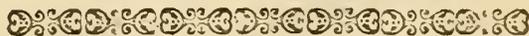


H Y M N XXXI.

1 **T** Here is a Land of pure Delight,  
 Where Saints immortal reign;  
 Infinite Day excludes the Night,

And Pleasures banish Pain.  
 There everlasting Spring abides,  
 And never with'ring Flow'rs:  
 Death like a Narrow sea divides,  
 This Heav'nly Land from ours.  
 2 Sweet Fields beyond the swelling Flood,  
 Stand dress'd in living Green:  
 So to the Jews old Canaan stood,  
 While Jordan roll'd between.  
 But Tim'rous Mortals start and shrink,  
 To cross this narrow Sea,  
 And linger shiv'ring on the Brink,  
 And fear to launch away.]  
 3 O could we make our Doubts remove!  
 Those gloomy Doubts that rise;  
 And see the Can'an that we love,  
 With unobscured Eyes.  
 Could we but climb where Moses stood,  
 And view the Landskip o'er,  
 Not Jordan's Streams, nor Death's cold Flood,  
 Should fright us from the Shore.

Js. WATTS.



H Y M N XXXII.

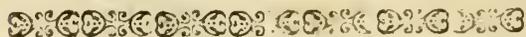
1 **L** Ord at thy Feet a Sinner lies,  
 And knocks at *Mercy's* Door,

Cc

With

With heavy Heart and down-cast Eyes,  
 Thy Favour to implore.  
 On me the vast Extent display,  
 Of thy forgiving Love:  
 Take all my heinous Guilt away,  
 This heavy Load remove.  
 I Sink with all this Weight oppress'd,  
 Sink down to Death and Hell:  
 O! give my lab'ring Soul some rest,  
 My num'rous Fears dispel.  
 'Tis Mercy, Mercy, I implore;  
 I wou'd thy Bowels move:  
 Thy Grace is an exhaustless Store,  
 And Thou thyself art Love.  
 Oh! for thine own, for Jesus Sake,  
 My many Sins forgive:  
 This Grace my rocky Heart wil break,  
 My breaking Heart relieve.  
 Thus melt me down, thus make me bend,  
 And thy Dominion own:  
 Nor let a Rival more pretend,  
 To repossess thy Throne.

S. BROWNE.



## HYMN XXXIII.

**T**his is surpris'ing Grace, dear Lord,

'Tis Goodness all divine;  
 A Worm, a Wretch to be abhorr'd,  
 Yet made a Child of thine!  
 Will God so near Relation own  
 To such an one as I?  
 Vouchsafe to love me as his Son,  
 And lay Resentment by?  
 Can He so vile a thing embrace,  
 Or to his Arms invite?  
 Smile on me with a Father's Face,  
 And make me his Delight?  
 Lord, what an happy Change is this!  
 A Rebel made a son!  
 A Wretch, by Grace advanc'd to Bliss,  
 Who was by Sin undone!  
 Oh! let this Love enkindle mine,  
 Set all my Soul on Fire;  
 Exalt my Voice to Strains divine,  
 And utmost Praise inspire.  
 And whist with tuneful Tongue & Heart,  
 I celebrate this Grace,  
 Let all mine Actions bear a Part,  
 And my whole Life be Praise.

S. BROWNE.

H Y M N XXXIV.

**B**egin, my Tongue, some heav'nly Theme,  
 And speak some boundless Thing,  
 The mighty Works, or mightier Name,  
 Of our Eternal - - - King,  
 Of our Eternal King.

Tell of his wond'rous Faithfulness,  
 And sound his Pow'r abroad,  
 Sing the sweet Promise of his Grace,  
 And the performing - - - God,  
 And the performing God.

Proclaim *Salvation from the Lord*  
 For *wretched dying Men*;  
 His Hand has writ the Sacred Word  
 With an immortal - - - Pen,  
 With an immortal Pen.

Engrav'd as in eternal Brass  
 The mighty Promise shines  
 Nor can the Pow'rs of Darkness raze  
 Those everlasting - - - Lines,  
 Those everlasting Lines.]

5 His very Word of Grace is strong  
 As that which built the Skies,  
 The Voice that rolls the Stars along  
 Speaks all the Promi - - - ses,  
 Speaks all the Promises.

6 He said, *let the wide Heav'n be spread,*  
 And Heav'n was stretch'd abroad;  
 Abrah'm *I'll be thy God,* He said,  
 And He was *Abrah'm's* - - - God,  
 And He was *Abrah'm's* God.

7 O might I hear thine heav'nly Tongue  
 But whisper *Thou art mine*  
 These gentle Words should raise my Song,  
 To Notes almost Di - - - vine,  
 To Notes almost Divine.

8 How would my leaping Heart rejoice,  
 And think my Heav'n secure!  
 I trust the Al - creating Voice  
 And Faith desires no - - - more,  
 And Faith desires no more.

J. S. WATTS.



## H Y M N XXXV.

1 **J**ESUS! O Word divinely sweet!  
 How Charming is the Sound!  
 What Joyful News! what heav'nly Sense  
 In that dear Name is found!  
 2 Our Souls were guilty and condemn'd  
 In hopeless Fetters lay;  
 Our Souls with num'rous Sins deprav'd,  
 To Death and Hell a Prey.  
 3 Jesus, to purge away this Guilt,  
 A willing Victim fell;  
 And on his Cross triumphant broke  
 The Bands of Death and Hell.  
 4 Our Foes were mighty to destroy:  
 He mightier was to save:  
 He dy'd; but could not long be held  
 A Pris'ner in the Grave.  
 5 Jesus! who mighty art to save  
 Still push thy Conquests on:  
 Extend the Triumphs of thy Cross  
 Where'er the Sun has shone.

J. STENNET.



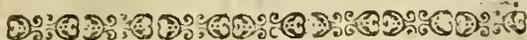
## H Y M N XXXVI.

1 **W**ith 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 has felt the same.  
 3 But Spotless, innocent and pure  
 The great Redeemer stood,  
 While *Satan's* fiery Darts He bore,  
 And did resist to Blood.  
 4 He in the Days of feeble Flesh  
 Pour'd out his Cries and Tears,  
 And in his Measure feels a fresh  
 What ev'ry Member bears.  
 [5 He'll never quench the Smoking Flax,  
 But raise it to a Flame;  
 The bruised Reed He never breaks,  
 Nor scorns the meanest Name.]  
 6 Then let our humble Faith address  
 His Mercy and his Pow'r,  
 We Shall obtain deliv'ring Grace  
 In the Distressing Hour.

J. S. WATTS.

HYMN.



H Y M N XXXVII.

**B**ury'd 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.  
 Our guilty Souls are drown'd in Tears  
 Till his atoning Blood appears;  
 Then we awake from deep Distress,  
 And Sing, *the Lord our Righteousness.*  
 2 Our very Frame is mix'd with Sin,  
 His Spirit makes our Natures clean;  
 Such Virtues from his Sulf'rings flow,  
 At once to cleanse and pardon too.  
*Jesus* beholds where *Satan* reigns  
 Binding his slaves in heavy Chains;  
 He sets the Pris'ners free, and breaks  
 The Iron Bondage from our Necks.  
 3 Poor helpless Worms in Thee possess  
 Grace, Wisdom, Pow'r and Righteousness;  
 Thou art our mighty All, and we  
 Give our whole selves, O Lord, to Thee.  
*Praise God, from whom all Blessings flow,*  
*Praise him, all Creatures here below;*  
*Praise him above, ye heav'nly host,*

*Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.*

J. S. WATTS.



H Y M N XXXVIII. [Tune Pf. 57.]

**N**OT to condemn the Sons of Men  
 Did Christ the Son of God appear:  
 No Weapons in his Hands are seen,  
 No flaming Sword, nor Thunder there.  
 2 Such was the Pity of our God,  
 He lov'd the Race of Man so well,  
 He sent his Son to bear our Load  
 Of Sins, and save our Souls from Hell.  
 3 Sinners, believe the Saviour's Word,  
 Trust in his mighty Name, and live;  
 A thousand Joys his Lips afford,  
 His Hands a thousand Blessings give.  
 4 But Vengeance & Damnation lies  
 On Rebels who refuse the Grace;  
 Who God's eternal Son despise,  
 The hottest Hell shall be their Place.

J. S. WATTS.

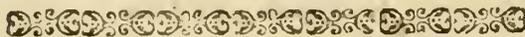


H Y M N XXXIX.

**L**ift up your Eyes to th' heav'nly Seats  
 Where your Redeemer itays;  
 Kind Intercessor, there He sits,

And loves, and pleads, and prays.  
 'Twas well, my Soul, he dy'd for thee,  
 And shed his vital Blood;  
 Appeas'd stern Justice on the Tree,  
 And then arose to God.  
 Petitions now and Praise my rise  
 And Saints their Off'rings bring;  
 The Priest with his own Sacrifice  
 Presents them to the King.  
 [4 Let Papists trust what Names thy please,  
 Their Saints and Angels boast;  
 We've no Such Advocate as these  
 Nor pray to th' heav'nly Host.]  
 5 *Jesus* alone shall bear my Cries  
 Up to his Father's Throne;  
 He (Dearest Lord) perfumes my Sighs,  
 And sweetens ev'ry Groan.  
 [6 Ten thousand Praises to the King,  
*Hosanna* in the high'st;  
 Ten thousand Thanks our Spirits bring  
 To God and to his *Christ*.]

JS. WATTS.



## HYMN XL.

[1] Stand up, my Soul, shake off thy Fears,  
 And gird the Gospel-Armour on,

March to the Gates of endless Joy,  
 Where thy great Captain—Saviour's gone.  
 2 Hell and thy Sins resist thy Course,  
 But Hell & Sin are vanquish'd Foes,  
 Thy *Jesus* nail'd them to the Cross,  
 And sung the Triumph when He rose.]  
 [3 What tho' the Prince of Darkness rage,  
 And waste the Fury of his Spight,  
 Eternal Chains confine him down  
 To fiery Deeps, and endless Night.  
 4 What tho' thine inward Lufts rebel;  
 'Tis but a struggling Gasp for Life;  
 The Weapons of victorious Grace  
 Shall slay thy Sins and end the Strife.]  
 5 Then let my Soul march boldly on,  
 Press forward to the heav'nly Gate,  
 There Peace and Joy eternal reign,  
 And glitt'ring Robes for Conqu'rors wait.  
 6 There shall I wear a starry Crown,  
 And triumph in Almighty Grace,  
 While all the Armies of the Skies  
 Join in my glorious Leader's Praise.

JS. WATTS.



## HYMN XLI.

[1] How oft have Sin and Satan strove  
 To

To rend my Soul from Thee, my God?  
 But everlasting is thy Love,  
 And *Jesus* seals it with his Blood.  
 The Oath and Promise of the Lord  
 Join to confirm the wond'rous Grace:  
 Eternal Pow'r performs the Word,  
 And fills all Heav'n with endless Praise.  
 Amidst Temptations sharp and long  
 My Soul to this dear Refuge flies;  
 Hope is my Anchor, firm and strong,  
 While Tempests blow, and Billows rife.  
 The Gospel bears my Spirits up  
 A faithful and unchanging God  
 Lays the Foundation for my Hope,  
 In Oaths, and Promises, and Blood.

JS. WATTS.



H Y M N XLII.

**O** Thou whose scales the Mountains weigh,  
 Whose will the raging Seas Obey,  
 Whose word can turn those floods to flame,  
 That flame to storm, that storm can tame;  
 Let all my passions ebb and flow  
 At thy command, Great God, and know  
 No other motive but thy praise,  
 What 'er those fiery ferments raise.

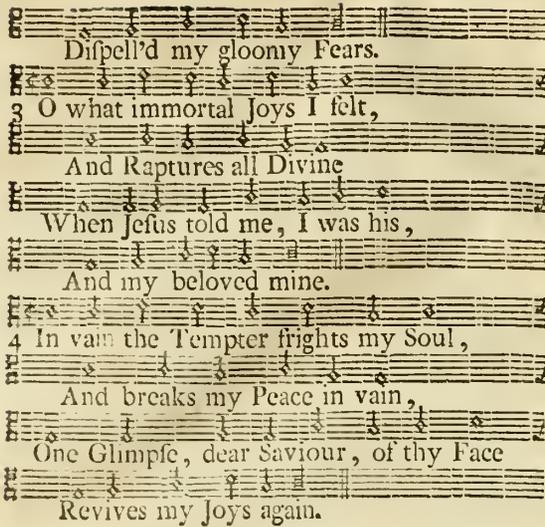
Thou who canst raging winds Controul,  
 Subdue the rebel in my Soul:  
 Thou who canst calm the furious flood,  
 Repress the tumults of my blood.  
 With equal mind may I sustain,  
 My Lot of pleasure, or of pain;  
 My Joys and sorrows gently flow,  
 Nor rise too high, nor sink too low.  
 Let but thy Grace my pow'rs Controul,  
 And reign unrival'd in my Soul,  
 Then, with what ever storms opprest,  
 Center'd in thee, she is at rest.  
 O, when shall my unwav'ring mind  
 This sweetest self-possessions find!  
 Fountain of Love, I long to see  
 In thee my peace, my Heav'n in thee.

J. MASON.



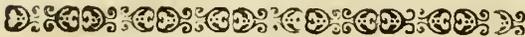
H Y M N XLIII. [Tune Pf. 53.]

**H**ence from my Soul, sad Thoughts be gone,  
 And leave me to my Joys,  
 My Tongue shall triumph in my God,  
 And make a joyful noise.  
 Darkness and Doubts had veil'd my Mind,  
 And drown'd my Head in Tears,  
 'Till Sov'reign Grace with shining Rays  
 Dif-



Dissell'd my gloomy Fears.  
 O what immortal Joys I felt,  
 And Raptures all Divine  
 When Jesus told me, I was his,  
 And my beloved mine.  
 In vain the Tempter frights my Soul,  
 And breaks my Peace in vain,  
 One Glimpse, dear Saviour, of thy Face  
 Revives my Joys again.

J. S. WATTS.



## HYMN XLIV. [Tune Pf. 8.]

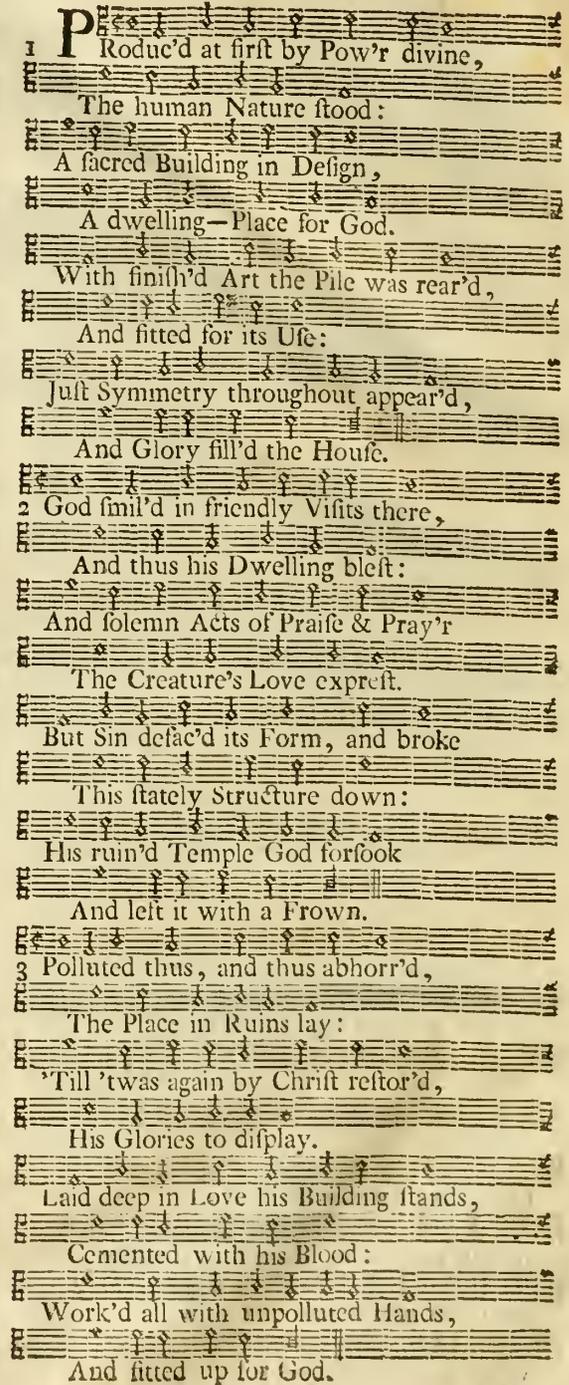


O Ur God, how firm his Promise stands,  
 Ev'n when He hides his Face;  
 He trusts in our Redeemer's Hands  
 His Glory and his Grace.  
 Then why, my Soul, these sad Complaints,  
 Since *Christ* and we are One?  
 Thy God is faithful to his Saints  
 Is faithful to his Son.  
 Beneath his Smiles my Heart has liv'd,  
 And Part of Heav'n possess'd,  
 I praise his Name for Grace receiv'd,  
 And trust him for the rest,

J. S. WATTS.



## HYMN XLV.



Produc'd at first by Pow'r divine,  
 The human Nature stood:  
 A sacred Building in Design,  
 A dwelling—Place for God.  
 With finish'd Art the Pile was rear'd,  
 And fitted for its Use:  
 Just Symmetry throughout appear'd,  
 And Glory fill'd the House.  
 God smil'd in friendly Visits there,  
 And thus his Dwelling blest:  
 And solemn Acts of Praise & Pray'r  
 The Creature's Love express'd.  
 But Sin defac'd its Form, and broke  
 This stately Structure down:  
 His ruin'd Temple God forsook  
 And left it with a Frown.  
 Polluted thus, and thus abhorr'd,  
 The Place in Ruins lay:  
 'Till 'twas again by *Christ* restor'd,  
 His Glories to display.  
 Laid deep in Love his Building stands,  
 Cemented with his Blood:  
 Work'd all with unpolluted Hands,  
 And fitted up for God.

4 Here his transforming Spirit dwells,  
 To beautify the Place:  
 With kindly Influence Sin expells,  
 And sheds forth Life & Grace.  
 Come, let us to this proper Use,  
 Ourselves devoutly yield:  
 With us thine Habitation chuse,  
 Thy Temple, Lord, rebuild.  
 5 Here let thy Spirit still reside,  
 And still diffuse thy Love:  
 Nor Lust, nor Sin, nor ought beside,  
 Provoke Thee to remove.  
*Honour to Thee, Almighty Three,  
 And Everlasting One;  
 All Glory to the Father be,  
 The Spirit, and the Son.*

S. BROWNE.



H Y M N XLVI.

1 **L**ord, when we gave ourselves to Thee,  
 Drawn by the Charming Bands of Love;  
 We vow'd for ever thine to be,  
 And by thy Grace will constant prove.  
 2 Thee we have always gracious found,  
 Thy Promises are firm and true:  
 The Tyes wherewith our Souls are bound,

We now most solemnly renew.  
 Command and w'e'll Obey thy call;  
 W'e'll take our Cross, and follow Thee  
 To Prison to the Judgment-Hall,  
 Without the Gate to Calvary.  
 4 Since Thou art ours may we retain  
 Thy sacred Image which we bear:  
 Since we are thine, may we remain  
 Ever devoted to thy Fear.  
 5 Ourselves to Thee, Lord, we relin  
 All we possess to Thee belongs;  
 Thou hast our Vows, our Hearts are thine  
 And Thou shalt ever have our Songs.

J. STENNET.



H Y M N XLVII.

1 **N**ature with open Volume Stands  
 To spread her Maker's Praise abroad;  
 And ev'ry Labour of his Hands  
 Shows something worthy of a God.  
 2 But in the Grace that rescu'd Man  
 His brightest Form of Glory shines;  
 Here on the Cross 'tis fairest drawn  
 In precious Blood, and Crimson Lines.  
 3 Here his whole Name appears complete;  
 Nor Wit can guess, nor Reason prove

Dd

Which

Which of the Letters best is writ,  
The Pow'r, the Wisdom, or the Love.]  
Here I behold his inmost Heart,  
Where Grace and Vengeance strangely join,  
Piercing his Son with sharpest Smart,  
To make the purchas'd Pleasures mine.  
O the sweet Wonders of that Cross.  
Where God the Saviour lov'd and dy'd!  
Her noblest Life my Spirit draws  
From his dear Wounds and Bleeding Side.  
I would for ever speak his Name  
In Sounds to mortal Ears unknown,  
With Angels join to praise the Lamb,  
And worship at his Father's Throne.

J. S. WATTS.



## HYMN XLVIII

**T** He Promise of my Father's Love  
Shall stand for Ever good:  
He Sa'd; and gave his Soul to Death,  
And seal'd the Grace with Blood.  
To this dear Cov'nant of thy Word.  
I Set my worthless Name;  
I Seal th' Engagement to my Lord,  
And make my humble Claim.  
The Light, and Strength, and pard'ning grace,

And Glory shall be mine;  
My Life and Soul, my Heart and Flesh,  
And all my Pow'rs are thine.  
I call that Legacy my own,  
Which Jesus did bequeath;  
'Twas purchas'd with a dying Groan,  
And ratify'd in Death.  
Sweet is the Mem'ry of his Name  
Who blest'd us in his Will;  
And to his Testament of Love  
Made his own life the Seal.

J. S. WATTS.



## HYMN XLIX.

**T** Was on that dark, that doleful Night,  
When Pow'rs of Earth and Hell arose  
Against the son of God's Delight,  
And Friends betray'd him to his foes:  
Before the mournful scene began,  
He took the Bread, and blest'd, and brake:  
What Love thro' all his Actions ran!  
What wond'rous Words of Grace he spake!  
This is my Body, broke for Sin,  
Receive and eat the living Food:  
Then took the Cup, and blest'd the Wine;  
'Tis the new Cov'nant in my Blood.

FOR

[For us his Flesh with Nails was torn,  
 He bore the scourge, he felt the Thorn;  
 And Justice pour'd upon his Head  
 Its heavy Vengeance, in our stead.  
 For us his Vital Blood was spilt,  
 To buy the Pardon of our Guilt;  
 When, for black Crimes of Biggest Size,  
 He gave his Soul a Sacrifice.]  
*Do this (he cry'd) 'till time shall end,  
 In Mem'ry of your dying Friend;  
 Meet at my Table and record  
 The Love of your departed Lord.*  
 [4 *Jesus, thy Feast we Celebrate,  
 We shew thy Death, we sing thy Name,  
 'Till thou return, and we shall eat  
 The Marriage supper of the Lamb.]*  
*All Glory to thy Wondrous Name,  
 Father of Mercy, God of Love,  
 Thus we Exalt the Lord the Lamb,  
 And thus we praise the heav'nly Dove.*

JS. WATTS.

H Y M N L. [Tune Hymn. 8.]

**T**he Law commands, & makes us know  
 What Duties to our God we owe;  
 But 'tis the Gospel must reveal

Where lies our Strength to do his Will.  
 The Law discovers Guilt & Sin,  
 And shews how vile our Hearts have been:  
 Only the Gospel can express  
 Forgiving Love and cleansing Grace.  
 What Curses doth the Law denounce  
 Against the Man that fails but once?  
 But in the Gospel *Christ* appears  
 Pard'ning the Guilt of num'rous Years.  
 My Soul, no more attempt to draw  
 Thy Life and Comfort from the Law,  
 Fly to the Hope the Gospel gives:  
 The Man that trusts the Promise, lives.

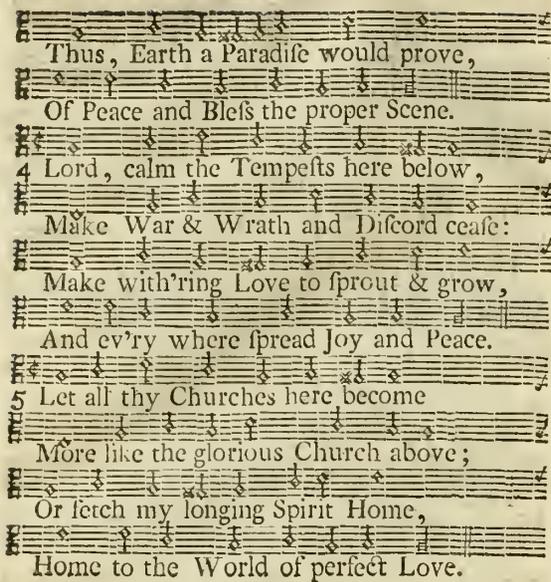
JS. WATTS.

H Y M N LI.

**Y**Es, Lord, this great Command is right,  
 Our Neighbour as ourselves to love.  
 'Twill carry Kindness to the Height,  
 And make this World like that above.  
 Oh! could we see the heav'nly Flame  
 Diffuse itself through all the Kind!  
 Each at the common Welfare aim,  
 And all in this Pursuit combin'd!  
 This were indeed to dwell in Love,  
 And with each Breath take Pleasure in:

Dd 2

Thus,

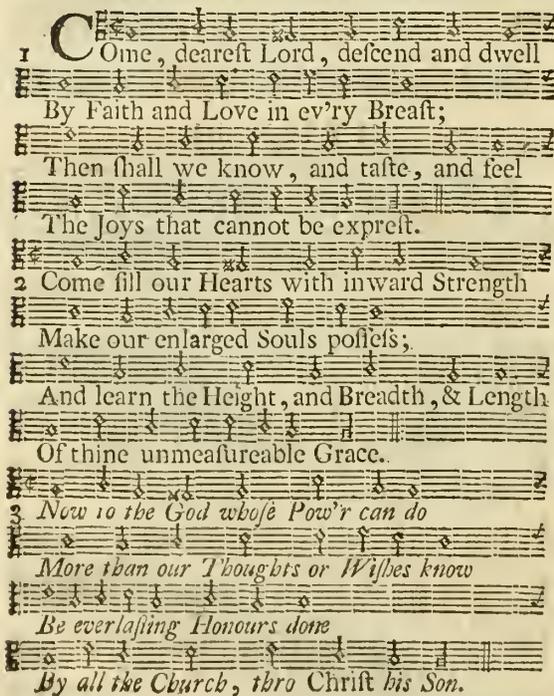


Thus, Earth a Paradise would prove,  
Of Peace and Bless the proper Scene.  
4 Lord, calm the Tempests here below,  
Make War & Wrath and Discord cease:  
Make with'ring Love to sprout & grow,  
And ev'ry where spread Joy and Peace.  
5 Let all thy Churches here become  
More like the glorious Church above;  
Or fetch my longing Spirit Home,  
Home to the World of perfect Love.

S. BROWNE.



## H Y M N LII [Tune Hymn. 12.]

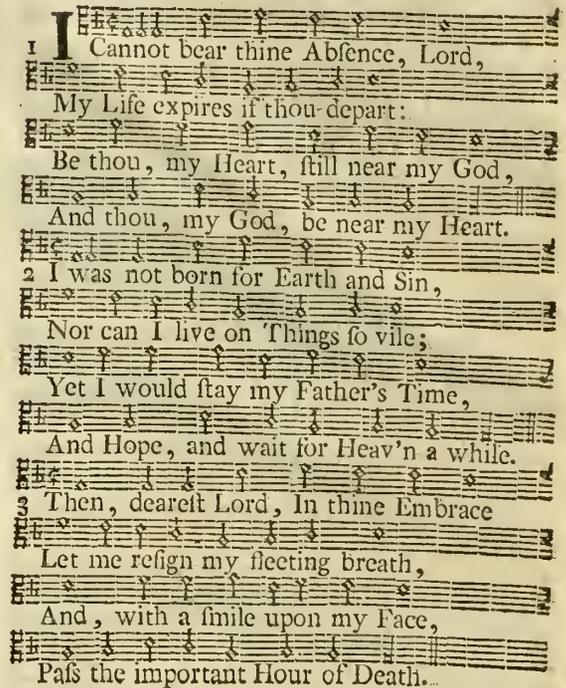


1 C Ome, dearest Lord, descend and dwell  
By Faith and Love in ev'ry Breast;  
Then shall we know, and taste, and feel  
The Joys that cannot be exprest.  
2 Come fill our Hearts with inward Strength  
Make our enlarged Souls possess;  
And learn the Height, and Breadth, & Length  
Of thine unmeasureable Grace.  
3 Now is the God whose Pow'r can do  
More than our Thoughts or Wisbes know  
Be everlasting Honours done  
By all the Church, thro Christ his Son.

Js. WATTS.



## H Y M N LIII.



1 I Cannot bear thine Absence, Lord,  
My Life expires if thou depart:  
Be thou, my Heart, still near my God,  
And thou, my God, be near my Heart.  
2 I was not born for Earth and Sin,  
Nor can I live on Things so vile;  
Yet I would stay my Father's Time,  
And Hope, and wait for Heav'n a while.  
3 Then, dearest Lord, In thine Embrace  
Let me resign my fleeting breath,  
And, with a smile upon my Face,  
Pass the important Hour of Death.

Js. WATTS.



## H Y M N LIV.



1 M Y God, permit me not to be  
A stranger to my self and Thee;  
Amidst a thousand Thoughts I rove,  
Forgetful of my highest Love.  
Why should my Passions mix with Earth,  
And thus Debase my heav'nly Birth?  
Why should I cleave to things below,  
And let my God, my Saviour, go?  
2 Call me away from Flesh and Sense,

One.

One Sov'reign Word can draw me thence;  
 I would obey the Voice Divine,  
 And all inferiour Joys resign.  
 Be Earth, with all her scenes, withdrawn;  
 Let Noise and Vanity be gone:  
 In secret silence of the Mind,  
 My Heav'n, and there my God, I find.

JS. WATTS.

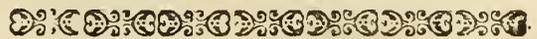


H Y M N LV. [Tune Pf. 73.]

**V**ile thought be gone, I'll doubt no more  
 The Sov'reign sway of Providence:  
 Angels about the throne adore  
 A theme too high for human Sense.  
 In awful deeps our God Conceals  
 His great designs from mortal eyes,  
 'Till he by Time the scheme reveals,  
 And strikes beholders with surprize.  
 Or should no Obvious footsteps shew  
 The track in which he will proceed,  
 The more I search the less I know,  
 With thicker gloom still overspread:  
 Shall Worms extend beyond their span?  
 And Censure art or acts divine?  
 Shall God be limited by Man?  
 Or must his thoughts conform to mine?

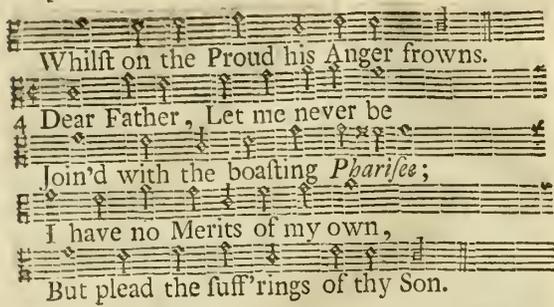
Oh! frightful pride! my Soul abhor  
 This Monstrous stretch beyond thy size:  
 Prescribe to providence no more,  
 But know thy measure and be Wise.  
 With humble deference resign  
 Thine own fond fancies, and submit  
 The worlds affairs to skill divine:  
 Leave God to act as he thinks fit.  
 Tho' deep Conceal'd his purpose lies,  
 And far remote from human sight,  
 Yet all his thoughts, and ways are wise  
 God-like, and true, and good, and right.

S. BROWNE.



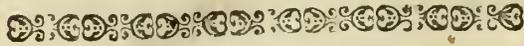
H Y M N LVI. [Tune Hymn 13.]

**B**ehold How sinners disagree  
 The Publican and Pharisee!  
 One doth his Righteousness Proclaim,  
 The other owns his Guilt and Shame.  
 This Man at humble Distance itands,  
 And cries for Grace with lifted Hands;  
 That boldly rises near the Throne,  
 And talks of Duties he has done.  
 The Lord their diff'rent Language knows,  
 And diff'rent Answers he bestows;  
 The humble Soul with Grace he Crowns,

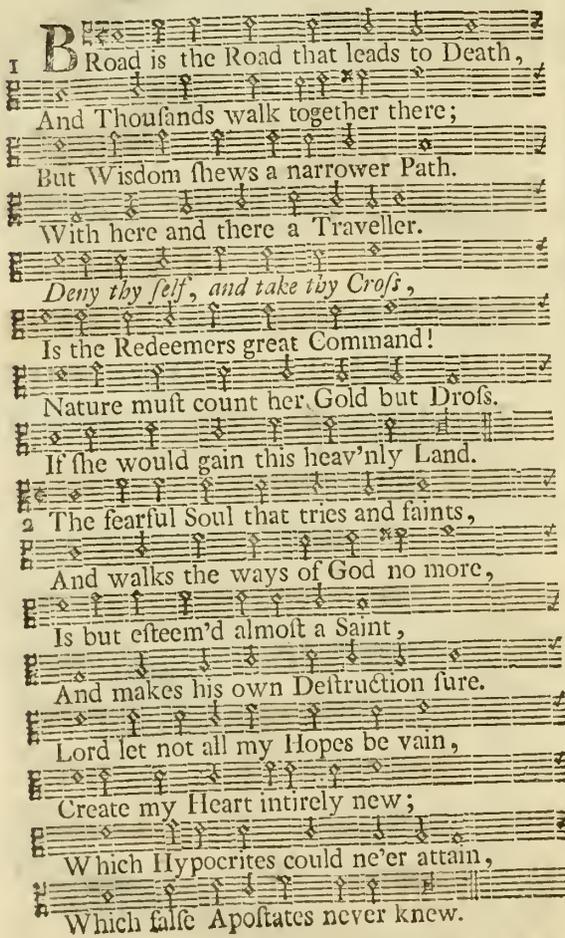


Whilst on the Proud his Anger frowns.  
 Dear Father, Let me never be  
 Join'd with the boasting *Pharisee*;  
 I have no Merits of my own,  
 But plead the suff'rings of thy Son.

Js. WATTS.



## H Y M N LVII.

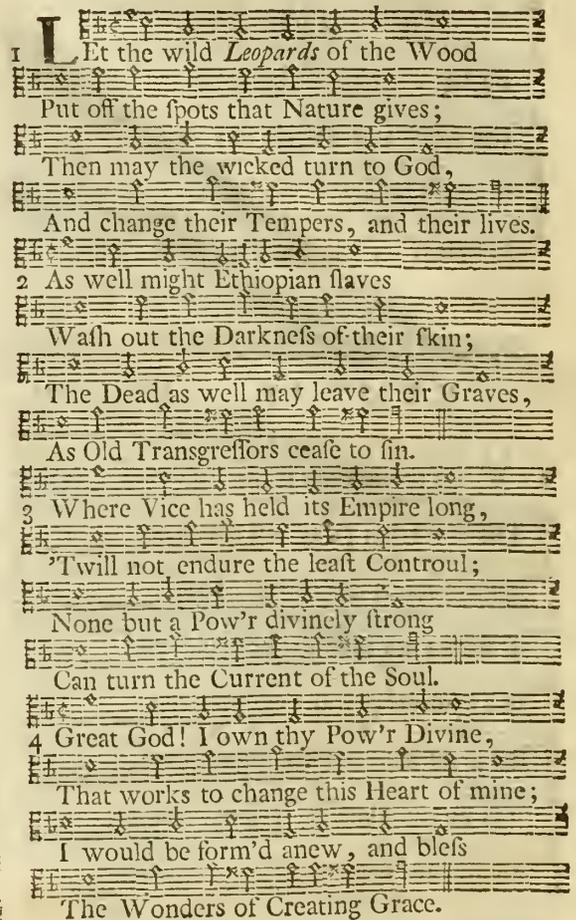


**B**road is the Road that leads to Death,  
 And Thousands walk together there;  
 But Wisdom shews a narrower Path.  
 With here and there a Traveller.  
*Deny thy self, and take thy Cross,*  
 Is the Redeemers great Command!  
 Nature must count her Gold but Dross.  
 If she would gain this heav'nly Land.  
 The fearful Soul that tries and faints,  
 And walks the ways of God no more,  
 Is but esteem'd almost a Saint,  
 And makes his own Destruction sure.  
 Lord let not all my Hopes be vain,  
 Create my Heart intirely new;  
 Which Hypocrites could ne'er attain,  
 Which false Apostates never knew.

Js. WATTS.



## H Y M N LVIII.

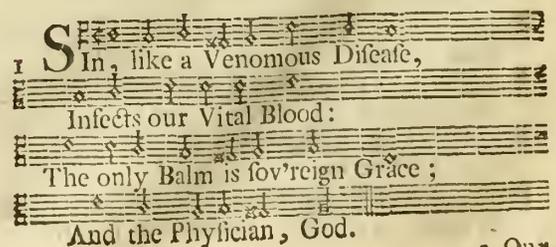


**L**et the wild *Leopards* of the Wood  
 Put off the spots that Nature gives;  
 Then may the wicked turn to God,  
 And change their Tempers, and their lives.  
 As well might Ethiopian slaves  
 Wash out the Darkness of their skin;  
 The Dead as well may leave their Graves,  
 As Old Transgressors cease to sin.  
 Where Vice has held its Empire long,  
 'Twill not endure the least Controul;  
 None but a Pow'r divinely strong  
 Can turn the Current of the Soul.  
 Great God! I own thy Pow'r Divine,  
 That works to change this Heart of mine;  
 I would be form'd anew, and bless  
 The Wonders of Creating Grace.

Js. WATTS.



## H Y M N LIX. [Tune Hymn 28.]



**S**In, like a Venomous Disease,  
 Infects our Vital Blood:  
 The only Balm is sov'reign Grace;  
 And the Physician, God.

2 Our Beauty and our strength is fled,  
 And we draw near to Death;  
 But *Christ* the Lord recalls the Dead  
 With his Almighty Breath.  
 Madness, by Nature, reigns within,  
 The Passions burn and rage,  
 'Till Gods own Son with Skill divine  
 The inward Fire allwage.  
 4 We lick the Dust, we grasp the Wind,  
 And solid Good despise:  
 Such is the folly of the Mind,  
 'Till Jesus makes us wise.  
 We give our Souls the Wounds they feel,  
 We drink the pois' nous Gall,  
 And rush with Fury down to Hell;  
 But Heav'n prevents the Fall.]  
 6 The Man possels'd amongst the Tombs,  
 Cuts his own Flesh and Cries:  
 He foams and raves, 'till *Jesus* comes,  
 And the foul Spirit flies.]

J. S. WATTS.



H Y M N LX.

Who laughs at sin, laughs at his makers frowns;  
 Laughs at the sword of Vengeance o'er his head;

Laughs at the great Redeemers tears & Wounds,  
 Who but for sin had never wept or bled.  
 2 Who laughs at sin, laughs at the num'rous Woes,  
 That have the guilty world so oft befeil;  
 Laughs at the whole creation's groans & throws,  
 At all the Spoils of death, & pains of hell.  
 3 Who laughs at sin, laughs at his own distate,  
 Welcomes approaching torments with his smiles,  
 Dares at his Soul's expence his fancy please,  
 Affronts his God, himself of bliss beguiles.  
 4 Who laughs at sin, sports with his guilt & shame,  
 Laughs at the errors of his senseless mind:  
 For so absurd a fool, there wants a name  
 Expressive of a folly so resin'd.

J. STENNET.



H Y M N LXI.

**D**eeitful Sin, with fawning Arts,  
 Our heedless Souls too oft beguiles;  
 Steals unperceiv'd unto our Hearts,  
 And wounds to Death with treach'rous Smiles.  
 2 We catch the Bait e're we're aware,  
 The Specious Poison swallow down,  
 Nor once suspect the hidden Snare,  
 Nor fear to urge our Maker's Frown.

3 Bewitch'd by her adult'rous Charms,  
 In Paths of Vice we blindly rove:  
 Avoid our Sov'reign's open Arms,  
 Nor heed his Threats, nor seek his Love.

4 Oh, fatal Error! thus we shun  
 The living Spring of pure Delight:  
 We fondly seek to be undone,  
 And headlong rush on endless Night.

5 And shall we still keep on this Road!  
 This fatal Road! and ne'er return!  
 Oh! turn us, turn us, mighty God,  
 Now, not for ever let us mourn.

6 Our long Transgressions we deplore:  
 Accept our Tears, our Sins forgive:  
 Save us by thine Almighty Pow'r,  
 Speak Thou the Word we yet shall live.

S. BROWNE.



## HYMN LXII.

1 Vain World, thy tempting Arts forbear,  
 Hide all thy false and trait'rous Charms:  
 Too long I've fed on empty Air,  
 And shun'd my Maker's blefsful Arms.

2 Much nobler Objects now in Sight,  
 Engage mine Eyes, mine Heart possess:

My Wings are stretch'd for heav'nly Flight,  
 And God the Source of all my Blifs.  
 3 When He appears, thy Lustre's loit,  
 As twinkling Stars in blazing Day:  
 To Him who charms the heav'nly Host,  
 Devotion bears my Soul away.

4 In Him consummate Beauties shine,  
 No Spots deform his radiant Face:  
 'Tis Life to hear that He is mine,  
 And Heav'n to dwell in his Embrace.

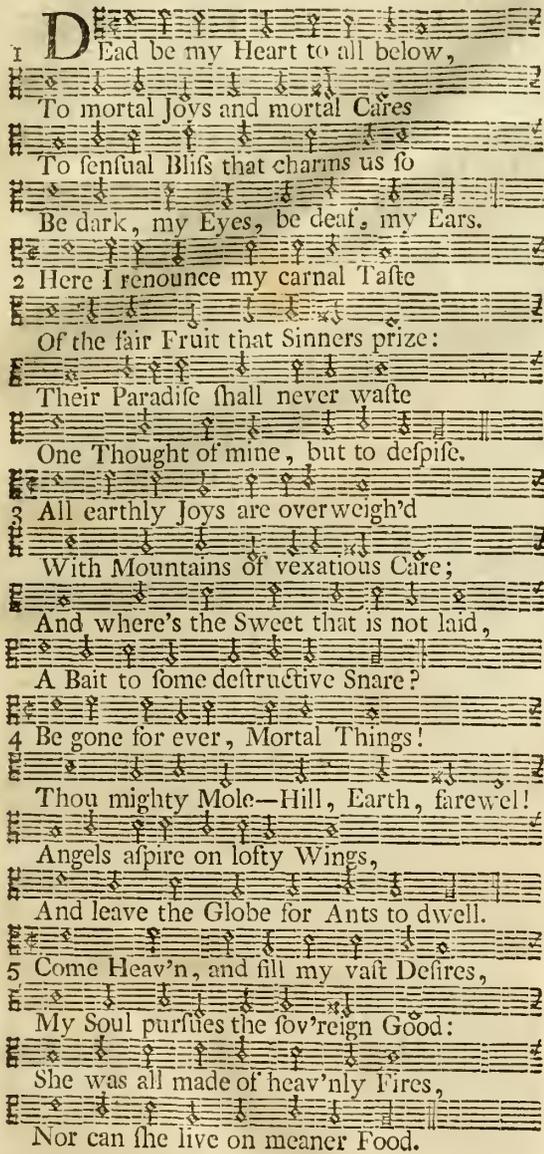
5 From Him no earthly Object more  
 Shall e'er seduce my faithful Heart:  
 Vain World thy fond Attempt give o'er,  
 With Him I'll never, never part.

6 Shine out my God with friendly Rays,  
 Refresh mine Eyes, my Heart rejoyce:  
 Tune all my Pow'rs to Love and Praise,  
 My Mind, my Passions, & my Voice.

7 Chase all the Mists and Gloom away,  
 That hide thy Glories from mine Eyes;  
 Fit me to bear celestial Day,  
 And fetch me to my Native Skies.

S. BROWNE

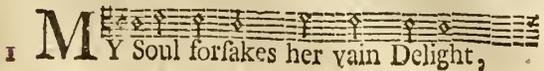
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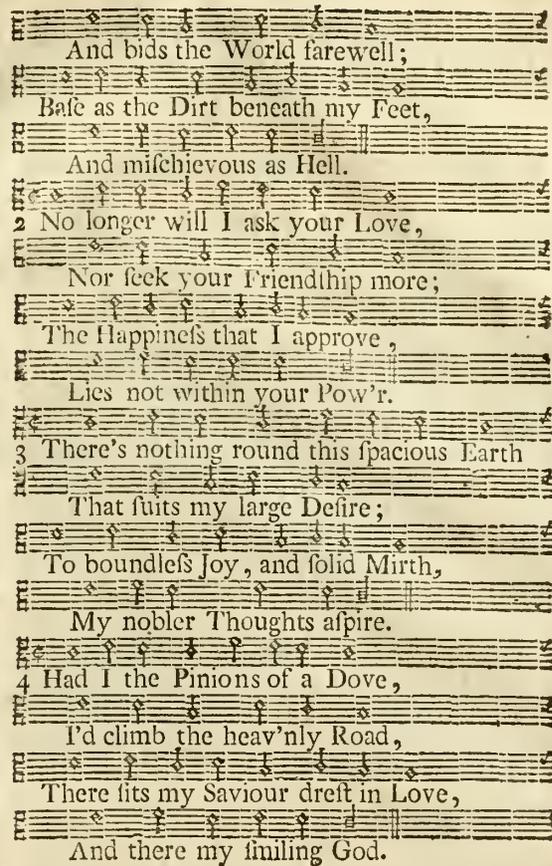
1 **D**ead be my Heart to all below,  
 To mortal Joys and mortal Cares  
 To sensual Bliss that charms us so  
 Be dark, my Eyes, be deaf, my Ears.  
 2 Here I renounce my carnal Taste  
 Of the fair Fruit that Sinners prize:  
 Their Paradise shall never waste  
 One Thought of mine, but to despise.  
 3 All earthly Joys are over weigh'd  
 With Mountains of vexatious Care;  
 And where's the Sweet that is not laid,  
 A Bait to some destructive Snare?  
 4 Be gone for ever, Mortal Things!  
 Thou mighty Mole—Hill, Earth, farewell!  
 Angels aspire on lofty Wings,  
 And leave the Globe for Ants to dwell.  
 5 Come Heav'n, and fill my vast Desires,  
 My Soul pursues the sov'reign Good:  
 She was all made of heav'nly Fires,  
 Nor can she live on meaner Food.

Js. WATTS.

H Y M N LXIV. [Tune Hymn 39.]



1 **M**Y Soul forsakes her vain Delight,

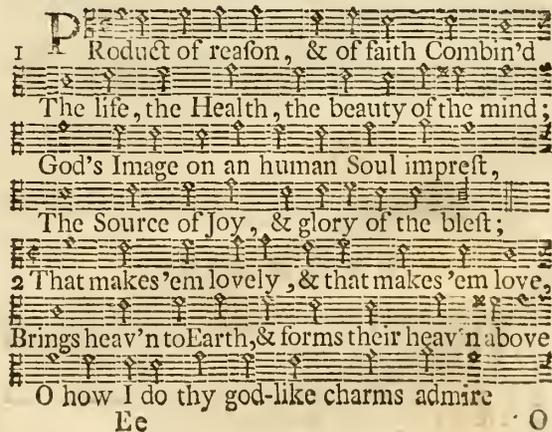


And bids the World farewell;  
 Base as the Dirt beneath my Feet,  
 And mischievous as Hell.  
 2 No longer will I ask your Love,  
 Nor seek your Friendship more;  
 The Happiness that I approve,  
 Lies not within your Pow'r.  
 3 There's nothing round this spacious Earth  
 That suits my large Desire;  
 To boundless Joy, and solid Mirth,  
 My nobler Thoughts aspire.  
 4 Had I the Pinions of a Dove,  
 I'd climb the heav'nly Road,  
 There sits my Saviour dress'd in Love,  
 And there my smiling God.

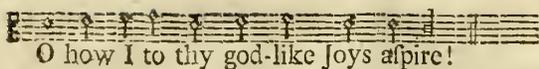
Js. WATTS.

H Y M N LXV.

*Religion.*



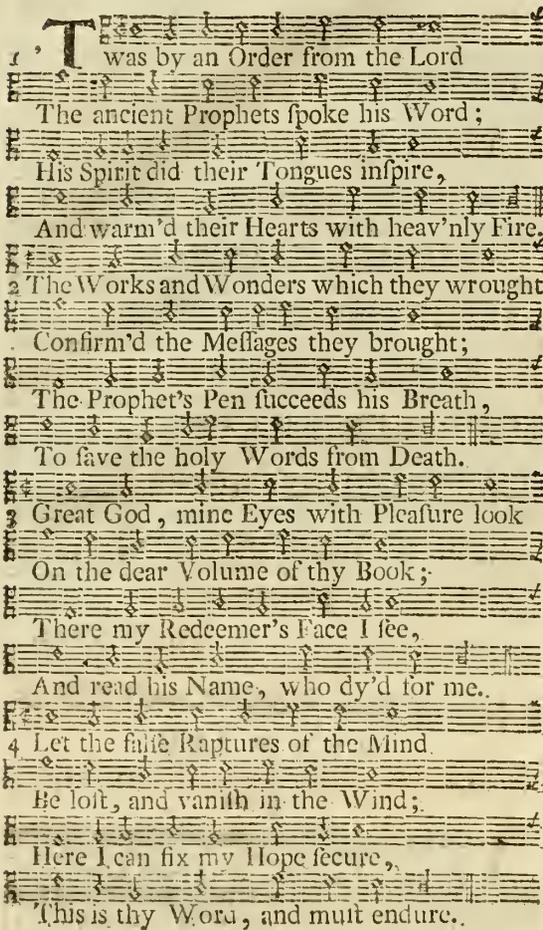
1 **P**roduct of reason, & of faith Combin'd  
 The life, the Health, the beauty of the mind;  
 God's Image on an human Soul impress,  
 The Source of Joy, & glory of the blest;  
 2 That makes 'em lovely, & that makes 'em love,  
 Brings heav'n to Earth, & forms their heav'n above  
 O how I do thy god-like charms admire  
 Ec



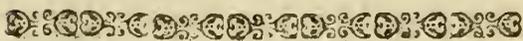
J. STENNET.



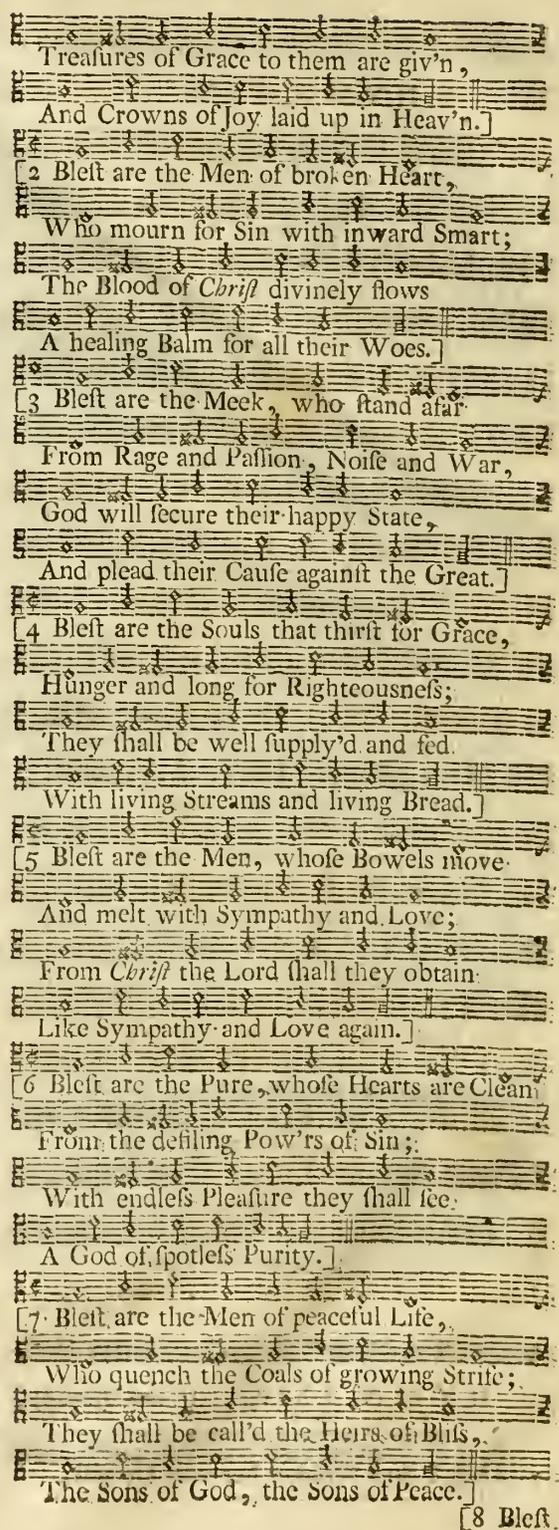
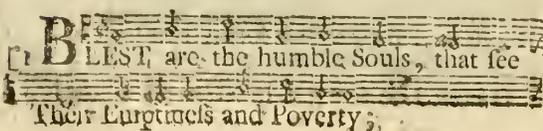
## H Y M N LXVI

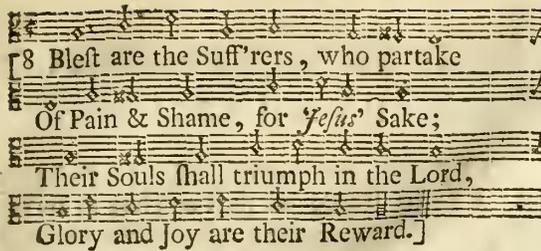


J. S. WATTS.



## H Y M N LXVII.





8 Blest are the Suff'ers, who partake  
Of Pain & Shame, for *Jesus'* Sake;  
Their Souls shall triumph in the Lord,  
Glory and Joy are their Reward.]

Js. WATTS.

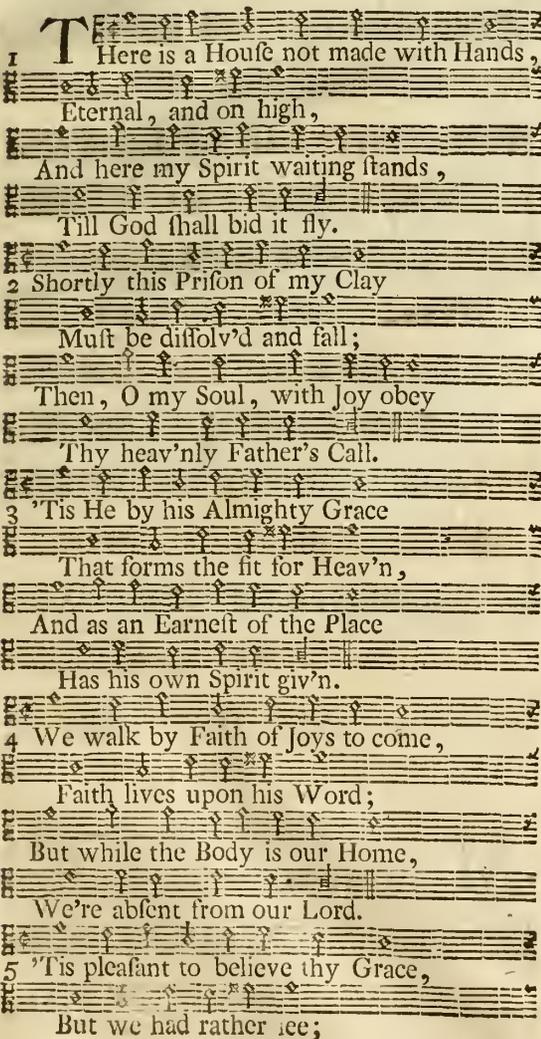


We would be absent from the Flesh,  
And present, Lord, with Thee.

Js. WATTS.

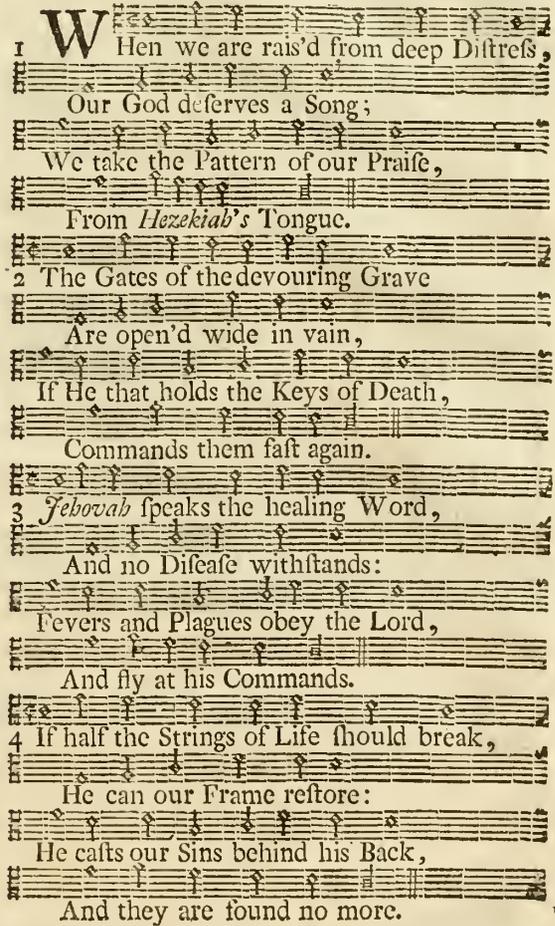


H Y M N LXVIII.



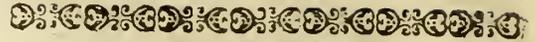
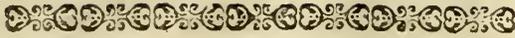
1 Here is a House not made with Hands,  
Eternal, and on high,  
And here my Spirit waiting stands,  
Till God shall bid it fly.  
2 Shortly this Prison of my Clay  
Must be dissolv'd and fall;  
Then, O my Soul, with Joy obey  
Thy heav'nly Father's Call.  
3 'Tis He by his Almighty Grace  
That forms the fit for Heav'n,  
And as an Earnest of the Place  
Has his own Spirit giv'n.  
4 We walk by Faith of Joys to come,  
Faith lives upon his Word;  
But while the Body is our Home,  
We're absent from our Lord.  
5 'Tis pleasant to believe thy Grace,  
But we had rather see;

H Y M N LXIX. [Tune Pf. 41.]



1 W hen we are rais'd from deep Distress,  
Our God deserves a Song;  
We take the Pattern of our Praise,  
From *Hezekiab's* Tongue.  
2 The Gates of the devouring Grave  
Are open'd wide in vain,  
If He that holds the Keys of Death,  
Commands them fast again.  
3 *Jehovah* speaks the healing Word,  
And no Disease withstands:  
Fev'ers and Plagues obey the Lord,  
And fly at his Commands.  
4 If half the Strings of Life should break,  
He can our Frame restore:  
He casts our Sins behind his Back,  
And they are found no more.

Js. WATTS.



H Y M N LXX.

H Y M N LXXI.

**T**hee we adore, Eternal Name,  
 And humbly own to Thee,  
 How feeble is our mortal Frame!  
 What dying Worms are we!  
 Dangers stand thick thro' all the Ground  
 To push us to the Tomb  
 And fierce Diseases wait around  
 To hurry mortals Home.  
 Good God! on what a slender Thread!  
 Hang everlasting Things!  
 Th' eternal States of all the Dead  
 Upon Life's feeble Strings.  
 Infinite Joy, or endless Woe!  
 Attend on ev'ry Breath;  
 And yet how unconcern'd we go  
 Upon the Brink of Death!  
 Waken, O Lord, our drowsy Sense  
 To walk this dang'rous Road;  
 And if our Souls are hurried hence  
 May they be found with God.

Js. WATTS.

**W**hy should we start and fear to die?  
 What tim'rous Worms we Mortals are?  
 Death is the Gate of Endless Joy,  
 And yet we dread to enter there.  
 The Pains, the Groans, and dying Strife  
 Fright our approaching Souls away;  
 Still we shrink back again to Life,  
 Fond of our Prison and our Clay.  
 O, if my Lord would come & meet,  
 My Soul should stretch her Wings in haste,  
 Fly fearless thro' Death's Iron Gate,  
 Nor feel the Terrors as she pass'd.  
 Jesus can make a dying Bed,  
 Feel soft as downy Pillows are,  
 While on his Breast I lean my Head,  
 And breathe my Life out sweetly there.

Js. WATTS.



H Y M N LXXII.

**M**arble the pillar; marble he that's bound;  
 Marble the officers that guard him round:  
 Marble by nature that; by patience *HE*;  
 And these by unrelenting cruelty.

Spec-

Spectator, melt in tears: or at this view,  
Wonder will turn thee into marble too.

J. STENNET.



H Y M N. LXXIII. [Tune Pf. 46.]

*The Lords Prayer.*

**F**ather of All! Eternal mind!  
In uncreated light enshrin'd,  
Immensely good, Immensely Great!  
Thy children form'd, and bless'd by Thee,  
With filial love, and homage, we  
Fall Prostrate at thy awfull feet.  
Thy Name in Hallow'd Strains be sung,  
Let ev'ry heart, and ev'ry Tongue,  
In the Celestial Concert Join;  
In Loving, Serving, praising thee  
We find our Chief felicity;  
But cannot add One Jot to thine.  
Thy Righteous, mild, and Sov'reign Reign,  
Throughout Creations Ample plain,  
Let ev'ry thinking Being own.  
Lord, in our hearts, where passions rude,  
With fierce tumultuous Rage, intrude,  
Erect thy Pow'rful peaceful Throne.  
4 As Angels round thy seat Above,

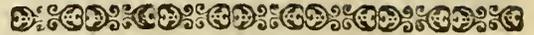
With joyful haste and ardent love,  
Thy blest Commands, Attend, fulfil;  
So let thy Creatures here below,  
As far as thou hast giv'n to know  
Perform thy good and sacred Will.  
5 On thee; we day by day depend,  
Our Beings Author, and its End;  
Our dayly wants, and need supply:  
With healthful meat our bodies fed,  
Our souls sustain with living bread,  
Our precious souls which never die.  
6 Extend thy Grace to ev'ry fault;  
Each sinful action, word, and thought,  
Oh! let thy love our Sins forgive;  
For thou hast taught our hearts to show  
Divine forgiveness to our foe,  
Nor longer let resentment live.  
7 Where tempting Snares bestrew the Way,  
To lead unwary minds astray,  
Permit us not therein to tread;  
Unless thy Gracious aid appear  
T'avert the threaten'g danger near;  
From our unguarded, heedless head.  
8 Thy Sacred Name we thus adore,  
And thus thy Choicest gifts implore,

E c 3.

With

With *Ardent, Joyful, humble* mind;  
 Because thy Pow'r, and Glory prove  
 Thy Kingdom built on *Wisdom, Love,*  
 Endless, Triumphant, unconfin'd.  
 O Lord to whom we still repair,  
 Accept of this our hearty Pray'r,  
 Our Trust is in thy mighty Pow'r;  
*Amen, Amen,* we all Express,  
 With one Accord thy Name we bless,  
 Thou art our safeguard and our Tow'r.

*Amen*  
 Praise ye the Lord,  
*Hallelujah*  
 Praise ye the Lord,  
 A - - men  
 A - - men.

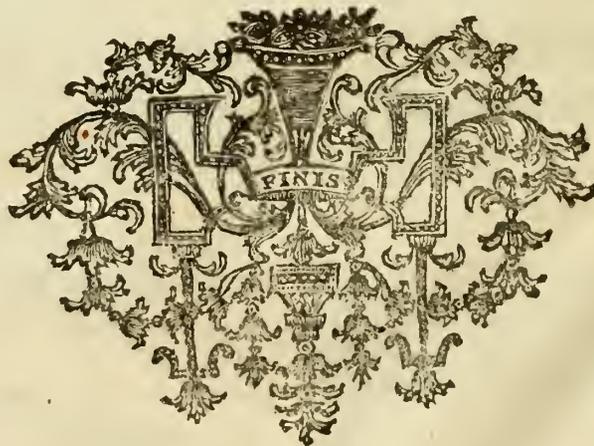


H Y M N LXXIV.

*The Song of SIMEON.*

**N**ow let thy Servant, Lord, depart in peace;  
 Give my aspiring Soul a kind release  
 What thro' the mystic glass of prophecy  
 The patriarchs distant saw, to me is nigh:  
 These languid eyes behold my Saviour's Face,  
 These wither'd arms the heav'nly babe embrace.  
 These wither'd arms the heav'nly babe embrace.  
 Since I at last my bleit Redeemer see,  
 No other sight below has charms for me.  
 Now close these aged eyes: for after this,  
 Nothing's worth viewing, but immortal bliss.

J. STENNET.



# A T A B L E.

*To find any Psalm or Hymn by the first Line.*

A.	Psalms	I.	Psalms
<b>A</b> gainst all those that strive with me,	35	<b>I</b> Waited meekly, for the Lord,	40
As pants the Hart for cooling Streams,	42	Jehovah reigns, let all the Earth,	97
At length, by certain Proofs 'tis plain,	73	Jehovah reigns, let therefore all	99
		I'll celebrate thy Praises, Lord,	30
		In deep Distress, I oft have cry'd	120
		In Judah the Almighty's known,	76
		In Thee, I put my stedfast Trust,	71
		In vain, O Man of lawless Might,	52
		Judge me, O Lord, for I the Paths	26
		Just Judge of Heav'n, against my Foes,	43
		L.	
		<b>L</b> et all the Just to God with Joy,	32
		Let all the Lands with Shouts of Joy,	66
		Let all the list'ning World attend,	49
		Let David, Lord, a constant Place,	132
		Let God the God of battle rise.	68
		Lord, hear my Cry, regard my Pray'r,	61
		Lord, hear my Pray'r, and to my Cry	143
		Lord, hear the Voice of my Complaint,	5
		Lord, hear the Voice of my Complaint,	64
		Lord, let thy just Decrees, the King,	72
		Lord, not to us, we claim no Share,	113
		Lord, Thou hast granted to thy Land,	85
		Lord, save me, for thy Glorious Name,	54
		Lord, who's the happy Man that may,	15
		M.	
		<b>M</b> y crafty Foe, with flatter'ing Art,	36
		My God, my God, why leav'st thou me,	22
		My Soul for Help; on God, relies,	62
		My Soul, inspir'd with sacred Love,	103
		My Soul, with grateful Thoughts of Love,	116
		N.	
		<b>N</b> O Change of Times, shall ever shock	13
		O.	
		<b>O</b> All ye People Clap your hands,	47
		O come, loud Anthems let us sing,	95
		O God, my gracious God, to Thee,	63
		O God, my Heart is fully bent,	108
			O God,

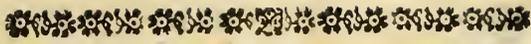
  

B.	Psalms	D.	Psalms
<b>B</b> ehold, O God, how Heathen Hosts	79	<b>D</b> efend me Lord, from Shame,	31
Bless God, My Soul; Thou, Lord, alone	104	Deliver me, O Lord my God,	59
Bless God, ye servants that attend	134	Do Thou, O God in Mercy Help,	56
		F.	
		<b>F</b> or ever blest be God the Lord,	144
		For Thee, O God, our constant Praise	65
		From lowest Depths of Woe,	130
		From my Youth up, may Isr'el say,	129
		G.	
		<b>G</b> ive, ear, Thou Judge of all the Earth,	55
		God, in the great Assembly stands	82
		God is our Refuge in distress,	46
		God's Temple crowns the Holy Mount,	87
		H.	
		<b>H</b> ad not the Lord, (may Isr'el say)	124
		Happy the Man, whose tender Care,	41
		Have Mercy, Lord, on me,	51
		He that has God his Guardian made,	91
		He's blest whose Sins have Pardon gain'd,	32
		Hear, O my People to my Law,	78
		Hold not thy Peace, O Lord our God,	83
		How blest are they, who always keep,	119
		How blest is he who ne'er consents,	1
		How good and pleasant must it be	92
		How long wilt thou forget me Lord?	13
		How many, Lord, of late are grown?	3
		How vast must their Advantage be!	133

T A B L E.

	Psalms		Psalms
O God, of Hosts, the mighty Lord,	84	The Lord, the only God, is great,	48
O God, to whom Revenge belongs,	94	The Lord to thy Request attend,	20
O God, who hast our Troops disperst,	60	The Lord, unto my Lord thus spake,	110
O God, whose former Mercies make,	109	The Man is blest, who fears the Lord;	128
O! Is'el's Shepherd, Joseph's Guide,	80	The wicked Fools must sure suppose,	53
O Lord, I am not proud of Heart,	131	Thee will I bless, my God, and King,	145
O Lord, my God, since I have plac'd	7	This spacious Earth is all the Lord's,	24
O Lord, my Rock, to thee I cry,	28	Tho' wicked Men grow rich or great,	37
O Lord, our Fathers oft have told,	44	Thou, Lord, by strictest Search hast known,	139
O Lord, that art my righteous Judge,	4	Thro' all the changing Scenes of Life,	34
O Lord, the Saviour and Defence,	90	Thy chast'ning Wrath, O Lord, refrain,	38
O Lord, to my Relief draw near,	70	Thy dreadful Anger, Lord, restrain,	6
O Praise the Lord, and thou my Soul,	146	Thy Mercies, Lord, shall be my Song,	89
O Praise the Lord, for he is good,	118	Thy Mercy, Lord, to me Extend,	57
O Praise the Lord, in that blest Place,	150	Thy Presence why withdraw'st thou Lord?	13
O Praise the Lord, with Hymns of Joy,	147	To bless thy chosen Race,	67
O Praise the Lord, with one Consent,	135	To celebrate thy Praise, O Lord,	9
O Praise ye the Lord,	149	To God, I cry'd, who to my help	77
O Render Thanks, and bless the Lord,	105	To God in whom I trust,	25
O Render Thanks, to God above,	106	To God, our never failing Strength,	81
O 'Twas a joyful Sound to hear	122	To God the mighty Lord,	136
O! Thou to whom all Creatures bow,	8	To God with mournful Voice,	142
Of Mercy's never failing Spring,	101	To God, your grateful Voices raise,	107
On Thee, who dwell'st above the Skies,	123	To my Complaint, O Lord my God,	86
		To my just Plea and sad Complaint,	17
		To Thee, my God, and Saviour, I,	88
		To Thee, O God, we render Praise,	75
		To Thee, O Lord, my Cries ascend,	141
		To Zions Hill I lift my eyes.	121
<b>P.</b>			
<b>P</b> raise ye the Lord, our God to Praise,	111		
Preserve me, Lord, from crafty Foes,	140		
Protect me from my cruel Foes,	16		
<b>R.</b>			
<b>R</b> esolv'd to watch o'er all my Ways,	39		
<b>S.</b>			
<b>S</b> alve me, O God, from Waves that rowl,	69		
Since Godly Men decay, O Lord,	12		
Since I have plac'd my Trust in God,	11		
Sing to the Lord a new made Song;	96		
Sing to the Lord a new-made Song,	98		
Speak, O ye Judges of the Earth,	58		
Sure, wicked Fools must needs suppose,	14		
<b>T.</b>			
<b>T</b> hat Man is blest who stands in Awe	113		
The Heav'ns declare thy Glory, Lord,	19		
The King, O Lord, with Songs of Praise,	21		
The Lord hath spoke, the mighty God,	50		
The Lord himself, the mighty Lord,	23		
		<b>W.</b>	
		<b>W</b> E build with suitless Cost, unless	127
		With chearful Notes let all the Earth,	117
		With Glory clad, with Strength array'd	93
		With my whole Heart, my God and King,	138
		With one Consent let all the Earth,	100
		With restless and ungovern'd Rage,	2
		When I pour out my Soul in Pray'r,	102
		When Is'el, by th' Almighty led,	114
		When Sion's God, her Sons recall'd,	126
		When we, our weary'd Limbs to rest,	137
		While I the King's loud Praise rehearse,	45
		Who place on Sion's God their Trust,	125
		Whom should I fear, since God to me,	27
		Why hast Thou cast us of, O God?	74
		<b>Y.</b>	
		<b>Y</b> E boundless Realms of Joy,	148
		Ye Princes that in Might excel,	29
		Ye Saints and Servants of the Lord,	113

T A B L E.



H Y M N S.

A.

**A**nd now, my Soul, another Year, 27  
At Pentecost, Illustrious day! 14

B.

**B**egin my Tongue, some heav'nly Theme 34  
Behold, How sinners disagree 56  
Blest are the humble souls that see 67  
Blest Morning, whose young dawning Rays, 9  
Broad is the Road that leads to death, 57  
Bury'd in Shadows of the Night, 37

C.

**C**ome, dearest Lord, descend and dwell. 52  
Come, Holy Spirit, Heav'nly Dove, 18  
Come, let us go and die with Him, 12  
Curst be the Man, for ever curst, 8

D.

**D**ead be my Heart to all below, 63  
Deceitful Sin, with fawning Arts, 61  
Descend, O King of Saints, descend, 11

E.

**E**'re long the Awful Day will come, 15

F.

**F**ather of All! Eternal mind, 73  
Father, the Prodigal at last, 22

H.

**H**ark! from the Tombs a doleful Sound! 28  
Hark, the best News that ever came! 1  
Hast thou, my Soul, thy Saviour view'd, 5  
Hence from my Soul, sad Thoughts be gone, 43  
How oft have Sin and Satan strove, 41

I.

**I** cannot bear thine Absence, Lord, 53  
Jesus! O Word divinely sweet! 35  
Join all the glorious Names, 3

L.

**L**et others boast how strong they be, 29  
Let Pharisees of High Esteem, 7  
Let the Wild Leopards of the wood, 58  
Lift up your Eyes to th' heav'nly Seats, 39  
Lord, all these Works of Thine 23  
Lord at thy Feet a Sinner lies, 32  
Lord, thou hast bound us to believe, 21  
Lord, when we gave ourselves to thee, 46

M.

**M**an has a Soul of vast Desires, 26  
Marble the pillar; marble he that's bound; 72  
My God, how endless is thy Love? 25  
My God, permit me not to be, 54  
My Soul forsakes her vain Delight, 64

N.

**N**ature with open Volume Stands, 47  
No more, my God, I boast no more, 13  
Not to condemn the Sons of Men, 38  
Not the Malicious or Profane. 20  
Now let thy Servant, Lord depart in peace 74

O.

**O**! Might I once mount up and see, 19  
O thou whose scales the Mountains weigh, 42  
Our God, how firm his promise stands, 44

P.

**P**roduc'd at first by Pow'r divine, 45  
Product of Reason, and of faith Combin'd 65

S.

**S**alvation! O the Joyful Sound! 2  
Sin, Like a Venemous Disease, 59  
Stand up, my Soul, shake of thy fears, 40

T.

**T**is finish'd the Redeemer crys, 7  
The God of Mercy be ador'd, 16  
The Jewish shades are all withdrawn, 4  
The Law commands, and makes us know 50  
The Promise of my Fathers Love 48  
Thee we Adore, Eternal Name, 70  
There is a House not made with hands, 68  
There is a Land of pure Delight, 31  
This is surprising Grace, dear Lord, 33

Ff

Thus

. T A B L E .

Thus saith the Mercy of the Lord, 10  
 'T was by an Order from the Lord, 66  
 'T was on that dark, that doleful Night, 49

V.

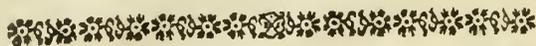
**V**ain World, thy Tempting Arts forbear, 62  
 Vile thought be gone, I'll doubt no more 55

W.

**W**elcome sweet Day of Rest, 24  
 When we are rais'd from deep distress, 69  
 While to thy Cross, we turn our eyes, 6  
 Who laughs at sin, laughs at his makers frowns; 60  
 Why should we start, and fear to die, 71  
 With Joy we meditate the Grace. 36

Y:

**Y**es, Lord, this great Command is Right, 51



A

T A B L E

*Of the Psalms & Hymns to be Sung to the same Tune.*

**Psalms**

- 1. 49.
- 2. 42. 134.

**Psalms**

- 3. 44.
- 4. 48.

- Psalms**
- 5. 64.
  - 7. 82.
  - 8. 105. & 44 Hymn.
  - 9. 92.
  - 10. 52. 83.
  - 11. 81.
  - 12. 55. 86.
  - 13. 85.
  - 14. 29. 89.
  - 15. 54. 71.
  - 16. 108. & 2 Hymn.
  - 17. 77.
  - 19. 66. 75.
  - 20. 121.
  - 21. 45. 117.
  - 22. 53. 79.
  - 23. 98.
  - 24. 78. 122.
  - 26. 14.
  - 27. 124.
  - 30. 125.
  - 32. 101.
  - 33. 146.

**Hymns**

- 8. 50.
- 12. 52.
- 13. 56.

- Psalms**
- 34. 133.
  - 35. 115.
  - 36. 103.
  - 37. 87.
  - 40. 106.
  - 41. 126. & 69. Hymn.
  - 43. 88.
  - 46. 110. & 73. Hymn.
  - 47. 97. 107.
  - 57. 123. & 38. Hymn.
  - 58. 72. & 43. Hymn.
  - 59. 102.
  - 61. 131.
  - 65. 111.
  - 70. 144.
  - 73. & 55. Hymn.
  - 80. 137.
  - 90. 140.
  - 109. 141.
  - 112. 139.
  - 116. 135.
  - 118. 132.
  - 127. 138.

**Hymns**

- 28. 59.
- 39. 64.

