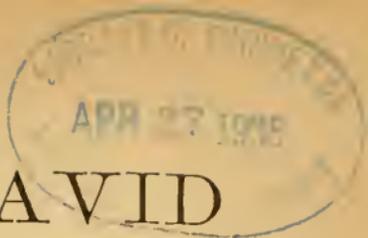


THE



# PSALMS OF DAVID

RENDERED INTO

English Verse of Various Measures,

DIVIDED ACCORDING TO THEIR MUSICAL CADENCE,

AND

*Comprised in their own Limits:*

IN WHICH THEIR RESPONSIVE LINES ARE KEPT UNBROKEN, THE DEVOUT AND EXALTED SENTIMENTS WITH WHICH THEY EVERYWHERE ABOUND, EXPRESSED IN THEIR OWN FAMILIAR AND APPROPRIATE LANGUAGE, AND THE GRAPHIC IMAGERY, BY WHICH THEY ARE RENDERED VIVID, PRESERVED ENTIRE.

BY

ABNER JONES,

PROFESSOR OF MUSIC.

*New Edition Revised and Enlarged.*

NEW YORK:

MASON BROTHERS, Nos. 5 & 7 MERCER ST.

1860.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1860, by

ABNER JONES,

In the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States, for the Southern District of  
New York.

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EDWARD O. JENKINS,  
Printer & Stereotyper,  
No. 26 FRANKFORT STREET.

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## TO THE CHRISTIAN PUBLIC.

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THE Author, in presenting to the Christian Public the present enlarged and improved edition of the Psalms of David, tenders his grateful acknowledgments for the very cordial and hearty approval his former work has received, and the growing interest awakened in its behalf by those who have had the opportunity to examine it the most thoroughly, and consequently are the best judges of its comparative and intrinsic merits. This has created the desire, on the part of the author, to spare no pains in care, labor, and expense, within his reach, to render the work as perfect and complete as possible in all its parts, and thus to make it still more worthy of public regard. About seventy-five new versions, in various measures, have been added to the former number, making in all three hundred and sixty; and only in one instance has the same Psalm been rendered twice in the same measure; and it is believed that in these will be found a wider metrical range, for lofty and dignified musical expression, than in any similar work in the language. The Author, in the completion of his work, has enjoyed the benefit of the criticisms of an able Committee appointed by the General Assembly of the United Presbyterian Church, for the special purpose of selecting for that honored body a new Psalmody. After examining a number of new metrical versions, the Committee unanimously selected the present work as the one preferred by them. Interviews have been had between that Committee and the Author, at which the entire work, line by line, has been compared with the original text, and particularly and very minutely discussed. Few books have passed through so strict and scrutinizing an ordeal. The Author feels much indebted to these friendly but frank discussions, which have tended greatly to strengthen and reassure his own confidence in the work, and its general plan and design; and however it may yet fall short of his ideal standard, the Author feels great confidence that its gradual introduction into general use will be the signal of a new era in our public Psalmody. The Psalter, which accompanies the Psalms of David, contains about two hundred tunes, adapted specially to the measures in this work, and so arranged as to always have the music and words side by side. It is not the wish to weary you with words or explanations; the work itself must be its own advocate, and you are to be the judges. But let me request, in taking leave, that you will give it a careful and candid examination and a fair trial. Let it be remembered that the length, as well as the subject matter of the Psalms, was a matter of inspiration, and although such Psalms as 72, 84, 90, 92, 145, and the like, have never in Christendom been performed in public worship at one singing, that they are now put in shape in which it can be done with ease within the given time usually allotted to this pleasing exercise. It will be seen that the diffi-

culty has not been on the side of David, but of the versifiers, in not following him strictly, either from unwillingness, or inability. In either case, the effect has been most unhappy in its bearings and influences upon the institution of Psalmody.

The following explanations of the original object, design, and general plan of the work, taken from the former edition, may be of utility to the general reader :

THE OBJECT was, to render the whole Book of Psalms into easy and flowing verse of various measures, evenly rhymed, with uniform accent, divided according to their musical cadences, and comprised in their own limits : in which their peculiar structure in responsive lines should be kept unbroken, the devout and exalted sentiments with which they everywhere abound, expressed in their own familiar and appropriate language, and the graphic imagery by which they are rendered vivid, preserved entire.

With what degree of fidelity to the original the work has been executed, as regards their language, structure and imagery, and with what degree of ability the Author has been able to impart a lyrical tone to his verse, are left to the judgment of a candid and discriminating public, keeping in mind that the leading object has been, to distinctly preserve their marked features, without either magnifying or distorting them, and also remembering that it is less difficult to draw a handsome picture than a correct portrait. Assiduous attention has been given to the construction of the several meters, especially those requiring from six to nine corresponding sounds in the same stanza, to render their numbers smooth and graceful, the rhymes connecting them harmonious and effective, and the accentuation by which they are measured invariably uniform and appropriate, never permitting it to contravene the regular rhythmical accent of the music.

THE DIVISION OF THE PSALMS INTO SUBJECTS, according to their musical cadences, forms a new and prominent feature of this work, not found in previous versions. This has cost much labor and study, in analysing the several Psalms with respect to their musical bearings, varying shades of expression, regular marked phrases, and well defined numbers, which if fully explained, with other kindred subjects, would require more room than can here be devoted for this purpose, and must necessarily be deferred for another time and place, if such an exposition should seem to be demanded. Suffice it now to say, that each Psalm has been rendered into from one to four different meters, and the division of the subjects made alike in all ; and, with but four exceptions, are expressed in the same number of lines. Hence the singer having obtained the proper expression to one of the versions, will readily apply it to the rest : and the omission of one or more stanzas in the performance is only leaving out one or more of the subjects, which, by this arrangement, will prove to be of the least detriment. It may be remarked, also, that the present plan of rendering the most useful Psalms into double, triple and quadruple versions, has proportionably increased the metrical numbers contained in this work, which is confidently hoped will render it more pleasing to the general reader, and tend greatly to enhance its usefulness. For while the lengthy and sedate numbers may perhaps be fitly chosen when a full congregation, choir, and organ are to sustain the music, those meters that more readily adapt themselves to simpler strains and tunes of easier execution, which may be effectively sustained with less effort and by weaker voices, will be found more appropriate for the use

of the family, social circle, and lecture-room, where, after all, a large proportion of the singing is done.

The comprising of the versions within the limits of the Hebrew text, constitutes another prominent and useful trait of this work which has not been aimed at, certainly not attained in former versions. Many noble Psalms which have heretofore been rendered so prolix and unwieldy as never to be sung in public worship except in parts and parcels, have here been kept within their proper bounds, and thus made available for use. Indeed this was a necessary part of the plan in the undertaking, otherwise the structure of the Psalms would be broken by their being improperly extended, their language enfeebled by the use of weak connectives in filling up the space, their imagery scattered, and their original design thwarted, if not wholly turned aside.

The following comparisons, which few perhaps may have the means at hand, or the opportunity to make, will set this subject in its true light, and with some allowance for slight errors in the computations, are respectfully submitted.

The Book of Psalms, according to Dr. Kennicot's Hebrew, contains 5280 lines; according to Grabe's Septuagint, 5278 lines, and according to Nourse's English Paragraph Bible, about 5340 lines, omitting 23 for Hallelujahs.

One version of each Psalm in this work, makes 5338 lines; one version of each by Rouse (Scottish Ch.) makes 8340 lines; one of each by Tate & Brady (Epis. Ch.) makes 8632 lines; Dr. Watts composed upon those parts of the Psalms he selected to versify about 9500 lines, exceeding by 272 the compass of the present volume, which embraces 373 versions.

The 119th Psalm contains 352 lines, which are divided by the Hebrew alphabet into 22 equal parts of 16 lines each. In the present work, each part of 16 lines is rendered into 4 stanzas, containing 16 lines, as found in the original. Rouse rendered each part of 16 lines into 6 stanzas, containing 24 lines, increasing their original number by one half; Tate & Brady rendered each part of 16 lines into 8 stanzas, containing 32 lines, doubling their original number. Dr. Watts says, "I have collected and disposed of the most useful verses of this Psalm under 18 different heads, and have formed a divine song upon each of them. But the verses are much transposed, to attain some degree of connection." This shows he did not pretend to versify the whole; yet he composed upon it 412 lines, exceeding by 60 its original number.

It is admitted that almost every verse of this fruitful and highly devotional Psalm, so constructed as to meet us with words of instruction and comfort in all the walks and circumstances of life, as also many of the verses contained in other parts of the Book, might readily be made the basis of a sacred song. But it is denied, that when the Psalms are thus rendered or when from 3000 to 4000 lines are added to their number, they can in the nature of the case, answer the great design for which they were originally intended. They were specially, though not solely, composed and arranged under the guidance of the Holy Spirit for the purposes of sacred song, and were fitted for the use and state of the church in all ages, with distinctive marks upon their face regarding their adaptation to music, and translation into the dialects of all nations: otherwise the original language in which they were written and the tunes to which they were sung would have been preserved together. They were perfectly suited in every particular as a means to an end, and were

filled with imperishable and inexhaustible subjects which will be of increasing interest for ever, the more they are contemplated and understood. Nothing can be added to them for the better, and nothing taken from them without detriment: they are right; and that metrical version of them, that is made with the greatest fidelity to the divine original, will eventually win the general favor.

The preparation of this volume has occupied the fixed attention, anxious thought, and leisure hours of the Author for more than twenty years. Perhaps a sketch of its origin and progress may be naturally expected and not wholly without interest. The germ from whence it sprang has been of slow growth, and, as now appears to him in a survey of the past, was implanted in his younger days by his admiration of the Psalms, love of sacred music, and early induction into the art; it was nurtured for considerable time by the active part he was soon called upon to take as leader and teacher, when as yet no such task had entered his thought or proposed itself to his imagination. But how mysterious and inscrutable are the Providences of God, who sees the end from the beginning! Not in its hitherto smooth channel was his course of life destined to run; for by rapidly repeated strokes of family bereavement he was strangely torn from his settlements and unexpectedly placed in a new sphere of action. Here his whole attention was turned for many years to the cultivation and practice of Psalmody, and with flattering success. His mind however was brought into more immediate contact with this subject in 1832-3 while engaged in compiling and setting to music 1240 pieces of sacred poetry. During the progress of that work he had ample opportunity of comparing the several versions of the Psalms in common use with each other and with the sacred text from whence they were derived. From that view his convictions became deep and lasting, that a wide field still remained unoccupied for a new and greatly improved metrical version of the Psalms for practical purposes. Impelled by the interest thus excited and love of study, he applied himself for a while to the original Hebrew, not indeed expecting to become master of that beautiful and comprehensive language, but in order to read with the more profit the translations made of the Psalms by eminent Doctors and their commentaries thereon, several of which he had already gathered around him. Considerable time was here spent in the study and comparison of these elaborate works, and in the search for others that should treat more specially upon the musical bearings of the Psalms and of the proper rules by which they should be versified. But the quite conflicting views advanced upon these and kindred topics by different writers, so far as treated of, rather served to darken than elucidate the subject; as adopting either of them would lead to very opposite results. But turning his attention to a closer examination of the Psalms themselves, in regard to these particulars, he soon discovered that the key to the whole matter lay in a right division of their subjects, and that this had already been done by the sacred pencil with perfect accuracy, and had in general been made sufficiently plain to be readily followed. Taking then the Psalms for his model, to be implicitly copied, the work was resolved upon and the labor commenced and carried forward as opportunity offered. The author has never at any time felt so great an anxiety to get the work completed, as he has to do it *well*: and after it was put very nearly into its present shape in all of its essential parts, not willing to confide solely in his own judgment, it was submitted to the careful inspection and criticism of an able linguist and ac-

complished scholar, Prof. J. Holmes Agnew ; in conferring with whom he has taken great pleasure and received much benefit. But as the path that led to the undertaking was made by an unseen Hand through the furnace of affliction, so has its progress been marked by adversities and trials. In consequence of the general commercial revulsions of 1837-8, he suffered heavy losses and was plunged into embarrassments. The angel of death has summoned away his two surviving daughters, on whom he had bestowed a father's affection, and had but too fondly hoped they would be spared to smooth and soften his declining years. Perhaps he may be permitted to add that his partner, who had been the sharer of his joys and sorrows for more than a quarter of a century, has, within a few weeks, been released from a long-continued illness of many years, which she endured with great patience and Christian bearing, and has been called to her rest. Yet the same Hand that has afflicted and bereaved, has also supported and defended him, and brought him by ways he had not known. It is consoling to remember, that all these things have taken place and been ordered by God in his infinite wisdom, whose mercy and goodness are unailing, and whose glory will never end.

May He, who is wont to choose the weak things of this world to confound the mighty, and things that are not, to bring to nought those that are, whose blessing maketh rich and addeth no sorrow, and whose service is perfect freedom, grant his kind benediction to accompany this humble effort, and all the praise shall be to his holy name forever—  
Amen.

THE AUTHOR.

## A TABLE OF TITLES TO THE PSALMS.

The titles of the Psalms have been regarded as inseparable from the sacred text, and too weighty in their import to be omitted in this work. They are of great utility to the singer, as they point out with precision in the fewest words the character of the pieces over which they were set: and although some of the technical terms employed in them are involved in doubt, their sense, in general, is obvious. They have been taken from an able and lucid translation of the Psalms by Prof. J. A. Alexander, of the Princeton Theological Seminary, to which the Author has made many stanzas to conform; thus accounting for any apparent discrepancy between them and the English Bible.

Psalms 1, 2, 10, 37, 43, 71, 91, 93, 94, 95, 96, 97, 99, 104, 105, 106, 107, 111, 112, 113, 114, 115, 116, 117, 118, 119, 135, 136, 137, 146, 147, 148, 149, and 150, have no titles. But Psalms 1 and 2 may be regarded as a preface, or in a musical sense, a prelude to the whole; which, according to custom will give them to David as author, his name standing over the next. Psalm 10 may be viewed as belonging to 9, the two forming a pair or double Psalm: 33 as belonging to 32 in the same manner: 37 to 36, in which the wicked delineated in the former are put in contrast with the righteous in the latter. Psalm 43 forms an appendix to 42: 71 an amplification to 70, and 91 to that of 90. Psalm 93 may be considered as a closing piece to 92 or as an introduction to 94: it may have been placed there for both purposes. Psalms 95 and 96, 97 and 98, 99 and 100, may be regarded as pairs. Psalm 104 beginning like 103, seems naturally enough to be an enlargement of the same subject.

Psalms 34, 56, 89, 11, 12, 13, 15, 20, 21, 24 and 61, are entitled, A Psalm of David: 19, 22, 23, 29, 31, 38, 39, 40, 41, 51, 54, 55, 62, 63, 64, 65, 101, 108, 109, 110, 139, 140, 141, and 133 are entitled, A Psalm by David; 14, 25, 26, 27, 28, 32, 34, 35, 38, 41, 52, 53, 54, 55, 57, 58, 59, 60, 69, 70, 103, 138, and 144, are entitled by David, the word psalm or song being understood: 7 Shiggaion of David: 16 Michtam of David: 18 and 36 by a Servant of Jehovah, by David: 17 and 86 A Prayer, by David, 144 Maschil, by David, a Prayer: and 30 A Psalm a Song of Dedication for the House, by David; 68 by David.—A Psalm of Praise: 145 Praise by David: 122, 124, 131 and 133 a Song of the Ascents, by David: 38 and 70, To remind: 57 Destroy not: 60 a Mystery—to be learnt, by David.

Psalm 72 is entitled by Solomon: 127 a Song of the Ascents. By Solomon: 88 by Heman the Ezrahite: 89 Maschil.—By Ethan the Ezrahite: 90 by Moses the man of God.

Psalms 50, 73, 74, 75, 76, 77, 78, 79, 80, 81, 82 and 83, bear the name of Asaph, either as author or chief singer, most likely the former, as 75, 76, 80 and 81 are inscribed to the chief musician, and 77 to the chief musician over the choir of Jeduthun. 50, 73, 79 and 82, are entitled a Psalm, by Asaph: 83 a Song—A Psalm by Asaph: 75 and 76 a Psalm by Asaph: 78 by Asaph—a Psalm: a Song: 74 and 78 Maschil—By Asaph: 71 on the Gittith, by Asaph: 80 as to lilies—A Testimony—By Asaph—A Psalm.

Psalms 42, 44, 45, 46, 47, 48, 49, 84, 85, 87 and 88 are inscribed to or for the Sons of Korah ; of which 42, 44, 45, 46, 47 and 49 are to the chief musician. To the Sons of Korah : Maschil is affixed to 42 and 44 : Upon lilies, Maschil—A Song of the Beloved, to 45 : Upon Alamoth, a Song, to 46 : On the Gittith, to 84 : a Pa.—A Song, to 87, and a Song, a Ps. to 88.

Some of the senses which the technical terms employed in the titles of the Psalms are supposed to convey, are the following :

AL-MUTH-LABBIN. The self-destruction of the wicked—or death of the sinner. Ps. 9.

AL-TASHHETH. Destroy not. Ps. 57, 58, 69 and 75.

JEDUTHUN. One of the chief singers of David, meaning probably a family of singers of that name. Ps. 39, 62 and 77.

MAHALATH. The subject of the Psalm concerning the wicked. Ps. 53 : Concerning afflictive sickness, Ps. 88.

MASCHIL. An instructive or didactic poem. Ps. 32, 42, 44, 45, 52, 63, 74, 78, 79 and 142.

MICHTAM. To hide—a mystery or secret. Ps. 16, 56, 58 and 59.

NEHILOTH. Flutes or wind instruments. (H. Ainsworth, 1626.) More probably it relates to the subject of the Ps. as to the lots or destinies of the righteous and the wicked. Ps. 5.

ON THE HIND OF THE MORNING. Hind—a poetical figure for suffering innocence—morning—relief after long distress. Ps. 22.

SHIGGAION. Wandering or error. Ps. 9.

SONS OF KORAH. These were a family of Levitical singers.

SONG OF THE ASCENTS. Set over Psalms from 120 to 134 inclusive—sung during the periodical journeyings of the Jews to Jerusalem at the times of their great festivals.

TO OR FOR THE CHIEF MUSICIAN. This inscription shows that the Psalms over which it is placed were intended for permanent public use, and not merely private purposes. Ps. 4, 5, 6, 8, 9, 11, 12, 13, 14, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 31, 36, 39, 40, 41, 44, 51, 52, 53, 54, 55, 56, 57, 58, 59, 60, 61, 62, 64, 65, 66, 67, 68, 69, 70, 75, 76, 80, 81, 84, 85, 86, 109, 139 and 140. To the Sons of Korah is added to the Chief Musician, in Ps. 42, 44, 45, 46, 47 and 49.

WITH OR ON STRINGED INSTRUMENTS. Ps. 46, 54, 55, 61, 67, 76.

UPON ALAMOTH. Virgins or young women—denoting soprano or female voices. Ps. 46.

UPON THE EIGHTH. From the plaintive tone of the Psalms, it would seem to imply in a subdued voice, perhaps an octave below the usual pitch. Ps. 6 and 12.

UPON THE GITTITH. An instrument of music or style of song borrowed from Gath. Ps. 8, 81 and 84.

UPON JONATH-ELEM-REHOKIM. Jonath—a dove, an emblem of suffering innocence—elem—silent, uncomplaining—rehokim—distant, or foreign. Ps. 56.

UPON LILIES. An instrument of peculiar loveliness ; or relating to a subject of which the lily is a fitting poetical emblem : as song of the beloved Ps. 45 ; or to delightful consolations and deliverances expected or hoped for, Ps. 69 ; or lily of Testimony—beauty of the divine law, Ps. 60 and 80.

## TABLE OF VERSIONS.

Psalm	1.	10	versions.	Psalm	51.	2	versions.	Psalm	101.	2	versions.
"	2.	4	"	"	52.	2	"	"	102.	2	"
"	3.	3	"	"	53.	2	"	"	103.	4	"
"	4.	3	"	"	54.	2	"	"	104.	2	"
"	5.	4	"	"	55.	2	"	"	105.	1	"
"	6.	4	"	"	56.	2	"	"	106.	1	"
"	7.	3	"	"	57.	3	"	"	107.	1	"
"	8.	4	"	"	58.	2	"	"	108.	1	"
"	9.	3	"	"	59.	2	"	"	109.	1	"
"	10.	2	"	"	60.	2	"	"	110.	2	"
"	11.	5	"	"	61.	3	"	"	111.	3	"
"	13.	2	"	"	62.	2	"	"	112.	2	"
"	12.	3	"	"	63.	2	"	"	113.	2	"
"	14.	3	"	"	64.	1	"	"	114.	2	"
"	15.	5	"	"	65.	2	"	"	115.	1	"
"	16.	3	"	"	66.	3	"	"	116.	3	"
"	17.	3	"	"	67.	2	"	"	117.	5	"
"	18.	2	"	"	68.	1	"	"	118.	2	"
"	19.	4	"	"	69.	1	"	"	119.	2	"
"	20.	3	"	"	70.	1	"	"	120.	1	"
"	21.	3	"	"	71.	1	"	"	121.	3	"
"	22.	2	"	"	72.	2	"	"	122.	4	"
"	23.	6	"	"	73.	1	"	"	123.	2	"
"	24.	5	"	"	74.	1	"	"	124.	2	"
"	25.	2	"	"	75.	1	"	"	125.	2	"
"	26.	2	"	"	76.	2	"	"	126.	2	"
"	27.	3	"	"	77.	1	"	"	127.	2	"
"	28.	2	"	"	78.	1	"	"	128.	2	"
"	29.	5	"	"	79.	1	"	"	129.	1	"
"	30.	2	"	"	80.	2	"	"	130.	2	"
"	31.	2	"	"	81.	2	"	"	131.	2	"
"	32.	4	"	"	82.	2	"	"	132.	2	"
"	33.	3	"	"	83.	1	"	"	133.	4	"
"	34.	4	"	"	84.	5	"	"	134.	4	"
"	35.	2	"	"	85.	2	"	"	135.	1	"
"	36.	3	"	"	86.	2	"	"	136.	1	"
"	37.	2	"	"	87.	2	"	"	137.	4	"
"	38.	2	"	"	88.	1	"	"	138.	2	"
"	39.	2	"	"	89.	1	"	"	139.	2	"
"	40.	2	"	"	90.	3	"	"	140.	1	"
"	41.	2	"	"	91.	2	"	"	141.	3	"
"	42.	3	"	"	92.	4	"	"	142.	2	"
"	43.	2	"	"	93.	2	"	"	143.	2	"
"	44.	2	"	"	94.	1	"	"	144.	2	"
"	45.	3	"	"	95.	3	"	"	145.	3	"
"	46.	3	"	"	96.	3	"	"	146.	4	"
"	47.	4	"	"	97.	3	"	"	147.	3	"
"	48.	3	"	"	98.	3	"	"	148.	3	"
"	49.	2	"	"	99.	2	"	"	149.	2	"
"	50.	3	"	"	100.	5	"	"	150.	4	"

# THE PSALMS OF DAVID.

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*1st Version.*      **PSALM 1.—L. M. Six Lines.** ALEPH, NAZARETH, P. 1.

- 1 How blest is he in heart and hand,  
    Who does not walk with impious feet,  
    Nor in the way of sinners stand,  
    Nor with the scoffer take his seat :  
    But in God's law is his delight,  
    His meditation day and night.
- 2 He shall be like the tree well set,  
    Where living waters course below ;  
    Whose boughs their timely fruit beget,  
    Whose leaves perpetual verdure show :  
    His daily work success attends,  
    And springs with joy that never ends.
- 3 Not so ungodly men are found,  
    But like the chaff before the wind,  
    Nor can in judgment stand their ground,  
    Nor with the righteous dwelling find :  
    God knows the way the just are led ;  
    And theirs will perish sinners tread.

*2d Version.*      **PSALM 1.—L. M. Six Lines.** MISSIONARY CHANT, P. 1.

- 1 How blest the man from day to day,  
    Whose feet no wicked course pursue ;  
    Who stands not in the sinners' way,  
    Nor takes the seat that scoffers do :  
    But in Jehovah's law, his joy,  
    Will day and night his thoughts employ.
- 2 He shall be like a tree in prime,  
    Set where it shades the water-brooks ;  
    Whose boughs bring forth their fruit in time,  
    Whose leaves retain their verdant looks :  
    And all his toil and work below,  
    Shall prosper well, and bliss bestow.
- 3 Not so ungodly men shall bloom,  
    But are like chaff the winds expel ;  
    Nor can in judgment stand their doom,  
    Nor shall among the righteous dwell :  
    God knows the way the just approve,  
    Their way shall perish sinners move.

## PSALM 1.—8s &amp; 10s. Six Lines.

ENOCH, P. 2.

- 1 How blest the man with every good,  
 Who has not walked as wicked men ;  
 Nor in the way of sinners stood,  
 Nor in the seat of scoffers been ;  
 But in Jehovah's law hath joy supreme,  
 By day and night his ever pleasing theme.
- 2 He shall be like a tree whose roots  
 Are set where streamlets intervene ;  
 Whose branches bend with timely fruits,  
 Whose leaves are fresh and ever green ;  
 And every work his busy hands begin,  
 Shall prosper well and endless pleasures win.
- 3 Not so ungodly men are blest,  
 But are like chaff by tempest fanned ;  
 Nor can in judgment bear the test,  
 Nor with the just shall sinners stand ;  
 Jehovah knows the way the righteous tend,  
 The sinners' will in utter ruin end.

## PSALM 1.—9s &amp; 12s. Six Lines.

EDEN, P. 2.

- 1 Oh! the blessings he gets in repay,  
 While his feet wicked counsel eschew ;  
 Standing not in the sinners' dark way,  
 Sitting not where the bold scoffers do ;  
 But the law of Jehovah his joy and delight,  
 He is pondering by day and reviewing by night.
- 2 Like a tree shall he flourish and grow,  
 Planted near where the streamlets are found ;  
 Where its boughs timely clusters bestow,  
 Where its leaves in full verdure abound ;  
 And his hands will be prospered in works that excel,  
 And his soul in felicity ever shall dwell.
- 3 But the wicked not so shall be fanned,  
 Like the chaff shall be driven apace ;  
 In the judgment they never can stand,  
 Neither find with the upright a place ;  
 For the way of the righteous is known to the Lord,  
 And the way of the wicked shall perish in ward.

## PSALM 1.—7s &amp; 6s D.

GIMEL, P. 2.

- 1 Oh! happy man, that neither  
 Walks on with impious feet,  
 Nor stands with sinners either,  
 Nor takes the scoffer's seat :  
 But on the Lord is waiting,  
 To learn his holy law ;  
 Its precepts meditating,  
 With sweet and reverend awe.
- 2 He's like the tree that's planted  
 Where waters glide serene ;  
 Whose fruit is timely granted,  
 Whose leaf is ever green ;
- The work his hands are doing  
 Prosperity attends ;  
 The way he is pursuing  
 Has joy that never ends.
- 3 But wicked men resemble  
 The chaff by tempest fanned ;  
 They shall in judgment tremble,  
 Nor with the righteous stand ;  
 The way the upright cherish  
 Is known and loved of God ;  
 The crooked way shall perish  
 That is by sinners trod.

## PSALM 1. — 12s &amp; 11s. HAIL TO THE BRIGHTNESS, P. 3.

- 1 How sweet the felicities he is receiving,  
 Who walks not in council the wicked maintain ;  
 Nor stands in the way where the sinner is cleaving,  
 Nor sits down at ease with the scoffer profane ;  
 But the law of Jehovah his chiefest delight,  
 He will ponder with profit by day and by night.
- 2 He likens the tree which in beauty is growing,  
 And planted where streamlets are coursing the soil ;  
 That still in due season its fruit is bestowing,  
 Its leaves in full verdure and freshness the while ;  
 And the work he is doing shall prosper and stand.  
 Ever yielding him pleasure and joys at command.
- 3 Not so the ungodly pursuing transgression,  
 But are like the chaff by the wild tempest fanned :  
 In judgment they can not sustain their profession,  
 Nor yet with the righteous be able to stand :  
 For the way of the upright Jehovah discerns,  
 And the way of the wicked to nothing returns.

## PSALM 1. — 12s &amp; 11s.

## ALL SAINTS, P. 3.

- 1 OH ! the blessings that man will receive in his day,  
 Walking not in the counsel the wicked pursue ;  
 Standing not on the ground in the sinners' broad way,  
 Sitting not on the seat where profane scoffers do :  
 But the law of Jehovah is fixed in his sight,  
 Where with pleasure he ponders by day and by night.
- 2 He shall liken the tree which is ever in prime,  
 That is planted where water-brooks course through the glade ;  
 Which is bending with fruit and brought forth in due time,  
 Ever blooming and verdant, whose leaf will not fade :  
 And the toil and the labor his hands shall employ,  
 Will be prospered and yield him full measures of joy
- 3 Not like this will the wicked go on and abound,  
 But are winnowed like chaff driven off from the grain ;  
 Nor in judgment can stand up maintaining their ground,  
 Nor shall sinners find place where the righteous remain :  
 For Jehovah well knoweth the way of the just,  
 And the way of the wicked will perish, they trust.

## PSALM 1. — S. M. H.

## BETH, P. 3.

- |  |   |
|--|---|
| 1 BLESSED man that neither does<br>In impious counsel walk ;<br>Nor stand where sinners choose,<br>Nor sit where scoffers mock :<br>But on the Lord delighted waits,<br>And in his word still meditates. | Whose leaf will never fade ;<br>Good shall attend his work below,<br>Nor any end his blessings know.  |
| 2 He's like the tree most fair,<br>Set in a watered glade,<br>Whose boughs in time will bear,  | 3 Not so are wicked men,<br>Like chaff by tempest fanned ;<br>Nor in the judgment can,<br>Nor with the righteous stand :<br>God knows the way the upright take,<br>Theirs will decay the wicked make. |

## PSALM 1.—S. M. D.

SALEM, P. 2.

- 1 How blest is the man,  
 Whose feet vain schemes refuse ;  
 Nor stands where sinners form their plan,  
 Nor sits where scoffers choose :  
 But loves Jehovah's law,  
 And keeps it still in sight ;  
 Where day and night with holy awe,  
 He ponders with delight.
- 2 He shall the tree compare,  
 Set near where streamlets flow ;  
 Whose boughs in time their fruits will bear,  
 Whose leaves in freshness grow :  
 And all the work begun,  
 To which his hands are set,  
 Shall still in prosperous courses run,  
 And living joy beget.
- 3 Not so the wicked gain,  
 Like chaff are blown away ;  
 Nor with the righteous can remain,  
 Nor stand the judgment day :  
 Jehovah knows and views  
 The way the upright tread ;  
 The course the wicked love and choose,  
 Shall perish with the dead.

## PSALM 1.—8s &amp; 7s D.

DALETH, P. 2.

- 1 How blest is he who walketh free,  
 When impious counsel offers ;  
 Nor stands on ground by sinners found,  
 Nor takes the seat of scoffers :  
 But to God's law he turns with awe,  
 To scan its holy pages ;  
 Where, day and night, some new delight  
 His warmest thought engages.
- 2 His thrift shall be like yonder tree  
 That's planted by a river ;  
 Whose verdant shoots yield plenteous fruits,  
 Whose leaves are fresh forever :  
 What he shall do will prosper, too,  
 A kindly care attending ;  
 His way is right, and grows more bright ;  
 His blessings have no ending.
- 3 Not so the vain, nor men profane,  
 Who winnowed chaff resemble ;  
 Nor can they meet the judgment-seat,  
 Nor with the saints assemble.  
 God loves the just who in him trust ;  
 He knows the way they cherish ;  
 But sinners choose what they will lose ;  
 Their way and hope shall perish.

## PSALM 2.—L. M. D.

SAUL, P. 3.

- 1 WHY do the nations move with rage,  
The peoples in vain things engage?  
The kings of earth themselves do set,  
The rulers to consult are met;  
Against Jehovah threats array,  
Against his own Messiah say,  
“Their bands asunder let us break,  
Their cords from us we then may take.”
- 2 He laughs who sits above their view,  
The Lord derides their vain ado;  
He then will speak to them in heat,  
And they shall quail his wrath to meet:  
“I have set up my King to reign,  
My own Anointed shall sustain;  
I have in Zion fixed his throne,  
My holy hill shall be his own.
- 3 “I will declare the edict now;”  
Jehovah said, “My Son art thou;  
This day have I begotten thee;  
Thy rightful kingdom ask of me:  
Thou shalt inherit nations all;  
Possess entire this earthly ball;  
Break them beneath thine iron rod,  
Like potters’ ware in pieces trod.”
- 4 Now, therefore, oh ye kings, discern,  
Ye judges of the peoples, learn;  
Soon to Jehovah’s service run,  
Rejoice with trembling, kiss the Son;  
Lest, though his anger long delay,  
Ye waste and perish in the way:  
How happy all who trust in him,  
Divinely blest with joys supreme.

## PSALM 2.—7s &amp; 6s D.

ZAIN, P. 3.

- |   |  |
|---|--|
| <p>1 WHY do nations rage with heat,<br/>The peoples vainly rise;<br/>Kings of earth for counsel meet,<br/>The rulers plans devise?<br/>All against Jehovah speak,<br/>Of his Anointed say:<br/>“Come, their bands asunder break,<br/>And cast their cords away!”</p> <p>2 He will laugh who sits on high,<br/>The Lord derides them all;<br/>Then in anger will reply,<br/>His words their hearts appall:<br/>“You resist Messiah still;<br/>My King will I sustain;<br/>He is fixed on Zion’s hill,<br/>And there shall ever reign.”</p> | <p>3 Thus Jehovah said to me,<br/>His edict thus will run:<br/>“I’ve this day begotten thee;<br/>Thy kingdom ask, my Son;<br/>Go, possess the earth abroad,<br/>Take nations everywhere;<br/>Break them with an iron rod,<br/>Like potters’ shivered ware.”</p> <p>4 Kings, be wise, ye judges, seek,<br/>And serve the Lord with fear;<br/>Kiss the Son, with trembling speak,<br/>Lest he in wrath appear;<br/>Then you’ll perish from the way,<br/>His anger soon will flame;<br/>Blest are all, and only they,<br/>Whose trust is in his name.</p> |
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## PSALM 2.—3s &amp; 7s D.

AUTUMN, P. 4.

- 1 Why the nations' noisy raging,  
 Why the peoples' airy dream ;  
 Kings of earth themselves engaging,  
 Rulers seeking for a scheme ?  
 All against Jehovah making,  
 All against Messiah say,  
 "Now their bands asunder breaking,  
 We will cast their cords away."
- 2 He will laugh in heaven discerning,  
 God the Lord derides their might ;  
 Then will speak in anger burning,  
 Sorely will his wrath affright :  
 "Christ my King have I appointed,  
 Whom I ever will sustain ;  
 Hence in Zion my Anointed  
 On my holy hill shall reign."
- 3 Hear Jehovah thus attesting,  
 I declare his sure decree ;  
 "Thou my Son this day investing,  
 Ask thy kingdom now of me :  
 Go, the realms possession taking,  
 Earth inherit every where ;  
 Rule with iron sceptre breaking,  
 Crush like potters' shivered ware."
- 4 Kings, be wise, ye judges hearing,  
 Soon to serve Jehovah learn ;  
 Kiss the Son, rejoice with fearing,  
 Lest ye make his anger burn :  
 Then your way will perish wholly,  
 You in kindling up the flame ;  
 Blest are all who trust him solely,  
 Blest forever in his name.

## PSALM 2.—7s &amp; 6s D.

MISSION, P. 4.

- 1 WHY all this rage of nations,  
 The peoples' vain surmise ?  
 Kings meet for consultations,  
 The rulers plans devise ;  
 Against Jehovah speaking,  
 Against his Christ, proud words :  
 "Their bands asunder breaking,  
 We'll cast away their cords !"
- 2 He laughs who sits above them,  
 The Lord derides their zeal ;  
 Then will in wrath reprove them,  
 His anger they shall feel :  
 My King have I appointed  
 On Zion's hill to reign ;  
 Messiah my Anointed  
 I ever shall sustain.
- 3 Hear ye Jehovah rather ;  
 His edict I make known ;  
 This day am I thy Father ;  
 Thy kingdom ask, my Son :  
 Take earth for thy possession,  
 The realms inherit there ;  
 Thy rod shall break oppression,  
 And crush like potters' ware.
- 4 Let princes, wisdom learning,  
 Be to his service won ;  
 Let kings and judges, turning,  
 With trembling kiss the Son ;  
 Lest by the way ye perish,  
 His wrath will soon be stirred :  
 How blest are all who cherish  
 A hope upon his word.

## PSALM 3.—8s &amp; 11s. Six Lines. SHIELD, P. 5.

A Psalm of David, in fleeing from the face of Absalom, his son.

- 1 How many my troubles, oh Lord,  
What numbers against me rise up ;  
How many are spreading the word,  
His soul can in God have no hope ;  
And thou art my shield, and my shelter hast spread,  
The Lord is my glory, uplifting my head.
- 2 Jehovah my voice shall invoke,  
From Zion his ear will attend ;  
I've lain me down, slept and awoke,  
Jehovah my guardian sustained ;  
Not myriads of people shall make me afraid,  
Whom they have set round me in battle arrayed.
- 3 Jehovah, draw near whom I seek !  
Oh save me, my God, I invoke !  
Thou'st smitten my foes on the cheek,  
The teeth of the wicked are broke ;  
Salvation, Jehovah, belongeth to thee,  
Thy blessing forever let Israel see.

## PSALM 3.—11s &amp; 8s. SHETLAND, P. 5.

- 1 JEHOVAH, how many would make me a prey,  
What numbers are seeking my blood !  
Jehovah, how many who scornfully say,  
"No help shall be find in his God ;"  
And ever about me a shield thou dost spread ;  
Thy name is my glory, uplifting my head.
- 2 Jehovah will I as my helper invoke,  
From Zion he hears me complain ;  
I laid myself down, and have slept and awoke ;  
His favor my hope will sustain :  
Ten thousand of foes shall not make me afraid,  
Ten thousand around me in battle arrayed.
- 3 Oh, rise up and save me, Jehovah, my God !  
My enemies quailed at thy stroke ;  
The jaws of the sinner are smote by thy rod,  
The teeth of the wicked are broke.  
Salvation forever belongs to the Lord,  
Thy blessing be Israel's eternal reward.

## PSALM 3.—C. M. H. ABSALOM, P. 5.

- 1 How are my troubles multiplied, what numbers seek my blood !  
How many say, with lips of pride, "No help has he in God ;"  
And thou a shield around me spread, my glory, lifting up my head.
- 2 Jehovah's name will I invoke, who hears from Zion's hill ;  
I laid me down, and slept and woke, for he sustains me still :  
I will not fear ten thousand foes, with whom they now my path enclose.
- 3 Rise up, and save me, oh, my God ! my foes have felt thy stroke ;  
Their cheeks are smitten by thy rod, their impious teeth are broke.  
Salvation doth to God belong, thy blessing be thine Israel's song.

## PSALM 4. — C. M. D.

EVENING PS., P. 4.

To the Chief Musician on stringed instruments. A Psalm of David.

- 1 Oh righteous God! to whom I come,  
Hear when I call to thee;  
Thou hast in pressures made me room,  
Bow down again to me.  
How long will you, ye sons of men,  
Mine honor turn to shame?  
How long delight in things so vain,  
And false pretences frame?
- 2 Know ye the Lord hath set apart  
The godly for his own;  
He always answers will impart  
What time I seek his throne.  
Then stand in awe, from sin forbear;  
In silence muse by night;  
Right offering for the Lord prepare,  
And trust him with delight.
- 3 Lord, many ask where good is found;  
Thy smile to us impart:  
More than in times their fruits abound,  
Hast thou rejoiced my heart.  
I will in peace lie down and sleep,  
And take my needful rest;  
For thou alone wilt safely keep,  
And make me ever blest.

## PSALM 4. — 8s &amp; 7s D. EVENING MEDITATION, P. 4.

- 1 Oh thou, my God, whose truth I laud,  
When I am calling, heed me:  
Bow thy kind ear; in mercy hear;  
Thou hast from pressures freed me.  
Oh sons of men! how long complain,  
My highest honor shaming?  
How long delight, in burning spite,  
Your falsehoods ever framing?
- 2 Know that the Lord for his regard,  
The godly hath selected;  
He from on high will hear my cry,  
And I shall be protected.  
Dread every ill, by night be still,  
Say inly with reflection;  
Pay vows to God, his glories laud,  
And trust in his protection.
- 3 Lord, many say, "Who'll good display?"  
Grant us thy light unceasing:  
More joy from thee has gladdened me,  
Than times their corn's increasing;  
My eyes I'll close in sweet repose,  
And sleep in peace most surely;  
For thou, oh Lord, my only guard,  
Wilt make me dwell securely.

## PSALM 4.—L. M. D.

EDDY, P. 5.

- 1 On God! my righteousness, attend,  
 And when I call, an answer send;  
 Thou hast from pressures set me clear,  
 Have mercy now and bow thine ear.  
 Ye sons of men, how long defame,  
 And turn my glory into shame?  
 How long delight in vain disguise,  
 And seek to turn the truth to lies?
- 2 Know that Jehovah for his own,  
 Hath set apart the godly one;  
 He will attend me when I cry,  
 And send an answer from on high.  
 Stand ye in awe nor dare to sin,  
 Be still by night, commune within;  
 Bring forth the sacrifice of right,  
 And trust Jehovah with delight.
- 3 While many say, "Who'll show us good?"  
 Lift up thy face on us, oh God!  
 Thou hast put gladness in my heart,  
 More than their corn and wine impart.  
 I'll lay me down at evening's close,  
 I'll sleep in peace and sure repose;  
 For only thou dost all things well,  
 Thou, Lord, wilt make me safely dwell.

## PSALM 5.—S. M. H.

WAYS, P. 5.

For the Chief Musician on Nchiloth. A Psalm of David.

- 1 My gracious God and King, my words and musings weigh;  
 Regard the vows I bring, when dawns the opening day:  
 I'll lift mine eyes, and to thine ear  
 Will send my cries, and thou shalt hear.
- 2 For thou art not a God whom evil doth delight;  
 No men of vice or blood shall stand before thy sight;  
 Thou dost despise iniquity,  
 None loving lies can dwell with thee.
- 3 But in thy courts of grace, my worship shall be paid;  
 There will I seek thy face, and look to thee for aid:  
 Thy way disclose, and make it straight,  
 For many foes around me wait.
- 4 Their mouth retains no truth, their throat's an open grave;  
 Their tongues are keen and smooth, and treacherous hearts they have:  
 Condemn them all, their plans defeat,  
 And make them fall by their deceit.
- 5 Let all who love the Lord, with shouts their joys proclaim;  
 Let all who trust thy word, exulting praise thy name:  
 Thy kind esteem shall be revealed,  
 And compass them as with a shield.

## PSALM 5.—L. M. Six Lines.

PELEW, P. 4.

- 1 HEAR thou my words, my wishes weigh,  
 Oh Lord, and hearken to my cries ;  
 My God, my King, to thee I'll pray,  
 For thee prepare my sacrifice ;  
 At dawn thine ear my voice shall hear,  
 At dawn look up with waiting eyes.
- 2 For God in evil hath no joy,  
 And nothing wicked dwells with thee ;  
 Thou dost the lying lip destroy,  
 And from thy sight the foolish flee :  
 Thou hatest blood, deceit, and fraud,  
 And all that work iniquity.
- 3 But to thy house will I resort,  
 And come in thine abundant grace ;  
 There bow with reverence toward thy court,  
 And worship in thy holy place ;  
 For foes of might, lead me in right,  
 Thy way make straight before my face.
- 4 For in their mouth is nothing sure,  
 And in their hearts all mischiefs meet ;  
 Their throat's an open grave impure,  
 Their tongue they smooth in vain deceit ;  
 For sin condemn, and banish them,  
 Let rebels' plans work their defeat.
- 5 All trusting thee thy help makes glad,  
 Their shouts of joy shall long resound ;  
 Thy lovers with salvation clad,  
 In songs of triumph shall abound ;  
 Thy care revealed, shall be their shield,  
 Thy favor shall enclose them round.

## PSALM 5.—C. M. H.

NEHILOTH, P. 6.

- 1 Know thou my thought and all I say,  
 Oh Lord, my God and King ;  
 Regard my voice at dawn of day,  
 And early vows I bring :  
 I will look up with steadfast eyes,  
 And thou shalt hear my longing cries.
- 2 For truly thou art not a God  
 Whom evil doth delight ;  
 No men of insolence and blood  
 Shall stand before thy sight :  
 The false and proud wilt thou expel,  
 With thee no vicious one can dwell.
- 3 But in thy house will I appear,  
 In thine abundant grace ;  
 And there will worship in thy fear  
 Towards thy holy place ;  
 Thy perfect way to me disclose,  
 For I have many watchful foes.

- 4 For in their mouth is nothing true,  
 And they at heart are wrong ;  
 Their throat's a grave in open view,  
 And smooth they make their tongue :  
 They have against thy law rebelled ;  
 Let them in their own plans be quelled.
- 5 Let all with shouts their joys proclaim,  
 Who trust in thee, oh Lord !  
 Let all that love thy gracious name,  
 Have gladness in thy word ;  
 Thy favors to the just abound,  
 And like a shield enclose them round.

## PSALM 5.—S. M. D.

DEVOTION, P. 7.

- 1 HEAR thou my words, oh Lord,  
 My thoughts and wishes weigh ;  
 My God, my King, my ery regard,  
 For I to thee will pray ;  
 I will at dawn prepare,  
 Oh Lord, my sacrifice ;  
 I will at dawn direct my prayer,  
 'To thee lift up my eyes.
- 2 For thou a holy God,  
 In evil hast no joy ;  
 Thou dost detest deceit and frand,  
 And lying lips destroy ;  
 No wicked doer can  
 Endure thy sight, oh Lord ;  
 The bloody and deceitful man,  
 By thee shall be abhorred.
- 3 But I will seek thy house,  
 And worship towards thy court ;  
 There in thy fear will pay my vows,  
 And look for thy support ;
- For I have many foes,  
 Who daily for me wait ;  
 In truth thy righteous way disclose,  
 Before me make it straight.
- 4 Their mouth has nothing right,  
 And they are wrong within ;  
 Their throat's a grave in open sight,  
 Their tongue they smooth in sin ;  
 Oh God ! they have rebelled,  
 Condemn and thrust them out,  
 By their own crimes shall they be quelled,  
 Their ruin brought about.
- 5 All trusting thee, their King,  
 Wilt thou make glad in heart ;  
 For joy shall they exult and sing,  
 Since thou their refuge art ;  
 Thy lovers shall abound,  
 With help for them revealed ;  
 For Lord, thou wilt the just surround,  
 With favor as a shield.

## PSALM 6.—7s &amp; 6s D.

SHEMINITH, P. 7.

To the Chief Musician, with stringed instruments, upon the eighth. A Psalm of David.

- 1 REBUKE me not in anger,  
 Nor in thy wrath chastise ;  
 I'm filled with pain and languor,  
 In mercy hear my cries.  
 But thou, how long, Jehovah ?  
 Return, thy help proclaim ;  
 Oh ! do not give me over,  
 But save me for thy name.
- 2 Who in the grave can bless thee,  
 In death thy name adore ?  
 With anguish I address thee,  
 With groans thy help implore :
- My sight is dim with sighing,  
 My pillow swims in tears ;  
 For all my foes are trying  
 To fill my heart with fears.
- 3 Away, ye evil-doers !  
 The Lord has heard my cries ;  
 His help my hope secures,  
 And peace and joy supplies :  
 Jehovah heard my calling,  
 And he will always hear ;  
 My foes will soon be falling,  
 In sudden shame and fear.

## PSALM 6.—12s &amp; 8s D.

BERFORD, P. 6.

- 1 OH Jehovah, do not in thine anger rebuke,  
 Nor chide me though: wrath I awake ;  
 Oh Jehovah, I'm drooping, most graciously look,  
 And heal, for with terrors I shake.  
 I am troubled in spirit, my sorrow control,  
 But thou, oh Jehovah, till when ?  
 Return in thy mercy, deliver my soul,  
 Thy mercy will honor thee then.
- 2 For in death a remembrance of thee is not known,  
 In Sheol no praise meets thine ears ;  
 I am weary of anguish that causes my groan,  
 I water my couch with my tears.  
 From vexation and sorrow my pillow will swim,  
 Let justice for me interpose ;  
 For my eyes and my visage wax old and are dim,  
 Because of my ruinous foes.
- 3 All ye doers of evil, get hence and depart,  
 Jehovah was hearing me grieve ;  
 And Jehovah hath heard, and is taking my part,  
 Jehovah my prayer will receive ;  
 Overwhelmed and confounded, my foes shall retreat,  
 In shame turning back in dismay :  
 In a moment unthought they will suffer defeat,  
 And have no such help as my stay.

## PSALM 6.—C. M. D.

NEGINOTH, P. 6.

- 1 REBUKE me not in anger, Lord,  
 Nor chasten, though displeas'd ;  
 But healing grace to me afford,  
 I'm weak, with anguish seized.  
 My frame and soul with terrors shake ;  
 How long are thy delays ?  
 Oh ! save me for thy mercy's sake ;  
 Return and wake my praise.
- 2 For who shall praise thee in the grave ?  
 In death thy name make known ?  
 Oh ! come and show thy power to save ;  
 I'm weary with my groan.  
 With tears I make my bed to swim,  
 By night my couch o'erflows ;  
 From daily grief my sight is dim,  
 Because of all my foes.
- 3 Let evil-doers from me fly,  
 Nor tempt me to despair ;  
 The Lord hath heard my weeping cry,  
 And will receive my prayer.  
 Jehovah heard my humble call,  
 And he will hear again ;  
 My foes in sudden shame shall fall,  
 And seek relief in vain.

## PSALM 6.—8s &amp; 7s.

MINOR, P. 7.

- 1 IN anger hot rebuke me not,  
 Nor chasten with displeasure ;  
 In mercy speak, for I am weak,  
 My grief's exceeding measure :  
 My bones are vexed, my soul perplexed,  
 And woe has whelmed me over :  
 How long delay ? save me, I pray,  
 For thy name's sake, Jehovah !
- 2 For who in death thy memory hath ?  
 Who will in dust adore thee ?  
 I'm tired with moans and weak with groans,  
 Oh ! when wilt thou restore me ?  
 I steep my bed with tears I shed,  
 Which are like rivers flowing ;  
 My vision fails, my spirit quails,  
 My foes are bolder growing.
- 3 From me depart, ye proud of heart,  
 Ye seed of evil-doers !  
 The Lord on high has heard my cry,  
 And speedy help insures.  
 Jehovah heard, relief conferred,  
 And will attend my calling :  
 My foes shall turn in shame shall burn ;  
 When not aware, be falling.

## PSALM 7.—C. M. D.

CUSH, P. 7.

Shiggaion of David, that he sang to Jehovah because of the words of Cush the Benjamite.

- 1 OH God ! on thee my hopes depend, save me from all my foes ;  
 Lest they my soul like lions rend, when none can interpose.  
 If wrong within my hands be found, or my returns unjust,  
 The foe may smite me to the ground, my honor to the dust.
- 2 Awake and make thine anger known, to judgment rise for me :  
 Let gathered nations round thy throne thy truth and justice see.  
 Let innocence my cause defend, thou Judge of all the earth !  
 Let mischiefs of the wicked end, establish men of worth.
- 3 On God is my defence and stay, who tries the heart and reins ;  
 While sinners tempt him every day, his truth the just sustains.  
 If sinners will not be restored, if they will not repent,  
 The Lord will whet his glittering sword, his bow is ready bent.
- 4 The wicked travails sore with sin, and falsehood is his child ;  
 He digs a pit and falls therein, by his own works beguiled.  
 His crimes shall come upon his pate, his head shall bear his wrongs ;  
 Jehovah just, Most High and great, will I exalt in songs.

## PSALM 7.—10s.

SAVANNAH, P. 6.

- 1 On Lord, my God, on thee my hopes repose,  
 Appear to save me from pursuing foes ;  
 Lest they as raving lions tear my soul,  
 When none are near their fury to control.  
 Oh Lord, my God, if I with guileful hand,  
 Have causeless spoiled a foe or wronged a friend ;  
 Then let them overtake and on me tread,  
 And lay my life and honor with the dead.
- 2 Oh Lord, arise in wrath as they have raged,  
 Awake for me the judgment long engaged ;  
 Adoring nations shall surround thy throne,  
 Return on high that they thy justice own.  
 The Lord is judge of all who dwell on earth,  
 Judge me according to my right and worth ;  
 Oh ! let the evils of the wicked cease,  
 The just confirm in rectitude and peace.
- 3 My shield is God, whose hand the just sustains,  
 And God is One, who tries the heart and reins ;  
 For God will justice for the just display,  
 Though angered with the wicked every day.  
 Unless they turn, his sword he soon will whet,  
 His bow is bent with deadly arrows set ;  
 And he hath aimed the instruments of death,  
 Ordained to take away the rebel's breath.
- 4 Behold him writhe with every evil thing.  
 Conceiving mischief, falsehood forth to bring ;  
 He digs a pit and rounds it for a snare,  
 And falls himself the heedless victim there.  
 His mischiefs shall upon his head come down ;  
 His violence shall rest upon his crown ;  
 The Lord I'll honor for such right displays,  
 The Lord Most High exalt in songs of praise.

## PSALM 7.—12s &amp; 9s.

SHEMEL, P. 6.

- 1 On Jehovah, my God, I will trust thy control,  
 Give me help and from troublers defend ;  
 Lest they tear like a lion, destroying my soul,  
 When afar from a helper or friend.  
 If, Jehovah, my God, I've done this with guiled hands,  
 Hurt a friend, or in wrong spoiled a foe ;  
 Let them catch and subdue me if justice demands,  
 Both my honor and life trample low.
- 2 Oh Jehovah, in anger for raging appear,  
 Now awake ! the set judgment make known ;  
 Then will nations surround thee, thy justice revere,  
 Oh return for this cause to thy throne.  
 For Jehovah will judge all the earth and bring peace,  
 And my cause shall integrity gain ;  
 Let the evils of sinners and wickedness cease,  
 Let the upright thy justice sustain.
- 3 On Jehovah, who saveth the just, is my stay,  
 Who is trying the heart and the mind ;  
 While the wicked are tempting him every day,  
 Yet his justice the righteous will find.

If the wicked turn not, then his sword he will whet.  
 He hath bent and made ready his bow ;  
 He hath taken his aim, deadly instruments set,  
 Burning arrows prepared for the foe.

- 4 See him writhe with iniquitous mischief conceived,  
 And the falsehood brought forth is his child ;  
 He was digging a pit for a foe that was grieved,  
 Into which his own feet were beguiled.  
 On his crown shall his violent dealing be thrown,  
 On his head shall his wrong doings lie ;  
 I will praise thee, Jehovah, for justice made known,  
 And in songs will exalt the Most High.

## PSALM 8.—L. M. D.

GITITH, P. 7.

To the Chief Musician upon the Gittith. A Psalm of David.

- 1 OH Lord, our Lord, through nature's frame,  
 How brightly shines thy glorious name !  
 High o'er the heavens thy splendors blaze,  
 And fill creation with thy praise.  
 From babes hast thou established power,  
 Whose mouth untaught thy works adore ;  
 That infant lips the foe might still,  
 And curb the proud avenging will.
- 2 When heaven appears thy fingers made,  
 The moon and stars in place arrayed ;  
 Oh ! why should man thy memory share,  
 His son secure thy constant care ;  
 Next in the scale to angels found,  
 His head with power and glory crowned ;  
 Sole monarch of the earth he stands,  
 And rules the creatures of thy hands.
- 3 All sheep and oxen, flocks and herds,  
 Wild beasts and cattle, fowls and birds ;  
 The fishes which the waters keep,  
 And every thing that cleaves the deep.  
 Oh Lord, our Lord, in all the world,  
 How brightly is thy name unfurled !  
 Through heaven above thy glories blaze,  
 And all creation speaks thy praise.

## PSALM 8.—8s &amp; 7s D.

PHILISTIA, P. 9.

- 1 OH Lord, our Lord, thy name adored, all nature tells in story ;  
 Whose wonders rise above the skies, to manifest thy glory :  
 Yet babes dost thou with strength endow, their mouth with wisdom filling ;  
 To interpose and calm thy foes, the bold avenger stilling.
- 2 When heaven was made thy hands arrayed, the moon and stars so splendid ;  
 Why is thy mind toward man inclined, his son by thee attended ?  
 Him thou has made but just a grade below the angels standing ;  
 With honor crowned, the earth around, assigned for his commanding.
- 3 All flocks and herds, and beasts and birds, of every class and motion ;  
 The fish that keep beneath the deep, and all that pass the ocean.  
 Oh Lord, our King, while everything, shines brightly with thy splendor ;  
 Let earth proclaim thy glorious name, the heavens their praises render.

## PSALM 8.—C. M. D.

GATH, P. 8.

- 1 Oh Lord, our Lord, in all the earth  
 How glorious is thy name!  
 Who hast unveiled thy matchless worth  
 Through all the heavenly frame.  
 Thou hast established strength and skill  
 From infant lips to flow;  
 That sucklings might avengers still,  
 And calm the raging foe.
- 2 When heaven appears thy fingers wrought,  
 The moon and stars so fair;  
 Oh! why should man engage thy thought,  
 The son of man thy care?  
 But just below the angels made,  
 With power and glory crowned;  
 All things beneath his feet are laid,  
 The spacious earth around.
- 3 The beasts and herds, and folds of sheep,  
 The fowls that wing the air;  
 The fishes dwelling in the deep,  
 And all things passing there,  
 Oh Lord, our Governor and King,  
 All nature speaks thy fame!  
 Let worlds above thy splendor sing,  
 The earth thy glorious name.

## PSALM 8.—8s &amp; 7s D.

GREENVILLE, P. 8.

- 1 LORD, our Lord through all creation,  
 Great and glorious is thy name!  
 Praised on high with adoration,  
 Praised from nature's wondrous frame!  
 Thou hast praise spontaneous founded,  
 Out of infant lips to flow;  
 Thus avenging power is bounded,  
 Thus is stilled the raging foe.
- 2 When the heavens were fixed so splendid,  
 Moon and stars thy fingers wrought;  
 How should man, by thee be tended,  
 How his son engage thy thought:  
 Next to angels raised his standing,  
 Placing glory on his head;  
 Honored him with powers expanding,  
 O'er the earth his empire spread.
- 3 Fowls of every wing and motion,  
 Herds, and flocks, and folds of sheep;  
 All that swim the pathless ocean,  
 All that pass the mighty deep.  
 Lord, our Lord through all creation,  
 Great and glorious is thy name!  
 Praised on high with adoration,  
 Praised from nature's wondrous frame!

## PSALM 9.—L. M. D.

AL-MUTH, P. 9.

To the Chief Musician. Al-muth labben. A Psalm of David.

- 1 With heartfelt praise to thee, oh Lord,  
Thy wondrous works will I record ;  
With joy in thee loud anthems try,  
And celebrate thy name, Most High.  
My foes turn back in sore dismay,  
And from thy presence fade away ;  
For thou hast plead my cause with might,  
Who on the throne art judging right.
- 2 Thou hast rebuked and nations taught,  
And ruin on the wicked brought ;  
Their cities with the foe destroyed,  
And made their place and memory void.  
The Lord forever will remain,  
And on his throne of judgment reign ;  
Will judge all peoples, tribes and lands,  
And rule the world by just commands.
- 3 The Lord will be a refuge high,  
To which the soul in grief may fly ;  
Who know thy name, in thee will trust,  
For thou wilt ne'er forsake the just.  
Exult in songs to Zion's King,  
His deeds among the nations sing ;  
Who seeking blood the guilty minds,  
The sufferer's prayer an answer finds.
- 4 See thou my grief from spiteful wrath,  
And raise me from the door of death ;  
That all thy praise I may relate,  
Salvation sing in Zion's gate.  
The nations in their pits are cast,  
In their own snares are caught at last ;  
The Lord is by his judgments known,  
The wicked by their hands o'erthrown.
- 5 The wicked shall to hell be turned,  
And all the realms that God have spurned ;  
The poor shall not unhelped remain,  
The needy hope and wait in vain.  
Lord, let not man prevail by might,  
Judge thou the nations in thy sight ;  
Rise up and make them know abroad,  
They are frail men and thou art God.

## PSALM 9.—11s &amp; 8s.

BILLINGS, P. 8.

- 1 I'll praise thee, Jehovah, with heart and with voice,  
Thy wonderful doings proclaim ;  
I'll triumph in thee in a song the most choice,  
Most High is thy glorious name.  
My foes have turned back and have taken their flight,  
They stumble and perish from thee ;  
Thou sittest enthroned and art judging aright,  
My cause thou hast favored for me.

- 2 For thou dost the nations with judgments rebuke,  
 The wicked thy wrath has destroyed ;  
 Oh enemy perished ! thy cities forsook,  
 Thy name and thy place are made void.  
 Jehovah is Judge and forever will reign,  
 His throne to eternity stands ;  
 He'll govern the nations and justice maintain,  
 And rule them by righteous commands.
- 3 Jehovah will be a high place where to hide,  
 A refuge when troubles out-break ;  
 The knowers of thee in thy name will confide,  
 Who will not thy seekers forsake.  
 Sing praise to Jehovah in Zion abroad,  
 His deeds to the nations declare ;  
 Who mindeth the guilty in seeking for blood,  
 And answers the sufferer's prayer.
- 4 Jehovah, behold how I suffer from hate,  
 And raise me from death's gloomy door ;  
 That I with her daughter in Zion's blest gate,  
 My Saviour with songs may adore.  
 In pits they were digging the nations are thrown,  
 In snares they have hid have been caught ;  
 Jehovah by justice and judgment is known,  
 The wicked their ruin have brought.
- 5 The wicked shall even turn back into hell,  
 And nations who God do forget ;  
 Not always the needy forgotten shall dwell,  
 The poor with their hope overset.  
 Jehovah, arise, nor let mortals prevail,  
 Before thee judge nations abroad ;  
 Jehovah, make all of them know they are frail,  
 And stand in due reverence of God.

## PSALM 9.—C. M. D.

LABBEN, P. 8.

- 1 WITH all my heart, Almighty Lord, will I thy wonders tell ;  
 With joyful song thy truth record, and on thy praises dwell.  
 My foes turn back, with fear restrained, and perish from thy sight ;  
 My cause and claim hast thou maintained, who sittest judging right.
- 2 The nations thy rebukes have quelled, and wicked realms destroyed ;  
 The raging foe from earth expelled, his name and place made void.  
 Jehovah will forever reign, his throne of judgment stands ;  
 And he shall rule the earth and main, and judge all tribes and lands.
- 3 The Lord will shelter souls opprest, in trouble will be kind ;  
 Who know thy name, in thee will rest, who seek thy help, shall find .  
 Sing praise aloud to Zion's God, his works of truth declare ;  
 Who in avenging guiltless blood, regards the sufferer's prayer.
- 4 Save me from all malicious hate, from death lift up my soul ;  
 That still my song in Zion's gate my Saviour may extol.  
 The nations in their pits are thrown, and caught in their own snares ;  
 The Lord by his just work is known, but sinners fall by theirs.
- 5 The wicked shall to hell turn back, and realms that God disdain ;  
 The needy shall not always lack, the humble hope in vain.  
 Rise, Lord, and let not man prevail, judge all the earth abroad ;  
 Make mortals know that they are frail, the nations reverence God.

## PSALM 10.—L. M. D.

BENTON, P. 9.

- 1 WHY stand afar and hide thine eyes,  
 Oh Lord, in times when troubles rise?  
 The wicked vex the poor with pride,  
 Make them in their own snares to slide.  
 The wicked boast of full reward,  
 Bless worldly men by thee abhorred;  
 From pride no good by them is sought,  
 And God is not in all their thought.
- 2 Their ways are all averse to right,  
 Thy judgments are above their sight;  
 They scoff at foes if not approved,  
 And think they never shall be moved.  
 Their mouth is full of oaths and guile,  
 Beneath their tongue are all things vile;  
 They lurk by cities near the way,  
 And seek the innocent to slay.
- 3 They hide as lions in their den,  
 And crouch for poor unwary men;  
 Their net the sufferer's feet enfolds,  
 Nor do they think that God beholds.  
 Rise, Lord, and lift thy mighty hand,  
 Think of the sufferers through the land;  
 Why have the wicked spurned at God,  
 Who say thou hast no chastening rod?
- 4 Thine eyes have seen their mischiefs, Lord,  
 Thy hand shall give a just reward;  
 In thee will suffering souls confide,  
 Who art the orphans' help and guide.  
 Break thou the arm of tyrant might,  
 Quell evil men of burning spite;  
 Seek out their haunts of vice around,  
 Till wickedness no more be found.
- 5 The Lord is king, his realm shall stand  
 The nations perish from the land;  
 The Lord the mourner's prayer will hear,  
 Incline the heart and lend an ear;  
 Will judge the fatherless indeed,  
 And help the poor in time of need;  
 That men of earth oppress no more,  
 Defying God they should adore.

## PSALM 10 — C. M. D.

LABBEN, P. 8.

- 1 WHY wilt thou stand afar, oh Lord,  
 In times of trouble hide;  
 When tyrants catch the poor by fraud,  
 And sufferers burn in pride?  
 They boast of wealth, and winning still,  
 Bless God in proud disdain;  
 They disregard thy sovereign will,  
 Nor thee their thoughts retain.

- 2 Thy judgments are above their sight,  
 They puff at all their foes ;  
 They think to stand by their own might,  
 They dread no future woes.  
 Their mouth is full of all deceit,  
 Their tongue with all that's vile ;  
 They lurk the innocent to meet,  
 And sufferers to beguile.
- 3 They hide like lions in their den,  
 Their net the weak infolds ;  
 Their strong ones catch unwary men,  
 Nor think that God beholds.  
 Rise up, Jehovah, lift thy rod !  
 Let sufferers now be spared ;  
 Why have the proud contemnèd God,  
 And thy just vengeance dared ?
- 4 Let them not say thou wilt not heed ;  
 Thou dost behold, oh Lord !  
 Thy hand shall give a righteous meed,  
 For all their wrongs reward.  
 In thee will suffering souls confide,  
 Who art to orphans kind ;  
 Break thou the arm of tyrant pride,  
 Till thou no sin shalt find.
- 5 Lord, thou art King for evermore !  
 Proud nations disappear ;  
 When humble souls thy help implore,  
 Thou wilt incline thine ear ;  
 Thou wilt thy people's cause maintain  
 Who still on thee rely ;  
 Nor shall oppressors longer reign  
 And thy great name defy.

## PSALM 11.—C. M. D.

SELAH, P. 8

To the Chief Musician. A Psalm of David.

- 1 God is the refuge where I rest ;  
 Why tell my soul with pride,  
 ' Flee like a bird that seeks a nest,  
 On yonder mountain hide ?'  
 For lo ! the wicked bend the bow,  
 In secret fix the dart ;  
 They aim to lay the godly low,  
 And men upright in heart.
- 2 When scarce a pillar yet remains,  
 What have the righteous done ?  
 God in his holy temple reigns,  
 In heaven has set his throne.  
 His eyelids try the sons of men,  
 His eyes the righteous prove ;  
 Who wicked violence maintain,  
 His soul to hatred move.

- 3 He will his wrath on rebels rain,  
 His anger is their cup ;  
 And tempests, snares and fiery pain,  
 Shall fill their portion up.  
 For truly righteous is the Lord,  
 And justice will unfold ;  
 His love the upright will reward,  
 His face shall they behold.

## PSALM 11.—L. M. D.

BENTON, P. 9.

- 1 I HAVE, Jehovah, made my stay ;  
 How is it to my soul, ye say,  
 " Flee like a bird that seeks a nest,  
 On yonder mountain fly for rest."  
 For wicked men have bent the bow,  
 And fix the arrow for a throw ;  
 They have the righteous in their sight,  
 And watch for men who are upright.
- 2 Now all foundations seem destroyed,  
 How have the righteous been employed ;  
 Jehovah reigns above the sky,  
 Jehovah's throne is heaven on high.  
 His eyes behold the sons of man.  
 His eyelids all their doings scan ;  
 The Lord to try the righteous waits,  
 His soul the proud assailant hates.
- 3 He rains on wicked men his wrath,  
 And storms and snares await their path ;  
 His anger poured they have to sup,  
 This is the portion of their cup.  
 For only righteous is the Lord,  
 And only justice will award ;  
 His love the righteous will enfold,  
 The upright shall his face behold.

## PSALM 11.—S. M. D.

ELLIOTT, P. 9.

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|---|--|
| <p>1 JEHOVAH is my guard ;<br/>         How say ye to my soul,<br/>         " Flee to your refuge like a bird,<br/>         On yonder mountain stroll ? "<br/>         The wicked bend the bow,<br/>         And slyly fix the dart ;<br/>         They aim to lay the righteous low,<br/>         And men upright in heart.</p> <p>2 What now the wall supports ?<br/>         What have the righteous done ?<br/>         The Lord is in his heavenly courts,<br/>         The Lord is on his throne.</p> | <p>He eyes the sons of man,<br/>         His eyelids on them wait ;<br/>         The Lord both good and bad will scan.<br/>         The violent will hate.</p> <p>3 He rains hot storms of wrath,<br/>         Which all the wicked sup ;<br/>         And snares and blasts await their path,<br/>         The portion of their cup.<br/>         For well the righteous Lord<br/>         His justice will unfold ;<br/>         The upright shall his love reward,<br/>         His face shall they behold.</p> |
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## PSALM 11.—8s &amp; 7s D.

DALETH, P. 2.

- 1 I TRUST the Lord, and why this word  
To vex my soul be saying?  
“Flee like a bird with terror stirred,  
On yonder mountain straying;”  
For wicked foes have bent their bows,  
And watch in straits and narrows;  
For men upright they fix their sight,  
And aim their deadly arrows.
- 2 For now that all the pillars fall,  
What were the righteous doing?  
The Lord's on high, his throne the sky,  
His eyes mankind are viewing;  
His eyelids scan the works of man,  
On good and bad he waiteth;  
But those that boast of mischief most,  
And violent, he hateth.
- 3 For he shall rain snares, fire, and pain,  
The tempest, storm and blasting;  
This is the cup the wicked sup,  
Their portion everlasting.  
For well the Lord will give reward,  
His righteousness unfolding;  
And men upright are his delight,  
His countenance beholding.

## PSALM 11.—7s &amp; 6s D.

GOODWIN P. 10.

- 1 My refuge is Jehovah; why send my soul this word:  
“Now speed you quickly over yon mountain like a bird?”  
The bow are sinners bending, and fixing sure the dart;  
To slay the just intending, and those of upright heart.
- 2 What were the righteous doing, that all foundation's gone?  
The Lord in heaven is viewing, the Lord is on the throne.  
His eyelids try the godly, his sight on man awaits;  
The wicked acting proudly, and violent he hates.
- 3 His fiery indignation will he on rebels pour;  
The storm and devastation, their portion evermore.  
For righteous is Jehovah, his love of truth untold;  
The upright shall moreover his glorious face behold.

## PSALM 12.—S. M. D.

MAYHEW P. 10

To the Chief Musician on the eighth. A Psalm of David.

- 1 LORD, when the faithful fail, and men of mercy cease;  
Help thou the righteous to prevail, who seek for truth and peace.  
Each one with artful smile will act the flatterer's part;  
And only speak with lips of guile, and from a double heart.
- 2 Lord, hush the boasting tongue, and close the lips of fraud,  
Which say “Our mouth shall make us strong, and who shall be our Lord?”  
For misery fraught with tears, for sufferers spent with sighs;  
Thou wilt arise and calm their fears, and punish wrongs and lies.
- 3 Lord, all thy words are good, thy precepts pure and kind;  
Like gold when seven times subdued, and silver well refined.  
Thou wilt the just uphold, and ever guard their walk;  
Else vice and crime would grow more bold, the wicked proudly stalk.

## PSALM 12.—7s &amp; 6s D.

JONAH, P. 9

- 1 LORD, the pure and godly cease, the true and faithful fail ;  
Save the few that seek for peace, and help them to prevail.  
Each one with beguiling art, his tongue in flattery dips,  
Proudly speaks with double heart, and with dissembling lips.
- 2 Lord, destroy the tongue of fraud, and close the lips that say,  
"Who is over us the Lord, our mouth shall bear the sway ;"  
He will hear the sufferers' cries, in sore oppression bowed ;  
Then in just displeasure rise, and save them from the proud.
- 3 Lord, thou wilt the just uphold, and all thy words are kind,  
Purer than the finest gold, when seven times refined.  
Thou the sufferer wilt sustain, the meek forever hide ;  
Else the vilest men would reign, and rule the earth in pride.

## PSALM 13.—7s &amp; 6s D.

SHEMINITH, P. 7.

To the Chief Musician. A Psalm of David.

- 1 How long wilt thou forget me? Lord, wilt thou ever hide?  
How long shall griefs beset me? my foes exult with pride?  
Do thou mine eyes enlighten, restore my feeble breath ;  
My failing vision brighten, lest I should sleep in death.
- 2 Lest then my foes exulting, to see that I have failed,  
Should say in tones insulting, "Against him we prevailed."  
Cheer me with thy salvation, for I have trusted thee ;  
I'll sing with adoration, thy work was good for me.

## PSALM 13.—S. M. D.

MAYHEW, P. 10.

- 1 How long forget me, Lord? shall this forever be?  
How long shall grief my soul reward, my foes exult to see?  
Oh Lord! regard my cries, and spare my failing breath ;  
My God, enlighten thou mine eyes, lest I should sleep in death.
- 2 Lest then my boasting foe should this a victory call,  
While they who wish my overthrow should triumph in my fall.  
I'll trust thy mercy, Lord, which has my strength renewed ;  
Thy saving help in songs record, thy dealings all are good.

## PSALM 13.—C. M. D.

NEGINOTH, P. 6

- 1 How long wilt thou forget me, Lord? Wilt thou forever hide?  
How long shall I my griefs record? my foes exult with pride?  
Oh Lord! enlighten thou mine eyes, and kindly spare my breath ;  
My God, behold and hear my cries, lest I should sleep in death.
- 2 Lest then my boasting foes exclaim, "Against him we prevailed ;"  
And they exult who seek my shame, and joy that I have failed.  
But I have trusted in thy word, and through thy mercy stood ;  
I'll sing thy great salvation, Lord, for thou hast done me good.

## PSALM 14.—S. M. D.

SALEM, P. 2.

To the Chief Musician, by David.

- 1 Fools ever inly say, "No God upon the throne ;  
Corrupt and vile in heart and way, and doing good are none.  
Jehovah from the skies, beheld the sons of men ;  
To see if any one were wise, and God had seeking been.
- 2 They all were turned to wrong, together were undone ;  
None doing good among the throng, no, not so much as one.  
Have sinners neither dread, nor knowledge of reward ;  
Who eat my people up like bread, and never seek the Lord ?
- 3 Great fear their hearts endure, for God is with the just ;  
They shame the counsel of the poor who in Jehovah trust.  
Oh! let salvation speed, from Zion and her King ;  
Then Jacob glad and captives freed with Israel shall sing.

## PSALM 14.—C. M. D.

SELAH, P. 8

- 1 Fools in their hearts have always said,  
 There is no living God ;  
 They are corrupt, in vileness led,  
 None doing what is good.  
 From heaven Jehovah viewed the race  
 Which dwells below the skies ;  
 He looked to see who sought his face,  
 To see if one were wise.
- 2 They were together gone aside,  
 They were in guilt undone ;  
 None taking justice for their guide,  
 None doing good, not one.  
 Have evil-doers any dread,  
 Or knowledge of reward ;  
 Who eat my people up like bread,  
 And never seek the Lord ?
- 3 There dreadful fear upon them came,  
 For God is with the just ;  
 They still the sufferer's counsel shame,  
 Who in Jehovah trust.  
 From Zion bring salvation, Lord,  
 Thy captive flock restore ;  
 Then Jacob shall exult accord,  
 And Israel thee adore.

## PSALM 14.—9s &amp; 8s.

SPIER, P. 10.

- 1 Fools always in heart have been saying,  
 "There is no such being as God ;"  
 Corrupted, polluted, and straying,  
 Not one of them practising good.  
 From heaven Jehovah was viewing  
 The children of Adam abroad ;  
 If any were wisdom pursuing,  
 If any were seeking for God.
- 2 They all were together perverted ;  
 They all were turned back and undone ;  
 There's none doing good was asserted,  
 There is none, not even to one.  
 Do sinners not know of a meeting,  
 Wrong-doers of final reward ?  
 My people like bread who are eating,  
 And never are seeking the Lord ?
- 3 There feared they a fear in great terror,  
 For God with the just will abide ;  
 They shame what the poor seek as error,  
 Who still in Jehovah confide.  
 Who'll give out of Zion salvation ?  
 The Lord will his captives restore ;  
 And Jacob shall shout acclamation,  
 And Israel in anthems adore.

## PSALM 15.—C. M. NOTTING HILL, P. 10.

A Psalm of David.

- 1 LORD, who shall reach thy holy hill,  
And dwell in heaven with thee?  
Who walks upright and works no ill,  
Whose heart and words agree.
- 2 Who secret scandal still condemns,  
Whose tongue no slander bears;  
Who loves the good, the vile contemns,  
Nor changes what he swears.
- 3 Who takes no bribe against the pure,  
Nor usury for gold;  
Who doth these things shall stand secure,  
His God and heaven behold.

## PSALM 15.—L. M. PLEYEL, WARD, P. 10.

- 1 LORD, who shall in thy hill abide,  
And dwell forever near thy side?  
Who walks uprightly all his days,  
Whose heart agrees with all he says.
- 2 Who has not done his neighbor wrong;  
Nor borne a slander on his tongue;  
Who shuns the vile and loves the good,  
And to his oath, though injured, stood.
- 3 Who ne'er himself for bribes hath sold,  
Nor put to usury his gold;  
Who is of all these things approved,  
Shall never from his hill be moved.

## PSALM 15.—11s &amp; 8s. BALERMA, P. 11.

- 1 OH Jehovah! what man to thy hill shall ascend,  
And ne'er from thy temple depart?  
He that walks in uprightness and does not offend,  
And speaketh the truth in his heart.
- 2 He that harms not his neighbor, nor scandal proclaims,  
Whose tongue from all slander forbears;  
He that honors the good, while the vile he contemns,  
Nor changes, though hurt, what he swears.
- 3 He that never for bribes will the innocent sell,  
Nor usury take for his gold;  
Doing thus, in the hill of the Lord shall he dwell,  
His Saviour forever behold.

## PSALM 15.—8s &amp; 7s.

SICILY, P. 11.

- 1 LORD, what man shall reach thy temple?  
Who may dwell on high with thee?  
He that sets a right example,  
He whose heart and words agree.
- 2 He whose tongue no slander beareth,  
Neither seeks for ill reports;  
Keeps, though harmed, to what he sweareth,  
Shuns the vile, the just supports.
- 3 He that taketh usury never,  
Nor a bribe against the pure;  
He shall stand unmoved forever,  
Find in heaven his home secure.

## PSALM 15.—11s &amp; 8s. DUNDEE, NEW YORK, P. 12.

- 1 LORD, who shall sojourn in thy temple of light,  
And dwell in the mount where thou art?  
Who walks in uprightness is doing the right,  
And speaking the truth in his heart.
- 2 Who neither a neighbor will slander abroad,  
Nor wrong him by scandal sent armed;  
One vile his eye hates, honors those fearing God,  
Nor changes his oath, although harmed.
- 3 Who never for silver will usury take,  
Nor bribes against innocent hands;  
Thus doing, his temple shall never forsake,  
Unmoved while eternity stands.

## PSALM 16.—C. M. D.

MICHAM, P. 13.

Michtam of David.

- 1 OH God! defend, my trust, my Lord,  
My good goes not to thine;  
Yet blends with saints in sweet accord,  
With noble friends of mine.  
The men who other gods will seek,  
In many sorrows sink;  
The names they use I will not speak,  
Nor their oblations drink.
- 2 The Lord is my allotted cup,  
My heritage, my all;  
The lines for me by him set up,  
In pleasant places fall.  
His counsel cheers my heart by night,  
His name be ever blest;  
Because he is upon my right,  
My flesh in hope shall rest.
- 3 Thou wilt not leave my soul to hell.  
To gloom and dark despair;  
Nor give thy Holy One to dwell,  
And see corruption there.  
The path of life wilt thou define,  
And light the way before:  
At thy right hand are joys divine,  
And pleasures evermore.

## PSALM 16.—L. M. D.

EDDY, P. 5.

- 1 OH God! preserve, my trust, my Lord,  
 My goodness cannot reach to thee;  
 Yet blends with saints in sweet accord,  
 With noble friends beloved by me.  
 Their sorrows shall be multiplied,  
 Who haste to seek another god;  
 My lips shall cast their names aside,  
 Nor taste their offerings of blood.
- 2 The Lord, my portion, cup and all,  
 My lot enlarges and maintains;  
 The lines in pleasant places fall,  
 My goodly heritage remains.  
 His counsel cheers my heart by night,  
 His name with loudest songs be blest;  
 Since he is ever on my right,  
 My flesh in joyful hope shall rest.
- 3 My soul thou wilt not leave to hell,  
 Forgotten in the silent gloom;  
 Nor give thy Holy One to dwell,  
 And see corruption in the tomb.  
 The path of life with light shall beam,  
 And lead me on the heavenly way;  
 At thy right hand are joys supreme,  
 And pleasures through an endless day.

## PSALM 16.—11s D. PORTUGUESE HYMN, P. 12.

- 1 OH God! ever keep me, my trust and my Lord,  
 My goodness beside thee is feeble in might;  
 Yet blends with the saints in the sweetest accord,  
 With excellent nobles in whom I delight.  
 Who hasten to seek after some other god,  
 In multiplied sorrows shall languish and fall;  
 My hands shall not pour their oblations of blood,  
 My lips shall not take up their names to recall.
- 2 The Lord is my portion unchangeably made,  
 My lot is enlarged, and my cup is secure;  
 In places delightful the lines have been laid,  
 My goodly estate shall forever endure.  
 The Lord I will bless for his counsel by night,  
 My reins give instruction, my heart is improved;  
 The Lord I have set for defence on my right,  
 And guarded by thee I shall never be moved.
- 3 Exulting thy wonders of mercy I tell,  
 In hope will I slumber encompassed by thee;  
 For thou wilt not leave me in Sheol to dwell,  
 Thy Holy One never corruption shall see.  
 The pathway to life thou wilt show and make clear,  
 Thy presence gives fullness of joy to the goal;  
 Where at thy right hand ceaseless comforts will cheer,  
 And pleasures forever enrapture the soul.

## PSALM 17.—L. M. D.

EDDY, P. 5.

A Prayer by David.

- 1 LORD, hear the right for which I plead,  
 A prayer from lips not insincere ;  
 From thee my judgment shall proceed,  
 Before thine eyes shall truth appear.  
 Thou hast assayed my heart and mind,  
 My nightly musings thou dost read ;  
 Thou shalt not evil purpose find,  
 My mouth shall not my thought exceed.
- 2 Kept by the precepts of thy lips,  
 I shun the bold transgressor's way ;  
 Firm in thy paths I set my steps,  
 And have not turned my feet astray.  
 I've called, for thou wilt hear, oh God !  
 Show now in kindness help, I crave ;  
 Thou whose right hand is stretched abroad,  
 Those trusting thee from foes to save.
- 3 Hide me beneath thy wings to rest,  
 Safe as the apple of the eyes ;  
 From those that now my soul molest,  
 From foes that will against me rise.  
 They close their heart and speak with pride,  
 Their eyes are bent to go astray ;  
 They do like lions lurk and hide,  
 When craving to devour the prey.
- 4 Lord, rise and save me with thy sword,  
 Make worldlings bow and own thy hand,  
 Whose portion is in sordid hoard,  
 Whose wealth their numerous heirs command.  
 Thy righteousness for me I take,  
 Shall see thy face, be near thy side ;  
 With thine appearance shall awake,  
 Be with thy likeness satisfied.

## PSALM 17.—C. M. D.

MAITLAND, P. 12.

- 1 LORD, hear a prayer from lips not feigned,  
 And hearken to the right ;  
 From thee let judgment be obtained,  
 And truth shall come to light.  
 My nightly musings thou hast tried,  
 Assayed my heart and mind ;  
 Nor has my mouth my thought belied,  
 And thou shalt nothing find.
- 2 I've kept from proud destructive men,  
 By precepts of thy lips ;  
 Firm in thy paths my feet have been,  
 In which I set my steps.  
 Oh God ! I've called, for thou wilt hear,  
 Grant help in love I crave ;  
 Thou, whose right hand is ever near,  
 Those trusting thee to save.

3 Lord, with thy sword make worldlings yield,  
 Thy hand shall turn back theirs ;  
 Whose portion is in hoards concealed,  
 And left to numerous heirs.  
 I shall behold thy face divine,  
 In righteousness allied ;  
 When waking with thy likeness mine,  
 I shall be satisfied.

PSALM 17.—12s &amp; 9s.

BILLINGS, P. 8.

- 1 ОН! Jehovah, hear thou, for my lips are not feigned,  
 Give an ear with regard to the right ;  
 Let the equities come from thy presence sustained,  
 Let my sentence be fixed in thy sight.  
 Thou hast proved me by night, and my purposes weighed,  
 With the secret designs I have sought ;  
 Thou shalt nothing allege from the rules I have made,  
 For my mouth shalt not lie to my thought.
- 2 By the words of thy lips I have kept me secure,  
 From destruction and violent wrath ;  
 For my feet I have set in thy way, which is pure,  
 Neither have they been drawn from thy path.  
 I've invoked thee because thou wilt answer, oh God,  
 Now incline thou thine ear to my speech ;  
 Show the marvellous kindness thy right hand bestowed,  
 Saving trusters who help would beseech.
- 3 In the shade of thy wings thou wilt hide me away,  
 As the apple the eyelids enclose ;  
 From the face of the wicked, still wasting by day,  
 From my soul-hunting deadliest foes.  
 They have closed up their heart with their mouth-speaking pride,  
 While their eyes are still bending astray ;  
 They are lurking as lions on every side,  
 Like to lions when craving for prey.
- 4 Save my soul from the wicked, oh Lord, with thy sword,  
 Rouse thee up, and turn backward their speed ;  
 Save from men of the world seeking portions in hoard,  
 Who've enough for their sons and their seed.  
 I in righteousness seeing thy glorious face,  
 Shall rejoice its impression to bear ;  
 Shall be satisfied waking with every grace,  
 Thine appearance and likeness to share.

## PSALM 18.—C. M. D. CONGREGATIONAL CHANT, P. 12.

To the Chief Musician. By a servant of Jehovah, by David, who spake unto Jehovah the words of this song, in the day Jehovah freed him from the hand of all his foes, and from the hand of Saul.

- 1 JEHOVAH, strength of all my power,  
 My heart to thee I yield;  
 My God, my rock, my lofty tower,  
 My Saviour, help and shield.  
 I will on him for succor call,  
 Most worthy of my praise;  
 So shall my foes in ruin fall,  
 Or flee in sore amaze.
- 2 Ungodly men upon me fell,  
 Impatient for my blood;  
 The snares of death and fears of hell  
 O'erwhelmed me like a flood;  
 In my distress he heard my groan;  
 His eyes beheld my fear;  
 My prayer came up before his throne,  
 Into his gracious ear.
- 3¶ Then earth from her foundation shook,  
 The hills were moved with ire;  
 His nostrils sent forth streams of smoke,  
 His mouth red coals of fire.  
 He bowed the heavens and came to view,  
 The clouds beneath him trode;  
 On wings of wind majestic flew,  
 And on a cherub rode.
- 4 He made his covert clouds of spray,  
 Dark waters his attire;  
 These from his brightness passed away,  
 Hailstones and coals of fire.  
 His lightnings hurled the foe apace;  
 His shafts discomfit east;  
 Then earth unveiled her depths and base,  
 Jehovah, at thy blast.
- 5¶ He sent and drew me from the seas,  
 From billows deep and long;  
 He saved me from my enemies,  
 From foes for me too strong.  
 He spread his sheltering wings around,  
 And constant succor gave;  
 He set my feet on open ground,  
 Because he loves to save.
- 6 He did my righteousness reward,  
 As in his paths I trod;  
 For I have truly served the Lord,  
 Nor guilty left my God.  
 His judgments I have kept in sight,  
 Abstained from my offence;  
 And as my heart has been upright,  
 I find the recompense.

- 7¶ The kind thy kindness shall secure,  
 The true thy truth shall crown ;  
 With all the pure wilt thou be pure,  
 But on the froward frown.  
 The haughty thou wilt put away,  
 The humble lift upright ;  
 My God will turn my night to day,  
 My candle thou wilt light.
- 8 By thee I through a troop have run,  
 Have leaped a fortress wall ;  
 Thy word is tried, thy work well done,  
 A buckler to us all.  
 For who is God except the Lord ?  
 Who such a rock or stay ?  
 With strength he girds me by his word,  
 And perfect makes my way.
- 9¶ He sets me on my heights afar,  
 My feet the hinds outgo ;  
 He well instructs my hands to war,  
 My arms to break the bow.  
 He gives salvation for my shield,  
 In love makes great my hope ;  
 He leads me to an open field,  
 Confirms my steps with scope.
- 10 What time I have my foes pursued,  
 They fell beneath my feet ;  
 All proud assailants were subdued,  
 My victory is complete :  
 My haters shall no succor find  
 From mortals nor from God ;  
 Repulsed like chaff before the wind,  
 Like mire in streets be trod.
- 11¶ Thou hast from strife secured my throne,  
 And all that hear obey ;  
 I'm served by those I have not known,  
 And strangers bear my sway.  
 The ground shall fail on which they stand,  
 The fortress where they rest ;  
 Jehovah lives, my rock at hand,  
 His name be ever blest.
- 12 His arm the nations hath subdued,  
 Avenged me of my foes ;  
 No proud assailant dare obtrude,  
 Nor violent oppose.  
 His great salvation I will sing  
 His goodness I adore ;  
 For crowning David as his king,  
 His Son for evermore.

## PSALM 18.—12s &amp; 9s.

BILLINGS, P. 8.

- 1 I WILL love thee, Jehovah, my fortress of power,  
 My deliverer, my rock, and my rest ;  
 I will trust him, my shield, my salvation, high tower,  
 My Redeemer, my God, ever blest.  
 To be praised is Jehovah, on whom I will call,  
 Most exalted and worthy of dread ;  
 So my foes shall turn back, or be palsied and fall,  
 And my feet shall to safety be led.
- 2 When the floods of ungodly ones made me afraid,  
 And beset by the cords of their hands ;  
 With destruction and death and their sorrows dismayed,  
 And encompassed by snares and fell bands ;  
 In my trouble I called to Jehovah on high,  
 To my God I laid open my fears ;  
 From his temple he heard my deep groaning and sigh,  
 My complaint entered into his ears.
- 3 Then the earth was inflamed from his anger and shook,  
 And the mountains were moved at his ire ;  
 From his nostrils went up a thick volume of smoke,  
 From his mouth burning coals of hot fire :  
 So inclining the heavens he came down to view,  
 And the darkness was under his feet ;  
 On a cherubim rode, and in majesty flew,  
 On the wings of the wind was his seat.
- 4 He enclosed his pavilion with dark vapor spray,  
 Made the waters his sable attire ;  
 From the brightness before him the clouds passed away,  
 With the hailstones and coals of hot fire :  
 Spake the Highest to scatter, and hot arrows hurled,  
 To discomfit shot arrows and death ;  
 Then were seen the deep channels and base of the world,  
 At the blast of thy withering breath.
- 5 He sent down from above, and secured me from harm,  
 Drew me out of deep waters on high ;  
 He repelled my strong foes with his powerful arm,  
 Quelled my haters, more mighty than I.  
 They encountered me when I in trouble was tried,  
 But Jehovah defended my rights ;  
 He has brought me out safe to a place that is wide,  
 He delivers because he delights.
- 6 For Jehovah my justice and right will reward,  
 He repays when no pureness I lack ;  
 For in truth I have kept the straight paths of the Lord,  
 From my God I have never turned back.  
 For his statutes and judgments I've held in my sight,  
 Truly served him restraining my ways ;  
 Hence Jehovah rewards as he finds me upright,  
 And my pureness of hands he repays.

- 7 With the gracious one thou wilt be gracious and kind,  
 With the perfect wilt thou be upright ;  
 With the purified thou wilt be pure and refined,  
 And the froward put down with thy might.  
 Thou wilt humble high looks, and lift up the down trod,  
 The afflicted from tyrants set free ;  
 Thou wilt burnish my candle, Jehovah, my God,  
 And illumine the darkness for me.
- 8 For in thee I can over a troop safely ride,  
 In my God leap a wall in my way ;  
 The Almighty is perfect, his words are all tried,  
 For his trusters a buckler and stay.  
 Who is God save Jehovah, that guides me aright ?  
 Who's a rock of defence but our God ?  
 The Almighty is girding me ever with might,  
 And my way making perfect abroad.
- 9 He exalts me to heights and to fortified stands,  
 Makes my feet like the hinds' in alarms ;  
 He is training for war and instructing my hands  
 Bows of brass have been broke by my arms.  
 Thou hast given salvation to me for a shield,  
 Made me great by thy gentle right hand ;  
 Thou hast held up my steps and wide pathways revealed,  
 That the soles of my feet firmly stand.
- 10 I pursue, overtake, and shall vanquish my foes,  
 They fall under my feet, nor can rise ;  
 Thou dost bow my insurgents that dare to oppose,  
 Thou dost gird me for war and surprise.  
 Even haters aback thou wilt give me to slay,  
 None shall answer their calls, nor will God ;  
 I shall beat them as dust by the wind borne away,  
 In the street I shall pour out their blood.
- 11 Thou wilt save from the strifes of the peoples my sway,  
 All the nations my sceptre shall own ;  
 At the hearing will sons of the strangers obey,  
 They will serve me whom I have not known.  
 They shall fade from their tented enclosures and holds,  
 They will yield me feigned honors amazed ;  
 Let Jehovah who lives and my Rock be extolled,  
 Let my God of salvation be praised.
- 12 It is God who avengeth me humbling my foes,  
 It is God who my Saviour hath been ;  
 Yes, in raising me up over all that oppose,  
 And in saving from violent men.  
 I shall thank thee, Jehovah, thy name will I sing,  
 Through the nations thy kindness adore ;  
 For the mighty salvations to David his King,  
 His Anointed and Seed evermore.

## PSALM 19.—C. M. D.

SPENCER, P. 24.

To the Chief Musician. A Psalm by David.

- 1 THE heavens for God his glory teach,  
 The skies his impress bear ;  
 And day to day shall utter speech,  
 And night to night declare.  
 There is no formal language used,  
 Nor any vocal sounds ;  
 Their words are through the world diffused,  
 Their line the earth surrounds.
- 2 A tent in them he gave the sun,  
 Who comes in bridegroom cheer ;  
 And like the strong a race to run,  
 Exults in his career.  
 The heavens are by his circuit spanned,  
 As on his courses roll ;  
 His light is shed on every land,  
 His heat from pole to pole.
- 3 ¶ The law of God, complete and pure,  
 The soul with health supplies ;  
 His words of truth are very sure,  
 And make the simple wise.  
 His statutes are in wisdom made,  
 And yield the heart delight ;  
 His high commands in justice laid,  
 Illuminate the sight.
- 4 The fear of God is pure and clean, enduring endless days ;  
 His judgments all in truth are seen, and holy are his ways.  
 Above fine gold when well refined, are they in value placed ;  
 And more delightful to the mind, than honey to the taste.
- 5 In keeping them is great reward, they warn me how to live ;  
 But who can know his errors, Lord ? my secret faults forgive.  
 Save me from all presumptuous sin, then shall I be upright ;  
 Accept my words and thoughts within, my Saviour, rock, and might.

## PSALM 19. — L. M. D.

ALMUTH, P. 9.

- 1 THE heavens declare the praise of God,  
 The skies show forth his work abroad ;  
 And day to day shall utter speech,  
 And night to night shall knowledge teach.  
 No form of language strikes the ear,  
 No vocal sound is there to hear :  
 Their words through all the world are gone,  
 Their line is round creation drawn.
- 2 In them he gave the sun his place,  
 And he appears in bridal grace,  
 When from his chamber forth he hies,  
 In giant strength to course the skies.  
 His goings through the heavens extend,  
 His circuits reach their utmost end ;  
 His rays light up the world complete,  
 And naught is hidden from his heat.

- 3¶ The law of God is pure in plan,  
 And renovates the soul of man ;  
 His words of truth, without disguise,  
 Have power to make the simple wise.  
 His statutes are conceived in right,  
 And yield the heart a sweet delight ;  
 His just commands with clearness shine,  
 Invest the eyes with light divine.
- 4 The fear of God is clean and pure,  
 And shall from age to age endure ;  
 His judgments strike the wondering view  
 As altogether just and true :  
 Their priceless worth cannot be told,  
 Their value is above fine gold ;  
 Their sweetness, too, doth far excel  
 The purest honey from the cell.
- 5 In keeping them is great reward ;  
 But who can know his errors, Lord ?  
 Thy precepts teach me how to live ;  
 Do thou my secret guilt forgive.  
 Keep me from all presumptuous sin,  
 Then shall I be upright and clean ;  
 And let my words and thoughts accord  
 With thee, my Saviour, strength, and Lord.

## PSALM 19.—8s &amp; 7s D.

LEON, P. 33.

- 1 THE heavens applaud their Maker, God.  
 The skies show forth his glory ;  
 While day to day repeats the lay,  
 And night to night the story.  
 No voice is heard, no uttered word,  
 Nor formal language sounding ;  
 Words they declare are everywhere,  
 Their line the earth surrounding.
- 2 He set the sun, in them to run,  
 Who comes with bridal graces ;  
 When forth he hies along the skies,  
 And like a giant races.  
 His circuits bound the heavens around,  
 With every land and nation ;  
 His smiling ray lights up the day,  
 And warms the whole creation.
- 3¶ God's perfect law the soul can draw,  
 Its course from folly turning ;  
 His words are pure and very sure,  
 And give the simple learning ;  
 His statutes right the heart delight,  
 With joy the spirits brighten ;  
 His wise commands, pure from his hands,  
 The eyes of man enlighten.
- 4 God's fear is clean, and shall be seen  
 From age to age for ever ;  
 His judgments, too, are just and true,  
 And righteous altogether :

Their worth untold exceeds fine gold,  
 And ample stores of money ;  
 They are more sweet than choicest meat,  
 Than combs of dropping honey.

- 5 Who keep them, Lord, find much reward,  
 They form my plan of living ;  
 Oh ! keep my soul from sin's control,  
 My hidden ones forgiving.  
 That I upright before thy sight,  
 In wishes, words, behavior,  
 May ever be beloved by thee,  
 Oh Lord ! my strength and Saviour.

## PSALM 19.—11s D.

CREATION, P. 11

- 1 THE heavens are telling the glory of God,  
 The skies are displaying the work of his hands,  
 Which day unto day utters widely abroad,  
 Which night unto night showing knowledge expands.  
 Not seen is their speech as in volumes unfurled,  
 Not heard is their voice as in echoes' rebound ;  
 Their words are inscribed on the face of the world,  
 Their lines are extended the universe round.
- 2 In them hath he furnished a tent for the sun,  
 Who comes from his chamber in bridal array,  
 Exulting like him who is peerless to run,  
 Renewing his course, and returning the day.  
 His journeys begin from the heavens' far height,  
 His circuits invest them with radiance replete ;  
 And nothing is hid from the rays of his light,  
 And nothing concealed from the force of his heat.
- 3¶ The law of Jehovah is perfectly pure,  
 Restoring the soul with the health it supplies ;  
 The word of the Lord is a testament sure,  
 Reclaiming the simple, and making them wise ;  
 The statutes of God are all rightly designed,  
 Rejoicing the heart with unceasing delight ;  
 The mandates of God are all pure and refined,  
 Reflecting sweet lustre, restoring the sight.
- 4 The fear of Jehovah is spotless and clean,  
 Enduring all ages, and ever stands fast ;  
 The judgments of God are in equity seen,  
 Are righteous together from first to the last.  
 These more should be valued and sought for than gold,  
 Yea, more than the finest how much we may tell ;  
 And sweeter than honey their pleasures unfold,  
 Yea, sweeter than honey in combs from the cell.
- 5 Moreover these teachings thy servant shall warn,  
 In keeping them brings an abundant reward ;  
 But who shall his errors and follies discern ?  
 Oh ! cleanse me from those which escape from my guard.  
 Withhold from presumption and sins of despite,  
 Then shall I be perfect and safe from a fall ;  
 My words and my musings accept in thy sight,  
 Jehovah, my Rock, my Redeemer, my all.

## PSALM 20.—L. M. D.

WHEELER, P. 13.

To the Chief Musician. A Psalm of David.

- 1 JEHOVAH hear thee when in woe,  
 The name of Jacob's God defend ;  
 From Zion strength and help bestow,  
 And from his temple succor send.  
 May he thine offerings bear in mind,  
 His favor for thy gifts impart,  
 Fulfil the things thou hast designed,  
 And grant the wishes of thy heart
- 2 In God our Saviour we rejoice,  
 His holy name our banner bears ;  
 We will exulting lift our voice,  
 For he shall answer all thy prayers.  
 Jehovah will our cause maintain,  
 By his Anointed he will stand ;  
 From heaven will answer him again,  
 With saving strength from his right hand.
- 3 While some in chariots trust the most,  
 And others on their steeds rely ;  
 We will remember and will boast  
 Jehovah's name, our God, on high.  
 For they brought down in ruin fall,  
 We rise and stand upright in him ;  
 The king shall hear us when we call,  
 Jehovah save and still redeem.

## PSALM 20.—10s.

SAVANNAH, P. 6.

- 1 JEHOVAH hear thee in the day of grief,  
 The name of Jacob's God lift up thy soul ;  
 From Zion send thee strength and sure relief,  
 And from his temple all thy fear control.  
 Remember all thy gifts before him laid,  
 Accept the free-will offerings of thy hands ;  
 Fulfil thy counsel in expectance made,  
 And grant the favors which thy heart demands.
- 2 In thy salvation will our hearts have joy,  
 Our banners in the name of God we bear ;  
 We will exult, and all our powers employ,  
 The Lord fulfil and answer all thy prayer.  
 The Lord, we know, will hear in tender love,  
 The Lord his own Anointed will defend ;  
 Will hear him from his holy heavens above,  
 With saving might, and strength of his right hand.
- 3 Some will in chariots boast, and make their claim,  
 Some will in horses trust, and peerless steeds ;  
 But we will glory in Jehovah's name,  
 In God will triumph and rehearse his deeds.  
 For we have risen, standing now upright,  
 And they are bowed and tending to a fall ;  
 Jehovah, save us in thy love and might,  
 And may the King attend us when we call.

## PSALM 20.—7s &amp; 6s D.

GOODWIN, P. 10.

- 1 **MAY** Jacob's God defend thee,  
And hear thee in distress ;  
From Zion succor send thee,  
And all thy wrongs redress ;  
Remember thy oblations,  
Thine offerings made by fire ;  
Fulfil thine expectations,  
And grant thy heart's desire.
- 2 We will display our banners,  
His holy name they bear ;  
Our lips shall shout hosannas,  
For he will hear thy prayer :
- We know by his Anointed  
He will forever stand ;  
For him he has appointed,  
The strength of his right hand.
- 3 While some their chariots number,  
And on their steeds rely,  
We always will remember  
The name of God on high :  
For they are bowed and falling,  
But on our feet we stand ;  
The king shall hear our calling,  
Jehovah help command.

## PSALM 21.—11s. Six Lines.

NAYTON, P. 16.

- 1 **JEHOVAH** the King shall rejoice in thy might,  
And in thy salvation will greatly delight ;  
The wish of his heart thou dost kindly unfold,  
The quest of his lips thou dost never withhold ;  
For richest of blessings thy goodness hath shed,  
Thou settest a crown of pure gold on his head.
- 2 He asked thee for life, endless years are displayed,  
Salvation and glory and strength on him laid ;  
Most blessed forever, exalted in might,  
Exceedingly gladdened arrayed in thy light ;  
Jehovah, Most High, trusting thee and approved,  
The king in thy mercy shall never be moved.
- 3 Thy right hand shall find out thy haters and foes,  
Thy wrath like hot ovens their path shall enclose ;  
Their fruit shall be withered, and waste in the ken,  
Their seed be destroyed from the children of men ;  
Such evils against thee they spread like a storm,  
Such mischiefs imagined they could not perform.
- 4 When thou shalt make ready thine arrows to slay,  
Thy bow shall their faces turn back in dismay ;  
Jehovah be high, be exalted in might,  
Thy strength is our joy and unceasing delight ;  
In songs will we celebrate thee on the throne,  
Thine excellent greatness and power making known.

## PSALM 21.—L. M. Six Lines.

NAZARETH, P. 1.

- 1 **THE** king shall laud Jehovah's might,  
In thy salvation much delight ;  
With his desire hast thou complied,  
His lips' request hast ne'er denied ;  
For thou wilt gifts of good unfold,  
And crown his head with finest gold.
- 2 When life was sought, came endless days,  
Salvation, strength, and grand displays ;  
For thou wilt fill with joy his breast,  
Make him a blessing ever blest ;  
The king thy truth and grace hath proved,  
And trusting thee shall ne'er be moved.

- 3 Thy hand shall find out all thy foes,  
 Thy right hand them with fire enclose ;  
 Their fruit from earth shall be destroyed,  
 Their seed become extinct and void ;  
 Such mischiefs they against thee planned,  
 As were above their feeble hand.
- 4 For thou shalt turn them back apace,  
 And aim thy bow against their face :  
 Be thou exalted on thy throne,  
 Jehovah, make thy power be known ;  
 So will we glory in thy might,  
 And sing thy praise with new delight.

## PSALM 21.—C. M. D. CORONATION, P. 13.

- 1 THE king shall glory and rejoice,  
 Jehovah ! in thy might ;  
 In thy salvation lift his voice  
 In songs of sweet delight.  
 His lips and heart have answers found,  
 And naught dost thou withhold ;  
 His life thy choicest gifts have crowned,  
 His head with finest gold.
- 2 His days were made of endless length,  
 When but for life he prayed ;  
 And glory, majesty and strength,  
 Hast thou upon him laid :  
 A blessing made, and ever blest,  
 And gladdened by thy face ;  
 The king unmoved in thee shall rest,  
 Still trusting in thy grace.
- 3 Thy hand shall find out all thy foes,  
 Who hate thy gracious name ;  
 Thy right hand shall their way enclose  
 With swift consuming flame ;  
 Their offspring shall thy wrath pursue,  
 Their seed from earth devour ;  
 Such evil things they sought to do,  
 As were above their power.
- 4 For thou wilt fill them with dismay,  
 Confusion and disgrace ;  
 And on thy strings wilt thou display  
 Thine arrows for their face.  
 Be thou exalted in thy might,  
 Jehovah, God alone !  
 So in thy power shall we delight,  
 In songs address thy throne.

## PSALM 22.—L. M. D.

HIND, P. 14.

To the Chief Musician. On the hind of the morning. A Psalm by David.

- 1 My God, my God, why thus forsake,  
 Why stand afar, nor pity take?  
 Oh! why regardless of my care,  
 My words of agonizing prayer?  
 Thou dost not hear my cries by day,  
 Nor when by night I weep and pray:  
 But thou art holy, and dost dwell,  
 Shrined in the praise of Israel.
- 2 Our fathers trusting thee were saved,  
 Nor put to shame when help they craved;  
 But I'm a worm, and not a man,  
 Despised of all the scoffing clan.  
 All who behold derision make,  
 Shoot out the lip, the head they shake:  
 "He trusted in his God to save,  
 Let him deliver from the grave."
- 3¶ From thee my being I possessed,  
 In thee I hoped when on the breast;  
 And on thy care at birth was thrown,  
 And thou hast been my God alone:  
 Draw near to help, for helpers fail,  
 And Bashan's bulls my peace assail;  
 They gape on me, and rave, and roar,  
 Like lions ready to devour.
- 4 Like water poured, my joints relax,  
 My heart dissolves like melting wax;  
 My strength is like a potsherd dried,  
 And to my jaws my tongue is tied:  
 Down to the dust of death I'm bowed,  
 And furious dogs about me crowd;  
 While evil-doers round me meet,  
 They pierce my hands, then pierce my feet.
- 5 I'm so reduced I count my bones,  
 While sinners gaze and mock my groans;  
 My garments off from me they tear,  
 And by the lot my vesture share.  
 Oh! thou, my strength, draw near to me,  
 From dogs and swords thy darling free,  
 Save me from lions by thy word,  
 From unicorns have I been heard.
- 6¶ I will to brethren speak thy name,  
 With saints assembled sing thy fame;  
 Let Jacob's sons his glories laud,  
 Ye seed of Israel, bless your God;  
 For he has not despised nor left  
 The sufferer when of help bereft;  
 Nor turned from him his face nor word,  
 But in his crying kindly heard.

7 With all the church I'll praise the Lord,  
 And in his house my vows record ;  
 The meek shall eat and fill the soul,  
 Who seek him shall his name extol ;  
 The earth shall turn to God again,  
 The nations hail his blissful reign ;  
 For all the world is his alone,  
 And over all he sets his throne.

8 The rich and great to him shall bend,  
 The poor and famished near their end ;  
 A promised seed shall serve the Lord,  
 With songs his righteousness record ;  
 To distant times and later days,  
 Relate his wondrous deeds with praise ;  
 From age to age shall tidings run,  
 This is the thing that God hath done.

## PSALM 22.—11s &amp; 10s D.

CALVARY, P. 14.

- 1 My God! my God! why am I thus forsaken?  
 Why stand afar, nor hear my words nor cry?  
 By day I call, thine ear will not awaken,  
 By night I weep, and still no help is nigh;  
 Oh! thou, my God, my sorrows I am telling,  
 Pressed down in grief, and none are near to aid;  
 But thou art holy, and forever dwelling,  
 Shrined in the praise by Israel displayed.
- 2 Our fathers trusted thee, nor were confounded,  
 They cried to thee, and were to victory led:  
 A worm, not man, am I, by shame surrounded,  
 All seeing mock, shoot out and shake the head:  
 They think by thee I'm left and given over,  
 That none will come to give relief or save;  
 "He trusted God, now let him call Jehovah,  
 Who, if he will, can rescue from the grave."
- 3 But thou art he who brought me into being,  
 Gave me a hope when on my mother's breast;  
 At birth on thee was cast, and in thy seeing,  
 Thou art my God since I with life was blest.  
 Be not far off, for troubles are assailing,  
 No help is near, and bulls of Bashan crowd;  
 They gape on me with rage and dreadful wailing,  
 Their mouth made wide as lions' roaring loud.
- 4 Like water I am poured, my bones are parted,  
 My heart dissolves like wax within me now;  
 Dried like a potsherd, and by strength deserted,  
 My tongue cleaves fast, and down to death I bow;  
 For dogs beset, and crowds as vile pursuing,  
 Who hate me most around my person meet;  
 Intent for life, and ever evil doing,  
 They pierce my hands, and turn and pierce my feet.

- 5 My bones I count, from wasting grief and fasting,  
 While mockers gaze, and stare with shameless pride ;  
 My garments for themselves by lots are casting,  
 My vesture, too, among them they divide.  
 Oh Lord, my strength ! draw near thy darling saving,  
 From dogs and swords make haste to rescue me ;  
 Save from the lion's mouth my life they're craving,  
 From unicorns my prayer was heard by thee.
- 6 My song shall laud thee in the congregation,  
 And to my brethren I'll declare thy name ;  
 Who fear Jehovah will give adoration,  
 And Jacob's sons with Israel's give acclaim.  
 For he hath not despised nor left the saddened,  
 Nor hath abhorred the sufferer near despair ;  
 But in his calling heard and sweetly gladdened,  
 His sorrows ceased in answer to his prayer.
- 7 From thee shall be my praise through every nation,  
 My vows I'll pay with all who fear the Lord ;  
 The meek shall eat, and fill them with salvation,  
 Who seek him shall his endless fame record.  
 The ends of earth shall call to mind Jehovah,  
 The realms shall come and worship at his throne ;  
 For all belong to him creation over,  
 And he shall govern all himself alone.
- 8 The rich and great shall bow and give him glory,  
 The poor that barely keep alive their soul ;  
 A seed shall serve him, and declare his story,  
 With thanks and praise, his goodness shall extol.  
 Thus age to age shall give Jehovah blessing,  
 Recount his deeds through all the earth abroad ;  
 His righteousness to those next born confessing,  
 And show to all the wondrous works of God.

PSALM 23. — 7s & 6s. SHEPHERD, P. 24.

- 1 My Shepherd is Jehovah, I shall not suffer need ;  
 He folds and guides me over a rich, well-watered mead.
- 2 His name's sake doth restore me, and lead in paths of right ;  
 Thy rod and staff before me shall make death's valley bright.
- 3 My bread hast thou appointed, in sight of all my foes ;  
 My head with oil anointed, my cup of joy o'erflows.
- 4 Such truth and mercy surely, will gladden all my days ;  
 And in his house securely, I'll ever speak his praise.

PSALM 23. — S. M. D.

IOWA, P. 16.

- 1 THE Lord my shepherd's been, supplying all my needs ;  
 He makes me lie in pastures green, by waters fresh'n'g leads.
- 2 He guides me right for praise, my soul restores and cheers ;  
 The rod and staff in death's dark maze, shall keep from ills and fears.
- 3 Thou dost my table spread, in sight of all my foes ;  
 Thou dost with oil anoint my head, and now my cup o'erflows.
- 4 Such truth and grace will come, and gladden all my days ;  
 His house shall ever be my home, my work to sing his praise.

## PSALM 23.—L. M.

PLEYEL, P. 10.

A Psalm. By David.

- 1 THE Lord, my Shepherd, deigns to grant  
That I shall never suffer want ;  
He lays me down in pastures green,  
And leads where waters glide serene.
- 2 He doth in love my soul reclaim,  
And guides me right, to praise his name ;  
Thy presence, rod and staff, my aid,  
Shall calm my fears in death's dark shade.
- 3 My table thou hast spread for me,  
Where all my foes thy gifts can see ;  
My head thy fresh anointing shows,  
My cup with blessings overflows.
- 4 The goodness which such grace displays,  
Will surely prosper all my days ;  
And to his temple will I come,  
And find an ever happy home.

## PSALM 23.—C. M.

NOTTING HILL, P. 10.

- 1 THE Lord, my Shepherd, will supply,  
In want I shall not go ;  
He makes me in green pastures lie,  
Where living waters flow.
- 2 For his name's sake my soul he cheers,  
My paths in truth has laid ;  
Thy rod and staff shall calm my fears,  
In passing death's dark shade.
- 3 Thy bounteous hands my table spread,  
In sight of all my foes ;  
Thy holy oil anoints my head,  
My cup of joy o'erflows.
- 4 Such favor from my Saviour, God,  
Will surely crown my days ;  
And I shall come to his abode,  
And ever sing his praise.

## PSALM 23.—8s &amp; 7s.

SHEPHERD, P. 24.

- 1 THE Lord makes grants for all my wants,  
And he, my Shepherd, feeds me ;  
He gives repose where pasture grows,  
And by still waters leads me.
- 2 For his own praise, he guides my ways,  
And to refresh, is near me ;  
In death's dark shade, thou art my aid,  
Thy rod and staff shall cheer me.
- 3 My foes can see rich gifts from thee,  
My daily food bestowing ;  
And on my head fresh oil is shed,  
My cup is overflowing.
- 4 Such goodness is a pledge of his,  
That he will leave me never ;  
And I shall come and make my home  
In his own house forever.

## PSALM 23.—11s &amp; 8s.

BALERMA, P. 11.

- 1 JEHOVAH, my Shepherd, with goodness will crown,  
And everything needful bestow ;  
In pastures of verdure will make me lie down,  
And lead me where cool waters flow.
- 2 My soul he restores, and in right lays my path,  
To honor his name and his skill ;  
Thy rod and thy staff in the dark vale of death,  
Shall comfort and keep me from ill.
- 3 My table with bounties thy hands will keep spread,  
In sight of my envious foes ;  
With oil in abundance anointing my head,  
My cup with its fullness o'erflows.
- 4 Such goodness and mercy so copious and free,  
Shall follow me all of my days ;  
The house of Jehovah my dwelling shall be,  
My work evermore for his praise.

## PSALM 24.—L. M. Six Lines.

KINGSTON, P. 11.

By David. A Psalm.

- 1 JEHOVAH owns the earth and stores,  
The world with all creation keeps ;  
For he hath based and laid the shores,  
And reared the fabric on the deeps.  
Who shall ascend the hill of God,  
And dwell in his divine abode ?
- 2 The clean of hands whose hearts are pure,  
Who swear not false and are not vain ;  
Jehovah's blessing will secure,  
And righteousness from God obtain.  
This is the race who seek the Lord,  
The sons of Jacob his reward.
- 3 Lift up your heads, ye heavenly gates,  
Ye everlasting doors, give way ;  
For you the King of glory waits,  
Triumphant to eternal day.  
Who is this mighty, glorious King,  
Whose praise with such applause ye sing ?
- 4 Jehovah, strong, of valiant powers,  
Who conquered death, and hell, and sin ;  
Lift up your heads, ye gates and doors,  
Receive the King of glory in.  
Who is this King that comes to reign,  
Who hath the powers of darkness slain ?
- 5 The God of everlasting might,  
The God of hosts in strength renowned ;  
Jehovah now in realms of light,  
The King of endless glory crowned.

## PSALM 24.—8s &amp; 7s.

GATES P. 14.

- 1 THE earth, and all the earth contains,  
The world, and all the world sustains,  
Belongeth to Jehovah :  
For he hath based it on the seas,  
And fixed the shores by his decrees,  
And raised the building over.  
Who shall Jehovah's mount ascend,  
And in his holy temple stand?
- 2 The pure of heart and clean of hands,  
Who keep the soul from vain demands,  
Nor swear with false evasion ;  
Jehovah's blessings these shall gain,  
And righteousness from him obtain,  
The God of their salvation.  
These men Jehovah will esteem,  
The sons of Jacob seek for him.
- 3 Lift up your heads, ye gates of old,  
Ye everlasting doors, unfold,  
Display your leaves so hoary ;  
Ye massy bars, disclose the scene,  
Then shall a mighty chief come in,  
It is the King of Glory.  
Who is this one ye sing of thus?  
The King of Glory?—answer us.
- 4 Jehovah strong and valiant too,  
Jehovah death and hell o'erthrew,  
His proud revolvers quelling ;  
Lift up your heads, ye doors and gates,  
For now the King of Glory waits  
To come into his dwelling.  
Who is this king of whom ye tell,  
Who conquered all the powers of hell?
- 5 Jehovah is this glorious King,  
The Lord, our Lord, his praises sing,  
From heaven proclaim the story ;  
Our Saviour is with honors crowned,  
Jehovah, God of hosts, renowned,  
He is the King of Glory.

## PSALM 24.—12s &amp; 11s.

TRENTON, P. 16.

- 1 THE earth with her fullness belongs to Jehovah,  
The earth with her tenants and vast progenies ;  
For gathering the floods he established it over,  
And founded the shores that encompass the seas.  
But who shall ascend to the hill of the Lord,  
And who in his temple receive the reward?
- 2 The clean and the pure shall obtain his salvation ;  
Who sweareth not falsely, whose heart is not vain ;

This man shall receive the divine approbation,  
And righteousness from his Redeemer obtain.

These are the ones seeking Jehovah's esteem,  
The children of Jacob are seekers of him.

- 3 Now lift up your heads, oh ye gates high and hoary !  
Ye doors of eternity, open again ;  
The King is approaching with laurels of glory,  
He comes from the conquest in triumph to reign.

But who is this King of such glory and might,  
Whose praise ye are singing with so much delight ?

- 4 Jehovah the highest in glory excelling,  
Jehovah who conquered sin, death, and the tomb ;  
Then lift up your heads, oh ye gates of his dwelling !  
Ye doors of eternity, welcome him home.

But who is this powerful, conquering King,  
Whose name and whose praise with such transport ye sing ?

- 5 Jehovah of armies, the great and the glorious,  
Jehovah, almighty to save and redeem ;  
O'er sin, death and hell he hath risen victorious,  
The King of all glory, whose reign is supreme.

PSALM 25.—7s & 6s D.

PRINCETON, P. 13.

By David.

- 1 LORD, I lift my soul to thee, my God, my trust, and stay ;  
Let not shame be cast on me, nor give my foes the sway.  
Keep thy people from disgrace, who wait upon thy laws ;  
Let the wicked hide their face, who sin without a cause.
- 2 Teach to me thy path and way, thy truth to me impart ;  
Thee I seek through all the day, for thou my Saviour art.  
Call thy tender love to mind, forgive my sins of youth ;  
Think of me as thou art kind, a God of grace and truth.
- 3¶ God is good and just besides, that sinners fear him may ;  
He the meek in judgment guides, the humble shows his way.  
Who on him in covenant wait, shall learn his paths are kind ;  
Though my sins be very great, they will a pardon find.
- 4 He will guide his fearers well, their way will choose and bless ;  
They at ease in good shall dwell, their seed the land possess :  
He will friendship keep with those, who in his fear remain ;  
He to them his covenant shows, and makes their duty plain.
- 5¶ Lord, on thee mine eyes are set, on whom I ever wait ;  
Thou wilt pluck me from the net, for I am desolate.  
Turn in mercy to my soul, my troubles are enlarged ;  
Let thy love my heart console, with burdens all discharged.
- 6 See my pains, forgive my sins, my raging foes restrain ;  
Let my soul the victory win, nor let me hope in vain :  
God my trust, my justice see, my rectitude esteem ;  
Israel from his troubles free, and from all woes redeem.

## PSALM 25.—L. M. Six Lines.

NAZARETH, P. 1.

- 1 OH Lord, to thee I lift my soul,  
My God, I trust in thy control;  
My hope keep clear I place in thee,  
Lest foes should triumph over me:  
Keep all who wait on thee from blame,  
Who causeless sin rebuke with shame.
- 2 Show me thy ways and paths, oh Lord,  
Lead me in truth, reveal thy word;  
My Saviour God, thy love display,  
On thee I wait through all the day;  
Cast all my former sins behind,  
Remember me, as thou art kind.
- 3 So good and upright is the Lord,  
That sinners learn his way and word  
The meek his paths of love and truth,  
His law and covenant from their youth.  
Oh Lord! for thy name's sake I plead,  
Forgive my sin, though great indeed.
- 4 The Lord will guide his fearers well,  
And choose their way and place to dwell;  
Their soul at ease shall good command,  
Their seed inherit all the land;  
His friendship shall remain with them,  
His covenant love their diadem.
- 5 Mine eyes are ever towards the Lord,  
For he my feet from nets shall guard;  
Turn thou to me, thy mercy show,  
For I am desolate in woe;  
The troubles of my heart are large,  
Oh! bring me out with full discharge.
- 6 Look thou on all my grief and pain,  
Forgive my sins, and foes restrain;  
From hate and malice rescue me,  
Nor shame the hope I've placed in thee  
On God I wait, my truth disclose,  
Redeem thine Israel from his woes.

## PSALM 26.—S. M. D.

SALEM, P. 2.

By David.

- |   |  |  |
|---|--|--|
| 1 | Jehovah, know my way,<br>My feet in truth abide;<br>And while thine arm shall be my stay,<br>My steps shall never slide.<br>Yet try and search me through,<br>Assay my heart and reins;<br>Thy mercy which I keep in view,<br>My walk aright sustains. | I'll wash my hands like snow,<br>Thine altars compass, Lord;<br>With thankful voice thy wonders show,<br>Thy truth and grace record.   |
| 2 | I shun the proud and vain,<br>And place where sinners meet;<br>Nor sit where hypocrites remain,<br>Nor those that work deceit.   | 3 I love thy house, oh Lord!<br>Thy glory there is seen;<br>My soul from sinners safely guard,<br>My life from bloody men.<br>Their hands are full of crime,<br>Give me, as mine are pure;<br>The Lord I'll bless where many chime,<br>My foot is placed secure. |

## PSALM 26.—7s &amp; 6s D.

HEBER P. 18.

- 1 JUDGE and try my way, oh Lord!  
 Innocent shall wash my hands,  
 For truth has been my guide;  
 What time I tread thy court;  
 I have trusted in thy word,  
 There with thanks thy wise commands,  
 And therefore shall not slide:  
 And wondrous works report.  
 Still I would be proved by thee,  
 My reins and heart assay;  
 Well do I thy mercy see,  
 Keep my life from men of blood,  
 My feet have kept thy way.  
 Nor join my soul with theirs:  
 Bribes and mischiefs fill their hands,  
 2 With the false I will not sit,  
 Nor impious councils meet;  
 Neither join the hypocrite,  
 In mine shall truth be found;  
 Nor him that loves deceit.  
 Public praise thy grace demands,  
 I stand on even ground.

## PSALM 27.—9s &amp; 8s D.

SPIER, P. 10

- 1 THE Lord is my light and salvation,  
 And whom have I reason to fear?  
 The Lord is my strong habitation,  
 And whom shall I dread with him near?  
 When ravenous foes came to eat me,  
 They stumbled and fell at my side;  
 My heart shall not fear if hosts meet me,  
 If war should rise up, I'll confide.
- 2 One thing will I seek from Jehovah,  
 That I in his house ever dwell;  
 His beauty and word to discover,  
 Inquiring and learning them well.  
 There, hid on a rock in his temple,  
 From troubles and foes with their wrongs;  
 My praise lifted high shall be ample,  
 My sacrifice anthems and songs.
- 3 Jehovah, thy mercy displaying,  
 Hear me with regard when I speak;  
 "Search after my face," thou art saying,  
 I answer, "Thy face will I seek."  
 Oh God! be my Saviour and take me,  
 Nor put me in anger away;  
 Though parents and kindred forsake me,  
 Jehovah will be my kind stay.
- 4 Jehovah, thy perfect way show me.  
 Straight paths for my footsteps disclose;  
 Let not cruel hands overthrow me,  
 Nor such as will falsely depose.  
 Believing in timely help coming  
 Sustained me from sinking with grief  
 Wait thou, and fresh courage assuming,  
 Jehovah will bring thee relief.

## PSALM 27.—C. M. D.

MANCHESTER, P. 26

- 1 THE Lord, my Saviour, is my light, and whom have I to dread?  
 The Lord is of my life the might, and shall I be afraid?  
 When sinners to devour me rose, they fell in sore surprise;  
 I will not fear a host of foes, assured if war should rise.

- 2 One thing I ask and seek from God,  
 In his own house to dwell ;  
 His truth and beauty there to laud,  
 And to inquire his will.  
 There in his tent shall I repose,  
 In dark and gloomy days ;  
 Raised on a rock above my foes,  
 I'll sing glad songs of praise.
- 3 Lord, hear in mercy when I speak, do not in anger hide ;  
 Thy Spirit said, " My presence seek," " I will," my heart replied.  
 Thy saving help have I received, put not away my hope :  
 When of my parents I'm bereaved, the Lord will take me up.
- 4 Oh ! lead me in a level way, restrain my cruel foes ;  
 Let not their malice gain the sway, who falsely will depose.  
 I should have perished if reward had not seemed sure to me ;  
 Wait thou with firmness for the Lord, wait thou, he'll strengthen thee.

## PSALM 27.—8s D.

BRADFORD, P. 15.

- 1 THE Lord is my Saviour and light,  
 And whom have I reason to dread ?  
 The Lord of my life is the might,  
 Shall anything make me afraid ?  
 When foes to devour me drew near,  
 They stumbled and fell in surprise ;  
 A host shall not waken my fear,  
 Unmoved although war should arise.
- 2 One thing will I seek from the Lord,  
 That I in his house may abide,  
 His beauty to learn from his word,  
 And in his pavilion to hide.  
 I there on a rock shall repose,  
 In gloomy and perilous days :  
 Thus lifted high over my foes,  
 My sacrifice still shall be praise.
- 3 Lord, answer my cries unto thee,  
 And turn not in anger aside ;  
 " My face," thou wast saying, " seek ye,"  
 " I will," from my heart I replied.  
 By thee may I never be left,  
 For thou art my Saviour and hope ;  
 Of father and mother bereft,  
 The Lord will the orphan take up.
- 4 Oh ! lead me and make my path plain,  
 And curb the proud will of my foes ;  
 Nor let them a victory gain,  
 Against me they falsely depose.  
 I'd fainted unless a reward,  
 In life I believed I should see ;  
 With courage then wait for the Lord,  
 Wait patient, and he'll strengthen thee.

## PSALM 28.—7s 6s D.

HARPER, P. 15.

By David.

- |  |  |
|--|--|
| <p>1 LORD, my rock, regard my cries,<br/>And not in silence sit ;<br/>Lest I fall, no more to rise,<br/>Into the gloomy pit.<br/>Hear when I before thee stand,<br/>To supplicate thy love ;<br/>Hear when I lift up my hand,<br/>Towards thy throne above.</p>                    | <p>3 Those that ne'er regard the Lord,<br/>Nor doings of his hand ;<br/>He with ruin will reward,<br/>Nor build them in the land.<br/>God my supplications heard,<br/>Blest be my rock and shield,<br/>I have trusted in his word,<br/>And he has help revealed.</p> |
| <p>2 Draw me not with men away,<br/>Who work deceit and sin ;<br/>Flattering still, in all they say,<br/>While mischief lurks within.<br/>Give to them their cup of woe,<br/>The evils they have wrought ;<br/>Let them by experience know<br/>The troubles they have brought.</p> | <p>4 Now the praises of my God<br/>Shall tune my heart and tongue ;<br/>While I spread his name abroad,<br/>In loud and joyful song.<br/>Thou art Israel's confidence,<br/>Messiah's lofty tower ;<br/>Feed thine own inheritance,<br/>Exalt them in thy power.</p>  |

## PSALM 28.—12s &amp; 9s D.

BILLINGS, P. 8.

- 1 OH Jehovah, my rock, unto thee will I call,  
Not in silence from me do thou sit ;  
Lest in holding thy peace I should stumble and fall,  
And become like to those in the pit.  
Hear the voice of my crying presented to thee,  
Supplications in lifting my hands ;  
From thy oracle holy give ear unto me,  
Send the answer my trouble demands.
- 2 Draw me not with the wicked away into guile,  
Where the workers of mischief depart ;  
Speaking peace with their neighbors and clement the while,  
When there's evil designed in the heart.  
Render back in accordance with their evil deeds,  
As the work of their hands so condemn ;  
Render back their own doings with all their proceeds,  
And return thou their treatment to them.
- 3 And because they regard not the works of the Lord,  
Nor the doings wrought out by his hands ;  
He will pull them down shortly, with ruin reward,  
Nor to build them will give his commands.  
Let Jehovah be blest for regarding my prayer,  
Supplications have mercies revealed ;  
In Jehovah I'll trust and will never despair,  
In Jehovah my strength and my shield.
- 4 I've been helped, I rejoice, and my song shall be praise,  
To Jehovah my tower and stronghold ;  
For Jehovah their strength his salvation displays,  
To his people Anointed and fold.  
Oh ! remember thy chosen and bless them indeed,  
Save the heritage called for thine own ;  
Grant the people thy guidance supplying their need,  
And exalt them through ages unknown.

## PSALM 29.—11s.

ROTHWELL, P. 15.

A Psalm of David.

- 1 ASSIGN to Jehovah, ye men of great power,  
Dominion and glory and strength evermore ;  
Assign to Jehovah the praise due his name,  
And come to his courts and his greatness proclaim.
- 2 The voice of Jehovah is heard on the flood,  
In thunders proclaiming the powerful God :  
The voice of Jehovah sounds over the sea,  
Invested with terror and full majesty.
- 3 The voice of Jehovah the cedar breaks down,  
The tallest ones growing on Lebanon's crown ;  
The voice of Jehovah has made Sirion  
To leap like a calf or a young unicorn.
- 4 The voice of Jehovah can fire the wide earth,  
The wilds shake in Kadesh, the hinds bring to birth ;  
The voice of Jehovah the forest will bare,  
The temple of nature his glories declare.
- 5 Jehovah sat glorious, enthroned on the flood ;  
Jehovah is King, to eternity God ;  
Jehovah his people with strength shall increase,  
And bless them forever and ever with peace.

## PSALM 29.—L. M. NEWRY, ROTHWELL, P. 15.

- 1 YE mighty, to the Lord assign  
Dominion, glory, power divine ;  
Due praises to his name address,  
Exalt him in his holiness.
- 2 His voice is high above the flood,  
And loud proclaims the powerful God ;  
His voice is heard from pole to pole,  
When o'er the deep his thunders roll.
- 3 His voice the towering cedar breaks,  
And Lebanon's high summit shakes ;  
His voice makes Sirion's forests bound  
Like calves and unicorns around.
- 4 His voice with lightning hews the earth,  
And Kadesh shakes, brings hinds to birth ;  
His voice the mountain forest bares,  
The earth, his temple, praise declares.
- 5 His throne was spread upon the flood,  
And he shall reign the King and God ;  
His people's strength will he increase,  
And bless them evermore with peace.

## PSALM 29.—11s &amp; 8s.

NEW YORK, P. 12.

- 1 Assign to Jehovah, ye men of renown,  
Dominion, and glory, and might ;  
Assign to Jehovah the throne and the crown,  
In holiness, praise with delight.
- 2 The voice of Jehovah is sounding abroad,  
His thunders in majesty roar ;  
The voice of Jehovah proclaiming him God,  
Will shake every ocean and shore.
- 3 The voice of Jehovah the cedars can break,  
The tallest on Lebanon crowned ;  
And Sirion skip like a calf it will make,  
As unicorns under full bound.
- 4 The voice of Jehovah spreads lightning's red glare,  
And causeth the hinds to bring forth ;  
Will Kadesh make tremble, the dark forest bare,  
His temple cries glory and worth.
- 5 Jehovah sat throned on the deluge of old,  
Jehovah sits King nor shall cease ;  
Jehovah will strength for his people unfold,  
Jehovah will bless them with peace.

## PSALM 29.—8s &amp; 7s.

SICILY, P. 11.

- 1 GIVE the Lord, ye men of station,  
Give the Lord renown and power ;  
Give the Lord due adoration,  
In his courts his name adore.
- 2 On the deep his name is glorious,  
Loud his mighty thunders roll ;  
On the sea his voice victorious  
Shakes the earth from pole to pole.
- 3 Lo ! his voice the cedar breaketh,  
Towering high in Lebanon ;  
Like a unicorn he maketh  
Them to leap in Sirion.
- 4 Flames of fire his voice can scatter,  
Make the hinds their young to bring ;  
Kadesh shake, the forest shatter,  
Glories through his temple ring.
- 5 Throned he sits upon the waters,  
Oh ! let men his name adore ;  
Strength he gives his sons and daughters,  
Joy and peace for evermore.

## PSALM 29.—8s &amp; 7s.

BRAINERD, P. 13.

- 1 YE men of birth, in all the earth,  
Confess the great Jehovah ;  
Come to his courts and make reports,  
And talk his glories over.
- 2 His voice aloud, as from a cloud,  
In pealing thunders breaking ;  
Majestic rolls around the poles,  
The wide creation shaking.
- 3 His voice he sends, the cedar bends,  
The largest trees are broken ;  
In Lebanon and Sirion,  
They frightened calves betoken.
- 4 His voice in twain cuts lightning's chain,  
Shakes wilds of Kadesh hoary ;  
Makes hinds to throe, lays forests low,  
His temple singing "glory."
- 5 On deeps unknown he spreads his throne,  
His kingdom faileth never ;  
His flock with peace will he increase,  
Give Zion strength forever.

## PSALM 30.—C. P. M.

DEDICATION, P 27.

A Psalm. A Song of Dedication for the House, by David.

- 1 THE Lord I will with songs extol,  
For he has lifted up my soul,  
And all my foes repelled ;  
My God came nigh to hear and save,  
Alive delivered from the grave,  
And hath my life upheld.
- 2 Ye saints, make music to his name,  
With thanks his holiness proclaim,  
How short his anger burns !  
His favor springs with life and light,  
Though weeping may endure a night,  
The morn with joy returns.
- 3 The Lord's kind favor I had proved,  
And vainly thought should ne'er be moved,  
My mountain strong he made ;  
But when he hid his smiling face,  
My soul was filled with sore distress,  
For mercy then I prayed.
- 4 Wilt thou have profit by my blood,  
Will dust give praise to thee, oh God ?  
Will death thy truth declare ?  
In mercy chase my fears away,  
Be thou my helper and my stay,  
And answer thou my prayer.
- 5 For sackcloth thou hast clothed with praise,  
My moanings turned to joyful lays,  
With gladness tuned my tongue ;  
Oh Lord my God, I'll bless thy name,  
And ever sound abroad thy fame,  
In sweet melodious song.

## PSALM 30.—11s &amp; 9s.

WAREHAM, P. 26.

- 1 Oh Jehovah, my honors to thee shall be paid,  
For suppressing my foes in the triumph they made,  
And for lifting me up with renown;  
Oh Jehovah, my God, thou hast heard and wilt save,  
Hast restored me alive, brought my soul from the grave,  
To the pit that I should not go down.
- 2 Oh ye saints of his, offer your songs to the Lord,  
Give him thanks and his holiness ever record,  
But a moment will anger employ;  
In his favor is life springing fresh with delight,  
And if weeping endures through the hours of the night,  
In the morning come gladness and joy.
- 3 Oh Jehovah, thy favor my strong mountain proved,  
For I thought in prosperity ne'er to be moved,  
I was troubled, thy face had withdrawn;  
Oh Jehovah, to thee for assistance I cried,  
To Jehovah for help and for succor applied,  
Supplication for answers went on.
- 4 In my blood wilt thou profit in death if I'm thrown?  
Shall the dust render praises, thy truth making known,  
If now I'm sent down to the grave?  
Oh Jehovah, give ear, for my help is in thee,  
Oh Jehovah, in mercy show pity to me,  
Be my helper, deliverer, and save.
- 5 Thou hast turned for me mourning to happier days,  
Thou hast put off my sackcloth and girded with praise,  
To the end that my glory be thine;  
That my song may continue nor silent remain,  
Oh Jehovah, my God, I will thank thee again,  
And forever exalt thee as mine.

## PSALM 31.—7s &amp; 6s.

HARPER, P. 15.

To the Chief Musician. A Psalm by David.

- 1 LORD, I put my trust in thee,  
Preserve my hope from shame;  
Bow thy gracious ear to me,  
And save me for thy name.  
Be my refuge, rock, and tower,  
A house where I may hide;  
Since my fortress is thy power,  
My feet to safety guide.
- 2 Draw me from the secret net  
Which they have laid for me;  
Life and spirit I commit,  
Oh thou, my strength, to thee.  
God of truth, by thee redeemed,  
I trust thy kind behest;  
Vanities, by them esteemed,  
And idols I detest.
- 3 While they plotted for my blood,  
I trusted thy commands;  
Said to thee, "Thou art my God,"  
"My times are in thy hands."  
Set me free from all my foes,  
Who persecute my soul;  
Let thy justice interpose,  
And all their rage control.
- 4¶ Make thy face on me to shine,  
And save me for thy name;  
Since I trust thy care divine,  
Preserve my hope from shame.  
Let the wicked hide their face,  
Their lips to silence come;  
Those who seek for my disgrace,  
By lies and frauds, strike dumb.

- 3 Glad will I thy mercy tell,  
 For thou hast seen my woe ;  
 Made me room wherein to dwell,  
 Nor left me to the foe.  
 Grant, in mercy, sweet relief,  
 My life consumes within ;  
 All my years are spent with grief,  
 Beneath a load of sin.
- 5 Oh! to those who thee have sought,  
 How great thy love has been ;  
 Which thy grace and truth have wrought,  
 Before the sons of men.  
 Them in secret thou wilt hide,  
 From pride and plots and wrongs ;  
 In thy presence they abide,  
 Secure from strife of tongues.
- 4||From my foes came my disgrace,  
 My neighbors greatly jeered ;  
 Those who met me turned their face,  
 And friends my presence feared.  
 I became forgot, as dead,  
 Or vessel cast away ;  
 Then were many slanders spread,  
 On every side dismay.
- 6 Blest be God who round me made  
 A city's fortress wall ;  
 "I'm cut off," I rashly said,  
 But thou hast heard my call.  
 Oh! ye saints, Jehovah love,  
 Be strong and trust the Lord ;  
 He will guide you safe above,  
 The proud in full reward.

## PSALM 31.—10s &amp; 8s D.

SPIER, P. 10.

- 1 Oh Jehovah, on thee I'm reposing,  
 In righteousness save me from shame ;  
 Bow an ear speedy succor disclosing,  
 My rock of defence is thy name.  
 Be my refuge and fortress abiding,  
 Where I may for safety resort ;  
 Since in thee I am only confiding,  
 For praise to thy name give support.
- 2 Save from wiles which my foes have repeated,  
 My strength for escaping is thine ;  
 For my life to thy hands I've committed,  
 My soul to thy care I resign.  
 Oh Jehovah, on thee I am waiting,  
 Thy mercy and truth will redeem ;  
 Lying schemes of the wicked I'm hating,  
 Thy faithfulness trust and esteem.
- 3 Thou hast seen my soul bowed in affliction,  
 I'll triumph thy mercy to tell ;  
 Thou hast held my foe's hand in restriction,  
 Hast given me room where to dwell.  
 Oh Jehovah, have mercy, I languish,  
 Distresses consume me within ;  
 For my life and my years waste with anguish,  
 My sight and my strength from my sin.
- 4||The reproaches of foes sorely wound me,  
 My neighbors unite in their jeers ;  
 They that meet me turn off and pass round me,  
 My friends are quite taken with fears.  
 Like a dead man forgotten I'm treated,  
 Or vessel cast off in decay ;  
 Many slanders around are repeated,  
 Consultings to put me away.

- 5 While to pour out my blood they are thirsting,  
 On God as a rock will I stand ;  
 Oh Jehovah, on thee am I trusting,  
 My times are secure in thy hand.  
 Keep me safe from the dread execution,  
 Designed by oppressors and foes ;  
 Put an end to their vile persecution,  
 And bring my soul back to repose.
- 6 Make thy face to shine bright on thy servant,  
 And save me thy mercy to praise ;  
 I have called upon thee and been fervent,  
 Jehovah, from shame keep my days ;  
 Let the wicked with shame be confounded,  
 To silence may lying lips come ;  
 Who the righteous with scorn have surrounded,  
 Let falsehoods they speak strike them dumb.
- 7 Oh! the depths of the good thou hast hidden,  
 And treasured in mercy unseen ;  
 For thy fearers who trust thee as bidden,  
 Wrought out in the sight of all men.  
 Thou wilt hide them in secret dominion,  
 From leagues of the doers of wrong ;  
 Thou wilt keep them as in thy pavilion,  
 From strifes of the slanderous tongue.
- 8 Let Jehovah be blest for the wonder  
 Shown me in a city inwalled ;  
 "When from fear I felt cast off asunder,"  
 Yet help came from thee as I called.  
 Love Jehovah his saints who are fearing,  
 Ye faithful, be strong in the Lord ;  
 He will strengthen your heart persevering,  
 The proud in full measure reward

## PSALM 32.—S. M. H.

PISGAH, P. 15.

By David. Maschil.

- |  |   |
|--|---|
| 1 How blest the man forgiven,<br>Whose sin is covered o'er ;<br>To whom the Lord of heaven<br>Imputes his guilt no more :<br>How happy he, made pure within,<br>Whose heart is free from every sin.      | Thou art my tower and hiding-place,<br>I'll sing thy power and saving grace.  |
| 2 While I concealed my guilt,<br>I roared through all the day ;<br>Thy heavy hand I felt,<br>With drought I pined away ;<br>But I confessed, with lips unfeigned,<br>And peace and rest I soon obtained. | 4 I'll teach thee from on high<br>The way thy feet should go ;<br>I'll guide thee with mine eye,<br>And my salvation show :<br>But be not vain, like horse or mule,<br>That bit and rein can only rule. |
| 3 For this the saints shall pray,<br>When mercy may be found ;<br>Though floods surround their way,<br>They stand on solid ground ;  | 5 Though sorrows fill the cup<br>Of all ungodly men ;<br>Who in Jehovah hope,<br>His mercy shall sustain ;<br>Ye saints, rejoice, with loud acclaim,<br>And lift your voice to praise his name.         |

## PSALM 32.—C. M. Six Lines.

HERMON, P. 17.

- 1 How blest the man whom God forgives,  
 And hides his guilt and shame ;  
 How blest the man forever lives,  
 He charges not with blame ;  
 His heart made pure, his peace secure,  
 Through his Redeemer's name.
- 2 My bones waxed old through tears I shed,  
 While silent I remained ;  
 Thy hand was heavy on my head,  
 And drought my spirit drained ;  
 Till I confessed I had transgressed,  
 When pardon I obtained.
- 3 For this the godly shall implore,  
 While mercy may be found ;  
 Though troubled waters rise and roar,  
 They stand on solid ground ;  
 My hiding-place is thy free grace,  
 And songs of help resound.
- 4 I'll teach to thee my perfect rule,  
 And guide thee with my hand ;  
 Be thou not like a horse or mule,  
 Who nothing understand ;  
 Whose mouth the rein and bit restrain,  
 To keep them in command.
- 5 The wicked many sorrows move,  
 For evil is their choice ;  
 But in Jehovah's saving love,  
 The righteous shall rejoice ;  
 Ye saints, be glad, with joy be clad,  
 In shouts lift up your voice.

## PSALM 32.—8s &amp; 7s. Six Lines.

DAYTON, P. 27.

- 1 WHAT bliss of mind the pardoned find,  
 Whose guilt receives a cover ;  
 What joy he wins, who has no sins  
 Imputed by Jehovah :  
 His heart is pure, his peace secure,  
 While endless years roll over.
- 2 While I delayed, my bones decayed,  
 With summer's drought I panted ;  
 Thy pressing hand I could not stand,  
 Despair my spirit haunted ;  
 I did confess my sinfulness :  
 My God a pardon granted.

- 3 This godly men shall seek for when  
 Thy mercy free is flowing ;  
 They safely dwell, though waters swell,  
 And howling storms are blowing ;  
 Thou art my tower, I'll sing thy power,  
 Thy great salvation showing.
- 4 My perfect way will I display,  
 Mine eyes shall give direction ;  
 Be not a fool like horse or mule,  
 Who ever need correction ;  
 That bit and rein must needs restrain,  
 To keep them in subjection.
- 5 Much grief and woe the wicked know,  
 From which they ne'er recover ;  
 The just have joys which naught destroys,  
 Who love and trust Jehovah ;  
 His goodness praise through all your days,  
 Nor cease when time is over.

## PSALM 32.—9s &amp; 11s. Six Lines.

SPIER, P. 10.

- 1 How blest when forgiven transgression,  
 Sin covered in kindly accord ;  
 How blest when no evil impression,  
 Stands charged against one by the Lord ;  
 How happy and blessed that man is indeed,  
 Whose heart is made pure and from guiltiness freed.
- 2 My bones had waxed old in my silence,  
 From roaring and grief all the day ;  
 Thy hand pressing down for compliance,  
 My moisture in drought went away ;  
 But when I confessed my transgression to thee,  
 Thy pardon was granted, my soul was set free.
- 3 For this shall the godly be praying,  
 In times when thou mayest be found ;  
 Though floods their high waves are displaying,  
 They always are on solid ground ;  
 My hiding-place thou, where in trouble I fled,  
 And songs of deliverance encompass my head.
- 4 The way thou shalt go I am showing,  
 Mine eye shall direct and command ;  
 Be not like a horse in his going,  
 Or mule which will not understand ;  
 Whose mouth must be held with the bit and the rein,  
 Lest coming too near thee or too far remain.
- 5 The wicked shall sorrows be trying,  
 And sufferings and pains wear them out ;  
 But all on Jehovah relying,  
 Shall merey encompass about ;  
 Ye righteous, exult, and be glad in the Lord,  
 Ye upright, rejoice in your glorious reward.

## PSALM 33.—C. M. D.

VINTON, P. 17:

- 1 EXULT, ye righteous, in the Lord,  
 His praise becometh you ;  
 Wake up ten strings, the harp and chord,  
 With songs sublime and new ;  
 His word is truth, aloud proclaim,  
 And justice his delight ;  
 His mercy fills creation's frame,  
 And all his work is right.
- 2 His word the heavens' high arches reared,  
 His breath their hosts arrayed,  
 A storehouse for the sea prepared,  
 And deep on deep has laid.  
 Let earth adore the Mighty One,  
 Her sons his power so vast ;  
 When he said " Be," the work was done,  
 Commanded, all stood fast.
- 3 Jehovah quells the nations' rage,  
 The peoples' plans makes vain ;  
 His counsels stand from age to age,  
 And his designs remain.  
 Oh ! happy nation, truly blest,  
 Whose God Jehovah is ;  
 His chosen heritage and rest,  
 To be forever his.
- 4 His eye from heaven the earth beholds,  
 And looks on all mankind ;  
 Their hearts alike his Spirit molds,  
 Their works he keeps in mind.  
 No king is rescued by a host,  
 Nor mighty man by force ;  
 A steed can none for safety boast,  
 Nor trust the warlike horse.
- 5 He looks on those with kind esteem,  
 Who on his grace rely ;  
 And will their soul from death redeem,  
 In famine, food supply.  
 He is our joy, our help and shield,  
 On him we'll wait, confide ;  
 Lord, may thy mercy be revealed,  
 As we in hope abide.

## PSALM 33.—9s D.

BRADFORD, P. 15.

- 1 OH ye righteous, rejoice in the Lord,  
 For his praises become the upright ;  
 Sing aloud with ten strings in accord,  
 Tune the harp to new songs of delight.  
 Sound the truth of his works and his word,  
 Where his wisdom and power are revealed ;  
 Make his love of true justice be heard,  
 All the earth with his goodness is filled.

- 2 By his order the heavens were made,  
 By his breath the bright hosts of the sky ;  
 He the deeps in a storehouse hath laid,  
 Where he heapeth the waters on high ;  
 Let the earth fear the glorious One,  
 Her inhabitants fall at his feet ;  
 For he spake, and at once it was done,  
 He commanded, and all was complete.
- 3 He the plans of the nations makes vain,  
 Quells the peoples' loud clamor and rage ;  
 But his counsels forever remain,  
 And his thoughts to eternity's age.  
 Happy nation whose God is the Lord,  
 And the people he chose for his own ;  
 His inheritance he will regard,  
 And he never will leave them alone.
- 4 From the heavens he looks on the earth,  
 From his dwelling is viewing mankind ;  
 He is forming their hearts from their birth,  
 And is keeping their works in his mind.  
 By an army no king shall be freed,  
 Nor a hero, by might or by force ;  
 It is vain to depend on a steed,  
 Or to trust in the power of the horse.
- 5 But Jehovah the just will esteem,  
 On the faithful he fixes his eye ;  
 From destruction their soul to redeem,  
 And in famine their bread to supply.  
 We will wait for Jehovah, our shield,  
 For his name and his help we have tried ;  
 Let thy mercy to us be revealed,  
 As we all in thy truth shall confide.

## PSALM 33.—10s &amp; 9s D.

SPIER, P. 10.

- 1 OH ye righteous, exult in Jehovah,  
 With the upright his praise will accord ;  
 Touch the harp and ten strings playing over,  
 Render thanks from your heart to the Lord.  
 Wake a song that is new with skill aiding,  
 For the word of Jehovah is right :  
 He the earth with his goodness is lading,  
 Truth and judgment his works of delight.
- 2 By his word were the heavens created,  
 By his breath their bright hosts were displayed ;  
 And the gathering waters abated,  
 Into stores they together were laid.  
 Let the earth fear Jehovah in seeing,  
 Let the world with his awe be imbued ;  
 Who but " said," and the whole sprang to being,  
 Who " commanded," and everything stood.

- 3 He annuls the deep counsels of nations,  
 And the schemes of the peoples makes vain :  
 For his thoughts are to all generations,  
 And his purposes ever remain.  
 Happy nation whose God is Jehovah,  
 Happy people exalting him Lord ;  
 He enshields his own heritage over,  
 He will give them enduring reward.
- 4 From the heavens his eye is beholding,  
 He is viewing the sons of mankind ;  
 Every heart his own spirit is molding,  
 Every work of their hands keeps in mind.  
 Not by armies shall kings be protected,  
 Nor will strength save the man of much might ;  
 Not in steeds may escape be expected,  
 Nor from horses most peerless in flight.
- 5 Lo ! Jehovah sets eyes on those fearing,  
 On the souls whom his mercies revive ;  
 To redeem them from death when appearing,  
 And in famine to keep them alive.  
 In Jehovah will we be elated,  
 For his name is our help and our shield,  
 Oh Jehovah, as on thee we've waited,  
 Let thy mercy to us be revealed.

## PSALM 34. — C. M. H.

ABIMELECH, P. 18.

By David, in his changing his reason before Abimelech, who drove him away, and he went.

- 1 THE Lord my constant praise shall claim,  
 My mouth shall thanks employ ;  
 My soul shall glory in his name,  
 The meek shall hear with joy :  
 Come, let us magnify the Lord,  
 Exalt his name with sweet accord.
- 2 From all my fears relief I gained,  
 When I Jehovah sought ;  
 They looked to him, and light obtained,  
 No shame to them was brought :  
 This sufferer cried, and succor craved,  
 Was heard, and from all trouble saved.
- 3 His angels round the saints encamp,  
 And set his fearers free ;  
 How blest are all who trust his help,  
 His goodness taste and see :  
 Young lions suffer, lacking food,  
 Who seek Jehovah want no good.

- 4 Come, children, hearken to my speech,  
 I'll teach to you his ways ;  
 Who loveth life and would be rich,  
 Enjoying many days ;  
 Then keep thy mouth and lips from guile,  
 Leave ill, do good, seek peace the while.
- 5 Jehovah's eyes are on the just,  
 His ears attend their prayer ;  
 He sets his face to crush to dust  
 The men that wicked are.  
 He will the cry of sorrow hear,  
 To heal the broken heart is near.
- 6 The righteous with their bones preserved,  
 Are saved from many ills ;  
 Who hate them are in guilt reserved,  
 The wicked evil kills.  
 The Lord his servants will redeem,  
 And none condemn who trust in him.

PSALM 34.—C. M. Six Lines. HUNTINGDON, P. 18.

- 1 THE Lord I will at all times bless,  
 His praise shall tune my voice ;  
 My soul shall boast his righteousness,  
 The humble will rejoice ;  
 Come, help me laud our gracious God,  
 Exalt him as our choice.
- 2 His mercy all my fears relieved,  
 In answer to my prayers ;  
 They looked to him, and light received,  
 And no reproach was theirs :  
 This poor man's cry was heard on high,  
 And he was saved from cares.
- 3 His angels camp the saints around,  
 His fearers none molest ;  
 Come taste what love in him is found,  
 Who trust in him are blest ;  
 Young lions may lack much for prey,  
 Who seek him good invest.
- 4¶ Come, children, hearken to my ways,  
 I'll teach his fear to you ;  
 What man desires a length of days,  
 And would be prospered too ;  
 Thy lips restrain, from guile refrain,  
 Do good, and peace pursue.

- 5 His ears to all the just are bowed,  
 His eyes to them inclined ;  
 His face is set against the proud,  
 To cast their name behind ;  
 But he is near the crushed to cheer,  
 The broken heart to bind.
- 6 The just are saved from many woes,  
 Without a broken bone ;  
 But sin the sinner overthrows,  
 In gloom the wicked moan ;  
 The Lord sets clear his servants here,  
 Redeems them for his own.

## PSALM 34.—8s &amp; 7s. Six Lines.

ANGOLA, P. 23.

- 1 ALWAYS will I bless Jehovah,  
 Thus my tongue will I employ ;  
 I will boast in him moreover,  
 This will give the humble joy ;  
 Join with me his name to laud,  
 Let us magnify our God.
- 2 When I sought him, sorely frightened,  
 He relieved my anxious cares ;  
 They looked up and were enlightened,  
 No reproach nor shame was theirs ;  
 This poor man for help applied,  
 Neither was his suit denied.
- 3 Round the just to keep from wasting,  
 His kind angels pitch their tents ;  
 Come, his love and goodness tasting,  
 See how blest are all the saints ;  
 Though young lions lack for food,  
 They who seek him want no good.
- 4 Children, hear what I am telling,  
 Come and learn to fear the Lord ;  
 Would you live in joy excelling,  
 Many days have good reward ;  
 Keep thy mouth and lips from guile,  
 Keep from ill, seek peace the while.
- 5 God with love the just is viewing,  
 He will hear them when they pray ;  
 But the men of evil doing,  
 Will his anger put away ;  
 He the humble ones will hear,  
 Broken hearts to bind is near.
- 6 Many woes the just bewrayeth,  
 Yet are saved with every bone ;  
 Evil all the wicked slayeth,  
 Desolate shall scorners moan ;  
 God his servants will redeem,  
 Save from guilt who trust in him.

## PSALM 35.—C. M. D. CONGREGATIONAL CHANT, P. 12.

By David.

- 1 LORD, strive with them that take the field, contend with them that fight;  
Gird on thy buckler, spread the shield, and vindicate my right.  
Draw out the spear, and stop their way, who seek to shed my blood;  
And to my soul in mercy say, "I am thy Saviour, God."
- 2 Let them in shame be cast behind, who strive for my defeat;  
Make them like chaff before the wind, their host let angels meet:  
Drive them in darkness through the snares they causeless for me laid,  
Make them to fall at unawares, into the pit they made.
- 3 Then joy in thee shall tune my tongue, for thy great grace to me;  
And all my powers shall raise the song, "Lord, who is like to thee?"  
Thou dost with strength uphold the weak, from him that is too strong;  
And dost with favor shield the meek from spoilers and from wrong.
- 4¶ False witnesses against me stood, though I was clear from guile;  
They rendered evil for my good, and did my soul despoil.  
When sickness and distress were theirs, my soul with fasting mourned,  
Those blessings sought for them in prayers, into my breast returned.
- 5 For them in sackcloth I did bend, for them warm tears I shed;  
As though bereft of dearest friend, or for a mother dead.  
Yet in my halting they were glad, assembled abjects vile;  
They gnashed, and tore, and mockers had, I knew it not the while.
- 6¶ How long wilt thou look on, oh Lord! from ruin save my soul;  
Then shall my thanks exalt thy word, with throngs thy name extol.  
Let not my foes exult in wrongs, in falsehoods, taunts and strife;  
Save from their sneers and vaunting tongues, the men of peaceful life.
- 7 "Our eyes have seen, ah!" they cried, Lord, come, for thou hast known;  
Rouse up for right, my cause decide, ascend thy righteous throne.  
Judge me in truth before the proud, is all that I desire;  
Let them not say, and shout aloud, "We slew him in our ire."
- 8 Clothe them who boast in robes of shame, and humble men of pride;  
Let those who love my cause exclaim, "May God be magnified!"  
Let them with shouts their joys express, and never ceasing praise;  
Then will I tell thy righteousness, thy glory all my days.

## PSALM 35.—12s &amp; 9s D. NARRATIVE CHANT, P. 23.

- 1 OH Jehovah, resist who resistance will show,  
And oppose my opposers with might;  
Lay the hand to the buckler, the shield, and the bow,  
Stand thee up in defence of my right.  
Draw the spear from its sheath, my pursuers to slay.  
Stop the way and the course against them;  
Then beholding my soul, in thy tenderness say,  
"Thy salvation and helper I am."
- 2 Let reproach overwhelm who my hurt have devised,  
Who are seeking my soul cause to blush;  
Let them be as the chaff driven off by the wind,  
Let the angel of God give the rush.

- Let him chase them in darkness, to slip in the snares  
Which they causelessly hid for my fall ;  
Let them have the same ruin sought me unawares,  
And the traps of their own catch them all.
- 3 In Jehovah my soul shall be joyful and glad,  
And rejoice in his favor to me ;  
All my bones shall exclaim, with salvation be-clad,  
“ Oh Jehovah, what one is like thee ;”  
Who delivers the poor and the weak from the strong,  
Holding back evil-doers the while ;  
Yea, the poor and the needy securing from wrong,  
Bringing back to their hands the lost spoil.
- 4 They have charged me with things to my knowledge unknown,  
And the witness is false they employ ;  
They repay me with evil for good I have shown,  
Both to grieve and my soul to destroy.  
As for me, in their sickness with sackcloth I mourned,  
And with fasting I humbled my soul ;  
While aback to my bosom my prayers were returned,  
As I kindly with them would condole.
- 5 I behaved as in losing a brother or friend,  
And my visage deep sorrow impressed ;  
As a mourner for mother my tears would descend,  
With the tenderest feelings distressed.  
For return in my halting they meet with great cheer,  
With the mockers at feasts and the vile ;  
Gnashing sorely against me, enraged they would tear,  
Which to me was unknown for a while.
- 6 Oh Jehovah, how long wilt thou see this deceit ?  
From their ruins recover my soul ;  
I will thank thee where many together shall meet,  
With assemblies thy goodness extol.  
Let my foes not rejoice in respect to my stand,  
Nor my haters give winks without cause ;  
For they will not speak peace, and disturb the whole land,  
And the quiet observing thy laws.
- 7 They have widened their mouth, saying “ Aye, we have seen,”  
Keep not silence, draw near, thou hast known ;  
Lord, arouse thee, awake, let the truth intervene,  
Now adjudge me from thy righteous throne.  
Stop their crying “ Aha, we have had our desire,  
We have swallowed him up in a crush ;”  
Let rejoicers in evil confounded retire,  
For desiring my fall make them blush.
- 8 Let the wicked together with shame be made sad,  
With contemners of truth and thy laws ;  
Let the lovers of justice rejoice and be glad,  
Who have favor to my righteous cause.  
“ Yes, Jehovah be blest, who his servant upholds,”  
Let them always with shouting proclaim ;  
Then my tongue, as thy righteousness sweetly unfolds,  
All the day will be praising thy name.

## PSALM 36.—L. M. D.

MARTYN, P. 20.

To the Chief Musician. By a Servant of Jehovah. By David.

- 1 THE sinner's work my judgment tells,  
 No fear of God before him dwells ;  
 His eyes a vain self-flattery blinds,  
 He thinks not God his doing minds.  
 His words are couched in fraud and lies,  
 His heart has ceased from all that's wise ;  
 He plans new mischiefs on his bed,  
 Nor hates the evils he should dread.
- 2 Oh Lord ! thy mercy is on high,  
 Thy faithfulness transcends the sky ;  
 Like mountains great thy righteousness,  
 Thy judgments deep and measureless.  
 How excellent thy love, oh God !  
 Thou dost preserve the world abroad ;  
 And therefore men shall flee for aid  
 Beneath thy wings' protecting shade.
- 3 Thy house their wants shall satisfy,  
 Thy pleasures' stream their drink supply ;  
 We find the well of life with thee,  
 And in thy light, new light shall see.  
 For thine in love and truth provide,  
 Save me from hands and feet of pride ;  
 The men who work deceit and lies,  
 Are fallen down no more to rise.

## PSALM 36.—C. M. D. EVENING PSALM, P. 4.

- 1 THE sinner's way my heart assures,  
 No fear of God has he ;  
 His eyes self-flattery obscures,  
 He thinks not God will see.  
 He turns from what is good and wise,  
 His words are full of guile ;  
 His thoughts by night new ills devise,  
 His heart hates nothing vile.
- 2 Oh Lord ! in heaven thy mercy dwells,  
 Thy truth transcends the clouds ;  
 Thy righteousness is like the hills,  
 Thy judgments mystery shrouds.  
 Thou dost preserve all living things,  
 How excellent thy grace !  
 Hence, in the shadow of thy wings,  
 Shall men their refuge place.
- 3 Thy house shall satisfy their need,  
 Thy stream their drink shall be ;  
 The springs of life from thee proceed,  
 And in thy light we see.  
 Who know thy name with mercies crown,  
 Save me from all the vain ;  
 The wicked now are fallen down,  
 And shall not rise again.

## PSALM 36.—12s &amp; 9s D.

COURT STREET, P. 19.

- 1 SAITH the follies of sinners made plain to my mind,  
 That the wicked for God have no fear ;  
 They will flatter themselves till their eyes become blind,  
 And as hateful to God they appear.  
 They have ceased to act wisely, and practise deceit,  
 Planning mischiefs by night on their bed ;  
 Both in word and in deed every good will defeat,  
 Not abhorring the ills they should dread.
- 2 Oh Jehovah, thy mercy transcendeth the skies,  
 And thy faithfulness reacheth the clouds ;  
 With the hills and great mountains thy righteousness vies,  
 And thy judgments deep mystery shrouds.  
 From Jehovah comes safety to all living things,  
 How divine thy rich kindness, oh God !  
 Hence the children of men, in the shade of thy wings,  
 May in safety take up their abode.
- 3 For thy house in its fullness their wants shall control,  
 And thy river flows fresh with delight ;  
 Since in thee is a fountain of life for the soul,  
 And in thine shall we ever see light.  
 Oh ! continue thy kindness and truth to thine own,  
 Keeping me from the foot of the proud ;  
 There the doers of evil are falling or thrown,  
 And will quickly in ruin be bowed.

## PSALM 37.—C. M. D.

EVENING PSALM, P. 4.

- 1 FRET not, though wealth the wicked crown,  
 Nor let the proud disturb ;  
 For they, like grass, are soon cut down,  
 And wither as an herb.  
 Trust in Jehovah and do good,  
 In him delighting still ;  
 Dwell in the land, make truth thy food,  
 And he shall grant thy will.
- 2 Thy work upon Jehovah lay,  
 And he will do it soon ;  
 Thy righteousness will make as day,  
 Thy judgment as the noon.  
 Bow silent to Jehovah's will,  
 Wait patient for his time ;  
 Fret not thyself at prospering ill,  
 When one succeeds by crime.
- 3 From anger cease, forsaking wrath,  
 Nor to do evil fret ;  
 For sinners perish in their path,  
 The meek the land shall get.  
 Soon shall the wicked fail and cease,  
 And never more be found ;  
 Then shall the humble dwell in peace,  
 With joy abundant crowned.

[VERSE 12.]

## PSALM 37.—C. M. D.

MANCHESTER, P. 26.

- 1 THE wicked plot and gnash and foam,  
And righteous men deride ;  
Jehovah knows their day will come,  
And laughs to see their pride.  
They draw the sword and bend the bow,  
The suffering poor to take ;  
Their sword to their own hearts shall go,  
Their bows to pieces break.
- 2 The little that the just secure,  
Exceeds what sinners gain ;  
For wicked arms shall not endure,  
The righteous strong remain.  
The upright lasting good may claim,  
Their days Jehovah knows :  
In evil times he frees from shame ;  
In famine bread bestows.
- 3 The wicked perish in their ways,  
And are to ruin brought ;  
As fat of lambs in smoke decays,  
Their glory comes to naught.  
The wicked pay no lender's hand,  
The righteous give o'erjoyed ;  
Those blest of God possess the land,  
Those cursed by him, destroyed.

[VERSE 23.]

## PSALM 37.—C. M. D.

MAITLAND, P. 12.

- 1 THE Lord will make the righteous stand,  
His way he loves to crown ;  
Though falling, holds him by the hand,  
Nor lets his steps go down.  
From youth to age I have not found  
The righteous left in need ;  
And what he lends the poor around,  
Are treasures for his seed.
- 2 Depart from evil and do right,  
And ever dwell secure ;  
The Lord in judgment takes delight,  
Nor will forsake the pure.  
The righteous in the land shall dwell,  
They make thy law their guide ;  
Their lips of truth and wisdom tell,  
Their steps shall never slide.
- 3 The wicked would the righteous slay,  
And watch and wait for them ;  
The Lord will not leave them their prey,  
Nor when they're judged, condemn.  
Wait thou Jehovah's timely hand,  
Bow to his will and reign ;  
He will exalt thee in the land  
To see the wicked slain.

[VERSE 35.]

## PSALM 37.—C. M. D.

MAITLAND, P. 12.

- 1 I've seen a wicked man of dread,  
 With growing power and pride;  
 And like a native tree were spread  
 His branches far and wide.  
 Yet very soon he passed away,  
 And vanished from the ground;  
 For him I sought with strict survey,  
 And he could not be found.
- 2 But mark with care the perfect man.  
 Behold his blest decease;  
 And then the upright closely sear,  
 The end to him is peace.  
 The rebels who at merey scoff,  
 Will surely be destroyed;  
 The wicked shall be all cut off,  
 Their counsels all be void.
- 3 The great salvation of the just,  
 Is wholly from the Lord;  
 In trouble he becomes their trust,  
 Their strength and sure reward.  
 Jehovah will sustain their hope,  
 From death their souls redeem;  
 Above the wicked lift them up,  
 Because they trust in him.

## PSALM 37.—7s &amp; 6s D. MISSIONARY HYMN, P. 20.

- 1 FRET not at evil-doers, nor be at pride dismayed,  
 Like grass before the mowers, and like the herb they fade.  
 Do good and trust Jehovah, thy mouth with plenty fill;  
 Delight in him, moreover, and he shall grant thy will.
- 2 Leave all to his uprightness, and help will he display;  
 Will make thy truth as brightness, thy justice as the day:  
 Let hope thy patience nourish, and rest in him the while,  
 Fret not though sinners flourish, and prosper through their guile.
- 3 No wrath nor anger cherish, and not in evil stand;  
 For soon shall sinners perish, the meek possess the land.  
 Ere long shall all transgression and all the wicked cease;  
 The meek shall have possession, and dwell in perfect peace.

[VERSE 12.]

## PSALM 37.—7s &amp; 6s D.

GOODWIN, P. 10

- 1 THE proud are plots pursuing, the righteous man to slay;  
 The Lord derides their doing, and sees their coming day;  
 Against the poor and needy they draw the spear and bow;  
 These shall be broken speedy, and give their hearts the blow.
- 2 The good man's small possession outweighs the sinner's gold;  
 They fail through their transgression, the just will God uphold.  
 He knows their day and danger, and they have naught to dread;  
 To them is shame a stranger, in famine they are fed.
- 3 The just the poor will cherish, the proud no loans repay;  
 And wicked men shall perish, like fat in smoke decay.  
 Those cursèd of Jehovah shall die in wickedness;  
 His blest ones shall, moreover, the land at last possess.

[VERSE 23.]

## PSALM 37.—7s &amp; 6s D.

GIMEL, P. 2.

- 1 THE Lord a good man guideth, and in his way delights ;  
And though his footstep slideth, his hand the falling rights :  
From youth to age in living, I've seen the righteous fed ;  
His liberal hands are giving, his seed are blest with bread.
- 2 The Lord in truth takes pleasure, live right and dwell secure ;  
The righteous are his treasure, the wicked sha'n't endure :  
The just the land inherit, the law of God their guide ;  
They speak of wisdom's merit, their steps shall never slide.
- 3 The Lord the just delivers, from watching foes redeems ;  
Nor leaves them to deceivers, nor when they're judged, condemns.  
Wait always for Jehovah, the leadings of his hand ;  
He'll throw the wicked over, and give to thee the land.

[VERSE 35.]

## PSALM 37.—7s &amp; 6s D.

GIMEL, P. 2.

- 1 I'VE seen the wicked flourish, and rise in power and pride ;  
As trees which waters nourish, spread out his branches wide :  
But soon he passed for ever, and vanished from the ground ;  
I sought his place, but never a trace of him was found.
- 2 But mark the perfect dully, behold his blest decease ;  
And sean the upright truly, the end to him is peace.  
And now receive instruction, the wicked fail at last,  
And rebels to destruction together shall be cast.
- 3 The strength and great salvation of saints is from the Lord ;  
His hand allots their station, and gives a sure reward :  
The just will he deliver, and from the proud redeem ;  
Preserve and keep them ever, because they trust in him.

## PSALM 38.—7s &amp; 6s D.

YARMOUTH, P. 20.

A Psalm by David. To remind.

- 1 LORD, not in anger chasten, nor chide me in thine ire,  
Thy hands upon me fasten, thine arrows burn like fire :  
Because of thy displeasure, no soundness I retain ;  
My guilt hath such a measure, no rest I find from pain.
- 2 My sins above me rising are more than I can bear ;  
My folly seems surprising, I'm bowed with daily care :  
My sores have grown offensive, I am with anguish seized ;  
My wounds are so extensive, that I am all diseased.
- 3 I'm feeble and sore broken, with groans disquieted ;  
My prayer to thee is spoken, my sighing is not hid :  
My light is fast expiring, my strength is nearly gone ;  
My lovers are retiring, my neighbors are withdrawn.
- 4 They who my life are seeking, their wiles around me lay ;  
Are mischiefs ever speaking, deceits through all the day :  
Like one who has no hearing, from words I stood aloof ;  
Like one that's dumb appearing, whose lips give no reproof.
- 5 Because for thee I waited, oh God ! and thou wilt save ;  
My foes will be elated, if help in vain I crave.  
I now am near to falling, with heavy sorrows bent ;  
My sins to mind recalling, with weeping I repent.
- 6 My deadly foes are living, are many, and have might ;  
For good are evil giving, since I pursue the right.  
Oh God ! uphold my standing, nor far from me depart ;  
Salvation now commanding, make haste and cheer my heart.

## PSALM 38.—9s &amp; 8s D.

SPIER, P. 10

- 1 LORD, chasten me not in displeasure,  
 And chide me in anger no more ;  
 Thine arrows sink deep beyond measure,  
 Thy hand presseth down on me sore  
 Because of thy great indignation,  
 No soundness my flesh can retain ;  
 Because of my sins' irritation,  
 No peace in my bones will remain.
- 2 Iniquities over me rising,  
 Are burdens too heavy to bear ;  
 My stripes from my follies surprising,  
 Corrupted and putrefied are.  
 I writhe, and am bowed in great sorrow,  
 And mourning all day do I go ;  
 My loins are all parched to the marrow,  
 No soundness in me can I show.
- 3 I'm feeble, and sorely am broken,  
 Disquiet hath caused me to roar ;  
 Jehovah, to thee have I spoken,  
 My prayers and my sighs laid before.  
 My heart and my strength are both failing,  
 And light from mine eyes is gone out ;  
 My lovers and friends make no wailing,  
 My neighbors from me turn about.
- 4 Those seeking my soul are at lurking,  
 And laying their wiles to ensnare ;  
 Who seek for my hurt are all working  
 New mischiefs all day to prepare.  
 And I as a deaf man appearing,  
 As dumb, I stand silently by ;  
 I'm like to a man without hearing,  
 Whose mouth cannot make a reply.
- 5 Because for thine answer I waited,  
 Oh God, my Redeemer and Lord ;  
 My foes will be greatly elated,  
 If slipping, I fail of regard :  
 And because I am subject to halting,  
 I'm grieved, and have anguish within ;  
 My errors to me are revolting,  
 I mourn and lament for my sin.
- 6 My foes are great numbers displaying,  
 Are deadly and powerful in might ;  
 For good they are evil repaying,  
 Oppose me because I am right.  
 Jehovah, my God, be thou near me,  
 Nor leave me with foes to condemn ;  
 Jehovah, make haste thou and cheer me,  
 And say, "Thy salvation I am."

## PSALM 39.—L. M. D.

JEDUTHUN, P. 22.

The Chief Musician. For Jeduthun. A Psalm by David.

- 1 I ONCE resolved to heed my way,  
With bit and curb my mouth to stay;  
And thus my tongue from sin restrain,  
While sinners near me should remain.  
I turned to silent solitude,  
And even held my peace from good;  
Till kindling thoughts my bosom burned,  
And then to prayer my silence turned.
- 2 Jehovah, make me know mine end,  
The date to which my days extend;  
Teach me the weakness of my frame,  
That I may learn how frail I am.  
A span will measure all my years,  
My life as naught to thee appears;  
And all that dying man can boast,  
Compares with vanity at most.
- 3 His walk is only fraught with pain,  
For all his noise and toil are vain;  
His riches heaped and called his own,  
Are gathered by some hand unknown.  
And now what wait I for, oh Lord?  
My trust is only in thy word;  
Set all my guilt and sins aside,  
Nor let the fool my hope deride.
- 4 In silence I receive thy stroke,  
Oh! heal the heart thy rod hath broke;  
Thy just rebukes all flesh consume,  
And waste our beauty in the tomb.  
Behold my tears and hear my prayer,  
A stranger, as my fathers were;  
Oh! spare me and my strength restore.  
Ere I go hence to be no more.

## PSALM 39.—C. M. D.

NATHAN, P. 30.

- 1 I ONCE resolved my mouth to curb, and make my tongue obey;  
When sinners should my peace disturb, the more to heed my way.  
My heart to silent musings turned, my peace from good I held;  
Till kindling thoughts my bosom burned, and pain my tongue impelled.
- 2 Lord, make me well to know my end, my days, to number them;  
That I may fully comprehend how poor and frail I am.  
Behold, my years are but a span, as naught to thee my age;  
How vain a breath is dying man, in life's best heritage.
- 3 His walk is all a fleeting show, and all his toil is vain;  
His wealth heaped up through weal and woe, he knows not who will gain.  
And now, what wait I for, oh Lord? my hope is in thy name;  
A freedom from my sins afford, nor let the foolish shame.
- 4 I'm dumb, for sin has made thee wroth, remove from me thy stroke;  
Our youth and beauty, like a moth, consume at thy rebuke.  
A stranger I sojourn with thee, as did my sires before:  
Oh! spare and give new strength to me, ere I am seen no more.

## PSALM 39.—7s &amp; 6s D.

VISION, P. 19.

- 1 I THOUGHT my mouth to bridle,  
And make my tongue obey ;  
Lest something vain or idle,  
The wicked hear me say.  
To silent musings turning,  
I did from good forbear ;  
Till thoughts my bosom burning,  
My voice broke out in prayer.
- 2 Teach me my end, Jehovah,  
The measure of my days ;  
What time they will be over,  
How soon frail life decays ;  
A span completes the story,  
My age is naught with thee ;  
For man, in all his glory,  
Is only vanity.
- 3 Mereshow his walks and pleasures,  
His visions turn to gloom ;  
He heaps up golden treasures,  
But cannot tell for whom.  
For what am I awaiting ?  
My trust is in thy name ;  
Forgive the sins I'm hating,  
And save my hope from shame.
- 4 Thy blow my strength consumeth,  
Remove thy stroke away ;  
When man thy justice doometh,  
His beauty will decay ;  
Like all my sires before me,  
A stranger here I roam ;  
Oh ! hear, and yet restore me,  
Ere thou shalt call me home.

## PSALM 39.—8s D.

REMIND, P. 19.

- 1 I SAID, I will keep in the way,  
From sinning my tongue will restrain ;  
My mouth a strong muzzle shall stay,  
While sinners before me remain.  
To silence and sorrow I turned,  
And even from good I withheld ;  
My musings enkindled and burned,  
My tongue then to speak was impelled.
- 2 Jehovah, disclosing my end,  
Teach me how to measure my days ;  
Show when to the grave I shall bend,  
Where all that is mortal decays.  
Behold, thou hast made me a span,  
The breadth of a hand is my bound ;  
As nothing to thee is frail man,  
And only like vanity found.
- 3 His walk is an imagery view,  
His days a mere breath with their noise ;  
He hoards up, and knoweth not who  
Will gather the wealth he enjoys.  
For what am I waiting, oh Lord ?  
In thee is the hope which I claim ;  
Transgressions afar from me ward,  
Let fools not reproach me with shame.
- 4 I'm silenced, for sin made thee wroth,  
From this thy fierce stroke do thou save ;  
Rebukes will consume like a moth,  
Our beauty will waste in the grave.  
Jehovah, yet hear thou my prayers,  
Turn not from my tears and my pain ;  
A stranger with thee like my sires,  
Oh, spare and revive me again.

## PSALM 40.—11s &amp; 9s.

BEVEREDGE, P. 30.

To the Chief Musician. A Psalm of David.

- 1 I WAITED with patience for help from the Lord,  
 He bowed down his ear to my cry with regard ;  
 Brought me up from a horrible pit,  
 And restored me from deep miry clay ;  
 On a rock hath he made me to sit,  
 Ordering surely my steps in the way.
- 2 He put in my mouth a new anthem of praise,  
 New songs to our God of melodious lays.  
 Many seeing his goodness shall fear,  
 On Jehovah will trust and rely ;  
 Happy man who is serving him here,  
 Hating everything making a lie.
- 3 Jehovah, my God, many things hast thou done,  
 Thy wonders and thoughts to us multiplied run :  
 I would speak and declare them for thee,  
 But my numbers they wholly transcend ;  
 And thou hast mine ears pierced for me,  
 And mine to thy will I shall bend.
- 4 For sacrificed offerings thou hast not desired,  
 Burnt offerings and sin offerings hast not required.  
 Then behold, I will come as I'm bid,  
 In the book is declared of my right ;  
 For thy law in my heart I have hid,  
 And my God, in thy will I delight.
- 5 Jehovah, thou knowest what things I unfold,  
 Thy righteousness, faithfulness, saving grace told,  
 To the great congregation made known,  
 Nor thy mercy and truth have reserved ;  
 Oh, to me let these kindly be shown,  
 That by them I be always preserved.
- 6 More evils than hairs on my head have assailed ;  
 My sins rise against me, I'm blind and quite failed,  
 Oh, be pleased now to haste and relieve ;  
 Who would kill me, smite thou to the ground :  
 Who will taunt me, of comfort bereave ;  
 And with shame evil-doers confound.
- 7 Then all seeking thee shall with gladness applaud,  
 Who love thy salvation shall magnify God ;  
 For though poor and afflicted I bow,  
 Yet the Lord is remembering my way ;  
 My deliverer and helper art thou,  
 Oh, my God, tarry not nor delay.

## PSALM 40.—L. M. H

ARCHIBALD, P. 17.

- 1 FOR God I waited calm in mind,  
And he to hear my cry inclined ;  
He raised me from a horrid pit,  
From deep and miry clay ;  
And on a rock has made me sit,  
And showed my feet the way.
  
- 2 He filled my mouth with praise to God,  
New songs his holy name to laud ;  
And many seeing this shall fear,  
And in his grace confide ;  
How blest are all who trust him here,  
And hate deceit and pride.
  
- 3 Thy wondrous works are manifold,  
Thy thoughts of love can ne'er be told,  
Nor ever reckoned up to thee,  
For numbers they transcend ;  
And thou mine ears hast bored for me,  
My will to thine shall bend.
  
- 4 Burnt offerings thou hast not desired,  
Nor sacrifice hast thou required ;  
I come, as written in thy book,  
To do thy will, my God ;  
I love within thy law to look,  
And spread its truths abroad.
  
- 5 Thy great salvation I have shown,  
Thy righteousness and love made known ;  
Thou knowest I have naught concealed,  
Nor have my lips refrained ;  
Let truth and mercy be revealed.  
And I shall be sustained.
  
- 6 For ills, and sins which press me down,  
Are more than hairs upon my crown ;  
I'm blind and sinking in a strait,  
Oh ! haste to save me, Lord ;  
Who seek my hurt make desolate,  
Who taunt with shame reward.
  
- 7 Who seek thee shall their joy proclaim,  
Who love salvation laud thy name :  
Although I am in need and poor,  
The Lord regards my way ;  
Thy speedy help let me secure ;  
My God, do not delay.

## PSALM 41.—L. M. Six Lines. FEDERAL STREET, P. 19.

To the Chief Musician. A Psalm by David.

- 1 BLEST is the man who helps the poor,  
He shall in trouble help secure ;  
God will preserve and keep his life,  
Shield him from enemies and strife ;  
He will in sickness make his bed,  
Hold up and soothe his languid head.
- 2 Lord, I have sinned, my guilt I feel,  
Show mercy, and my spirit heal :  
Thus do my vaunting foes exclaim,  
“ When shall he perish, with his name ? ”  
They come as spies to where I dwell,  
Then go abroad and falsehoods tell.
- 3 Who hate me whisper hurtful lies,  
“ Now he is down and shall not rise ;  
Some foul disease upon him preys,  
Which soon will end his mortal days ; ”  
Yea, one I trusted and have fed,  
Hath raised his heel to crush me dead.
- 4 Lord, kindly raise me to repay,  
They triumph not, for thou dost say ;  
Their fall will show that I am right,  
Set near thy face as thy delight.  
Let Israel's God, Jehovah, reign,  
Him ever praise, Amen, amen !

## PSALM 41.—12s. Six Lines.

PLEYEL, P. 19.

- 1 HAPPY man, acting wisely in aiding the poor,  
For the Lord will do for him in evil as well :  
He will keep him alive, from his foes will secure,  
He will prosper and give him a place where to dwell ;  
On the couch of his languor will kindly sustain,  
In his sickness will soften the bed of his pain.
- 2 Oh Jehovah, have mercy, I've sinned against thee,  
Heal my soul in thy love, and in kindness reclaim,  
For my foes will speak evil and bitter of me,  
Saying “ When shall he die, and thus perish his name ? ”  
They will come to my dwelling and gather up fraud,  
For the purpose of slander to publish abroad.
- 3 All who hate me combine evil things to surmise,  
Still desiring my ruin utter whispers and say,  
“ Never more shall he rally from where he now lies,  
For his fatal disease will soon make him a prey.”  
Yea, a man of my peace whom I fed in my weal,  
In my woe has against me uplifted his heel.

- 4 Oh Jehovah, in mercy raise me to requite,  
 In my rectitude thou hast held me by the hand;  
 And by this I have known that I am thy delight,  
 For my foes do not gain, and before thee I stand.  
 Let Jehovah be praised, and eternally reign,  
 Bless the Sovereign of Israel, Amen and amen.

## PSALM 42.—11s &amp; 8s.

WAREHAM, P. 26.

To the Chief Musician, Maschil. To the Sons of Korah.

- 1 As pants the run hart for the cool water brooks,  
 So pants my spent soul for the cheer of thy looks,  
 I languish and long for my God!  
 My soul is athirst in thy presence to be,  
 Oh! when shall I come and appear before thee,  
 And dwell with the one living God?
- 2 My tears are for meat through the night and the day,  
 In hearing them ever reproachfully say,  
 "Come, tell us, where now is thy God?"  
 These things I remember, and still they annoy,  
 When passing with crowds to thy temples of joy,  
 For songs and thanksgivings to God.
- 3 Why art thou cast down, oh my sorrowing soul?  
 Why art thou within me so hard of control?  
 Hope thou, and await for thy God;  
 For yet shall I praise him for mercies divine,  
 And yet shall his countenance radiate mine,  
 For he is my helper and God.
- 4 My God, though my soul is within me cast down,  
 From Jordan and Mizar and Hermon's high crown,  
 Remembered art thou as my God;  
 Though deep calls to deep as the loud echoes roar,  
 While all of thy water-spouts over me pour,  
 Yet thou art my refuge and God.
- 5 Jehovah will hear me by night when I pray,  
 His song in the morning my jubilant lay,  
 Thou Rock of my life and my God;  
 Oh! why go I mourning dejected in groans,  
 While foes are reproaching with swords in my bones,  
 Still saying, "Where now is thy God?"
- 6 Why art thou cast down, oh my sorrowing soul?  
 Why art thou within me so hard of control?  
 Hope thou, and await for thy God;  
 For yet shall I praise him for mercies divine,  
 And yet shall his countenance radiate mine,  
 For he is my helper and God.

## PSALM 42.—S. P. M.

KORAH, P. 22.

- 1 As pants the hunted hart for streams,  
So pants my soul for thy bright beams,  
Thou living God!  
My spirit thirsts to taste thy grace,  
Oh! when shall I behold thy face  
In thine abode?
- 2 For tears have been my daily bread,  
While taunting foes to me have said,  
“Where is thy God?”  
These things my memory will employ,  
When going to thy house with joy,  
Among the crowd.
- 3 Why thus art thou cast down, my soul?  
Why thus let grief my heart control?  
Wait thou for God;  
For I shall yet exalt his grace,  
The great salvations of his face  
With gladness laud.
- 4 While thus my soul is much cast down,  
From Jordan's banks and Hermon's crown,  
I'll think of God:  
Deep calls to deep, and waters roar,  
And all thy billows on me pour  
Their angry flood.
- 5 His mercy God commands by day,  
By night will hear me sing and pray;  
My rock I'll laud:  
Why go I mourning pierced with pain,  
While foes are saying, with disdain,  
“Where is thy God?”
- 6 Why thus, my soul, art thou cast down?  
Why this disquiet at their frown?  
Hope thou in God;  
For I shall yet exalt his grace,  
The great salvations of his face  
With gladness laud.

## PSALM 42.—8s &amp; 7s.

MASCHIL, P. 43.

- 1 As pants the hind a stream to find,  
When by the archer heated;  
I pant for God, for thine abode,  
When shall I there be seated?
- 2 “Where is thy God?” they say abroad,  
My tears as bread I'm eating;  
When we with song thy temple throng,  
These things my thoughts are meeting.

- 3 Why thus, my soul, let grief control,  
 Cast down in sorrow bending?  
 Wait thou for God, yet shall I laud,  
 Salvations of his sending.
- 4 From Jordan's banks I'll render thanks,  
 From Hermon's hill adore thee;  
 Though deep on deep in fury sweep,  
 And all thy waves run o'er me.
- 5 My God, to thee my prayer shall be,  
 My daily praise forever;  
 Why left to mourn? why pierced with scorn?  
 In hearing, "Where's thy Saviour?"
- 6 Why thus, my soul, let grief control,  
 Cast down, in sorrow living?  
 Hope thou in God, I yet shall laud  
 The help he will be giving.

## PSALM 43.—8s &amp; 7s.

MASCHIL, P. 43.

- 1 LORD, by thy laws, plead thou my cause  
 With an ungodly nation;  
 My strength art thou, why leave me now  
 To mourn my foes, oppression?
- 2 Send truth and light to guide me right,  
 And lead to Zion's mountain;  
 With harps I'll laud my Saviour, God,  
 Of all my joys the fountain.
- 3 My soul, why down? why fear their frown?  
 My heart, why is thy sadness?  
 Hope thou in God, yet shall I laud  
 His helps with joy and gladness.

## PSALM 43.—C. P. M.

MAYVILLE, P. 21.

- 1 JUDGE me and plead my cause, oh God,  
 Against a man of guile and fraud;  
 Against a realm unkind;  
 For thou art God on whom I stay,  
 Why go I mourning all the day,  
 Cast off, oppressed in mind?
- 2 Send light and truth to guide me still,  
 And lead me to thy holy hill,  
 Thy sacred tents to see;  
 There will I come thine altars round,  
 There harp and song my joy shall sound,  
 Oh God, my God, to thee.
- 3 My soul, why thus cast down and sad?  
 My heart, why thus disquieted?  
 Hope thou and wait for God;  
 For I shall yet praise him again,  
 His countenance will mine sustain,  
 My health and rock I'll laud.

## PSALM 44.—11s. Six Lines.

LYON, P. 22.

To the Chief Musician, Maschil. To the Sons of Korah.

- 1 Oh God! in our ears by our fathers was told,  
Thy work in their days and in times long of old ;  
How nations were crushed and dispersed by thy hand,  
And they were extended and set in the land ;  
They took not possession by their arm and sword,  
But thine with thy right hand and favor adored.
- 2 Oh God! thou art king, help for Jacob command,  
In thee we shall trample on foes that withstand ;  
We trust not the bow, nor the sword will we claim,  
For thou hast redeemed us, our foes put to shame ;  
In God is our glory and boast all the day,  
The praise of thy name we will ever display.
- 3 Yet thou hast rejected and humbled our might,  
Thou wilt not go forth with our armies to fight ;  
Thou turnest us back in disgrace from the foe ;  
Who hate us take spoil for themselves as we go ;  
As sheep thou wilt give us as meat for their stealth,  
Thy people wilt sell not increasing thy wealth.
- 4 Thou makest our name among neighbors a scoff,  
A by-word and jest to the nations far off ;  
All day our reproach is before us a shame,  
Which slanderous revilers avenging proclaim ;  
Confusion and sorrow have covered our face,  
We feel as if brought to the lowest disgrace.
- 5 All this has come on us and thou hast not seen,  
To thee or thy covenant that false we have been ;  
Our heart has not turned nor our feet from thy path,  
Though crushed where are dragons and covered with death ;  
If God we forget and to idols depart,  
Shall he not behold it who searcheth the heart?
- 6 Because for thy sake we are killed all the day,  
Are counted as sheep for the slaughter a prey ;  
Arouse and awake thee, why sleepest thou, Lord ?  
Not cast off but save us, our sufferings regard ;  
For bowed to the dust in the earth is our frame,  
Rise, help us, in mercy redeem for thy name.

## PSALM 44.—L. M. Six Lines.

ALEPH, P. 1

- 1 Oh God! thy work in days of old,  
Our fathers in our ears have told ;  
When nations crushed before them fled,  
And they were planted in their stead :  
Thy light, thine arm and own right hand,  
And not their sword possessed the land.

- 2 Oh God, our King! for Jacob fight,  
Through thee we'll put our foes to flight:  
We will not trust our bow nor sword,  
For thou dost save and help afford:  
In thee we've gloried all our days,  
And will thy name for ever praise.
- 3 But thou hast even shamed our boasts,  
Nor wilt go forth among our hosts;  
In flight dost thou make us recoil,  
And they who hate us take the spoil;  
Like sheep for meat we're sold and slain,  
Nor does our price increase thy gain.
- 4 Our name at home a by-word goes,  
A scoff and jeer among our foes;  
We thus are brought to sore disgrace,  
Confusion overspreads our face;  
From bold avengers boasting loud,  
From slanders uttered by the proud.
- 5 Yet we, by all these ills beset,  
Thy name and covenant ne'er forget;  
Nor have our feet turned back or strayed  
When cast in pits and death's dark shade;  
Should we from God to idols go,  
Shall he who tries the heart not know?
- 6 For all the day for thee we're killed,  
And deemed as sheep for slaughter held:  
Wake thou and not forget us, Lord,  
Rise up and timely help afford;  
Bowed to the dust no more forsake,  
Redeem us for thy mercy's sake.

## PSALM 45.—L. M. D.

LILIES, P. 34.

To the Chief Musician. Upon Lilies. To the Sons of Korah. Maschil. A Song of the beloved.

- 1 THE king awakes my heart to praise,  
My ready tongue shall pen the lays;  
Thy speech and form of all the best,  
Thy God hath made thee ever blest.  
Most mighty Prince, gird on thy sword,  
Ride forth in majesty adored;  
For sake of truth and humble right,  
Thy hand is clothed with dreadful might.
- 2 Thine arrows sharp shall pierce thy foes,  
Cast down all nations that oppose;  
Oh God! thy throne forever stands,  
Right is the sceptre in thy hands;  
Thou hast loved truth, and sin abhorred,  
Hence God, thy God ordained thee Lord;  
Thy head with oil of gladness crowned,  
High over all thy fellows round.

- 3 From ivory halls thy garments shed  
 Sweet myrrh and spice to make thee glad ;  
 In Ophir's gold the queen shall stand,  
 With her fair train at thy right hand.  
 Fair daughter, see, and be inclined,  
 Leave father's house, and all behind ;  
 Thy beauty let the King regard,  
 Bow down to him, thy rightful Lord.
- 4 There Tyrus shall her presents bring,  
 The rich shall send their offering :  
 How glorious is the bride, and fair !  
 Embroidered gold her vestments are.  
 She comes with her attendants brought,  
 Whose robes are all with needles wrought ;  
 She comes with mirth, and anthems ring,  
 They reach the palace of the King.
- 5 Instead of fathers, take the sons,  
 And set as princes on the thrones ;  
 Let them come up as men of worth,  
 And rule and reign in all the earth.  
 Thus will I celebrate thy name,  
 And call to mind thy lasting fame ;  
 That nations still thy name may sing,  
 And ever praise their God and King.

## PSALM 45.—C. M. D. MORAVIAN HYMN, P. 32.

- 1 THE King inspires the willing muse,  
 The song my tongue shall pen ;  
 Most fair, with lips of heavenly dews,  
 More blest of God than men.  
 Most mighty Prince, gird on thy sword ;  
 For humbled justice ride ;  
 Pass on in majesty adored.  
 Dread things thy hand shall guide.
- 2 The sharpened arrows from thy hands  
 Shall put thy foes to flight ;  
 Oh God ! thy throne forever stands,  
 Thy sceptred realm is right ;  
 Thou hast loved truth and equity,  
 But evil has abhorred ;  
 Hence God, thy God, anointed thee,  
 Above thy fellows, Lord.
- 3 Thy garments yield from every fold,  
 Fresh odors of delight ;  
 The queen, arrayed in Ophir's gold,  
 Is stationed at thy right.  
 Oh daughter ! leave thy father's house,  
 And seek thy Lord's esteem ;  
 Now let the king desire thy vows,  
 And bow thyself to him.

- 4 The rich to thee with gifts shall come,  
 Her presents Tyre unfold ;  
 The King's fair daughter shines at home,  
 Her raiment is fine gold.  
 Her fair companions' robes are wrought  
 With various works combined ;  
 And these with joy and gladness brought,  
 Shall his blest palace find.
- 5 Instead of sires, thy children take,  
 As men of power and worth ;  
 And kings and princes of them make,  
 To rule in all the earth.  
 Thy name shall be remembered long,  
 Thy love through endless days ;  
 And nations wake the lasting song  
 To thine eternal praise.

PSALM 45.—H. M.

CARMEL, P. 21.

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|--|--|
| <p>1 THE King inspires my thought,<br/>             The song my tongue shall pen ;<br/>             Thy lips with grace are fraught,<br/>             More fair art thou than men.<br/>             Gird on thy sword,<br/>             Ride forth in might ;<br/>             With fear adored,<br/>             For truth and right.</p> <p>2 Sharp arrows from thy hand<br/>             Shall put thy foes to flight ;<br/>             Oh God ! thy throne shall stand,<br/>             Thy sceptred realm is right ;<br/>             Truth hast thou loved,<br/>             But sin abhorred ;<br/>             Thy God approved,<br/>             And crowned thee Lord.</p> <p>3 Thy robe from every fold,<br/>             Yields odors of delight ;<br/>             The queen, arrayed in gold,<br/>             Is stationed at thy right ;</p> | <p>Oh daughter ! come,<br/>             Seek his esteem ;<br/>             Forget thy home,<br/>             And bow to him.</p> <p>4 Her gifts shall Tyrus bring,<br/>             Her wealth to thee unfold ;<br/>             The daughter of the King<br/>             Is clothed in finest gold :<br/>             Her bridesmaids, too,<br/>             Are thither brought<br/>             Whose robes are new,<br/>             With needles wrought.</p> <p>5 Thy sons as yet unborn,<br/>             Instead of sires shall reign ;<br/>             Them with a crown adorn,<br/>             To rule the wide domain :<br/>             Thy works and ways<br/>             Shall long endure ;<br/>             And endless praise<br/>             Thy name secure.</p> |
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PSALM 46.—C. M. D.

ALAMOTH, P. 21.

To the Chief Musician. To the Sons of Korah. Upon Alamoth. A Song.

- 1 God is our strength and safe retreat,  
 In straits a present aid ;  
 Though earth were moved beneath our feet,  
 We will not be afraid :  
 Though mountains, from their bases hurled,  
 Rush down the roaring tide :  
 Though rising billows shake the world,  
 We will in peace abide.

- 2 There is a stream whose gladdening tide  
 Will peace and comfort send ;  
 God in his city will abide,  
 The Highest One defend.  
 He quells the kingdoms through their coasts,  
 His voice melts hostile powers ;  
 We have with us the Lord of hosts,  
 And Jacob's Rock is ours.
- 3 Look how his wastes through earth appear,  
 From carnage, strife, and war ;  
 He breaks the bow and cuts the spear,  
 And burns the blood-stained car.  
 " Leave off, and know that I am God,  
 Exalt me, earthly powers ;"  
 Our shield, the Lord of hosts, we laud,  
 For Jacob's Rock is ours.

## PSALM 46.—L. M. D.

REFUGE, P. 31.  
MENTON, 1. 22.

- 1 God is our strength and present aid,  
 When troubles rise or foes invade ;  
 He has a rock of refuge proved,  
 We will not fear though earth be moved.  
 Though mountains from their bases leap  
 Down to the dark unfathomed deep ;  
 Though troubled waters swell the tide,  
 We will in perfect peace abide.
- 2 There is a fount whose streams abroad  
 Make glad the city of our God ;  
 And in her midst Jehovah reigns,  
 Whose early help her peace maintains.  
 When nations raged and powers rebelled,  
 His dreadful voice their fury quelled ;  
 We have with us the Lord of hosts,  
 And Jacob's God defends our coasts.
- 3 See how he wastes the earth afar,  
 And checks the tide of rage and war ;  
 He breaks the bow and cuts the spear,  
 And burns the chariot in the fire.  
 " Be still, and know that I am God ;  
 I'll be exalted earth abroad ;"  
 We have with us the King of kings,  
 And Jacob's God our safety brings.

## PSALM 46.—8s D.

REMIND, P. 19.

- 1 God is our sure refuge and strength,  
 A help in distresses well proved ;  
 We'll fear not though earth change at length,  
 The mountains to seas be removed.  
 Let waters rise high in their foam,  
 Let oceans swell up their full tide ;  
 Earth tremble throughout her vast dome,  
 In quiet our soul shall abide.

- 2 There is a full fountain whose tides  
 Shall gladden the city of God ;  
 There ever the Highest abides,  
 And God shall defend from abroad.  
 When nations and kingdoms rage hard,  
 His voice puts to silence their powers ;  
 Jehovah of hosts is our guard,  
 The refuge of Jacob is ours.
- 3 Come, see how his doings appear ;  
 He desolates earth from afar,  
 Checks carnage, breaks bow, and cuts spear,  
 And burns up the chariots of war.  
 " Be still, and know God is the Lord,  
 All nations of earth with their powers ;"  
 Jehovah of hosts is our guard,  
 The refuge of Jacob is ours.

## PSALM 47.—L. M.

UXBRIDGE, P. 14.

To the Chief Musician. To the Sons of Korah. A Psalm.

- 1 OH! all ye nations, shout and sing,  
 With holy transport clap your hands ;  
 For God, a great and dreadful King,  
 Rules all the world by his commands.
- 2 He will subdue the peoples' rage.  
 Opposing powers shall be removed ;  
 He will select our heritage,  
 The joy of Jacob whom he loved.
- 3 God is gone up with loud acclaim,  
 With shouts of joy and trumpets' sound ;  
 Sing praise, sing praises to his name,  
 In strains sublime, with awe profound.
- 4 Oh! sing his praise with sacred mirth,  
 His power and truth and love make known ;  
 For God is King of all the earth,  
 And sits upon his holy throne.
- 5 Lo! kings and peoples all unite,  
 And raise to Abram's God their song ;  
 He is exalted high in might,  
 To him the shields of earth belong.

## PSALM 47.—C. M.

JORDAN, P. 3L

- 1 OH! all ye peoples, clap the hand,  
 To God with triumph sing ;  
 He reigns supreme in every land,  
 A great and dreadful King.
- 2 He will subdue opposing powers,  
 From rebel nations save ;  
 Will choose the heritage for ours,  
 His love to Jacob gave.
- 3 God is gone up with shouts of joy,  
 With trumpets' glad acclaim ;  
 Let all the lands their tongues employ,  
 And echo back his name.

- 4 Sing praise, sing praise with triumph high,  
Lift up exalted strains ;  
He sits enthroned above the sky,  
And over all he reigns.
- 5 Lo ! kings and peoples blend their lays,  
As round his throne they throng ;  
And Abram's God exalt and praise,  
To whom earth's shields belong.

## PSALM 47.—8s &amp; 7s.

WILMOT, P. 24.

- 1 CLAP your hands with adoration,  
Sing to God your loudest lays ;  
King of every land and nation,  
Worthy of immortal praise.
- 2 He will have the realms subjected,  
All opposing powers removed ;  
He for us the lot selected,  
Jacob's glory whom he loved.
- 3 God ascends with acclamation,  
Trumpets hail their glorious King ;  
Shout his praise with adoration,  
Everlasting praises sing.
- 4 Sing his praise with understanding,  
Make his truth and love be known ;  
God, the king, the world commanding,  
Over all exalts his throne.
- 5 Kings and peoples honors yielding,  
Raise to him their loudest song ;  
Abram's God the scepter's wielding,  
He to whom earth's shields belong.

## PSALM 47.—12s &amp; 9s.

NEW YORK, P. 12.

- 1 SHOUT to God with the voice of triumphant delight,  
Let the nations convene and clap hands ;  
For Jehovah a King who is dreadful in might,  
Rules the earth by his righteous commands.
- 2 He subdueth the nations for us that rebel,  
All opposing by him are removed ;  
He hath chosen our heritage where we may dwell,  
The exalted of Jacob he loved.
- 3 God is gone with a shout and ascends with acclaim,  
With the voice of the trumpet along ;  
Sing the praise of Jehovah, sing praise to his name,  
Sing the praise of our King in a song.
- 4 Sing a Maschil with skill, and of excellent worth ;  
He is God, ruling nations alone ;  
He is King over all of the peoples on earth,  
In his holiness sits on the throne.
- 5 Hear the princes of nations convening applaud,  
Hear the people exult in the theme ;  
How exalted and honored is Abraham's God !  
All the shields of the earth are for him.

## PSALM 48.—8s &amp; 7s D.

PALESTINE P. 29.

A Psalm. A Song. To the Sons of Korah.

- 1 GREAT and glorious is Jehovah, whom unceasing anthems laud ;  
Greatly praised Mount Zion over, holy city of our God :  
Beautiful for elevation, fair upon her northern sides :  
Joy of every land and nation, where the mighty King resides.
- 2 God is known as her defender, kings who met, passed off with dread ;  
Terror-struck to see her splendor, they in painful travail fled.  
Ships of Tarshish thou hast broken, eastern winds have swept our coasts ;  
We have seen what once was spoken in thy city, Lord of Hosts.
- 3 God will make her stand for ever, she is built upon his word ;  
We have thought upon thy favor, in thy holy temple, Lord.  
Earth thy name and praise shall story, praise the right that fills thy hands :  
While Mount Zion sings thy glory ; Judah's daughters, thy commands
- 4 Walk about the hill of Zion, count her bulwarks and supports ;  
Mark her ramparts, gates of iron, palaces and sacred courts :  
Then make known by your behavior, tell your children yet to come ;  
God, our God, will be our Saviour, guide to death and bring us home.

## PSALM 48.—C. P. M.

ARIEL, P. 18

- 1 GREAT is the Lord, and greatly praised,  
On Zion's mount in beauty raised,  
The city of our God ;  
Joy of the wide and spacious earth,  
Fair on her borders, towards the north,  
The King's divine abode.
- 2 God in her towers, a help is near,  
Kings met, and saw, and fled in fear,  
They travailed with their pain ;  
Thy winds the ships of Tarshish break,  
Thus have we heard and seen the like,  
Oh Lord ! where thou dost reign.
- 3 God still with strength her wall supports,  
Thy mercy cheers us in thy courts,  
Thy name and praise expand ;  
Mount Zion shall thy judgments laud,  
While Judah's daughters spread abroad  
The truth that fills thy hand.
- 4 Walk out on Zion's holy ground,  
Mark well her towers and bulwarks round,  
Then tell to all to come :  
This God forever is our God,  
Our guide to death and safe abode,  
And our eternal home.

## PSALM 48.—12s. Six Lines. EFFINGHAM, P. 42.

A Psalm. A Song. To the Sons of Korah.

- 1 To be praised is Jehovah, and greatly revered,  
In the mount of his holiness, city of God ;  
To the perfect in beauty her heights have been reared,  
And the joy of all peoples the whole earth abroad ;  
How delightful the view from her northerly sides,  
Overlooking the home where the great king abides.
- 2 Lo! the kings were assembled, and saw her with dread,  
For a refuge is God in her palaces known ;  
They were seized with sore travail, in painfulness fled,  
Eastern winds have the ships of proud Tarshish o'erthrown :  
What we heard of Jehovah of armies of old,  
In the city of God we have seen and behold.
- 3 She will stand fast forever, confirmed by our God,  
In the midst of thy temple thy mercy we own ;  
As thy name is thy praise in the whole earth abroad,  
As thy right hand is full of thy righteousness shown ;  
For the joy of thy judgments Mount Zion shall sing,  
And the daughters of Judah exult in their King.
- 4 Go and walk about Zion, her towers behold,  
And consider her rampiers, defences, and walls ;  
To the next generation the sequel unfold,  
That the following ages may joy in her halls :  
For the God who defends her eternity hath ;  
He is our God forever, will guide us through death.

## PSALM 49.—10s. Six Lines. PROCLAMATION, P. 42.

To the Chief Musician. To the Sons of Korah. A Psalm.

- 1 HEAR this, all nations dwelling on the earth,  
Both high and low, and rich and poor of birth ;  
My mouth the words of wisdom shall impart,  
For understanding shall inspire my heart :  
I will to parables my ear incline,  
Dark sayings on my tuneful harp define.
- 2 Why should I fear to pass the evil day,  
When wrongs from proud oppression crowd my way ?  
None boasting wealth who in their riches trust,  
Can e'er redeem a brother from the dust,  
So costly is the ransom of the soul,  
It ceaseth ever, giving God the whole.
- 3 They see the wise depart and foolish go,  
And leave to others all they have below ;  
Yet inly think they ever shall endure,  
Their homes and lands which bear their names secure :  
Man shall not always lodge that honor bears,  
Who live as beasts, like them die unawares.
- 4 This is their course, and foolish is their way,  
Yet others still delight in what they say ;  
Like flocks they drive, and hasten to the grave,  
Where death, their shepherd, gathers all they have ;  
There far from home their beauty will decay,  
The upright o'er them rule as dawns the day.

- 5 My soul from death will only God redeem,  
 For he in love will take me up to him ;  
 Fear not when riches on a man shall wait,  
 Because the glory of his house is great ;  
 For in his death will none of these attend,  
 Nor to his grave his honor shall descend.
- 6 He will in life his soul with comfort bless,  
 Good done one's self will other men confess ;  
 Then for his fathers take his last long flight,  
 No more forever to behold the light :  
 Man being honored who of sense is void,  
 Is likened to the beasts which are destroyed.

## PSALM 49.—C. P. M.

RONDOUT, P. 31.

- 1 O! all ye peoples, lend an ear,  
 Let high and low together hear,  
 Of every tribe and tongue ;  
 True wisdom shall my heart inspire,  
 I'll utter sayings on the lyre,  
 Well suited to be sung.
- 2 Why should I fear the evil day,  
 When treacherous foes surround my way,  
 Who on their wealth depend ?  
 Not one of them his life can save,  
 Nor buy a ransom from the grave,  
 For brother or for friend.
- 3 No price can stay the vital breath,  
 Wise men and fools shall meet in death,  
 And leave their riches here ;  
 They think their dwellings long shall stand,  
 They write their names on house and land,  
 And think the title clear.
- 4 Though men on earth can not abide,  
 Yet others in their words confide,  
 And walk the path again ;  
 They drive like sheep and reach the tomb,  
 Where all their beauty shall consume ;  
 The righteous o'er them reign.
- 5 God will from death my soul redeem,  
 For I shall be preserved by him,  
 And he has power to save :  
 Fear not when one grows rich or great,  
 For all his glory and estate  
 Shall leave him at the grave.
- 6 He'll bless his soul through all his days,  
 Good done thyself will others praise ;  
 Yet he who knows not right,  
 Just like a beast in death expires,  
 He shall go down as did his sires,  
 And never see the light.

## PSALM 50.—C. M. T.

SAYBROOK, P. 26.

A Psalm. By Asaph.

- 1 THE mighty God, Jehovah, speaks,  
 And calls the east and west ;  
 His glory out of Zion breaks,  
 The beautiful and best.  
 In storms of fire shall God appear,  
 Nor silent will abide ;  
 And summon heaven and earth to hear,  
 His chosen people tried :  
 The saints convene, in covenant sealed,  
 By sacrifice and blood ;  
 His righteousness shall be revealed,  
 For none shall judge but God.
- 2 " My people hear, thy God will speak,  
 And Israel charge with blame ;  
 Not your burnt-offerings I seek,  
 Nor sacrifice to flame :  
 I ask no bullock from thy fields,  
 Nor kid, nor goat of thine ;  
 The cattle on a thousand hills,  
 And all the flocks are mine :  
 The beasts and fowls are known to me,  
 For all belong to God ;  
 I'd not, if hungry, tell it thee,  
 Nor taste of flesh and blood.
- 3 " To God your vows with homage pay,  
 And render thanks to me ;  
 And call for help in trouble's day,  
 And I'll deliver thee.  
 But why should wicked lips relate  
 My statutes to mankind,  
 Since you my wise instructions hate,  
 And cast my words behind ?  
 Your mouth and tongue are filled with guile,  
 Your hearts with theft and lust ;  
 Your mother's son your lies revile,  
 Your brother's bosom thrust.
- 4 " These things were done, I held my peace,  
 And I was deemed like you ;  
 I'll set your sins before your face,  
 And will reprove you, too.  
 Consider this with daily care,  
 Forgetters of your God ;  
 Lest I should you in pieces tear,  
 For none can stay my rod.  
 Who render praise before my sight,  
 Shall ever honor me ;  
 Who order all their ways aright,  
 Shall God's salvation see."

## PSALM 50. — 8s &amp; 7s T.

ABBA, P. 17.

- 1 God the mighty Lord hath spoken,  
 East and west have heard his call :  
 Out of Zion shown in token,  
 Chief in beauty over all.  
 Fires shall burn and storms shall wither,  
 God shall come nor silence hold ;  
 Earth and heaven convoke together,  
 Then to judge his chosen fold.  
 Saints convene my covenant's holding,  
 Made by sacrifice and blood ;  
 Now his righteousness unfolding,  
 Now that none shall judge but God.
- 2 " Israel, God, thy God is speaking :  
 Now my people hear my charge ;  
 Not your sacrifice I'm seeking,  
 Not burnt-offerings always large ;  
 Not a bullock thou art housing,  
 Not a goat thy fold enshields :  
 Mine are beasts in deserts browsing,  
 Cattle on a thousand hills ;  
 Mine the fowls that soar below me,  
 Earth, its fulness, all it floats ;  
 Were I hungry I'd not show thee,  
 Neither feed on bulls and goats.
- 3 " Pay thanksgiving to Jehovah,  
 Bring your gifts with love to God ;  
 Call with praise in grief moreover,  
 Then I'll save and spare the rod.  
 Shall their mouth, says God, give learning,  
 Show my laws, my covenant bear,  
 Who my words and counsel spurning,  
 Join with thieves, and lewdness share ?  
 Who their lips with evil knitting,  
 Give their tongue deceits to frame ;  
 Who against a brother sitting,  
 Will a mother's son defame ?
- 5 " These are things thou hast been doing,  
 I kept silent peace within ;  
 You my ways like yours were viewing,  
 I'll reprove and show thy sin :  
 Think of this, ye God-neglecting,  
 Think, who slight my kind reproof :  
 Lest I tear, and none protecting,  
 Lest I rend, and help aloof.  
 He will honor me most greatly,  
 Who with praise my name shall laud ;  
 He shall see who orders straightly,  
 Full salvation from his God."

## PSALM 50.—L. M. Triple.

ASAPH, P. 26.

- 1 ALMIGHTY GOD, Jehovah, spoke,  
 His calls the east and west invoke ;  
 From Zion full in beauty grown.  
 Hath God in radiant glory shown :  
 While storms and fires devouring sweep,  
 Our God shall come, nor silence keep ;  
 The heavens above and earth shall call,  
 His people judge before them all :  
 The saints convene in covenant ties,  
 Enscalded by vows and sacrifice ;  
 His righteousness the scene unfolds,  
 For God himself the judgment holds.
- 2 “ My people hear, thy God I am,  
 Oh Israel! thee I charge with blame ;  
 Not sacrifice do I invoke,  
 Nor offerings burnt, which always smoke :  
 I'll take no bullock from thy tents,  
 Nor finest goat thy fold presents ;  
 The beasts are mine in forest fields,  
 The cattle on a thousand hills ;  
 The feathered tribes to me are known,  
 The world and all therein I own ;  
 If hungry I would not tell thee ;  
 Shall bulls and goats be food for me ?
- 3 “ To God Most High thanksgiving pay,  
 Your vows and gifts with love display ;  
 In trouble call to honor me,  
 And then my help shall rescue thee.  
 Says God, shall impious lips set forth  
 My law and covenant from their mouth ?  
 Who hate instruction, precept spurn,  
 Consent with thieves, to lewdness turn ?  
 Who give their tongue deceits to weave,  
 And never speak but to deceive ?  
 Who sit to blast a brother's name,  
 And put their mother's son to shame ?
- 4 “ These things hast thou in folly done,  
 And I was silent as they run ;  
 You thought that I was like to thee,  
 But I'll reprove and thou shalt see :  
 Your sins before your eyes I'll set,  
 Oh! think of this who God forget ;  
 Lest I should you in pieces rend,  
 When none can rescue or defend :  
 That man whose sacrifice is praise,  
 To me the highest honor pays ;  
 And he whose way in truth is trod,  
 Shall see salvation from his God.”

## PSALM 51.—C. M. D.

NATHAN, P. 30.

To the Chief Musician. A Psalm. By David. When Nathan the Prophet came unto him, as he had come unto Bathsheba.

- 1 OH God! as thou art ever kind,  
     Let me thy pity win;  
 Thy tender mercies call to mind,  
     And so blot out my sin.  
 Wash off the guilt that cleaves to me,  
     And cleanse away its stain;  
 My sins which I confess to thee,  
     Before mine eyes remain.
- 2 I've done the evil in thy sight,  
     Against thy love and fear;  
 In speaking, therefore, thou art right,  
     In judging, thou art clear.  
 Behold, I was conceived in sin,  
     In guilt drew vital air;  
 But truth hast thou desired within,  
     And wilt give knowledge there.
- 3 Oh! wash me whiter than the snow,  
     With hyssop purge my soul;  
 And make me hear the joys that flow  
     From broken bones made whole.  
 From all my failings hide thy face,  
     Nor let my faults be seen;  
 An upright spirit in me place,  
     A heart entirely clean.
- 4 Take not thy Spirit from my heart,  
     Nor cast me from thy sight;  
 Salvation's joy again impart,  
     Uphold me with thy might.  
 Redeem me from the guilt of blood,  
     My tongue shall sound thy fame;  
 Then sinners will return to God,  
     Transgressors seek thy name.
- 5 Lord, open thou my lips to sing,  
     My mouth will show thy praise;  
 Thou lovest not burnt-offering,  
     Else should thine altars blaze.  
 A humble, broken, willing heart,  
     Is God's own sacrifice;  
 And these the gifts thy grace impart,  
     The Lord will not despise.
- 6 In thy good pleasure Zion cheer,  
     And hear her when she calls;  
 Jerusalem to thee is dear,  
     Extend and build her walls.  
 Then whole burnt-offerings shall be paid,  
     Our righteous sacrifice;  
 From bullocks on thine altars laid,  
     Shall holy incense rise.

## PSALM 51.—L. M. D.

RIVINGTON, P. 36.

- 1 On God! as thou art good and kind,  
 Let me thy tender mercies find;  
 Oh! think of thine abundant grace,  
 So my revolts and crimes erase.  
 Oh! cleanse me till no guilt remain,  
 And wash away its odious stain;  
 For my transgressions I have told,  
 My sin with pain and grief behold.
- 2 To thee I've sinned, and thee alone,  
 And in thine eyes the evil done;  
 So shall thy words in truth appear,  
 Thy speaking right, thy judging clear.  
 Behold, how vile I am within,  
 I was conceived and born in sin;  
 Thou hast desired a perfect heart,  
 And inward wisdom wilt impart.
- 3 Lord, thou wilt wash me white as snow  
 And purge me clean with hyssop too;  
 With gladness thou wilt tune my voice  
 And make my broken bones rejoice.  
 From all my sins turn off thine eyes,  
 And blot out my iniquities;  
 Form me a heart sincere and pure,  
 My spirit fix in thee secure.
- 4 Take not thy Spirit from my heart,  
 Nor from thy presence let me part;  
 Thy saving joy restore again,  
 Let thy free Spirit still sustain.  
 Save me from blood, my Saviour, God,  
 Thy righteousness my tongue shall laud;  
 Then sinners shall to thee return,  
 Transgressors seek thy way to learn.
- 5 Lord, open thou my lips for praise,  
 My mouth shall show thy wondrous ways;  
 Burnt-offering thou dost not desire,  
 Else should thine altars blaze with fire.  
 Oh God! there is a sacrifice,  
 An offering thou wilt not despise;  
 Thou wilt accept the broken heart,  
 And grace to humble souls impart.
- 6 Do thou to Zion still be kind,  
 Let her thy wonted favor find;  
 Jerusalem wilt thou defend,  
 Her walls build up and far extend:  
 Then shalt thou in her gifts delight,  
 Her offerings brought to thee in right;  
 Then shall our grateful vows be paid,  
 With bullocks on thine altars laid.

## PSALM 51.—9s &amp; 8s D.

WATTS, P. 37.

- 1 Oh God! in thy tender compassions,  
 Show mercy a sinner may find;  
 Blot out of thy book my transgressions,  
 As thou art forgiving and kind.  
 Oh, wash me from guilt so distressing,  
 And cleanse me from sin and its stain;  
 My crimes I am freely confessing,  
 Before me they ever remain.
- 2 To thee are my sins I am seeking,  
 I've only done ill in thy sight;  
 Hence thou wilt be just in thy speaking  
 In judging wilt ever be right.  
 Lo! I'm with iniquity laden,  
 Conceived and was shapen in sin;  
 Lo! wisdom to know thou hast hidden,  
 Desiring all pureness within.
- 3 Oh, purge me with hyssop completely,  
 And wash me till whiter than snow;  
 And make me hear gladness most sweetly,  
 And joy through my broken bones flow.  
 Thy face turn away from my folly,  
 And blot my iniquities out;  
 Create me a heart that is holy,  
 And settle my spirit from doubt.
- 4 Oh, cast me not off from before thee,  
 And never thy presence withhold;  
 The joy of salvation restore me,  
 And with thy free spirit enfold.  
 Transgressors shall learn of thy favor,  
 And sinners return unto God;  
 From blood and its guilt be my saver,  
 My mouth shall thy righteousness laud.
- 5 My lips do thou open, Jehovah,  
 My mouth shall be showing thy praise;  
 Could offerings delight thee paid over,  
 Then altars with incense should blaze.  
 The sacrifice God hath bespoken,  
 Is penitence mingled with sighs;  
 A heart crushed in sorrow and broken,  
 Oh God, thou wilt never despise.
- 6 Do good in thy favor to Zion,  
 The walls of Jerusalem build;  
 Then offerings which thou canst rely on,  
 They'll bring thee in righteousness sealed:  
 Yes, offerings burnt whole laid before thee,  
 Shall please thee and meet thy regard;  
 With bullocks on altars adore thee,  
 And incense shall rise to the Lord.

## PSALM 52.—C. M. D.

SELAH, P. 8.

To the Chief Musician. Maschil. By David.

- 1 OH mighty man, why boast of wrong, the grace of God abounds ;  
Thy wicked and deceitful tongue, like whetted razor wounds.  
Thou hast loved evil more than good, and falsehood more than truth ;  
Thou hast in deadly mischiefs stood, destroying from thy youth.
- 2 God shall destroy thy power and pride, root thee from life and home ;  
Just men shall see, and will deride, with awe attest thy doom.  
Let every one his end behold, who made not God his strength ;  
But trusted in his wrongs and gold, which failed his hopes at length.
- 3 Yet, like a fresh green olive tree, within thy house I stand ;  
Oh God ! my heart has trusted thee, whose mercy has no end.  
Thy praise I will forever show, since this was done for me ;  
Good will it be for saints to know, my hope is safe in thee.

## PSALM 52.—S. M. D.

SALEM, P. 2.

- 1 OH man, why boast in wrong ? Almighty goodness lives ;  
Like sharpened razor is thy tongue, such wounds thy mischief gives.  
Ills please thee more than good, lies more than speaking right ;  
Thou lovest spoiling as thy food, thou tongue of impious spite.
- 2 Thy life will God consume, root thee from home and earth ;  
Just men with awe shall see thy doom, and laugh with inly mirth.  
Lo ! one that trusted gold, and made not God his hope ;  
Who was in sin and evil bold, increasing wealth his prop.
- 3 I'm like an olive green, within the house of God ;  
His mercy which my trust has been, my ceaseless thanks shall laud.  
I'll praise thee evermore, for hearing my complaints ;  
Will wait on thee, thy truth adore, 'tis good before the saints.

## PSALM 53.—7s &amp; 6s D.

MAHALATH, P. 32.

To the Chief Musician. Upon Mahalath. Maschil. By David.

- 1 FOOLS thus in heart are talking, "No God to fear or own ;"  
All vile in evil walking, and doing good are none.  
God looked from heaven below him, on sons of men around ;  
If any sought to know him, if any wisdom found.
- 2 They all aback were started, together were undone ;  
None true and honest-hearted, none doing good, not one.  
Have sinners no appalling ? have evil men no dread ?  
On God are never calling, my people eat like bread ?
- 3 Their dreadful fear alarmed them, for God dispersed their host ;  
Thou hast in shame disarmed them, for God despised their boast.  
From Zion send salvation, oh God ! thy captives bring ;  
Then Jacob acclamation with Israel shall sing.

## PSALM 53.—S. M. D.

SALEM, P. 2.

- 1 FOOLS always say within, "There is no God we own ;"  
They are corrupt and walk in sin, and doing good are none.  
God looked from heaven below, the sons of Adam viewed ;  
If any sought his name to know, and wisdom understood.
- 2 They all perverted were, they all aback had run ;  
None doing works that righteous are, not even is there one.  
Do sinners have no dread, nor rebels fear at all ;  
Who eat my people up like bread, on God will never call ?
- 3 They feared where once none came, for God dispersed their host ;  
And sufferers put their camp to shame, for God despised their boast.  
From Zion succor bring, restore thy captives, Lord ;  
Then Jacob shall exult and sing, and Israel shout accord.

## PSALM 54.—C. M.

EVAN, P. 42.

To the Chief Musician. With stringed instruments. A didactic Psalm. By David. In the coming of the Ziphites, and they said to Saul, Is not David hiding himself with us?

- 1 OH God! preserve me by thy name, and judge me by thy strength ;  
Oh God! regard my humble claim, and hear my prayer at length.
- 2 For strangers now against me rise, oppressors seek my soul ;  
They set not God before their eyes, nor heed thy wise control.
- 3 Behold, my helper is the Lord, mine allies thou dost crown ;  
Will give my foes an ill reward, in justice east them down.
- 4 I'll freely sacrifice to thee, 'tis good thy name to praise ;  
From trouble thou has rescued me, and on my foes I gaze.

## PSALM 54.—S. M.

OLMUTZ, P. 23.

- 1 OH God! judge me by strength, and save me by thy name ;  
Oh God! regard my prayer at length, the words my lips proclaim.
- 2 For strangers now oppose, oppressors seek my blood ;  
And none among my lawless foes have any fear of God.
- 3 Lo! God's my help and stay, the Lord my aids will guard ;  
The evil shall my foes repay, and ruin's their reward.
- 4 How good thy name to praise, with free-will offerings bless ;  
Oh Lord! on all my foes I gaze, set clear from all distress.

## PSALM 55.—7s &amp; 6s D.

KINGSLEY, P. 40.

To the Chief Musician. With stringed instruments. A didactic Psalm. By David.

- 1 GOD of truth, bow down thine ear, nor hide thyself from me ;  
Now my supplications hear, I mourn and sigh to thee.  
By the wicked I'm oppressed, and persecuting foes ;  
By their evils much distressed, for they in wrath oppose.
- 2 Fear and trembling rack my soul, the terrors of the grave ;  
Heavy horrors o'er me roll, an overwhelming wave.  
Oh! had I the dove's fleet wings, I'd fly and be at peace ;  
Far from all these earthly things, where storms and tempests cease.
- 3 Lord, their impious plans confound, their wrathful tongues divide ;  
Zion's wall they still surround, and lift themselves in pride ;  
Strife and violence and rage are seen in every street ;  
They in mischiefs dire engage, nor cease to work deceit.
- 4 Had a scoffer on me railed, I could have borne his pride ;  
Had a foe my life assailed, I would have turned aside.  
But it was my nearest friend, a man of equal blood ;  
We in counsel used to blend within the house of God.
- 5 Desolations shall enchain, and lay them in the tomb ;  
Evils in their tents remain, with evils they consume.  
God will save me by his might, when I in prayer am bowed ;  
Evening, morning, noon and night, I'll cry to him aloud.
- 6 God redeemed from many foes, my soul in peace set clear ;  
God of old will answer those who have no change nor fear. [sake.  
They have stretched their hands for prey, their friends, when used, for-  
Men at peace their lips betray, and solemn vows they break.
- 7 Smooth as oil they make their words, while war is in their heart ;  
They have tongues like brandished swords, which pierce with guileful  
Cast thy burden on the Lord, he will sustain thy ways ; [art.  
Men of blood will be reward, they live but half their days.

## PSALM 55.—8s D.

REMINING, P. 30.

- 1 GIVE ear to my calling, oh God! hide not from my prayers and my sighs ;  
 My anguish vents groanings aloud, regard thou the voice of my cries ;  
 The wicked oppress me in wrath, and cast on me hatred and sin ;  
 I'm brought to the terrors of death, my heart is most painful within.
- 2 With fear and with trembling I move,  
 And horrors my spirit invest ;  
 Oh, if I had wings like a dove,  
 I'd fly to the desert for rest.  
 Lo! there would I wander afar,  
 Alone in deep solitude hide ;  
 I'd haste my escape from this war,  
 Till tumults and tempests subside.
- 3 Lord, crush and their language confound,  
 The city is filled with their rage ;  
 For daily its walls they surround,  
 In strifes the most wicked engage.  
 From mischiefs brought on by the foe,  
 And violence fraught with deceits ;  
 Nor respite from peril we know,  
 Oppression cleaves fast to the streets.
- 4 Reproach from a foe I could bear,  
 Nor fear if a scoffing one railed ;  
 Though haters thus magnified were,  
 From such I might hide if assailed.  
 But thou my acquaintance and friend,  
 One held in high standing abroad,  
 In counsel our hearts used to blend,  
 When walking to altars of God.
- 5 Destruction upon them shall come,  
 And push them alive into hell ;  
 Their evils themselves shall entomb,  
 And there in their wickedness dwell.  
 For God will my calling hear soon,  
 Jehovah will save and set clear ;  
 At evening, and morning, and noon,  
 My crying aloud he will hear.
- 6 God rescued my soul from the strange,  
 In peace from the war and the hosts ;  
 God answers those having no change,  
 Who hence fear not him in their boasts.  
 They put forth their hands against friends,  
 And even their allies forsake ;  
 Their promise self-interest ends,  
 They only make covenants to break.
- 7 Like butter appear their soft words,  
 While war in the heart will recoil ;  
 Their speeches will pierce like drawn swords,  
 Which flow from their mouth as soft oil.  
 Cast thou on Jehovah thy cares,  
 For moveless the righteous he stays ;  
 The bloody o'erwhelms in their snares,  
 The wicked lose half of their days.

## PSALM 56.—8s &amp; 7s. Six Lines.

DAYTON, P. 27.

To the Chief Musician. Upon Jonath-elem-rehokim. By David. Michtam. When the Philistines took him in Gath.

- 1 BE kind, oh God! men seek my blood, and are my life distressing ;  
Both day and night keep up the fight, and many on me pressing ;  
Oh thou Most High! to thee I cry, I'm safe thy care possessing.
- 2 While woe and dread are round me spread, my trust is in thy guiding ;  
In God I praise his word and ways, in God I am confiding ;  
I will not fear for mortals here, nor foes around me hiding.
- 3 My words they wrest, and in their breast are evils meditating ;  
They meet and hide, new schemes are tried, and for my soul are waiting ;  
Oh God! cast down with angry frown, who trust in lies and hating
- 4 The tears I weep thy bottles keep, my wanderings are recorded ;  
When thee I meet, my foes retreat, my prayers are soon rewarded ;  
From this I know where'er I go, by thee I'm ever guarded.
- 5 My soul in God his word shall laud, his promise in Jehovah ;  
In God I trust, both good and just, in God will make my cover ;  
I will not fear for mortals here, nor foes that round me hover.
- 6 Oh God! thy vows will I espouse, I will repay thanksgiving ;  
My soul from death deliverance hath, my feet thy help receiving,  
Shall walk with God, whom I will laud, in light among the living.

## PSALM 56.—6s &amp; 4s. ITALIAN HYMN, P. 23.

- |   |   |
|---|---|
| <ol style="list-style-type: none"> <li>1 SAVE me from foes, oh God!<br/>Who seek to shed my blood,<br/>Now drawing nigh ;<br/>Their force is great in might,<br/>They press me day and night,<br/>And seek to stop my flight,<br/>Oh thou Most High!</li> <li>2 What time I am afraid,<br/>I'll look to thee for aid,<br/>Thy word revere ;<br/>God only is my trust,<br/>Who is both good and just ;<br/>Man that is formed of dust,<br/>I will not fear.</li> <li>3 Daily my words they wrest,<br/>Evil is in their breast,<br/>They rage and frown ;<br/>They practice every wile,<br/>Mark all my steps the while,<br/>They think to 'scape by guile ;<br/>Lord, cast them down.</li> </ol> | <ol style="list-style-type: none"> <li>4 Thou hast my wanderings led,<br/>Bottled the tears I've shed,<br/>They're in thy book ;<br/>What time I cry to thee,<br/>Then do my troublers flee,<br/>God surely is for me,<br/>To whom I look.</li> <li>5 I will Jehovah laud,<br/>Praise and adore my God,<br/>His promise too ;<br/>On him my hope is laid,<br/>I will not be afraid,<br/>While he affords his aid,<br/>What man can do.</li> <li>6 Thy vows are on me, Lord,<br/>I will my thanks record,<br/>Redeemed from death ;<br/>Keep me by thy good will<br/>From falling and from ill,<br/>So that thy praises still<br/>May tune my breath.</li> </ol> |
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## PSALM 57.—11s &amp; 8s.

NEW YORK, P. 12.

To the Chief Musician. Destroy not. By David. A Secret. When he fled from before Saul in the Cave.

- 1 SHOW merciful kindness and pity, oh God!  
In thee shall my spirit confide ;  
The shade of thy wings I will make my abode,  
Till these sore distresses subside.

- 2 I'll call the Almighty and God the Most High,  
 One doing all things that I claim ;  
 And God will send mercy and truth from the sky,  
 And save from devourers and shame.
- 3 With men was my soul as with lions that roared,  
 My feet they designed to have snared ;  
 Their teeth were as spears, and their tongue a sharp sword,  
 They fell in the pit they prepared.
- 4 Oh God ! be exalted the heavens above,  
 Thy glory high over the earth ;  
 Oh God ! I am fixed and my heart in thy love,  
 I'll sing and play anthems of mirth.
- 5 Awake up my lute, and my harp, and my tongue,  
 I'll wake up the morn with my praise ;  
 Jehovah I'll laud all the nations among,  
 The peoples shall join in my lays.
- 6 For great is thy mercy transcending the skies,  
 Thy truth reaches up to the clouds ;  
 Oh God ! above heaven exalted arise,  
 Thy glory creation enshrouds.

## PSALM 57.—L. M.

KERR, P. 36.

- 1 Oh God ! be merciful to me,  
 My only refuge is in thee ;  
 Beneath thy wings my soul shall hide,  
 Till these calamities subside.
- 2 My prayer shall rise above the storm,  
 To God, who doth all things perform ;  
 His truth and grace my foes shall still,  
 And save me from reproach and ill.
- 3 When fiery lions round me reared,  
 Whose teeth were spears, their tongue a sword ;  
 They soon were helpless victims laid  
 In that deep pit for me they made.
- 4 Be high above the heavens, oh God !  
 Thy glory o'er the earth abroad ;  
 My heart is fixed, is fixed for praise,  
 My song shall laud thy works and ways.
- 5 Awake my glory, speak his name,  
 My lute and harp to sound his fame ;  
 Among the nations I will sing,  
 And tell the wonders of my King.
- 6 Oh God ! thy truth transcends the skies,  
 Beyond the clouds thy mercies rise ;  
 Above the heavens exalt thy throne,  
 Thy glory through the world be shown.

## PSALM 57.—C. M.

DENFIELD, P. 33.

- 1 Oh God! thy mercy show to me,  
My soul on thee I cast;  
Beneath thy wings my rest shall be,  
Till all this rage is past.
- 2 My God, who all things well performs,  
From heaven will mercy send;  
And save me from devouring storms,  
From shame and foes defend.
- 3 My foes that round like lions roared,  
With fire and fury fraught;  
Whose teeth were spears, their tongue a sword,  
In their own snares are caught.
- 4 Be thou exalted high, oh God!  
The earth and heavens above;  
My heart is fixed thy name to laud,  
Thy mercy, truth, and love.
- 5 Awake, my harp, my lute, my tongue,  
My early song to raise;  
I will through all the lands prolong  
Memorials of thy praise.
- 6 Oh God! beyond these lower skies,  
Thy truth and mercy go;  
Above the heavens exalted rise,  
In glory shine below.

## PSALM 58.—L. M.

HAMBURG, P. 33.

To the Chief Musician. Al-tashheth. By David. Michtam.

- 1 ARE ye indeed as men struck dumb,  
When ye to justice ought to come?  
Ye still your hearts to evil lay,  
The outrage of your hands ye weigh.
- 2 The wicked are from birth estranged,  
And from the womb to liars changed;  
Their taint like serpent-poison harms,  
Like adder deaf they hear no charms.
- 3 Oh God! their teeth crush out and take,  
The grinders of young lions break;  
Let them like waters go their way,  
Their arrows cut when bent to slay.
- 4 Let them like snails dissolve from sight,  
Like embryos, never see the light;  
Before your pots can feel the thorn,  
Away on whirlwinds they are borne.
- 5 The just shall bathe their steps in blood,  
And greet the vengeance of their God;  
There's fruit alone to righteous worth;  
There is a God who rules the earth.

## PSALM 58.—10s.

SAVANNAH, P. 6

- 1 WILL men no more in speaking truth delight?  
Are mortals struck with dumbness judging right?  
In heart ye practise mischiefs through the lands,  
And weigh the violence that stains your hands.
- 2 The wicked are perverted from the womb,  
They go astray from birth, with lies consume;  
Their poison like the serpent's will appear,  
Like adders from sweet charmers stop the ear.
- 3 Oh God! break from their mouth the teeth that gnaw,  
And crush the grinders from the lion's jaw;  
Make them as waters passing swift away,  
Still bending broken arrows for their prey.
- 4 Make them as snails that vanish from the sight,  
Like embryos pass that never see the light;  
Before your pots can feel a thorn on fire,  
Away they go in dreadful storms of ire.
- 5 The just shall joy that have the vengeance seen,  
Shall bathe their steps in blood of wicked men;  
Then fruits of righteousness will show unfurled,  
There is a God that judges all the world.

## PSALM 59.—7s &amp; 6s D.

KINGSLEY, P. 40

To the Chief Musician. Al-tashbeth. By David. Michtam. When Saul sent, and they watched the house to kill him.

- 1 GIVE me rescue from my foes, who seek my life, oh God!  
Save me from the rage of those who love deceit and blood.  
This I ask, for they are strong, who for my soul combine;  
Not because I'm in the wrong, and not for faults of mine.
- 2 Wake, Jehovah, God of hosts, thou God of Israel!  
Hush the nations in their boasts, the traitors' fury quell.  
They at evening come in hordes, like dogs that howl for prey;  
From their mouth they hurl out swords, for "Who shall see?" they say.
- 3 Thou the nations wilt deride, and they shall feel thy rod;  
They have strength, but I confide, and put my trust in God.  
Thou, my Tower, wilt cast them down, thy mercy toward me set;  
Scatter them before thy frown, slay not, lest we forget.
- 4 Let them fall by lies and fraud, their words with sin abound;  
Let them know that Jacob's God rules all the earth around:  
Let them then return at eve, and howl like dogs for meat;  
Let them wander far and grieve, but nothing find to eat.
- 5 In the morning I will bless, and celebrate thy grace;  
Thou my refuge in distress, my high and lofty place.  
God, my rock, defence, and might, from thee my blessings spring;  
God of mercy, truth and light, I will thy praises sing.

## PSALM 59.—12s &amp; 9s D.

KISH, P. 39.

- 1 SET me clear of assailants and troubles, my God,  
 From the workers of evil defend ;  
 Give me rescue from enemies seeking my blood,  
 And deliver from what they intend.  
 For behold, for my soul they together combine,  
 And the mighty unite in assaults ;  
 Oh Jehovah ! the cause is not crimes which are mine,  
 Neither do they make war for my faults.
- 2 God of Israel, awake thee ! Jehovah of hosts !  
 Rouse thee up to my help and behold !  
 Curb the realms in their mischiefs, and hush their proud boasts,  
 Humble traitors, and spare not the bold.  
 In the evening as dogs they return and come forth,  
 Are surrounding the city for prey ;  
 Lo ! their words are as swords which they pour from their mouth,  
 For they think that no cars will betray.
- 3 Oh Jehovah ! but thou wilt the wicked deride,  
 Thou wilt scorn the proud nations abroad ;  
 They have strength in their wrongs, but in thee I confide,  
 My defence and my helper is God.  
 God will make me to gaze on my foes in the field,  
 God will mercy toward me kindly set ;  
 Oh Jehovah ! disperse, cast them down as our shield,  
 Slay them not, lest my people forget.
- 4 For the sin of their mouth, haughty lips and proud mirth,  
 For their cursing, and falsehoods they tell ;  
 They shall know Jacob's God is the ruler of earth,  
 They shall fall, and turn backward to hell.  
 Then at eve if they come and their prowlings repeat,  
 And as dogs cruise the city again ;  
 They shall wander in quest of a morsel to eat,  
 All the night shall their hunger remain.
- 5 In the morning my praises shall celebrate thee,  
 I will sing in the strength of thy grace ;  
 And because thou hast been a high refuge for me,  
 And a fortress in times of distress.  
 For my God is my strength and exceeding high tower  
 And the God of my mercy's my shield ;  
 I will sing unto thee, for thy might is my power,  
 I will sing of salvation revealed.

RINDGE, P. 42 ;

EDOM, P. 39.

## PSALM 60.—C. M. Ten Lines.

To the Chief Musician. On the Lily of Testimony. A Mystery. By David. To be Learnt. When he conquered Aram Naharain and Aram Zobah, and Joab returned and smote Edom in the Valley of Salt, twelve thousand men.

- 1 THY wrath has scattered us, oh God ! thy face again reveal :  
 Our land is riven by thy rod, her trembling breaches heal.  
 Thy people's heart hast thou dismayed,  
 With trembling filled their wine ;  
 But thou a banner hast displayed,  
 For truth and love divine :  
 With thy right hand our help command,  
 On thy beloved shine.

- 2 Our God in holy vision spake,  
 Whose words with joy I hail :  
 "I will a line through Shechem make,  
 And measure Succoth's vale ;  
 Manasseh's mine and Gilead,  
 My law shall Judah mete ;  
 On Ephraim will I rest my head,  
 In Moab wash my feet :  
 At Edom too, will cast my shoe,  
 With shouts Philistia greet."
- 3 Who will direct to Edom's coast,  
 Her city strongly barred ?  
 Lord, wilt not thou lead on our host,  
 Who showed us things so hard ?  
 Oh ! give us rescue from our woes,  
 The help of man is vain ;  
 In God we shall tread down our foes,  
 Our strength will he sustain ;  
 His sovereign frown casts nations down,  
 We shall the victory gain.

## PSALM 60. — 8s &amp; 11s. Ten Lines.

ARAM, P. 14.

- 1 O God ! thou hast scattered and broke,  
 From anger turn to us again :  
 The earth hast thou rent with the stroke,  
 Heal breaches that trembling remain.  
 Hard things have thy people been shown,  
 Astonishment drank with their wine ;  
 Yet thou hast a banner made known,  
 That truth may thy fearers combine ;  
 Lift up thy right hand, our deliverance command,  
 And save the beloved of thine.
- 2 For God in his holiness said,  
 Whose word is our triumph and guide ;  
 "A line shall through Shechem be made,  
 The valley of Succoth divide ;  
 Manasseh and Gilead are mine,  
 And Ephraim's the strength of my head ;  
 From Judah my law shall incline,  
 In Moab my wash-pot is made :  
 At Edom my shoe shall be cast in his view,  
 Philistia for me shall be glad."
- 3 Who'll bring me to cities made broad ?  
 Who'll lead me to Edom's fenced coast ?  
 Wilt thou who rejected, oh God ?  
 Wilt not thou who cast off our host ?  
 From trouble do thou give us help,  
 Salvation from mortals is vain ;  
 In God we shall thrust through their camp,  
 And only by him shall we gain ;  
 If God interpose we shall vanquish our foes,  
 In God shall in victory reign.

**PSALM 61.—C. M. Six Lines.** ABIMELECH, P. 18.

To the Chief Musician. Of David. On stringed instruments.

- 1 On God of mercy ! hear my prayer,  
     Regard my cries in need ;  
 From ends of earth o'erwhelmed in care,  
     I will for succor plead ;  
 High to the Rock no storm can shock,  
     My footsteps safely lead.
- 2 Thou art a shelter from my foes,  
     A tower of strength to me ;  
 Beneath thy wings will I repose,  
     Thy tent my rest shall be ;  
 My vows are heard, their lot's conferred,  
     Who fearing trust in thee.
- 3 Thy mercies will the king sustain,  
     Thy truth his years prolong ;  
 He shall before thee ever reign,  
     For thou wilt make him strong ;  
 While day by day my vows I pay,  
     Thy name shall be my song.

**PSALM 61. — 8s & 7s.**

ANGOLA, P. 23.

- 1 HEAR, oh God ! my supplications, kindly hearken to my prayer ;  
 Wandering far in distant nations, overwhelmed I seek thy care ;  
 To the rock of safety lead, which is high above my head.
- 2 Thou hast been my lofty tower, where no dart the foe can fling ;  
 I'll abide beneath thy power, trust the covert of thy wing ;  
 Thou hast kept my vows in mind, with thy sons my lot combined.
- 3 Thou wilt spare the king forever, he before thee shall remain ;  
 Truth and mercy failing never, shall preserve his gentle reign :  
 So my daily vows I'll bring, thine eternal praises sing.

**PSALM 61. — 12s. Six Lines.**

PLEYEL, P. 19.

- 1 HEAR my crying, oh God ! and attend to my prayer,  
     From the ends of the earth unto thee will I call ;  
 When my heart is oppressed with forebodings and care,  
     Overwhelmed and discouraged in sorrow I fall ;  
 Lead me then to the Rock that is towering on high,  
     Lead me then to the Rock that is higher than I.
- 2 For a strong tower of safety from foes and their flings,  
     And a shelter from trouble for me thou hast proved ;  
 I will trust in the covert of thy spreading wings,  
     I will rest in thy dwelling unseen and unmoved :  
 For my vows have been heard and their heritage mine,  
     Which the fearers of God as in one will combine.
- 3 Thou wilt ever preserve me, the King is secure,  
     During all generations his life shall remain ;  
 He'll abide before God while his throne shall endure,  
     Oh, prepare truth and mercy to lengthen his reign :  
 So the praise of thy name I will sing evermore,  
     As my vows I perform daily goodness adore.

## PSALM 62.—C. M. D. EVENING PSALM, P. 4.

To the Chief Musician over Jeduthun. A Psalm by David.

- 1 ON God alone my soul depends,  
 My Rock and Saviour proved ;  
 I cannot fall while he defends,  
 Nor while he aids be moved.  
 Till when for murder will ye all  
 Against one man engage,  
 Now ye are like a bending wall,  
 A broken fence or hedge.
- 2 They would his lofty standing spoil,  
 In falsehood take delight ;  
 They bless with words as soft as oil,  
 To hide their inward spite.  
 On God, my rock and refuge proved,  
 My soul alone depends ;  
 While he sustains I sha'n't be moved,  
 Nor fall while he defends.
- 3 In God your trust at all times place,  
 To him your praises yield ;  
 Pour out your heart before his face,  
 Our saviour, help and shield.  
 Man is a show that only fails,  
 His sons a falsity ;  
 And, laid together in the scales,  
 Are less than vanity.
- 4 Rob not the poor, nor trust in wrongs,  
 Nor growing riches love ;  
 This twice I've heard, All power belongs  
 To God who rules above ;  
 And mercy too, Almighty Lord,  
 From thee alone proceeds ;  
 For thou wilt every man reward  
 According to his deeds.

## PSALM 62.—7s &amp; 6s D.

GIMEL, P. 4.

- |  |  |
|--|--|
| <p>1 IN silent adoration<br/>         I have God's favor proved ;<br/>         My rock, defence, salvation,<br/>         I shall not much be moved.<br/>         How long will you combining,<br/>         On one for ruin fall ?<br/>         You're like a fence inclining,<br/>         And bending like a wall.</p> <p>2 His glory to demolish,<br/>         In falsehood they delight ;<br/>         Their words with blessings polish,<br/>         To hide their inward spite.<br/>         On God, with expectation,<br/>         My soul doth rest secure ;<br/>         My rock, defence, salvation,<br/>         My refuge ever sure.</p> | <p>3 Trust him as your defender,<br/>         His name at all times laud ;<br/>         Your will to his surrender,<br/>         Pour out your heart to God.<br/>         How vain is man appearing,<br/>         How false his progeny ;<br/>         All on the balance bearing<br/>         Are less than vanity.</p> <p>4 Set not your heart on riches,<br/>         Nor trust in thefts nor wrongs,<br/>         Two things Jehovah teaches :<br/>         That strength to God belongs ;<br/>         That mercy, sweet and tender,<br/>         From him alone proceeds ;<br/>         For thou to men wilt render<br/>         According to their deeds.</p> |
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## PSALM 63.—C. M. D.

LANESBORO, P. 39.

A Psalm by David, when he was in the wilderness of Judah.

- 1 OH God, my God! to thee betimes,  
 With longing eyes I look;  
 I thirst and faint in burning climes,  
 Where is no cooling brook:  
 Oh! for a sweet refreshing hour  
 Within thy courts of grace;  
 To feel as I have felt thy power,  
 And see thy smiling face.
- 2 My constant praise thy love demands,  
 More dear than life to me;  
 And daily will I lift my hands  
 In grateful thanks to thee:  
 And while my lips thy name extol,  
 Thy mercies to the least;  
 The sweet refreshment to my soul  
 Exceeds the richest feast.
- 3 I'll meditate on thee by night,  
 Thy wings are round me spread;  
 My thoughts of thee bring new delight  
 And comfort to my bed.  
 Thine own right hand upholds my days,  
 My soul cleaves after thee;  
 Thy name shall ever have the praise  
 For all thy grace to me.
- 4 Who seek to have my soul outpoured,  
 Shall go to depths beneath;  
 They shall be given to the sword,  
 A prey for jackals' teeth.  
 The king, rejoicing in his God,  
 Shall in his care repose;  
 Who vow to him shall shout aloud,  
 And lying lips shall close.

## PSALM 63.—C. P. M.

ARIEL, P. 18.

- 1 MY God, I seek thy help betimes,  
 I thirst and faint in weary climes,  
 Where's no refreshing rain;  
 I long to see thy smiling face,  
 And feel thy power and quickening grace,  
 Within thy courts again.
- 2 Above my life thy love I prize,  
 With heart and hands and lifted eyes,  
 Thy name will I extol;  
 My tongue shall bless thee all my days,  
 The sweet remembrance of thy praise  
 Shall satisfy my soul.

- 3 The thought of thee upon my bed,  
To feel thy wings around me spread,  
Inspire me with delight ;  
My soul shall follow hard for thee,  
Because thou art a help for me,  
I'll praise thy saving night.
- 4 The sword shall all my haters slay,  
And jackals find them for a prey,  
I shall with peace be blessed ;  
The king shall ever joy in God,  
Who vow to him shall shout aloud  
And falsehood be suppressed.

## PSALM 64.—L. M.

HAMBURG, P. 38.

To the Chief Musician. A Psalm by David.

- 1 Oh God ! my voice of woe attend,  
From fear of foes my life defend ;  
Hide me from plotters near my path,  
From insurrection fraught with wrath.
- 2 They whet their tongues to cut like swords,  
Their arrows string with bitter words ;  
They lie in wait to shoot the just,  
Nor fear the God the righteous trust.
- 3 They make themselves in evil bold,  
They think no eyes their plots behold ;  
Their search for mischief does not sleep,  
Their inward thought is dark and deep.
- 4 But God his arrow now prepares,  
And suddenly the wounds are theirs ;  
Cast down by their own tongues are they,  
All seeing them shall flee away.
- 5 All men declare it work of God,  
And wisely think upon his rod ;  
Who trust in him shall glory then,  
And upright lips shall say, Amen !

## PSALM 65.—C. M. H.

WORSHIP, P. 40.

To the Chief Musician. A Psalm. By David. A Song.

- 1 PRAISE waits for thee on Zion's hill,  
Oh thou that hearest prayer !  
Thy people shall the vow fulfil  
In grateful offerings there :  
Our sins too heavy on us lay,  
But thou wilt purge our guilt away.
- 2 Blest is the man whom thou wilt choose,  
And bring to thine abode ;  
There shall we get refreshing views,  
And ever dwell with God :  
Our prayers shall fearful answers find,  
Oh God ! in righteousness designed.

- 3 Thou confidence of every land,  
Of every isle and sea ;  
Who sett'st the mountains by thy hand,  
The hills by thy decree :  
Who dost control the restless main,  
And make the peoples' tumult vain.
- 4 Thy dreadful signs and wonders done,  
Through earth are feared and praised .  
From rising to the setting sun,  
Are shouts of gladness raised ;  
Thy visits all the lands regale,  
Oh God ! thy river cannot fail.
- 5 Thou dost with showers enrich the earth,  
Make soft the furrowed fields ;  
When fruits and flowers spring forth to birth,  
And joy begirts the hills :  
Thou hast the year with goodness crowned,  
Thy paths drop fatness all around.
- 6 There bleating flocks the hills adorn,  
And clothe the pastures green ;  
There growing fields of bending corn  
Enrobe the vales between :  
They shout in sweet harmonious lays,  
They sing thine undissembled praise.

## PSALM 65.—7s &amp; 6s D. MISSIONARY HYMN, P. 20.

- 1 PRAISE waits for thee in Zion, oh thou that hearest prayer !  
All flesh thy help rely on, and all shall seek thee there:  
Our sins and fears prevailing, persuade us to delay ;  
But thou with grace unfailing, wilt purge our guilt away.
- 2 How happy in thy temple, thy chosen sons abide ;  
Who from thy grace so ample, are fully satisfied.  
Oh God of our salvation, by great and fearful things,  
To prayer and supplication, thy truth the answer brings.
- 3 Thou art the hope of nations, of every isle and sea ;  
Who hast the earth's foundations made sure by thy decree :  
Who dost control the ocean, the roaring billows still ;  
Dost calm the loud commotion, and curb the peoples' will.
- 4 Thou dost send out the warning, the nations fear thy voice ;  
Thou dost make both the morning and evening to rejoice:  
Thy kindly visitation throughout all nature goes ;  
Thy river through creation in springs of wealth o'erflows.
- 5 Thou dost send down the showers which fertilize the ground ;  
Earth springs with fruits and flowers, the hills with joy resound ;  
Thou dost the seasons ever with love and mercy crown ;  
Thy goodness faileth never, thy paths drop fatness down.
- 6 There hills with pasture springing, are clothed with bleating flocks ;  
Rich grain the valleys bringing, are robed with yellow shocks :  
They lift on high their voices, in sweet, harmonious lays ;  
And every thing rejoices to utter forth thy praise.

## PSALM 68.—C. M. Six Lines. BLAIR, ARUNDEL, P. 38.

To the Chief Musician. A Song. A Psalm.

- 1 ALL lands to God in shouts of praise,  
His honored name repeat ;  
Thy fearful deeds and grand displays  
Shall make thy foes submit ;  
All mortal tongues in joyful songs  
Shall worship at thy feet.
- 2 Come see the works and wonders wrought  
By his almighty hand ;  
We through the sea with joy were brought  
On dry and solid land :  
Earth's in his sight, he rules by might,  
No rebel can withstand.
- 3 Bless God, all men inspired with breath,  
And make his praise be heard ;  
He keeps our soul alive from death,  
Our feet from being stirred :  
He sets us clear, when woe is near,  
So faithful is his word.
- 4 For thou hast pressed our loins with woe,  
Our souls as silver tried ;  
Caused us into the net to go,  
Foes at our head to ride ;  
Through fire and seas, to homes of ease,  
Hast brought us to abide.
- 5 I'll come with thanks to thine abode,  
My offerings shall be paid,  
Which in distress my lips avowed,  
My mouth the promise made :  
He-goats and rams, with kids and lambs,  
On blazing altars laid.
- 6 Come, hear, ye fearers of my God,  
His doings to my soul ;  
To him my mouth cried out aloud,  
My tongue did him extol ;  
He ne'er attends, if wicked ends  
Or guile the heart control.
- 7 But truly God has heard me pray,  
And set my spirit free ;  
He neither turned my prayer away,  
Nor his rich grace from me :  
Blest be my God, whom I will laud  
To all eternity.

## PSALM 66.—C. P. M.

BROOKLYN, P. 26.

- 1 ALL lands in joyful songs unite,  
And say to God, thy deeds of might  
Shall make thy foes submit ;  
All peoples shall in loud acclaim  
Sing forth the honors of thy name,  
And worship at thy feet.
  
- 2 Come, see the works performed by God,  
When Israel passed the parted flood,  
On dry and solid land :  
All things lie naked to his sight,  
He rules by his resistless might,  
None can his power withstand.
  
- 3 Oh! bless our God, exalt his word,  
Let now the voice of praise be heard  
The spacious earth around ;  
He still renews our fleeting breath,  
He keeps our soul alive from death,  
Our feet on even ground.
  
- 4 For thou hast pressure on us laid,  
Our souls as silver hast assayed,  
In snares let us be caught :  
Hast at our head let tyrants ride,  
Through fire and water been our guide,  
And now to plenty brought.
  
- 5 I'll come with offerings to thy house,  
And pay to thee my uttered vows,  
Which in distress I spoke ;  
Thy name with gladness I will praise,  
Thine altar shall with fatlings blaze,  
With rams and bullocks smoke.
  
- 6 Come, all ye fearers of my God,  
And hear my lips his wonders laud,  
Which for my soul were done ;  
Cries filled my mouth and praise my tongue :  
He hears not if the heart be wrong,  
No mercy then is won.
  
- 7 But surely God my voice has heard,  
He has in truth his grace conferred,  
His name will I extol :  
Blest be my God for faithful care,  
Who hast not put away my prayer,  
Nor mercy from my soul.

## PSALM 66.—8s &amp; 7s.

ZION, P. 25.

- 1 MAKE a joyful noise, ye nations,  
 Say to God, how great art thou!  
 Through thy dreadful operations  
 Shall thy foes in terror bow :  
 All the world shall sing acclaim,  
 Shout the honors of thy name.
- 2 Come, behold his works of wonder,  
 Israel saw his mighty hand ;  
 When he reft the sea asunder,  
 They walked through on solid land :  
 Earth lies naked to his sight,  
 None may dare resist his might.
- 3 Bless our God in loudest chorus,  
 Make the voice of praise be heard ;  
 Soul in life he holdeth for us,  
 Safety gives us through his word ;  
 Keeps our foot from being moved,  
 When by sorest trials proved.
- 4 For as silver thou hast tried us,  
 Pressure on our loins hast laid ;  
 Caused ensnaring foes to guide us,  
 Riding proudly at our head :  
 Through the fire and through the flood,  
 Brought us to a rich abode.
- 5 ¶ To thy house with songs of gladness,  
 Will I come and offerings make,  
 Which my lips avowed in sadness,  
 Which my mouth in trouble spake :  
 Bullocks, fatlings, goats and lambs,  
 Incense with the blood of rams.
- 6 Hear me tell, who love my Saviour,  
 What he's done to save my soul ;  
 With my mouth I sought his favor,  
 With my tongue did him extol :  
 If I have an ill design,  
 God will not his ear incline.
- 7 But my God has surely heard me,  
 Has attended to my voice ;  
 Blest be God whose mercies gird me,  
 In his name will I rejoice :  
 Who has not my prayer denied,  
 Nor his grace for which I cried.

## PSALM 67.—7s. Six Lines.

PSALM, P. 38.

To the Chief Musician. With stringed instruments. A Psalm. A Song.

- 1 God be merciful and bless,  
Cause his face on us to shine ;  
Earth to know thy righteousness,  
Saving grace and way divine :  
All the lands thy name shall laud,  
All acknowledge thou art God.
- 2 Nations shall be glad in thee,  
Triumph in thy reign of might ;  
Thou shalt judge in equity,  
Rule and guide the peoples right :  
All with thanks thy name shall laud,  
All acknowledge thou art God.
- 3 God on us will blessings pour,  
Earth with produce shall abound ;  
God, our God, whom we adore,  
Shall be feared the earth around :  
All shall sing in loud acclaim,  
Hallelujah to his name.

## PSALM 67.—8s &amp; 7s. Six Lines.

ZION, P. 25.

- 1 God in mercy send salvation,  
Make his face on us to shine ;  
Show thy way to every nation,  
Show the earth thy health divine ;  
All the lands to thee shall own  
Thou art God, and thou alone.
- 2 Realms shall joy in thy direction,  
Triumph in thy wise control ;  
Thou to them shalt give protection,  
Rightly judge and rule the whole :  
They with thanks shall praise thy name ;  
Thou art God shall all proclaim.
- 3 God to us will give his blessing,  
Earth shall yield abundant store ;  
God, our God, the world confessing,  
Shall with fear his name adore :  
All the ends of earth shall sing  
Loud hosannas to our King.

## PSALM 68. — C. M. D. NARRATIVE CHANT, P. 20.

To the Chief Musician. By David. A Psalm of Praise

- 1 Our God shall rise, his foes retire,  
 Like smoke in airy flight;  
 Or melt like wax before the fire,  
 And perish from his sight.  
 Then shall the righteous shout aloud,  
 His praise send forth afar;  
 And sing before the mighty God,  
 Who rides on high as Jah.
- 2 With songs exalt his holiness,  
 With thanks before him bend;  
 A father of the fatherless,  
 The widow's judge and friend.  
 He makes the lonely dwell at home,  
 And breaks the captive's chain;  
 But leaves the rebel still to roam  
 In barrenness and pain.
- 3¶ Oh God! what time thy pillared cloud  
 Thy people onward led;  
 Earth shook, the heavens with thunders bowed,  
 This Sinai feared thy tread.  
 Thy gifts to strengthen Israel,  
 Were showered upon the land;  
 Thy famished flock shall safely dwell  
 Beneath thy sheltering hand.
- 4 Jehovah has the news declared,  
 The tidings many spread;  
 By those at home the spoil was shared,  
 And kings of armies fled.  
 Between the borders dwell in love,  
 And none shall trouble you;  
 With golden feathers like the dove,  
 And wings of silvery hue.
- 5¶ When God Almighty scatters kings,  
 And sets us clear from foes,  
 Our land a dazzling lustre flings,  
 Like Zalmon white with snows.  
 High peaks of Bashan, mounts of God!  
 Why envious watch his hill?  
 He chose it for his own abode,  
 And there will ever dwell.

- 6 On God, by thousands, chariots wait,  
 And angels from his throne ;  
 Like Sinai's mount is Zion's gate  
 And thou on high hast gone.  
 Captivity hast thou confined,  
 The spoil brought back again ;  
 Receiving gifts for lost mankind,  
 That Jah might dwell with men.
- 7¶Blest be the Lord who help bestows,  
 Whatever breaks our peace ;  
 From God, our God, salvation flows,  
 Who can from death release.  
 Sure God will wound the wicked head,  
 On rebels vengeance heap ;  
 Will bring them back who boasting fled,  
 From Bashan and the deep.
- 8 His foes shall by thy foot be crushed,  
 Thy dogs shall lick their blood ;  
 They saw the proud in Zion hushed,  
 The goings of my God.  
 With those who sang and led in song,  
 The damsels timbrels played ;  
 Bless God, ye great assembled throng,  
 Who Israel's fountain made.
- 9¶See Naphtali and Zebulon,  
 With royal Judah stand ;  
 With them is little Benjamin,  
 United heart and hand.  
 Oh God ! thy help has made us strong,  
 And thou our fortress be ;  
 That kings Jerusalem may throng  
 With presents brought to thee.
- 10 Drive beasts among the reeds away,  
 Drive bulls and calves afar ;  
 Bid lawless tribes their tribute pay,  
 And scatter men of war.  
 From Egypt princes then shall rise,  
 Shall come from distant lands ;  
 And Ethiopia lift her eyes,  
 And stretch to God her hands.
- DOXOLOGY.
- 11¶Let God with anthems be extolled,  
 By earth's adoring crowds ;  
 One riding through the heavens of old,  
 Whose strength is in the clouds.  
 Let Israel in his praise delight,  
 So terrible abroad ;  
 Who gives his people force and might,  
 Forever blest be God.

## PSALM 69.—7s &amp; 6s D.

GOLGOTHA. P. 36

To the Chief Musician upon lilies. By David.

- 1 SAVE me from the waves, oh God! which break into my soul ;  
 Deep and miry is the flood, and high the billows roll.  
 Worn with cries my sight has fled, my throat is dried and sore ;  
 Than the hairs upon my head, my causeless foes are more.
- 2 Strong my false accusers are, I took not, yet I paid ;  
 All my faults to thee are bare, my sins are naked laid.  
 God of hosts, preserve the meek from blushing at my wound ;  
 Who the God of Israel seek, let not my shame confound.
- 3 For thy sake reproach I bear, I am for thee reviled ;  
 Mother's children strangers are, by brethren I'm exiled.  
 I'm consumed of holy zeal, who scorn thee scorn my name ;  
 While I did in sackcloth kneel, a by-word I became.
- 4¶ They belie me in the gate, I am the drunkards' song ;  
 Still on thee for help I wait, let not the time be long.  
 Save in truth and grace, my God, and lift me from the mire ;  
 Save me from the yawning flood, and from my haters' ire.
- 5 Let me not be swallowed up, nor let the pit enclose ;  
 Hear, thy love is all my hope, no bound thy mercy knows.  
 Haste to help, my griefs control, nor from thy servant hide ;  
 Draw thou near, redeem my soul, lest foes my fall deride.
- 6 Thou hast all my troubles known, hast seen their slanderous stroke ;  
 Foul reproach on me is thrown, my heart is sick and broke.  
 All my comforters retreat, I'm left alone to sink ;  
 Gall they gave me for my meat, and vinegar to drink.
- 7 Let their table be a snare, their welfare traps attend ;  
 Let their eyes in darkness glare, their loins with trouble bend.  
 Let thine anger on them wait, thy wrath their recompense ;  
 Let their home be desolate, none dwelling in their tents.
- 8 They thy wounded ones contemn, thy smitten ones oppress ;  
 Sin to sin, add thou to them, nor give thy righteousness.  
 Blot them out from all that live, nor write them in thy book ;  
 They to none will pity give, nor shall for mercy look.
- 9¶ Poor and sorrowful I am, oh God! set me on high !  
 Then my songs shall bless thy name, thy goodness magnify.  
 This will better please the Lord, than bullocks hooped and horned ;  
 They shall live who seek his word, the meek with grace adorned.
- 10 God will hear the poor that cry, nor prisoners' prayer despise ;  
 Heaven and earth, and sea and sky, in joyful concert rise :  
 God will Judah's cities build, sustain his Zion well ;  
 All his sons and lovers shield, and bring them there to dwell.

## PSALM 70.—C. M. Six Lines.

REMINDING, P. 35.

To the Chief Musician. By David. To remind.

- 1 ON God! for me thy care exert, Jehovah, haste to aid ;  
 Let those be shamed who seek my hurt, and make my soul afraid ;  
 Who say "Aha!" turn back afar, and let them be dismayed.
- 2 Let all who love and seek thy way, with joy in thee confide ;  
 Who love thy great salvation say, let God be magnified ;  
 I'm grieved and poor, quick aid secure, my helper thou and guide.

## PSALM 71.—C. M. Six Lines.

REMINING, P. 35.

- 1 Oh Lord! in thee I put my trust,  
 Let me from shame be clear;  
 Draw nigh to save as thou art just,  
 To me incline thine ear;  
 Be my strong home where I may come,  
 My rock of refuge near.
- 2 Save me from wicked men, my God,  
 Who would my life consume;  
 Thou art the One I always laud,  
 Who brought me from the womb;  
 Hast held me up, sustained my hope,  
 And oft dispersed my gloom.
- 3 Thou art a tower of strength to me,  
 Which many wondering own;  
 Filled is my mouth with praise to thee,  
 For daily mercies shown;  
 When age at length shall waste my strength,  
 Oh! leave me not alone.
- 4 For they who seek to shed my blood,  
 Together are combined;  
 They say that I am left of God,  
 And can no helper find;  
 Oh God! be near, in haste appear,  
 And grant me succor kind.
- 5¶ Soon shall my foes in shame be clad,  
 My haughty troublers cease;  
 Oh God! I'll hope and always add,  
 My praise to thee increase;  
 Thy faithfulness will I express,  
 Thy saving grace and peace.
- 6 I'll show thy countless deeds of truth,  
 No righteousness but thine;  
 For thou hast taught me from my youth,  
 Thy word and works divine;  
 To tell their sum to all to come,  
 Preserve this life of mine.
- 7 Who hath like thee such great things wrought?  
 How righteous is thy reign!  
 Though down to deep distress I'm brought,  
 Thou wilt revive again;  
 Thou wilt increase my joy and peace,  
 My comfort still sustain.
- 8 Thy truth my tuneful lyre shall tell,  
 In songs of loud acclaim;  
 Thou Holy One of Israel,  
 My lips shall praise thy name;  
 My ransomed soul thy truth extol,  
 My foes are brought to shame.

## PSALM 72.—C. M. D.

SOLOMON, P. 48

By Solomon.

- 1 **OH** God! thy judgments give the king,  
 His son thy truth and might;  
 He shall thy poor to safety bring,  
 Thy people guide with right.  
 Then shall the mountains peace bestow,  
 The hills with justice teem;  
 He shall oppressors overthrow,  
 The sons of need redeem.
- 2 They shall thy name for ever fear,  
 While sun and moon are known;  
 He shall like fruitful showers appear,  
 On meadows newly mown.  
 Then shall the righteous sprout and grow,  
 His days shall peace attend;  
 From sea to sea his rule shall go,  
 And through the earth extend.
- 3 To him shall crouch the savage wilds,  
 His foes in dust shall bend;  
 From Sheba, Tarshish, and the isles,  
 The rulers offerings send.  
 All peoples shall his service own,  
 To him all kings bow down;  
 For he shall hear the needy groan,  
 With help the helpless crown.
- 4 He shall the poor from rage redeem,  
 Relief to sufferers give;  
 Their blood shall precious be to him,  
 And they for him shall live:  
 They shall the gold of Sheba pay,  
 To spread abroad his fame;  
 They shall not cease for him to pray,  
 With blessings laud his name.
- 5 On mountain-tops the waving corn  
 As Lebanon shall sound;  
 Fresh bloom the city shall adorn,  
 And like the grass abound.  
 His name shall be for evermore,  
 And like the sun shall blaze;  
 All men his blessings shall adore,  
 And bless him with their praise.
- 6 **OH!** bless the name of Israel's God,  
 And Jacob's mighty King;  
 His glories let all peoples laud,  
 His matchless wonders sing.  
 To him be endless honors done,  
 Around the earth and main!  
 So ends the prayers of Jesse's son,  
 Amen, the long Amen!

## PSALM 72.—7s &amp; 6s D.

ZAIN, P. 3.

- 1 CLOTHE the king with truth, oh God ! his son with righteousness ;  
He shall judge the poor abroad, thy people will redress.  
Down the mountains peace shall flow, the hills with justice stream ;  
He shall tyrants overthrow, the needy soul redeem.
- 2 While the sun and moon remain, thy name shall they revere ;  
He shall come like showers of rain, the new-mown lands to cheer.  
In his days shall peace abound, the righteous sprout and grow ;  
He shall rule the earth around, nor end his kingdom know.
- 3 They shall crouch in savage wilds, his foes in dust shall bend ;  
Seba, Tarshish, and the isles, oblations back shall send.  
Kings and nations everywhere shall serve him and attend ;  
For the needy he will spare, and him that hath no friend.
- 4 He will give the mourner rest, the poor from rage redeem ;  
He will rescue souls opprest, their blood is dear to him :  
They shall live and offerings pay, from Sheba's golden store ;  
They shall bless him all the day, for his success implore.
- 5 On the mountain-tops the corn as Lebanon shall bend ;  
Bloom the city shall adorn, and like the grass extend.  
Ever shall his name endure, his glory like the sun ;  
Men shall find his blessing sure, and bless the Blessed One.
- 6 Praise with songs the Lord our God, and Israel's mighty King :  
Let the earth his goodness laud, his matchless wonders sing :  
Let his glory far extend, the world exalt his reign ;  
Thus the prayers of David end, Amen, the loud Amen !

## PSALM 73.—C. M. D.

LABBEN, SELAH, P. 8.

A Psalm. By Asaph.

- 1 GOD truly is to Israel kind,  
The pure his mercies own ;  
Yet were my feet almost inclined,  
My steps had well-nigh gone :  
For I with envy saw the vain  
Stretch wide their wicked hands ;  
They long in peace and strength remain,  
In death are free from bands.
- 2 They are not spent with toils and cares,  
Nor plagued like other men ;  
Hence robes of violence they wear,  
And pride becomes their chain.  
Their eyes stand out with fatness still,  
Their heart flows out with guile ;  
They speak oppressive words of ill,  
And wickedly revile.
- 3 They set their mouth in high disdain,  
Their tongue runs through the earth ;  
Full cups of woe my people drain,  
While they behold their mirth.  
And can it be Jehovah sees ?  
Doth God the Highest know ?  
Lo ! sinners live secure at ease,  
And prosper here below.

- 4 Then I in vain clean hands display,  
 My heart with truth adorn ;  
 For I am smitten all the day,  
 And chastened every morn.  
 If I declare my sore complaints,  
 And these misgivings speak,  
 Then should I falsely treat the saints,  
 The children of the meek.
- 5 While pondering how to solve the same,  
 My heart was sorely pained ;  
 Till to the house of God I came,  
 And there observed their end.  
 Down swiftly from their slippery steep,  
 They plunge no more to rise ;  
 Brought in a moment to the deep,  
 They perish with surprise.
- 6 Gone like a dream when one awakes,  
 Their image God will scorn ;  
 How brutish were my sad mistakes !  
 My heart and reins were torn.  
 Still thou hast held me by the hand,  
 Art with me in my need ;  
 Thy counsel shall my heart command  
 My feet to glory lead.
- 7 Whom have I in the heavens but thee ?  
 On earth besides desire ?  
 God will my strength and portion be,  
 When flesh and heart expire.  
 For all have perished shunning God,  
 And all in future will ;  
 My near approach to thee is good,  
 I'll trust and praise thee still.

## PSALM 74.—C. P. M.

CUMMINGS, P 36.

Maschil. By Asaph.

- 1 WHY hast thou cast us off, oh God ?  
 Why smokes the anger of thy rod  
 Against thy pastured fold ?  
 Think of thy purchase long esteemed,  
 Thy heritage, by thee redeemed,  
 This Mount, thy rest of old.
- 2 Lift up thy steps to mischiefs wide,  
 Thy courts have foes with raging pride  
 Perpetual ruins made ;  
 They set up signs themselves to please,  
 Like axes raised to forest trees,  
 Their ruthless blows were laid.
- 3 For sledge and hammer they employed,  
 Till all the carvings were destroyed,  
 The building set in flame ;  
 Thus thine assemblies they have spurned,  
 And all thy holy altars burned,  
 The dwellings of thy name.

- 4 We have no seer nor any sign,  
None who the future can divine,  
Till when shall foes presume?  
Shall rebels still reviling stand?  
Draw from thy bosom thy right hand,  
And all the proud consume.
- 5 ¶ God is my King, who is of old,  
Thy works of might all men behold,  
Thy strength has rent the seas;  
Thou hast the heads of dragons broke,  
Leviathan for food hast took  
To feed the savages.
- 6 Thou hast divided fount and flood,  
Streams hast thou turned and dried, oh God!  
The day and night designed;  
Thou hast prepared the light and sun,  
Taught every season when to run,  
The bounds of earth defined.
- 7 Think how the foe defies thy rod,  
Think how their lips condemn our God,  
Thy covenant regard:  
Give not thy tender turtle-dove,  
Give not the poor who trust thy love,  
To cruelty so hard.
- 8 Let not th' oppressed return in shame,  
Let suffering poor adore thy name,  
And recompense the proud;  
Plead thine own cause before our eyes,  
Hear how the foe thy power defies,  
Their tumult grows more loud.

## PSALM 75. — C. P. M.

RONDOUT, P. 31.

To the Chief Musician. Al-tashheth. A Psalm by Asaph. A Song.

- 1 WE render thanks to thee, oh God! thy presence near and wonders laud,  
For they declare thy reign,  
For judgment will I set the time, though earth and men are spent in crime,  
The pillars I sustain.
- 2 Let boasters cease their words of scorn, let not the proud lift up the horn,  
And let them end their grudge;  
Not from the east, the west nor south, will justice to the world come forth,  
For God himself is judge.
- 3 He puts one down, another up, for in his hand there is a cup,  
The wine whereof is red;  
He pours from thence the mixture forth, and all the wicked of the earth  
Shall on its lees be fed.
- 4 But I shall sing the praise of God, his help to Jacob ever laud,  
And sound abroad his name;  
All righteous horns will I exalt, all wicked ones in proud revolt,  
Cut off and bring to shame.

## PSALM 76.—S. M. H.

BETH, P. 3.

To the Chief Musician. On stringed instruments A Psalm by Asaph. A Song.

- 1 IN Judah God is known,  
He's great in Israel ;  
In Salem stands his throne,  
He will in Zion dwell :  
He there alarmed the mighty foe,  
They fell disarmed of spear and bow.
- 2 More excellent art thou  
Than hills of prey, oh God !  
We saw the stoutest bow,  
And spoiled beneath thy rod :  
Their mighty bands, crushed in a heap,  
None found their hands, they slept their sleep.
- 3 Oh God ! thy just rebuke  
Brought horse and chariot down ;  
Who shall not fear thy stroke ?  
Who stand before thy frown ?  
Earth paused in fear when God arose,  
The meek to clear from all their foes.
- 4 Man's wrath shall bow to God,  
Thou shalt the remnant gird ;  
Pay vows with reverence awed,  
Bring presents long deferred ;  
Fear him, ye kings, who holds your breath,  
And princes brings to dust and death.

## PSALM 76.—8s &amp; 11s.

DENNIS, P. 28.

- 1 IN Judah Jehovah is known,  
His name is in Israel great ;  
In Salem he set up his throne,  
In Zion he's dwelling in state :  
And there did he shatter the darts of the bow,  
The buckler and battle, the sword and the foe.
- 2 More safety in thee can be found,  
Than in the strong mountains of prey ;  
Thy foes were all swept to the ground,  
The stout-hearted melted away.  
Oh God ! the rebuke of thy thundering breath  
Threw horses and chariots to sleep and to death.
- 3 Jehovah, thou art to be feared,  
For who can thine anger withstand ?  
Thy judgments from heaven were heard,  
Earth paused, and was still at thy hand :  
When God to do justice in grandeur arose,  
To save all the humble of earth from their foes.
- 4 Man's wrath to thy praise shall redound,  
The residue thou shalt restrain ;  
Bring presents with reverence profound,  
Pay vows and acknowledge his reign :  
Who down to destruction the potentate brings,  
And cuts off the spirit of princes and kings.

## PSALM 77.—C. M. Six Lines. ABIMELECH, P. 18.

To the Chief Musician over the choir of Jeduthun. By Asaph. A Psalm.

- 1 To God I raised my voice in prayer,  
And God his ear inclined ;  
My anxious soul was near despair,  
And would no comfort find ;  
On him I thought, which trouble brought,  
And overwhelmed my mind.
- 2 For God my waking eyes held fast,  
My tongue from speaking stilled ;  
Then days of old and years long past,  
My mind with visions thrilled ;  
On songs once used my spirit mused,  
My heart inquiries filled.
- 3 Has God his mercy all withdrawn ?  
His favor I implore ;  
Has grace like his entirely gone ?  
His promise evermore ?  
Will wrath inclose his help from those  
Who still his name adore ?
- 4 From God's right hand my help proceeds,  
I'm weak and thou art kind ;  
My tongue shall celebrate thy deeds,  
The wonders Jah designed ;  
Thy works of old will I unfold,  
Thy doings call to mind.
- 5 ¶ Oh God ! within thy temple known ;  
What one can vie with thee ?  
Thy strength hast thou with wonders shown,  
Which all the nations see ;  
Hast Joseph led and Jacob fed,  
Redeemed and set them free.
- 6 Oh God ! the waters saw thy power,  
The deep in terror curled ;  
While rushing clouds poured out a shower,  
Thy thunders far were hurled ;  
Earth stood amazed, thy lightnings blazed,  
And fired the trembling world.
- 7 Oh God ! thy way is in the sea,  
Thy paths are overspread ;  
Thy doings veiled in mystery ;  
In depths thy footsteps tread :  
By Moses' and by Aaron's hand,  
Thy flock by thee were led.

## PSALM 78.—L. M. D. QUADRUPE CHANT, P. 30.

Maschil. By Asaph.

- 1 My people hearken to my law,  
And hear my words with reverend awe ;  
My mouth on parables shall dwell,  
And ancient riddles will I tell :  
The things our sires to us have told,  
We will not from their sons withhold ;  
But have succeeding ages taught  
The works of wonder God hath wrought.
- 2 For he a law in Jacob made,  
A statute Israel obeyed ;  
Which children should from fathers learn,  
And teach again to theirs in turn ;  
That they in God their hope might set,  
And ne'er his word and works forget ;  
Not like their sires of stubborn mind,  
Whose spirit from their God declined.
- 3 The sons of Ephraim, armed with bows,  
Turned back the day when battle rose ;  
They broke the covenant of their God,  
Nor in his holy statutes trod :  
They soon forgot his works of might,  
His wonders done before their sight ;  
The marvels to their fathers shown,  
In Egypt and the field of Zoan.
- 4 He piled the waters in a heap,  
While they passed through the parted deep ;  
He led them with a cloud by day,  
With fire by night lit up their way :  
He smote the rocks along their road,  
Whence cooling streams like rivers flowed ;  
As from the deep their drink supplied,  
Their burning thirst was satisfied.
- 5 ¶ They still rebelled against his hand,  
Provoked him in the desert land ;  
They tempted God most high and just,  
By asking meat to sate their lust :  
They spake against his name, and said,  
" Can he a table for us spread ?  
He smote the rock and brought the tide ;  
Can he both meat and bread provide ? "
- 6 The Lord was angry when he heard,  
His wrath against his Israel stirred ;  
For they in God had not believed,  
Nor did they trust his help received ;  
Though he had opened heaven's high doors,  
And from the clouds supplied their stores ;  
Had rained them manna down to eat,  
With corn of heaven prepared their meat.

- 7 But though they ate of angels' bread,  
 And to the full by him were fed ;  
 He caused an eastern wind to rise,  
 And sent a southern through the skies ;  
 When flesh like dust rained on the ground,  
 And wingèd fowls like sand were found ;  
 He let them what they wished acquire,  
 They ate and sated their desire.
- 8 But still their lust was not subdued,  
 For while as yet the meat they chewed,  
 The wrath of God upon them fell,  
 And slew the youth of Israel.  
 But notwithstanding, God they grieved,  
 Nor for his mighty works believed ;  
 And hence their days to grief he doomed,  
 Their years with sorrow were consumed.
- 9 ¶ What time they fell beneath his rod,  
 They turned and early sought for God ;  
 They called their Rock and help to mind,  
 Their great Redeemer ever kind.  
 But still their lips vain flatteries tried,  
 And with their tongue to God they lied ;  
 Their hearts in him were not content,  
 Nor steadfast in his covenant.
- 10 They often grieved and vexed their God,  
 While through the desert land they trod ;  
 But he, with kind design to save,  
 Destroyed them not, but oft forgave ;  
 And often turned his wrath away,  
 Nor let his anger gain the sway ;  
 For he remembered they were vain,  
 Like wind that cometh not again.
- 11 ¶ They tempt their God and backward run,  
 Set bounds to Israel's Holy One ;  
 His mighty hand they did not heed,  
 Which had their necks from bondage freed ;  
 His awful signs in Egypt shown,  
 His wonders in the field of Zoan ;  
 Where he their rivers turned to blood,  
 So none could drink the crimson flood.
- 12 He divers swarms of flies employed,  
 And frogs by which they were destroyed ;  
 He gave to worms their fruits for spoil,  
 To locusts all their care and toil ;  
 He dried their sycamores with frost,  
 Their vines by storms of hail were lost ;  
 He gave their cattle to the blast,  
 And on their flocks hot thunders cast.

- 13 He gave his wrathful anger vent,  
 By evil angels trouble sent ;  
 He gave their souls to pests and death,  
 Sent forth upon his burning breath.  
 He then their first-born overthrew,  
 The chief and strength of Ham he slew ;  
 But led his people forth like sheep,  
 His flock through deserts and the deep.
- 14 He set them clear from all their woes,  
 But in the sea o'erwhelmed their foes ;  
 He brought them near the promised land,  
 This mountain purchased by his hand :  
 He cast the heathen from their tents,  
 For Israel's own inheritance ;  
 He did the land by lot divide,  
 And made his people there abide.
- 15 ¶ They yet resist and tempt their God,  
 Nor in his righteous statutes trod :  
 But like their sires unfaithful proved,  
 And like a broken bow were moved.  
 They stirred his wrath on places high,  
 Their idols waked his jealous eye ;  
 When God observed their soul reward,  
 His people were by him abhorred.
- 16 He left his rest in Shiloh then,  
 His tent prepared to be with men ;  
 He let his strength to exile go,  
 And left his glory with the foe :  
 He gave his people to the sword,  
 His wrath upon his flock was poured ;  
 Their youth were burned, and maids not wed,  
 No widows mourned when priests lay dead.
- 17 But God awoke from sleep at length,  
 And like a giant flush in strength,  
 He smote his foes along their rear,  
 And put them in perpetual fear :  
 The house of Ephraim did not choose,  
 The tent of Joseph did refuse ;  
 But royal Judah was approved,  
 The Mount of Zion which he loved.
- 18 His sanctuary high he made,  
 Like earth's foundations firmly laid ;  
 He chose his servant, David, bold,  
 And drew him from a shepherd's fold :  
 He brought him Jacob to sustain,  
 And over his own flock to reign ;  
 Who Israel with uprightness fed,  
 With skilful hands to glory led.

## PSALM 79.—C. P. M.

RONDOUT, P. 31.

A Psalm. By Asaph.

- 1 ON God! the heathen tribes have come  
And wasted thy Jerusalem,  
Thy holy courts defiled;  
Thy saints to feed the beasts are given,  
Thy servants for the fowls of heaven,  
In heaps of ruin piled.
- 2 Their blood has flowed a purple wave,  
There's none to bury in the grave,  
And we are put to shame;  
How long shall we be thus abhorred?  
How long wilt thou be jealous, Lord,  
And let thine anger flame?
- 3 Pour out thy wrath on heathen lands,  
Who have not known thy wise commands,  
Nor sought thy gracious aid;  
For they have Jacob overpowered,  
They have his heritage devoured,  
His home in ruins laid.
- 4 Call not our former sins to mind,  
Let us thy tender mercies find,  
For we are brought full low;  
Purge out our guilt for thy name's sake,  
For thy great glory pity take,  
And help on us bestow.
- 5 Why should they ask, "Where is their God?"  
Let him be known avenging blood,  
Now in thy people's sight;  
Oh! let the prisoner's sigh ascend,  
Those doomed to die do thou defend  
With thine own arm of might.
- 6 Give to thy foes seven-fold reward,  
Who have reproached thy name, oh Lord!  
And still condemn thy ways;  
So shall thy goodness be extolled,  
And we, thy flock and pastured fold,  
Will give thee endless praise.

## PSALM 80.—C. M. D.

LABBEN, P. 8.

To the Chief Musician. As to lilies. A Testimony. By Asaph. A Psalm.

- 1 GREAT Shepherd of thine Israel, hear,  
Who Joseph safely led;  
Bright from the cherubim appear,  
Thy radiance on us shed.  
Give Ephraim strength, Manasseh might,  
And aid to Benjamin;  
Oh! bring us back and show us light,  
That we salvation win.

- 2 Oh God of hosts! how long wilt thou  
 Be angry at our prayers?  
 Our bread is mixed with weeping now,  
 Our drink made up of tears.  
 We are a strife to neighbors made,  
 Foes mock us with disdain;  
 Oh! bring us back with light arrayed,  
 That we salvation gain.
- 3 From Egypt thou a vine in bloom  
 Transplanted with thy hand;  
 Drove nations out to give it room,  
 Its roots have filled the land.  
 High hills were covered by its shade,  
 The tallest cedar trees:  
 Its boughs were to the rivers spread,  
 Its branches to the seas.
- 4 Why hast thou torn away its hedge, so strangers pluck its fruits?  
 Wild beasts feed on its foliage, wild boars consume its roots.  
 Oh God! revisit this dry land, from heaven behold this vine;  
 One set and nurtured by thy hand, and rendered strong as thine.
- 5 It perishes at thy rebuke, and burns beneath thy frown;  
 Oh! to that man thy chosen look, on thy right hand set down.  
 When quickened we will not decline, thy favor shall be craved;  
 Turn us and cause thy face to shine, and then we shall be saved.

## PSALM 80.—8s D.

BRADFORD, P. 15.  
DELAWARE, P. 35.

- 1 GREAT Shepherd of Israel, give ear,  
 The leader for Joseph of old;  
 Shine forth on the cherubim clear,  
 That we may thy glory behold.  
 Manasseh and Ephraim sustain,  
 Give Benjamin strength he has craved:  
 Oh! turn and restore us again,  
 Shine on us and we shall be saved.
- 2 Oh Lord! shall it ever be said  
 To prayer thou hast shut up thine ears?  
 With grief thou hast mingled our bread,  
 We drink in full measure our tears.  
 Our foes are insulting and proud,  
 Our neighbors contentious and vain;  
 Restore us and break the dark cloud,  
 Salvation we then shall obtain.
- 3 From Egypt a vine thou hast brought,  
 Turned nations from where it should stand;  
 Hast planted and room for it wrought,  
 Its roots have run through the whole land.  
 It grew over tall cedar trees,  
 Its shadow on mountain-tops laid;  
 Its branches went out to the seas,  
 Its boughs to the rivers were spread.

- 4 Why hast thou its hedges broke down,  
 That strangers are plucking its fruits?  
 Wild beasts are destroying its crown,  
 Wild boars are devouring its roots.  
 Return and revisit this land,  
 Look down on this vine from thy throne;  
 One planted and reared by thy hand,  
 One strengthened and called for thine own
- 5 Behold how it burns in thy sight,  
 Cast down by the stroke of thy rod;  
 Look thou on the man at thy right,  
 Exalted and mighty in God.  
 When quickened we firm shall remain,  
 Thy favor by us shall be craved;  
 Oh! turn and restore us again,  
 Shine on us and we shall be saved.

## PSALM 81. — L. M. T.

AERION, P. 23.

To the Chief Musician. On the Gittith. By Asaph.

- 1 To God, our strength, exult and sing,  
 And shout aloud to Jacob's King;  
 The lute, and harp, and timbrel chime,  
 And chant a psalm in notes sublime;  
 And let the trumpets' lofty lay  
 Announce afar our festal day;  
 A law the God of Jacob made,  
 A statute Israel obeyed;  
 To Joseph for a witness sent,  
 When he from heathen Egypt went  
 And where I heard, in that strange land,  
 A speech I could not understand.
- 2 "I loosed his hands with baskets prest,  
 And gave his burdened shoulder rest;  
 I answered from the thunder-cloud,  
 At Meribah his spirit bowed.  
 Oh! let my people lend an ear,  
 Let Israel my judgment hear;  
 No idol god shall rest with thee,  
 And thou shalt worship only me;  
 I am the Lord thy God indeed,  
 I have your necks from bondage freed;  
 Your mouth to me but open wide,  
 Your wants shall all be satisfied.
- 3 "But Jacob would not hear my voice,  
 And I was none of Israel's choice;  
 I gave them to their lusts a prey,  
 And let them walk their chosen way:  
 Oh! that my people had but heard,  
 That Israel had obeyed my word;  
 I should have soon subdued their foes,  
 With my own hand have healed their woes;  
 My haters I should have secured,  
 While they should always have endured;  
 With finest wheat have made their bread,  
 And from the rock with honey fed."

## PSALM 81.—C. M. T. LET EVERY HEART REJOICE, P. 45.

- 1 LIFT up the shout to God our King,  
 The strength of Jacob praise ;  
 With lute, and harp, and timbrel sing,  
 In sweet melodious lays ;  
 And with the trump announce aloud  
 Our solemn festal day ;  
 Such was the law of Jacob's God,  
 That Israel did obey ;  
 Ordained in Joseph for a sign  
 On leaving Egypt's land ;  
 Whose language I could not define,  
 Nor symbols understand.
- 2 " His hands from baskets I set free,  
 His shoulder from the load ;  
 At Meribah I tested thee,  
 And answered from the cloud ;  
 Oh Israel ! heed my protest now,  
 And let my people hear ;  
 Thou shalt not to an idol bow,  
 Nor heathen God revere ;  
 I am the Lord thy God alone,  
 Who thee from bondage freed ;  
 With open mouth your wants make known,  
 And I'll supply your need.
- 3 " But Israel's sons would not obey,  
 My people would not hear ;  
 I gave them to their lusts a prey,  
 To their own mad career :  
 Oh ! that they had obeyed my laws,  
 Their feet my way pursued ;  
 I should have soon espoused their cause,  
 And all their foes subdued ;  
 They should a lasting peace have had,  
 I should my foes have stilled ;  
 With finest wheat have made their bread,  
 Their mouth with honey filled."

## PSALM 82.—C. M.

ARLINGTON, P. 25.

A Psalm. By Asaph.

- 1 GOD stands where legislators meet, and judge and jurors views ;  
 Then how can they indulge deceit, and wickedness excuse ?
- 2 Judge well the weak and fatherless, do justice to the poor ;  
 Rid those whom tyrant hands oppress, the needy set secure.
- 3 They will not know nor understand, the way is dark they take ;  
 While they as gods the earth command, its very pillars shake.
- 4 Though high in station, power and birth, they must to death resign ;  
 Oh God ! arise, and judge the earth, for all the world is thine.

## PSALM 82.—L. M.

WARD, P. 10.

- 1 God stands where princely rulers meet,  
Among the judges takes his seat ;  
How long will ye give wrong awards,  
Accepting men who practise frauds ?
- 2 Go judge the weak and fatherless,  
And give the sufferer quick redress ;  
From wicked hands the poor discharge,  
And set the injured one at large.
- 3 They will not understand or know,  
The way is dark their footsteps go ;  
While they as gods are in command,  
The pillars tremble through the land.
- 4 They reign as gods for God Most High,  
Yet they like other men shall die ;  
Rise up and judge the earth, oh God !  
Inherit all the world abroad.

## PSALM 83.—C. M. D.

SELAH, P. 8.

A Song. A Psalm. By Asaph.

- 1 No more thy cheering voice restrain,  
Nor hold thy peace, oh God !  
Thy haters lift the head to reign,  
Thy foes exult aloud.  
With crafty counsel they intrigue  
Thy hidden ones to quell ;  
And ratify an impious league  
To blot out Israel.
- 2 With hearty zeal their scheme is tried,  
With Edom, Ishmael stands ;  
With Moab, Hagar is allied,  
With Gebal, Ammon bands ;  
With these Amalekites are found,  
Philistia joins the plot ;  
With all are Tyre and Assur bound,  
To help the sons of Lot.
- 3 Like Midian and Jabin quell,  
Like Sisera, confound ;  
Who in the vale of Kishon fell,  
As ordure on the ground :  
Their noble ones, like Zeeb make,  
Their chiefs like Oreb slay ;  
Like Zebah and Zalmunnah take,  
And fill them with dismay.
- 4 Who league themselves to seize and own the dwellings of our God ;  
Let them like whirling chaff be blown, and scattered far abroad :  
As fires set mountains in a blaze, and flames lay forests bare,  
So let thy storms their hearts amaze, thy dreadful tempests scare.
- 5 Let sore contempt their boastings hush, that men may seek thy name ;  
They shall in lasting terror blush, and perish in their shame :  
And all shall know that thou alone, Jehovah, art Most High ;  
That thou hast set thy righteous throne above the earth and sky.

## PSALM 84. — L. M. D.

GITTITH, P. 7.

To the Chief Musician. On the Gittith. For the Sons of Korah.

- 1 How lovely is thy blest abode,  
 Oh thou, the ever living God!  
 I long and faint thy courts to see,  
 My flesh and heart cry out for thee.  
 The swallow there has found a home,  
 Where she to lay her young may come;  
 And there the sparrow rests her wing,  
 Oh Lord of hosts, my God, my King!
- 2 How blest who there may spend their days,  
 And still renew glad songs of praise;  
 How blest whose strength and hope thou art,  
 Who have highways within their heart:  
 While through the vale of tears they go,  
 They make fresh springs of water flow;  
 With growing strength their path is trod  
 To Zion's hill and Zion's God.
- 3 Oh God of Jacob! bow thine ear;  
 Oh God, our Shield! in mercy hear;  
 Thine own Anointed now behold;  
 Give me a place within thy fold:  
 For one sweet day in thine abode  
 Exceeds a thousand spent abroad;  
 I'd rather at the door look in,  
 Than dwell among the tents of sin.
- 4 For God, our Sun and constant Shield,  
 Will grace bestow and glory yield;  
 No good will he withhold from them  
 Who walk upright and honor him.  
 Oh! happy man, forever blest,  
 Whose hope alone on thee shall rest;  
 He will thy name and goodness laud,  
 Oh Lord of hosts, my King, my God!

## PSALM 84.—C. M. D.

GATH, P. 8.

- 1 How dear thy dwellings are to me,  
 Oh thou, the living God!  
 My flesh and heart cry out for thee,  
 I long for thine abode.  
 The swallow broods her young at home,  
 The sparrow rests her wing;  
 And even to thine altars come,  
 Oh Lord of hosts, my King!
- 2 How blest who there with thee remain,  
 And still renew thy praise;  
 How blest who strength from thee obtain,  
 Whose hearts are in the ways:  
 They make the thirsty land a well,  
 While Baca's vale is trod:  
 They go from strength to strength, and dwell  
 In Zion with their God.

- 3 Oh God of Jacob, rich in grace,  
 Our shield and helper hear ;  
 Look on thine own Anointed's face,  
 Bow down a gracious ear ;  
 For better than a thousand days  
 Is one thy courts within ;  
 I'd rather through her portals gaze,  
 Than dwell in tents of sin.
- 4 For God, our sun and heavenly shield,  
 Will grace and glory give !  
 No good by him shall be withheld  
 From those who rightly live.  
 His peace, and joy, and strength shall be  
 Perpetual in their growth,  
 Whose trust is only placed in thee,  
 Oh God of Sabaoth !

## PSALM 84. — S. M. D.

ELLIOTT, P. 9.

- 1 How goodly are thy tents,  
 Oh thou, the living God !  
 For thee my longing spirit faints,  
 My flesh for thine abode.  
 There swallows brood their young,  
 There sparrows rest their wing ;  
 Thy holy altars dwell among,  
 Oh God of Hosts, my King.
- 2 Blest men who there abide,  
 They still renew thy praise ;  
 Blest men whose strength thou dost provide  
 Whose hearts are in thy ways.  
 They make fresh fountains flow,  
 In Baca's valley still ;  
 From strength to strength they joyful go,  
 To God on Zion's hill.
- 3 Oh God of Jacob bow,  
 Our shield and helper hear ;—  
 Look on thine own Anointed now,  
 And lend a gracious ear.  
 One day thy courts within,  
 A thousand goes before ;  
 Than dwell among the tents of sin,  
 I'd rather keep the door.
- 4 For God, our sun and shield,  
 Will grace and glory give ;  
 And nothing good shall be withheld  
 From those that rightly live.  
 How blest the man that doth  
 On thee alone rely ;  
 Jehovah, God of Sabaoth,  
 The King of earth and sky.

## PSALM 84. — H. M.

CARMEL, P. 21.

- |  |   |
|--|---|
| <p>1 How comely are thy tents,<br/>Oh thou, the living God!<br/>For thee my spirit faints,<br/>I long for thine abode:<br/>Yes, swallows bring<br/>And rear their young,<br/>Thy courts among,<br/>My God, my King!</p>      | <p>3 Our shield and Jacob's God,<br/>See thine Anointed's face;<br/>One day in thine abode<br/>A thousand will replace;<br/>Let me look in<br/>But through the door,<br/>I'll love it more<br/>Than tents of sin.</p>   |
| <p>2 Blest men who there remain,<br/>And still renew thy praise;<br/>Blest men thou wilt sustain,<br/>Whose hearts are in the ways:<br/>They make a rill<br/>Through Baca flow,<br/>While on they go<br/>To Zion's hill.</p> | <p>4 For God, our sun and shield,<br/>Will grace and glory give;<br/>No good shall be withheld<br/>From those who rightly live:<br/>How blest is he,<br/>Oh God, most high,<br/>Whose hopes rely<br/>Alone on thee.</p> |

## PSALM 84. — 7s &amp; 6s D.

KENILWORTH, P. 30.

- 1 How beautiful thy dwelling, oh thou, the living God!  
My flesh and spirit failing, cry out for thine abode:  
Herself the sparrow shelters, the swallow broods at home:  
Yes, even to thine altars, my King, my God! they come.
- 2 How blest who there may lengthen a life of holy praise;  
How blest whom thou wilt strengthen, whose hearts are in the ways;  
While passing Baca's valley, they make the land to flow;  
With strength on strength they rally, to God in Zion go.
- 3 Oh God! our shield, defender, who Jacob ne'er forsook:  
Bow down and answers render, on thine Anointed look:  
Than thousand days go farther one spent thy courts within;  
I'd choose the threshold rather than dwell in tents of sin.
- 4 Our sun and shield, Jehovah, will grace and glory give:  
No good withholds, moreover, from those who rightly live;  
His bliss shall fail him never, whose heart sincerely boasts,  
His trust in thee forever, Jehovah, God of hosts!

## PSALM 85. — 12s &amp; 11s.

LYON, P. 22.

To the Chief Musician. To the Sons of Korah. A Psalm.

- 1 JEHOVAH! thy favor shone forth in its beauty,  
When Jacob was from his captivity freed;  
Thy hand covered up his remissness in duty,  
Thy mercy forgave him his every misdeed:  
Thy wrath and thine anger were far away turned,  
Thyself from the fury that hotly had burned.
- 2 So turn and reclaim us, oh God of salvation!  
And cause thy fierce anger and fury to cease;  
Shall thy hot displeasure and dread indignation  
For ever and ever against us increase?  
Wilt thou not return and revive us again,  
That we thine own people rejoice in thy reign?

- 3 Come, let us attend to the words of Jehovah,  
 Whose favor, salvation, and help we implore ;  
 His saints shall have peace when from sin they recover,  
 But let them return unto folly no more.  
 His people who fear him have help nigh at hand,  
 That glory and honor may dwell in the land.
- 4 Now mercy and truth are together united,  
 And justice and peace are embracing in love ;  
 While truth springing up from the earth is delighted,  
 And righteousness looks with a smile from above.  
 Our land an abundance of increase shall yield,  
 His truth go before him, our leader and shield.

## PSALM 85.—C. M. H.

ABSALOM, P. 5.

- 1 WHEN Jacob out of exile came,  
 Thy favor knew no bound ;  
 Thy pity covered all his shame,  
 His sins a pardon found :  
 Thy kind compassion stayed the rod,  
 Thy wrath was turned to love, oh God !
- 2 So turn to us and us return,  
 And let thine anger cease ;  
 Shall thy fierce wrath for ever burn ?  
 Shall we no more have peace ?  
 Oh ! come, revive us yet again,  
 That we may glory in thy reign.
- 3 Come, let us hear what God will speak,  
 Whose mercy we implore ;  
 His peace and love shall crown the meek,  
 But let them sin no more :  
 His fearers only help command,  
 That glory may adorn the land.
- 4 Now truth and mercy can unite,  
 And peace with righteousness ;  
 Earth springs afresh with fruits of right,  
 From heaven looks faithfulness :  
 Our land shall stores of good bestow,  
 His righteous steps the way shall show.

## PSALM 86.—7s &amp; 6s D.

SHEMINITH, P. 7.

A Prayer. By David.

- 1 LORD, I am poor and needy, unto my prayer incline ;  
 Oh ! grant me succor speedy, preserve the soul that's thine.  
 Hear thou my daily crying, in mercy let me live ;  
 On thee am I relying, so willing to forgive.
- 2 Lord, hear my supplication, for at thy feet I fall ;  
 Thou only hast salvation, for this on thee I call ;  
 No god is like Jehovah, nor any works like thine,  
 All men the wide world over, shall own thy power divine.

- 3 The wonders thou art doing, a living God proclaim ;  
 Thy way keep me pursuing, my heart to fear thy name.  
 I'll honor, thank and laud thee, thy mercy ever tell ;  
 Thy love was great toward me, that freed my soul from hell.
- 4 On me the proud would trample, who never fear thy rod ;  
 Thy truthful care is ample, long-suffering is God.  
 Oh! come and give a token, thy handmaid's son to save ;  
 Foes shamed shall hear it spoken, the Lord deliverance gave.

PSALM 86.—8s & 7s D. EVENING MEDITATION, P. 4.

- 1 Bow down thine ear, oh Lord! and hear,  
 For I am poor and needy ;  
 My soul is thine, and thou art mine,  
 Oh! give me succor speedy.  
 Rejoice my soul, for thy control  
 I daily have relied on ;  
 So good to all who on thee call,  
 And ever free to pardon.
- 2 Hear thou my prayer, relieve my care,  
 And grant my supplication ;  
 In trouble's day to thee I'll pray,  
 For thou wilt send salvation.  
 No gods that be, are like to thee,  
 No works like thine, Jehovah ;  
 All men shall raise to thee their praise,  
 All things creation over.
- 3 For thou alone hast wonders shown,  
 A God supreme declaring ;  
 Guide me thy way, I'll truth obey,  
 Thy grace my heart preparing.  
 Thy name, my God, with thanks I'll laud,  
 I'll honor thee forever ;  
 From death indeed, my soul was freed,  
 By thy abounding favor.
- 4 Who fear not God, who thirst for blood,  
 My life in dust would trample ;  
 Still thou art kind, of gracious mind,  
 Thy truth and mercy ample.  
 Oh! turn and save, thy strength I crave,  
 Thy handmaid's son deliver ;  
 Some sign disclose, and shame my foes,  
 Of joy and help the giver.

## PSALM 87.—C. M. COWPER, MELODY, P. 43.

To the Sons of Korah. A Psalm. A Song.

- 1 God founded in the holy hills, his realm that never moves ;  
More than the tents where Jacob dwells, the gates of Zion loves.
- 2 What glorious things of thee are told, oh city of our God !  
Thy beauty Rahab shall behold, and Babylon applaud.
- 3 Lo ! from Philistia and from Tyre, and Ethiopia's coast ;  
All these thy splendor shall admire, in thee their birth-place boast.
- 4 This man and that shall Zion hear, was born upon her mount ;  
God, too, shall make it so appear, in writing his account.
- 5 He that is Highest makes her strong, his arm her safety brings ;  
Who sing and pipe shall raise the song, " In thee are all my springs."

## PSALM 87.—8s &amp; 7s.

WILMOT, P. 24.

- 1 God hath laid his sure foundation, in the high and holy hills ;  
Loving more his habitation, than the tents where Jacob dwells.
- 2 Glorious things of thee are spoken, Zion, city of our God ;  
Known of Rahab long since broken, known of Babylon downtrod.
- 3 Lo ! Philistia, Tyre beholding, lo ! from Ethiopia's coast ;  
These thy splendors are enfolding, these in thee a birth-place boast.
- 4 This and that man make their tender, claim a share in Zion's mount ;  
Thus the Lord himself will render, when he writeth his account.
- 5 God himself his hill defending, God the highest there will be ;  
There who play and sing are blending, all my fountains are in thee.

## PSALM 88.—7s &amp; 6s. D.

MAHALETH, P. 32.

A Song. A Psalm. To the Sons of Korah. To the Chief Musician. Al-tashbeth. Concerning afflictive sickness. A Didactic Psalm. By Heman the Ezrahite.

- 1 OH God of my salvation ! I've daily cried to thee ;  
Hear thou my supplication, incline thine ear to me.  
For ills my soul are trying, my life draws near the grave ;  
I'm reckoned with the dying, no strength of mine I have.
- 2 As with the dead I slumber, the slain in death's cold shade ;  
Whom thou dost not remember, in deeps and darkness laid.  
With anger thou dost grieve me, and press me with thy waves ;  
My friends do loathe and leave me, shut up in dismal caves.
- 3 I mourn in my affliction, with lifted hands and eyes ;  
Wilt thou give death restriction, bid praise from spectres rise ?  
Oh ! shall the grave thy favor, the dark thy wonders know ?  
Destruction speak a Saviour, where men forget below ?
- 4 My morning prayer shall greet thee, as I have daily cried ;  
Oh ! why dost thou not meet me ? wilt thou thy presence hide ?  
From youth I've been in sorrow and ready to depart ;  
My soul thy terrors harrow, distract my troubled heart.
- 5 Thy pressing wrath annoyed me, deep billows on me lay ;  
Thy terrors have destroyed me, like waves through all the day.  
My soul deep waters cover, my heart is sore dismayed ;  
For thou hast friend and lover afar in darkness laid.

## PSALM 89.—L. M. D. NARRATIVE CHANT, P. 23.

Maschil. By Ethan the Ezrahite.

- 1 My song shall bless Jehovah's love,  
 From age to age his truth make known ;  
 His mercy built in heaven above,  
 Shall stand eternal like his throne.  
 My servant, David, I have found,  
 To whom in covenant I swore,  
 Thy seed with honors shall be crowned,  
 And wield the sceptre evermore.
- 2 The heavens thy wonders shall record,  
 Assembled saints thy truth declare ;  
 For who on high is like the Lord,  
 What mighty one with him compare ?  
 A God whom seraphs fear afar,  
 Above all those who round him bow ;  
 Lord God of Hosts, the Mighty Jah,  
 Who is so great and true as thou ?
- 3 The raging sea thou dost restrain,  
 The rising billows thou dost calm ;  
 Hast broken Rahab like the slain,  
 And scattered foes with thy strong arm.  
 The world's foundation thou hast laid,  
 The heavens aloft in splendor hung ;  
 The north and south thy hands have made,  
 By Tabor praised, by Hermon sung.
- 4 Almighty power is in thy hands,  
 On high thou dost thy dwelling place ;  
 Thy throne in truth and judgment stands,  
 And mercy goes before thy face.  
 How blest who know the joyful sound,  
 And walk beneath thy smiling ray ;  
 Thy righteousness begirds them round,  
 Thy name their glory all the day.
- 5 ¶ Our God his favors will dispense,  
 Our horn of strength to glory bring ;  
 Jehovah is our sure defence,  
 And Israel's Holy One, our King.  
 For in a vision thou hast said,  
 Thy holy prophet heard it then :  
 " Help on the mighty I have laid,  
 One chosen from the sons of men.
- 6 " On David I have fixed my sight,  
 And he mine own anointed is ;  
 My holy arm shall give him might,  
 My hand shall ever be with his.  
 I'll smite his foes before his face,  
 And plague the wicked who revolt ;  
 My righteousness with him I place,  
 My name his kingdom shall exalt.

- 7 "His hand shall stretch across the sea,  
 His right hand far beyond the flood ;  
 My Father, he shall say to me,  
 My Rock, my Saviour, and my God.  
 I'll make my first-born higher, too,  
 Than kings that earthly thrones command ;  
 My mercy will I keep in view,  
 My covenant with him shall stand.
- 8 "His seed forever shall remain,  
 His throne to an eternal day ;  
 But should his sons my laws disdain,  
 My just commandments disobey ;  
 I then in hand my rod will take,  
 Their backs shall feel the heavy stroke ;  
 Yet wholly I will not forsake,  
 Nor change the thing my lips have spoke.
- 9 "To David by myself I swore,  
 My word is sure, I will not lie ;  
 His seed shall reign forevermore,  
 While sun and moon shall course the sky : "  
 And yet thine anger has destroyed,  
 And cast thine own anointed down ;  
 His covenant hast thou made void,  
 And in the dust profaned his crown.
- 10 His hedges thou hast torn away,  
 His strongest holds have come to naught ;  
 While passing spoilers on him prey,  
 To sore contempt his name is brought.  
 His sword in battle is repelled,  
 For thou dost not help him to stand ;  
 His foes in triumph are upheld,  
 And thou hast strengthened their right hand.
- 11 His throne, his glory thus cast down,  
 And days cut short are now his shame ;  
 How long, Jehovah, wilt thou frown  
 And let thy burning anger flame ?  
 Oh ! think how soon a mortal dies,  
 How vain is man with such a doom ;  
 For who to death can shut his eyes,  
 And close the portals of the tomb ?
- 12 Where are thy former mercies, Lord,  
 In other days to David sworn ?  
 Think how thy servants are abhorred,  
 The shame that's in my bosom borne ;  
 Wherewith thy foes have slanders poured,  
 And thine anointed still disdain ;  
 Jehovah be with songs adored,  
 And ever blest, Amen, Amen !

## PSALM 90.—C. M. D. EVENING PSALM, P. 4.

A Prayer. By Moses, the Man of God.

- 1 LORD, thou art our secure abode,  
 In every age the same ;  
 Thou ever wast the living God,  
 Ere earth to being came.  
 While in thine eyes as yesterday,  
 A thousand years have been ;  
 Man thou dost crush to dust and say,  
 "Return, ye sons of men."
- 2 They are as sleep and off are borne,  
 On time's resistless tide ;  
 They are like grass in bloom at morn,  
 Cut down at eve and dried.  
 For in thine anger we decay,  
 Thy wrath our spirit chills ;  
 Thou hast our sins in full survey,  
 With all our secret ills.
- 3 Our days are spent with woes and fears,  
 And vanish like a thought ;  
 Our age is set to seventy years,  
 At eighty comes to naught.  
 Who knows thine anger in its might ?  
 Thy fear its dread imparts ;  
 Teach us to keep our end in sight,  
 To wisdom give our hearts.
- 4 Oh Lord ! return and plead our case,  
 Cut short thy long delays ;  
 Grant us full stores of early grace  
 To gladden all our days.  
 Give joy divine for years of woe,  
 Grant us thy quickening powers ;  
 Thy work to coming ages show,  
 And well establish ours.

## PSALM 90.—8s &amp; 7s D. EVENING MEDITATION, P. 4.

- 1 ETERNAL God, our safe abode  
 In every generation ;  
 Thy throne was bright, long ere the light  
 Shone over thy creation.  
 A thousand years, a watch appears,  
 In thy divine construction ;  
 But sinful man, in thy vast plan,  
 Thou turnest to destruction.
- 2 Our life's a dream, our time's a stream,  
 In dust we soon are gathered ;  
 We bloom anon, like grass at dawn,  
 Cut down at eve and withered.  
 Thy wrath we fear, are troubled here,  
 And dread thy just displeasure ;  
 Who scans by truth our sins of youth,  
 Whose eyes our follies measure.

- 3 The years of men, threescore and ten,  
 Are like a story ended ;  
 How soon we die ! how quick they fly !  
 If to fourscore extended.  
 Who knows aright thine anger's might ?  
 Thy fear's beyond discerning ;  
 Teach us our days, that to thy ways  
 Our hearts be wisely turning.
- 4 Return, oh Lord ! thy help afford,  
 Have pity on our sadness ;  
 Let fresh supplies of grace arise,  
 And fill our days with gladness.  
 For years of grief bring sure relief,  
 Show to our sons thy beauty ;  
 In glory shine, by works divine,  
 Establish ours in duty.

## PSALM 90.—L. M. D.

EDDY, P. 5.

- 1 OH God ! our sure unfailing home,  
 In ages past and years to come ;  
 Ere earth or heaven to being came,  
 Thou ever wast and art the same.  
 For in thy sight a thousand years,  
 Just as a watch of night appears ;  
 And thou hast man to dust consigned,  
 " Return, ye children of mankind."
- 2 Our life is like a transient dream ;  
 Our time a swift, resistless stream ;  
 We spring like morning flowers, anon  
 Cut down before the day is gone.  
 Thine anger blights our rising joys,  
 Thy wrath our inward peace destroys ;  
 Our follies thou hast brought to light,  
 Our secret sins before thy sight.
- 3 For we in thy displeasure end,  
 And like a thought our days we spend ;  
 How short our term of seventy years,  
 And eighty haste away with tears.  
 What mortal knows thine anger's might ?  
 Thy fear and wrath are infinite ?  
 Teach us to count our fleeting days,  
 That we may walk in wisdom's ways.
- 4 Oh Lord ! return and show thy face,  
 And grant supplies of early grace ;  
 Let gladness all our life employ,  
 Turn trials past to crowns of joy :  
 With quickening grace thy servants cheer,  
 In glory to their sons appear ;  
 With beauty gild the passing hours,  
 And through thy work establish ours.

## PSALM 91.—12s &amp; 9s D.

MOUNT, P. 24.

- 1 HE that dwells in the covert of God the Most High,  
 Safely under his shadow abides ;  
 He's my refuge and fortress, on him I rely,  
 He's my God, and my Saviour besides :  
 He shall safely protect thee from pestilent springs,  
 From the fowler and snare in the field ;  
 He shall fold thee to rest underneath his soft wings,  
 Make his truth thy strong buckler and shield.
- 2 Thou shalt not be afraid of the terror by night,  
 Nor the swift-wingèd arrow by day ;  
 Nor the pestilence walking in darkness with might,  
 Nor the plague which at noon wastes away ;  
 On thy right shall ten thousand be swept at his word,  
 While beside thee a thousand shall fall ;  
 Thou shalt only behold the proud sinners' reward,  
 But the ill shall not reach thee at all.
- 3 Since Jehovah, my refuge, is made thine abode,  
 Since Jehovah, Most High, is thy home,  
 There shall nothing of evil around thee corrode,  
 Not a plague to thy dwelling shall come.  
 He shall give thee in charge to his angelic bands,  
 Who are daily attending his throne ;  
 They shall bear thee up safely in their ready hands,  
 Lest thy foot should be dashed on a stone.
- 4 Thou shalt lion and adder and dragon tread down,  
 Thou shalt make the young lion comply ;  
 "For his true love to me I will rescue and crown,  
 For regarding my name set him high.  
 He shall call upon me, and I'll answer his cry,  
 I will save him with honor from woe ;  
 An abundance of days shall his soul satisfy,  
 My salvation to him will I show."

## PSALM 91.—L. M. D.

GATH, P. 8.

- 1 HE that with God in secret hides,  
 Safe underneath his shade abides ;  
 He is my God, my trust, my tower,  
 He is the fortress of my power :  
 He shall secure thee from the snare,  
 Keep far from thee the poisonous air ;  
 He shall his wings around thee spread,  
 Gird thee with truth and shield thy head.
- 2 No terror shalt thou fear by night,  
 Nor soft-winged arrow by the light ;  
 No pests that in the darkness run,  
 Nor wasting plague at noon-day's sun :  
 Though at thy side ten thousand fall,  
 No harm shall come to thee at all ;  
 Thine eyes shall only see the Lord  
 Give to the wicked their reward.

- 3 Since in Jehovah, God, mine aid,  
 Thou hast thy refuge surely made ;  
 No evil near thy tent shall come,  
 No plague invade thy peaceful home.  
 He shall in safety keep thy days,  
 His angels charge to guard thy ways ;  
 Their hands shall bear thee up unknown,  
 Lest thy foot dash against a stone.
- 4 Thou shalt tramp down the adder's head,  
 On lion, beast, and dragon tread ;  
 " For his true love and trust in me,  
 He shall on high his safety see.  
 He shall have answers to his prayer,  
 And I will honor him and spare ;  
 Long life shall satisfy his soul,  
 And my salvation crown the whole."

PSALM 92.—L. M. Six Lines. SABBATH, P. 27.

A Psalm. A Song. For the Sabbath-day.

- 1 How good thy mercies to record,  
 In grateful songs, Almighty Lord :  
 Thy watchful care by morning light,  
 Thy never-failing truth by night ;  
 From decachord to sound acclaim,  
 With lyre and harp to sing thy name.
- 2 For thou hast made thy works my joy,  
 Thy doings shall my praise employ ;  
 How great the wonders thou hast wrought !  
 Thy counsels are a deep of thought !  
 Which brutish men can not discern,  
 And fools will neither know nor learn.
- 3 Though sinners thrive and prosper here,  
 And wicked men like grass appear ;  
 They only spring for death a prey,  
 And lo ! they flee and fade away ;  
 For they will not thy name adore,  
 Most High and blest for evermore.
- 4 Lord, in thy strength exalt my horn,  
 And with fresh oil my head adorn ;  
 Then foes turned back mine eye shall cheer,  
 Their ruin shall salute mine ear ;  
 For righteous men shall grow like palms,  
 Like lofty cedars stretch their arms.
- 5 Those planted in the courts of God  
 Shall flourish in his blest abode ;  
 They shall in age with fruit abound,  
 And ever blooming shall be found ;  
 To show that God, my rock of might,  
 In all his dealings is upright.

## PSALM 92.—C. M. Six Lines.

STEPHENS, P. 44.

- 1 How sweet to wake the grateful lay,  
Thy mercies to record ;  
Thy constant care and love by day,  
Thy truth by night, oh Lord !  
On lyre proclaim and sound thy name,  
On harp and decachord.
- 2 Thy works inspire my chief delight,  
Thy doings joy bestow ;  
Thy works are high above my sight,  
Thy thoughts a deep below ;  
Which brutish men have not the ken,  
Nor fools a heart to know.
- 3 Though sinners spring like grass and grow,  
They only bloom to die ;  
Thy foes far off from thee shall go,  
And perish from thine eye ;  
For thy great name is still the same,  
Jehovah is Most High.
- 4 Lord, in thy strength my horn exalt,  
Fresh oil upon me shed ;  
Till I shall hear of no revolt,  
Nor see a foe to dread ;  
Just men, like palms, shall stretch their arms,  
Like cedars lift the head.
- 5 Those plants within thy temple found,  
Shall grow and flourish long ;  
They shall in age with fruit abound,  
Their faith and hope be strong ;  
Thus bring to light, my Rock is right,  
In him is nothing wrong.

## PSALM 92.—9s. Six Lines.

DECACHORD, P. 32.

- 1 It is good to give thanks to the Lord,  
And to sing to thy name with delight ;  
In the morning thy mercies record,  
In the evening thy favors recite :  
With the lute, and ten strings, and the voice,  
To adore thee, exult and rejoice.
- 2 Through the works of thy hands I am glad,  
I will triumph in them evermore ;  
Thou with greatness and splendor art clad,  
Thy designs are too deep to explore :  
But the brutish to these things are blind,  
And the foolish for them have no mind.
- 3 When the wicked appear in full bloom,  
When like grass evil-doers arise ;  
It is only that death may consume ;  
They shall perish and flee from thine eyes .  
For Jehovah they will not adore,  
Who is high over all evermore.

- 4 While my horn is exalted by thee,  
 And my head with fresh oil is perfumed ;  
 My desire on my foes I shall see,  
 And shall hear that they all are consumed ;  
 For the righteous shall grow like the palm,  
 Like the cedar shall lift up the arm.
- 5 For the plants in thy house that are found,  
 In the courts of Jehovah shall grow ;  
 Shall in age with fresh clusters abound,  
 And the truth of thy faithfulness show :  
 They will prove that my Rock is supreme,  
 And has nothing unrighteous in him.

## PSALM 92.—8s &amp; 7s. Six Lines. DAYTON, P 27.

- 1 How good to sing, Almighty King,  
 Thy name with praises blessing ;  
 Thy love by light, thy truth by night,  
 Our warmest thoughts possessing :  
 With decachord, to thee, oh Lord !  
 The solemn sounds addressing.
- 2 Thy works of might are my delight,  
 Triumphant joy bestowing ;  
 Thy works on high, thy counsels lie  
 Beyond our depth of going :  
 Which brutish men have not the ken,  
 Nor fools a heart for knowing.
- 3 Though sinners grow like grass below  
 Their time will soon be over ;  
 Thy foes shall flee in fear of thee,  
 Shall fall and not recover ;  
 For thy great name is still the same,  
 Thou ever art Jehovah.
- 4 While on my head fresh oil is shed,  
 My horn thy strength sustaining ;  
 Mine eyes shall see insurgents flee,  
 Mine ears hear of their waning :  
 Just men, like palms, shall stretch their arms,  
 The height of cedars gaining.
- 5 Those plants that in thy house are found,  
 Shall flourish in thy temple ;  
 In age shall shoot and bring forth fruit,  
 And set a good example ;  
 Shall bring to light my Rock is right,  
 His truth and justice ample

## PSALM 93.—L. M.

MIGDOL, P. 33.

- 1 Jehovah reigns enthron'd with light, Than all the billows when they roar,  
 Jehovah girds himself with might ; Jehovah's majesty is more.  
 The world is moveless fixed by thee ;  
 Thy throne is from eternity.
- 3 Jehovah's word is very sure,  
 [high, Jehovah's statutes shall endure ;
- 2 The floods have raised their voice on And holiness shall long become  
 The floods will raise their crashing cry ; Thy loved abode, Jerusalem.

## PSALM 93.—C. M.

LONDON, P. 35.

- 1 JEHOVAH reigns with strength array'd, Than all the billows of the deep  
 And clothes himself with might ; Jehovah's strength is more.  
 The world by thee was moveless made ; 3 Thy word eternal truth supports,  
 Thy throne was ever bright. Thy promise ne'er decays ;  
 2 The floods their ceaseless tumult keep, And holiness becomes thy courts,  
 The waves lift up and roar ; Unto the length of days.

## PSALM 94.—C. P. M.

CUMMINGS, P. 33.

- 1 GREAT God, to whom the right belongs,  
 Thou sovereign Judge, avenge our wrongs,  
 And recompense the proud :  
 How long shall wicked men prevail,  
 Thy people with their tongues assail,  
 And sinners boast aloud ?  
 2 Thy flock and strangers they distress,  
 They slay the poor and fatherless,  
 Nor heed the widow's cries ;  
 They say thou wilt not see them, Lord,  
 That Jacob's God will not regard,  
 But when will fools be wise ?  
 3 Shall he not see, who makes the eye ?  
 Shall he not hear his chosen cry,  
 Who plants the listening ear ?  
 Shall he not know, who forms the brain ?  
 He chide, who doth all nations train ?  
 To him vain thoughts are clear !  
 4¶ Blest man thou dost in love rebuke,  
 And teach him in thy law to look,  
 That he may rest the while ;  
 Till evil days be overpast,  
 And till the pit be dug at last,  
 For all the proud and vile.  
 5 God never will his church forsake,  
 For judgment will of truth partake,  
 And thus the upright lead ;  
 Who will stand up against the proud,  
 For me resist the wicked crowd,  
 And for the righteous plead ?  
 6 Had not Jehovah helped me on,  
 Then I to silence should have gone ;  
 He holds my slipping feet ;  
 Thy words of grace my cares control,  
 Thy tender love shall cheer my soul,  
 With thoughts divinely sweet.  
 7 Shall thrones have fellowship with God,  
 Whose laws condemn the guiltless blood  
 And make all justice void ?  
 God is my rock and sure defence ;  
 He'll bring on them the recompense,  
 Cut off in sin destroyed.

## PSALM 95.—L. M.

WELLS, P. 45.

- 1 COME, let us to Jehovah sing,  
The rock of our salvation bless ;  
Our thanks before his presence bring,  
With songs of joy his name address.
- 2 Jehovah is a mighty God,  
A King above all idols crowned ;  
His are the depths of earth abroad,  
And his the strength of hills around.
- 3 He made the sea that owns his will,  
He made the land and solid shore ;  
Come, let us bow and humbly kneel,  
The Lord our Maker to adore.
- 4 He is our God, and we his sheep,  
The people whom his pastures feed ;  
He will defend and safely keep  
If ye to-day his voice will heed.
- 5 " Hard not your heart like Meribah,  
As Massah in the desert land ;  
Your fathers proved and tempted Jah,  
And saw the doings of my hand.
- 6 " Full forty years with them I bore,  
They grieved my Spirit from their breast ;  
When I at length in anger swore,  
They should not enter to my rest."

## PSALM 95.—C. M.

NOTTINGHAM, P. 38.

- 1 LET us with songs address the Lord,  
Our Rock and Saviour praise ;  
Let us with thanks his love record,  
With shouts his honor raise.
- 2 He is a mighty King and God,  
Above all gods he reigns ;  
His hands that stretched the hills abroad  
The universe sustains.
- 3 He made the vast unfathomed seas,  
He built the solid shore ;  
Let us bow humbly on our knees,  
Our Maker to adore.
- 4 He is our God, and we his flock,  
To-day his only choice ;  
He will be our eternal rock,  
If ye will hear his voice.
- 5 " Hard not your heart like Meribah,  
Like Massah's evil day ;  
Your fathers proved and tempted Jah,  
They saw my work and way.
- 6 " Though forty years I made their path,  
They knew not my behest :  
Then was I grieved, and swore in wrath,  
They should not see my rest."

## PSALM 95.—8s &amp; 7s.

GAULET, P. 40.

- 1 COME, let us sing to Christ our King, the rock of our salvation ;  
Our thanks make known before his throne, with shouts of adoration.
- 2 For he is God, our King abroad above all gods is reigning ;  
Firm on his hand earth's pillars stand, his strength the hills sustaining.
- 3 The sea is his, whose work it is, he formed the land and breaker ;  
Come, let us all kneel down and fall before the Lord our Maker.
- 4 Our God is he, his sheep are we, and in his pasture feeding ;  
If ye to-day his voice obey, and follow at his leading.
- 5 " Your fathers saw my works with awe, at Meribah they proved me ;  
Their heart grew hard, my rod they dared, at Massah tempting moved me.
- 6 " Full forty years they grieved my ears, nor on my word would venture ;  
Though long I bore, at length I swore, my rest they should not enter."

## PSALM 96.—L. M.

MENDON, P. 22

- 1 COME, let us to Jehovah sing,  
New songs to our almighty King ;  
Loud anthems chant to bless his name,  
From day to day his grace proclaim.
- 2 His wonders let the nations know,  
His glory to the peoples show ;  
He is exalted, praised, and feared,  
To be above all gods revered.
- 3 For all the gods of earth are naught,  
He hath the heavens to being brought ;  
His dwelling is with beauty crowned,  
With strength and honor girt around.
- 4 Let all the nations speak his fame,  
His glory, strength, and grace proclaim ;  
With offerings to his courts repair,  
Bow down with fear and homage there.
- 5 Sound through the world, Jehovah reigns,  
Whose arm the universe sustains ;  
From heaven and earth and field and flood,  
Let shouts of joy ascend to God.
- 6 Let loud and long hosannas rise,  
And greet Jehovah from the skies ;  
He comes to judge the earth and main,  
He comes in truth and right to reign.

## PSALM 96.—C. M.

OAKSVILLE, P. 16.

- 1 On ! sing a new and joyful song  
To our almighty Lord ;  
From day to day, with thankful tongue,  
His saving grace record.
- 2 His glory through the nations spread,  
His wonders all around ;  
He is to be adored with dread,  
Above all idols crowned.
- 3 For all the idol gods are naught,  
The heavens Jehovah made ;  
His dwelling is with beauty fraught,  
With majesty arrayed.

- 4 Let families of nations sing,  
His glorious strength declare ;  
Take to his courts an offering,  
And bow with trembling there.
- 5 Say through the lands, Jehovah reigns,  
Who built the world of yore ;  
Let heaven rejoice, earth lift her strains,  
The sea with fulness roar.
- 6 Let fields exult before his sight,  
The trees on hill and plain ;  
He comes to judge the world with right,  
He comes in truth to reign.

## PSALM 96. — 8s &amp; 7s.

WATERVILLE, P. 41

- 1 LET mortals raise new songs of praise  
To him who rules creation ;  
From day to day his deeds display,  
And tell of his salvation.
- 2 His glory show to all below,  
His wonders oft repeated ;  
He's praised and feared, and much revered,  
Above all gods is seated.
- 3 For idols all to nothing fall,  
The heavens Jehovah founded ;  
His dwelling-place is decked with grace,  
With glorious strength surrounded.
- 4 Let every tribe to him ascribe  
All honor, power, and blessing ;  
With gifts resort unto his court,  
All praise to him addressing.
- 5 Send forth the strains, Jehovah reigns,  
And rules the earth he founded ;  
Let heaven rejoice, earth lift her voice,  
His praise afar be sounded.
- 6 Let fields and trees, the deeps and seas,  
Proclaim the joyful story,  
He comes again, he comes to reign  
In righteousness and glory.

## PSALM 97. — L. M. Six Lines.

WEST, P. 45

- 1 LET earth be glad, Jehovah reigns,  
The isles exult in joyful strains ;  
His throne is based on truth and right,  
Though veiled in clouds from mortal sight :  
His word like fire before him goes,  
And burns to death his haughty foes.
- 2 His bolts of thunder, swiftly hurled,  
Are heard with awe through all the world ;  
The hills like wax have melted down,  
And shook with terror at his frown :  
The heavens his truth and glory show,  
And teach his name to all below.

- 3 Let idol-worship fall in shame,  
 Let gods on high adore his name ;  
 Let Zion and her sons rejoice,  
 Let Judah's daughters join their voice :  
 For works of judgment he has shown,  
 Who sets above the earth his throne.
- 4 Let saints he saves all guile detest,  
 Whom he redeems and makes so blest ;  
 For them are sown the seeds of light.  
 And gladness for the heart upright :  
 Rejoice, ye righteous, in the Lord,  
 With thanks his holiness record.

## PSALM 97.—12s &amp; 11s.

NAYTON, P. 16

- 1 THE earth shall rejoice in the reign of Messiah,  
 The islands shall hear of his name and be glad ;  
 His throne the wide world for its truth shall admire,  
 Though now in thick darkness his dwelling is clad :  
 A fire all consuming proceeds from his breath,  
 Which burns his proud foes to destruction and death.
- 2 The voice of his thunders shall shake all creation,  
 The blaze of his lightnings shines over the flood ;  
 The earth bows with wonder and dread adoration,  
 The mountains melt down at the presence of God :  
 The heavens in splendor his glory make known,  
 And have to all nations his righteousness shown.
- 3 Let those who seek idols with shame be confounded,  
 False gods of the peoples bow down to our King ;  
 Let Zion rejoice in his wisdom unbounded,  
 And Judah's fair daughters his excellence sing ;  
 Because of his judgments and wonders made known,  
 For high over all he exalteth his throne.
- 4 Let saints whom his favor to glory is bringing,  
 Hate everything evil, and in him delight :  
 Light sown for the righteous to fulness in springing,  
 And gladness shall grow in the heart that's upright :  
 Ye righteous, rejoice in your Saviour and King :  
 His holiness ever with gratitude sing.

## PSALM 97.—S. M. H.

LENOX, P. 20.

- |   |   |
|---|---|
| <p>1 REJOICE, Jehovah reigns,<br/>         The islands shall be glad ;<br/>         His righteous throne remains,<br/>         Although in darkness clad :<br/>         His fiery breath before him goes,<br/>         And burns to death his haughty foes.</p> <p>2 His flashing lightnings blaze ;<br/>         His mighty thunders roar ;<br/>         Earth shrinks in dread amaze,<br/>         Her Maker to adore :<br/>         The heavens of old his truth declare,<br/>         And men behold his glory there.</p> | <p>3 Let idols fall in shame,<br/>         Let gods adore our King ;<br/>         Let Zion chant his name,<br/>         Let Judah's daughters sing :<br/>         With holy mirth his deeds make known,<br/>         Who o'er the earth exalts his throne.</p> <p>4 Saints saved by him alone,<br/>         Should hate all evil things :<br/>         Light for the just is sown,<br/>         Joy for the upright springs :<br/>         Rejoice in God, your Saviour bless,<br/>         And ever laud his holiness.</p> |
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## PSALM 98.—L. M.

OLD HUNDRED, P. 35

A Psalm.

- 1 OUI sing in new and joyful song,  
What marvels to the Lord belong ;  
His own right hand and arm of might,  
Have put his rebel foes to flight.
- 2 He hath his saving power made known,  
His righteousness to nations shown ;  
For Israel kept his truth in mind,  
Revealed salvation to mankind.
- 3 Shout to Jehovah, all the earth,  
Burst forth in songs of sacred mirth ;  
Make music with the harp, and sing,  
With trump and cornet hail the King.
- 4 Let sea and land his name adore,  
Let rivers clap their hands and roar ;  
Let hills rejoicing swell the strain,  
He comes to judge, in right to reign.

## PSALM 98.—C. M.

OAKSVILLE, P. 16

- 1 OUI sing in new and joyful strains,  
The wonders God hath done ;  
His own right hand the victory gains,  
His holy arm hath won.
- 2 He made his great salvation known,  
His righteousness and grace ;  
His love and truth to Israel shown,  
Are seen by all the race.
- 3 Shout forth his praise the earth around,  
With harp and timbrel sing ;  
Loud let the trump and cornet sound,  
Before the Lord the King.
- 4 Let joy go up from isle and sea,  
Let rivers clap their hands ;  
He comes to reign in equity,  
And give his just commands.

## PSALM 98.—8s &amp; 7s.

WATERVILLE, P. 41

- 1 New anthems sing to Christ our King,  
And chant his works of splendor ;  
His own right palm and holy arm,  
Have made his foes surrender.
- 2 He deigned to show to all below,  
His truth and great salvation ;  
He gave his word, that Israel heard,  
To every land and nation.
- 3 Loud songs employ to tell your joy,  
With harps lift up your voices ;  
Let trumpets ring, the Lord is King,  
While every heart rejoices.
- 4 Let seas and lands and hills clap hands,  
And tell the joyful story ;  
He comes again in right to reign,  
With equity and glory.

## PSALM 99.—C. M. Six Lines. STEPHENS, P. 44

- 1 JEHOVAH reigns in power supreme,  
Let nations trembling hear ;  
He sits between the cherubim,  
Let earth be moved with fear :  
In Zion great all lands await,  
His holy name revere.
- 2 The King in judgment takes delight,  
His strength loves truth alone ;  
In equity has founded right,  
In Jacob justice done :  
The Lord our God exalt and laud,  
His holiness make known.
- 3 When Moses cried and Samuel prayed,  
When Aaron was his priest ;  
Jehovah heard the vows they made,  
And granted their request ;  
When from the cloud he spake aloud,  
They owned his high behest.
- 4 Oh Lord our God ! how many times,  
Forgiving, pardoning still ;  
Thou tookest vengeance on their crimes,  
And curbed their stubborn will ;  
Exalt our God, Jehovah laud,  
And worship at his hill.

## PSALM 99.—S. M. H.

LENOX, P. 20

- 1 JEHOVAH reigns alone,  
Let men bow trembling down ;  
Bright cherubs guard his throne,  
Earth quakes beneath his frown :  
He's Zion's strength, to be adored,  
All shall at length say, Holy Lord.
- 2 The King's strength judgment loves,  
His justice all shall see ;  
His work in Jacob proves  
His truth and equity :  
Exalt and bless the Lord our God,  
His holiness proclaim abroad.
- 3 When Moses smote the rock,  
When Aaron was his priest ;  
When Samuel fed his flock,  
He granted their request :  
When from the cloud his voice was heard,  
They humbly bowed and kept his word
- 4 What time, oh Lord our God !  
Thy mercy answered them,  
They often felt thy rod,  
Inventious to condemn :  
Exalt his name on Zion's hill,  
He is the same, he's holy still.

**PSALM 100.—L. M.** OLD HUNDRED, P. 35

A Psalm. For thanksgiving.

- 1 LET all the earth with one accord,  
Lift up their voices to the Lord ;  
Serve him with joy and sweet delight,  
And come with songs before his sight.
- 2 Know ye the Lord alone is God,  
We are his work, and him should laud ;  
He made us for his chosen seed,  
We are the flock his pastures feed.
- 3 Oh ! enter then his gates with praise,  
Loud in his courts hosannas raise ;  
For he is good, his mercy sure,  
His truth forever shall endure.

**PSALM 100.—C. M.**

DUNDEE, P. 23

- 1 LET earth with shouts address the Lord,  
And serve him with delight ;  
Sound forth his praise with sweet accord,  
With songs approach his sight.
- 2 Know ye the Lord is God of old,  
From whom we all proceed ;  
He made us people of his fold,  
The sheep his pastures feed.
- 3 Then crowd with praise his temple gate,  
And in his courts adore ;  
For good is he, his mercy great,  
His truth for evermore.

**PSALM 100.—8s.**

FOSTER, P. 44

- 1 ALL peoples, your voices unite,  
The praise of Jehovah make known ;  
Serve him with exceeding delight,  
With singing approach to his throne.
- 2 Know ye that Jehovah is God,  
Our Maker, our shepherd and rock ;  
He made us his name to applaud,  
He made us his people and flock.
- 3 Oh ! enter his gates with acclaim,  
His courts with the thanks he demands ;  
His mercy is ever the same,  
His truth to eternity stands.

**PSALM 100.—10s.**

PROCLAMATION, P. 42

- 1 LET all the lands in shouts lift up their voice,  
And in Jehovah every heart rejoice ;  
Let them his service make their sweet employ,  
And sing before him ceaseless songs of joy.
- 2 Know ye Jehovah is the God we own,  
For he hath made us for himself alone ;  
We are his people, by his guidance led,  
We are his sheep, and by his pastures fed.
- 3 Oh, enter then his gates to bless his name,  
And in his courts give thanks with loud acclaim ;  
For he is good, his mercy ever sure,  
His truth that was forever shall endure.

## PSALM 100.—S. M.

BOYLSTON, P. 33.

- 1 BLESS God from all the earth,  
And shout with all your tongues ;  
Serve him with joy and holy mirth,  
Before him come with songs.
- 2 Know ye the Lord is God,  
His work are we alone ;  
His pastured sheep are we abroad,  
The flock he calls his own.
- 3 With thanks attend his gates,  
His courts with songs of praise ;  
For he is good, his mercy waits,  
His truth to endless days.

## PSALM 101.—L. M.

HEBRON, P. 33.

By David. A Psalm.

- 1 OH Lord! to thee my praise I bring,  
Of mercy and of judgment sing ;  
In wisdom will I walk at home,  
When wilt thou to my dwelling come ?
- 2 I will not set mine eyes to wrong,  
Reproach shall not to me belong ;  
The crooked shall from me depart,  
The hard, unfeeling, froward heart.
- 3 I will no secret slanderer spare,  
And haughty looks I will not bear ;  
The faithful in my sight shall be ;  
The true shall dwell in peace with me.
- 4 Deceivers will I turn away,  
Nor in my house shall liars stay ;  
The wicked will I thus reward,  
And clear the city of the Lord.

## PSALM 101.—C. M.

NOTTING HILL, P. 10.

- 1 LORD, I with truth and mercy come,  
And raise my song to thee ;  
Discreetly will I walk at home,  
When wilt thou visit me ?
- 2 No wicked scheme shall lure my eyes,  
No wrong to me shall cling ;  
The crooked way will I despise,  
Nor do an evil thing.
- 3 The haughty eye will I rebuke,  
The slanderer destroy ;  
But on the faithful will I look,  
The true of heart employ.
- 4 Not in my house shall liars dwell,  
Deceit will I reward ;  
The wicked from the land expel,  
And city of the Lord.

## PSALM 102.—C. M. D.

NEGINOTH, P. 6.

A Prayer. By a Sufferer, when he is troubled, and before Jehovah pours out his complaint.

- 1 LORD, hear the cries I send to thee,  
 And help without delay ;  
 Hide not thy smiling face from me,  
 When I in trouble pray.  
 For now my days consume like smoke,  
 Like burning coals I waste ;  
 My heart is dried like grass, and broke,  
 And food I cannot taste.
- 2 By reason of my ceaseless groan,  
 My flesh and bones do cleave ;  
 And like an owl I watch alone,  
 As mateless dove I grieve.  
 My foes are sworn in mad careers,  
 And wake my constant dread ;  
 My drink is mingled with my tears,  
 And ashes are my bread.
- 3 For thou hast raised and cast me down,  
 Thine anger makes me pine ;  
 Like grass I fade beneath thy frown,  
 Like shadows I decline.  
 But thou, Jehovah, shalt endure,  
 And thy memorial stand ;  
 Thy love for Zion is secure,  
 Her set time is at hand.
- 4 Thy servants count her ruins dear,  
 Her dust and stones regard ;  
 For nations shall thy name revere,  
 Their kings thy glory, Lord.  
 Jehovah will his Zion build ;  
 In glory will arise ;  
 The destitute and needy shield,  
 And not their prayer despise.
- 5 This shall through unborn ages sound,  
 That they Jehovah own :  
 Who bends to loose from death the bound,  
 And hear the prisoners' groan ;  
 That Zion may declare his name,  
 Jerusalem his praise ;  
 Till kingdoms hearing of his fame,  
 Shall come and learn his ways.
- 6¶ My strength he weakened in the way, and cut me down at noon ;  
 Thy years are one eternal day, and must I die so soon ?  
 The heavens of old thy hands arrayed, the earth established sure ;  
 When like a garment they shall fade, Jehovah shall endure.
- 7 For thou shalt fold creation's frame, and change it like a dress ;  
 But thou wilt ever be the same, nor will thy years be less.  
 Thy saints and servants shall remain, their seed shall dwell with thee ;  
 Established surely in thy reign to all eternity.

## PSALM 102.—7s &amp; 6s D.

- 1 HEAR thou my cries, Jehovah,  
And speedy answers send ;  
Till these dark times are over,  
To all my wants attend.  
My days like smoke are wasting,  
And fires my bones pervade ;  
My food I am not tasting,  
Like smitten grass I fade.
- 2 My flesh and bones are cleaving,  
By reason of my groan ;  
And like a sparrow grieving,  
I watch and sigh alone.  
My foes their taunts are keeping,  
Against me they are mad ;  
My drink is mixed with weeping,  
And ashes are my bread.
- 3 For thou hast caused my anguish,  
Hast raised and cast away ;  
Like withering grass I languish,  
Like shadows I decay ;  
Jehovah thou art ever,  
Thy memory shall stand ;  
Thy Zion thou wilt favor,  
Her set time is at hand.
- 4 Her dust and ruins hoary,  
Are to thy servants dear ;  
Kings shall admire thy glory,  
Thy name shall nations fear :
- For God will build up Zion ;  
In glory will appear ;  
The poor his help rely on,  
The helpless he will hear.  
This down thro' time descending,  
Shall make Jehovah known :  
Who from the heavens is bending  
To hear the prisoners' groan :  
The doomed from death protecting,  
To cheer Jerusalem ;  
Till all mankind collecting,  
In Zion worship him.
- But soon my strength was weaken-  
And he cut short my day ; [ed,  
Thy years can not be reckoned,  
Why take my life away ?  
The earth thy hands have founded,  
Of old the heavens arranged ;  
Their time by thee is bounded,  
They shall by thee be changed.
- 7 But when the heavens shall perish,  
And like a garment fail ;  
Thy servants thou wilt cherish,  
Thy changeless years to hail :  
Beneath thy lasting pinion  
Thy children shall remain ;  
Their seed be thy dominion,  
Established in thy reign.

## PSALM 103.—7s D.

By David.

BENEVENTO. P. 28

- 1 On my soul ! Jehovah bless,  
Thou, my heart, his name confess :  
Praise him, all my powers combin-  
Keep his benefits in mind ; [ed,  
Who for thee a pardon seals,  
Thy diseases kindly heals :  
Who preserves and keeps thy ways,  
Crowns with mercies all thy days.
- 2 Who with good thy soul imbues,  
Youth with eagle strength renews ;  
Who in righteous judgment reigns,  
Breaks oppression's heavy chains.  
He to Moses gave his law,  
Israel his wonders saw ;  
He is piteous to our race,  
Slow to anger, rich in grace.
- 3 He will not forever chide,  
Neither in his wrath abide :  
He has not our sins repaid,  
Nor our guilt upon us laid.  
High as heaven is raised above,  
Those who fear him find his love ;  
Far as dawn from setting day,  
He has put our crimes away.
- 4 He has all that tender care  
Which a father's heart can bear ;  
Well he knows our feeble frame,  
Mindful that from dust we came.  
Like the grass are man's short days,  
Like the flower his bloom decays ;  
Soon he feels a passing breath,  
Earth to him is lost in death.
- 5 But Jehovah will endure,  
And his mercy ever sure,  
On his fearers shall attend,  
To the sons of sons extend ;  
Who regard his holy law,  
Keep his covenant with awe ;  
All who his commandments do,  
Ever find his promise true.
- 6 God in heaven his throne maintains,  
Over all his kingdom reigns ;  
Bless him, angels, great in might,  
Who in his commands delight :  
Bless him with your utmost skill,  
Ministers that do his will ;  
Let all things their Maker laud ;  
Bless, my soul, the living God.

## PSALM 103.—7s &amp; 6s D.

KINGSLEY, P 40

- 1 BLESS Jehovah, oh my soul!  
 With all thy powers combined;  
 Thou, my heart, his name extol,  
 His favors keep in mind:  
 Who forgiveth all thy sins,  
 And thy diseases heals:  
 Who thy life from evil screens,  
 And crowning grace reveals.
- 2 Who thy mouth with good supplies,  
 Thy youth with strength renews,  
 Who regards the captives' cries,  
 And tyrant power subdues.  
 He to Moses showed his ways,  
 His deeds let Israel see;  
 Slow his anger is to blaze,  
 His mercy large and free.
- 3 He will not forever chide,  
 Nor still in anger burn;  
 He does not repay our pride  
 Nor give as we return.  
 High as heaven's eternal rest,  
 His mighty grace exalts;  
 Far as east is from the west,  
 He puts away our faults.
- 4 Those he loves who fear his name,  
 As fathers do their trust;  
 For he knows our feeble frame,  
 Remembers we are dust.  
 Man's short days are like the grass,  
 And like the fields his bloom;  
 Soon before a breath we pass,  
 So soon does he consume.
- 5 But the mercy of the Lord  
 Is for his fearers sure;  
 Sons of sons shall find his word  
 And promises endure;  
 Who respect his holy law,  
 And walk in all his ways;  
 Keep his covenant with awe,  
 And give to him their days.
- 6 God in heaven has fixed his throne,  
 His kingdom ruleth all;  
 Angels make his glory known,  
 Who hear and do his call:  
 Praise him, mighty hosts on high,  
 Who execute his word;  
 Praise him thro' the earth and sky,  
 My son! adore the Lord.

## PSALM 103.—8s &amp; 7s D.

LEON, P. 33

- 1 OH! bless, my soul, my heart, extol that holy name, Jehovah;  
 Let all within, his praise begin, and count his mercies over:  
 Who pardons free, and healeth thee, diseased by sin's seduction;  
 Who guides thy ways and crowns thy days, and keeps thee from destruction.
- 2 Who gives thee food and all thy good, thy youthful strength renewing;  
 Who hears the prayer of all in care, their tyrant foes subduing.  
 He showed his ways in Moses' days, to Israel, acts of favor;  
 His wrath is slow, his mercies flow, he is a gracious Saviour.
- 3 He neither will keep anger still, nor chide us unregarded;  
 He hath not dealt like to our guilt, nor hath our sins rewarded.  
 High as the skies his mercies rise, to all his truth's approving;  
 Far as the sun his journeys run, so far their crimes removing.
- 4 He feels the care kind fathers bear, to us his pity showing;  
 He knows our frame, from whence we came, and whither we are going.  
 Man's days while here like grass appear, like morning flowers his bloom—  
 One passing breath consigns to death, his life from earth consuming. [ing;
- 5 Yet will the Lord his own reward, send grace upon them ever;  
 To sons of sons his mercy runs, his promise fails them never:  
 Who keep with awe his holy law, his covenant ensealing;  
 They shall be blest, in him shall rest, and find his faithful dealing.
- 6 He fixed his throne in heaven alone, his kingdom rules creation;  
 Ye angels all, before him fall, in holy adoration:  
 Bless him, ye hosts, throughout his coasts, his wide dominion over;  
 Let everything his glories sing; my soul, bless thou Jehovah.

## PSALM 103.—L. M. D. GATH, P. 8; NUREMBERG, P. 34

- 1 BLESS thou Jehovah, oh my soul,  
 And thou, my heart, his name extol;  
 Bless thou Jehovah, and with all,  
 His many gifts to thee recall:  
 Who freely pardons all thy sin,  
 And heals and makes thee whole within;  
 Who keeps thy life when danger preys,  
 With kind compassion crowns thy days.
- 2 Who filled thy mouth and soul with good,  
 Thy youth with eagle strength renewed;  
 Who will in righteous judgment reign,  
 And loose from every galling chain.  
 He made his way to Moses known,  
 His doings were to Israel shown;  
 What tender love Jehovah hath!  
 How rich in mercy, slow to wrath!
- 3 He will not still in anger chide,  
 Nor always in his wrath abide;  
 He deals not with us by our sins,  
 Nor gives what our transgression wins;  
 For great and high as heaven expands,  
 His mercy towards who fear him stands;  
 And far as east is from the west,  
 Hath he our follies from us east.
- 4 Jehovah all who fear him bears,  
 With pity fathers feel for heirs;  
 He knows our weak and feeble frame,  
 Remembers that from dust we came.  
 Man springs anon like flowers to bloom,  
 His days like grass as soon consume;  
 For in a passing breath inclined,  
 His place no more shall any find.
- 5 Jehovah still hath mercy sure,  
 From ages past and will endure;  
 For all his fearers onward runs,  
 His righteousness to sons of sons;  
 Who keep his covenant indeed,  
 And all his just commandments heed;  
 Who mind his ordinance of praise,  
 Not turning back through all their days.
- 6 Jehovah set his throne on high,  
 His kingdom rules the earth and sky;  
 Bless him, ye angels high in might,  
 Who hear and in his word delight;  
 Bless him ye hosts and throngs of state,  
 Who on his will and orders wait;  
 Bless him through all his vast domain,  
 My soul, Jehovah bless again.

## PSALM 104.—L. M. D. AL-MUTH, QUADRUPLE CHANT, P. 44

- 1 Oh! bless, my soul, Jehovah's name,  
 My tongue his majesty proclaim,  
 Who makes of light his shining robe,  
 And curtains over all the globe;  
 Who rides aloft on clouds and storms,  
 His spacious halls of water forms;  
 Who on the wind his message sends,  
 And makes the fire work out his ends.
- 2 He set the earth upon its base,  
 And fixed it moveless in its place;  
 He overspread it with the flood,  
 Above the hills the waters stood;  
 They fled in haste at thy rebuke,  
 The mountains for the vales forsook;  
 Thy well-appointed bounds they know,  
 Nor shall again the world o'erflow.
- 3 He sendeth springs among the hills,  
 Meandering through the vales in rills;  
 Where every beast may water take,  
 Wild asses, too, their thirsting slake;  
 Birds dwell on branchy trees above,  
 And utter forth their notes of love;  
 Fresh streams are from his chambers poured,  
 The earth is with his products stored.

4¶ He makes the grass for cattle grow,  
 And herb for men that till and sow;  
 For strengthening bread and cheering wine,  
 And oil to make his face to shine.  
 He planted trees and cedars fair,  
 In Lebanon where birds repair;  
 Storks dwell in fir-trees, conies hide  
 In rocky hills where goats abide.

5 He made the moon for seasons run,  
 His time of setting knows the sun;  
 He spreads out darkness for the night,  
 When beasts are roving with delight:  
 Young lions roaring seek for prey,  
 And God their booty does purvey;  
 At dawn in dens they take repose,  
 And man to daily labor goes.

6¶ How manifold thy works, oh God! how wise and vast and rich and good!  
 Here are the wide and mighty seas, where countless beings swim at ease;  
 Their numerous fleets in splendor glide, Leviathan plays in the tide;  
 All these rely upon thy care, their food in season to prepare.

7 They gather what thy hand distils, their mouth with food thy bounty fills;  
 Thy face thou hidest, they're in dread, their breath thou takest, they are dead:  
 Thy quickening Spirit gave them birth, thou dost renew the face of earth;  
 His glory is to endless days, his works with gladness he surveys.

- 8 Earth trembles at his angry look,  
 And at his touch the mountains smoke ;  
 I'll sing to him through all my days,  
 While I exist my God I'll praise :  
 His name shall fill my soul with joy,  
 His works my sweetest thoughts employ ;  
 When sinners die and are no more,  
 My soul Jehovah shall adore.           Hallelujah!

## PSALM 104.—8s &amp; 7s D.

DALETH, P. 2.

- 1 Ours! bless, my soul, my lips, extol  
 The greatness of Jehovah,  
 Who makes of light his robe of might,  
 And curtains heaven over ;  
 Who with the flood frames his abode,  
 On clouds and storms is riding ;  
 Who makes the winds do his designs,  
 And flaming fire his bidding.
- 2 He made and cast earth's bases fast,  
 With floods the mountains vested ;  
 Thy voice they heard, with terror stirred,  
 Away they quickly hasted ;  
 Down to dark caves they rolled their waves,  
 Where thou hadst fixed their borders ;  
 Their bounds they know, nor shall o'erflow  
 Thine own appointed orders.
- 3 He sends through hills the gushing rills,  
 Which down the vales are flowing ;  
 Wild asses there for drink repair,  
 And every beast is going ;  
 Birds dwell at ease on branchy trees,  
 And tune their notes of pleasure ;  
 On earth he pours from his high stores,  
 And fills it with his treasure.
- 4¶ He cattle feeds from grassy meads,  
 The herb man tills bestowing ;  
 Whence oil is had, sustaining bread,  
 And cheering wine is flowing.  
 Birds rest at ease on cedar trees,  
 In Lebanon he planted ;  
 Firs shield the storks, the conies rocks,  
 The hills by goats are haunted.
- 5 He taught the sun when day is done,  
 And made the moon for seasons ;  
 He hides the light and it is night,  
 When beasts move forth from prisons :  
 Young lions roar, for prey explore,  
 And seek from God their booty ;  
 Light strikes the glens, they hie to dens,  
 And men to daily duty.
- 6¶ Thy works all told, how manifold !  
 How vast and wise and gracious !  
 Her countless host the sea can boast,  
 So deep and wide and spacious ;

There sports thy clan, Leviathan,  
 There splendid fleets are sailing ;  
 These lift their eyes for fresh supplies,  
 To thee in stores unailing.

- 7 What thou dost give they eat, and live ;  
 Thy hands all creatures cherish ;  
 Thou dost hold back, in dread they lack ;  
 Dost take their breath, they perish.  
 Thy spirit blows and life bestows,  
 The face of earth renewing ;  
 Let him have praise through endless days,  
 Rejoice in all his doing.

- 8 Soon at his stroke the mountains smoke,  
 Earth trembles at his seeing ;  
 Through life I'll laud and sing to God,  
 I'll praise him while I've being.  
 Joy to my heart shall he impart,  
 My warmest thoughts possessing ;  
 When sinners doomed are all consumed,  
 My soul shall give him blessing.

Hallelujah!

PSALM 105.—L. M. T. QUADRUPLE CHANT, P. 44

- 1 WITH thanks invoke Jehovah's name,  
 His deeds through all the world proclaim ;  
 In lofty psalms exalt his praise,  
 And talk of all his works and ways ;  
 Let all who love his name rejoice,  
 And glory in their happy choice ;  
 His saving strength betimes implore,  
 And seek his presence evermore ;  
 His matchless doings bear in mind,  
 The judgments by his lips defined ;  
 Ye seed of Abraham, his sons,  
 Ye heirs of Jacob, chosen ones.
- 2 Jehovah is our God alone,  
 His judgments through the earth are known ;  
 His words to endless years endure,  
 His covenant shall stand secure ;  
 The one to Abraham revealed,  
 To Isaac with an oath was sealed,  
 Its confirmation Jacob saw,  
 For Israel's everlasting law,  
 That Canaan's land and residence,  
 Should be their own inheritance ;  
 When they were strangers in it, too,  
 And were but small and very few.
- 3 When they through nations passed along,  
 He suffered none to do them wrong ;  
 When they from land to land removed,  
 Their kings for them were oft reproved ;  
 " Touch not my own Anointed's arm,  
 Nor do my prophets any harm : "

He through the land a famine spread,  
 And brake the staff of all their bread ;  
 When Joseph for a slave was sold,  
 Before them sent a leader bold,  
 Whose feet were hurt with heavy chains,  
 Whose soul was tried and pierced with pains.

4 Then God the king with dreams infused,  
 Who soon the Hebrew captive loosed ;  
 And made him lord of all the land,  
 To give his senators command :  
 So Israel down to Egypt came,  
 And Jacob dwelt awhile in Ham ;  
 He there increased, and made them rise  
 And tower above their enemies ;  
 Whose hearts he made sore hatred feel,  
 And subtly with his people deal ;  
 When he to serve him Moses sends,  
 And Aaron chose to work his ends.

5¶ They showed the words and signs of God,  
 His wonders spread through Ham abroad ;  
 He all the land in darkness held,  
 Still they against his word rebelled ;  
 He turned their waters into blood,  
 And slew the fishes in the flood ;  
 Then frogs came up from all their springs  
 Into the chambers of their kings ;  
 He spake, and flies came forth by hosts,  
 And lice through their devoted coasts ;  
 He gave for rain fierce storms of hail,  
 And fire that kindled with the gale.

6 He smote their vines and sycamores,  
 And shattered trees along their shores ;  
 He spake, and clouds of locusts came,  
 And worms that numbers cannot name,  
 Whose teeth consumed their tender shoots,  
 Devoured the choicest of their fruits :  
 He smote their first-born sons at length,  
 Their brightest hopes of joy and strength ;  
 Then brought his people forth with gold,  
 Not one was feeble, young or old ;  
 When they were gone was Egypt glad,  
 Whose fear had made them sorely sad.

7 He spread a cloud above their head,  
 With fire by night a radiance shed ;  
 He sent them quails, for which they cried,  
 With bread of heaven their mouth supplied ;  
 He opened rocks and waters flowed,  
 Like rivers ran along their road ;  
 He kept his covenant in mind,  
 With Abraham, his servant, signed ;  
 He to his seed the vow fulfilled,  
 And gave them lands by nations tilled ;  
 He brought them up with joy and praise,  
 That they might serve him all their days. Hallelujah.

**PSALM 106.**—L. M. Six Lines. SABBATH, P. 27; NARRATIVE CHANT, P. 23

Hallelujah!

- 1 Oh! render thanks and bless the Lord,  
His ceaseless love and truth record;  
Who shall announce his grand displays?  
What tongue shall utter all his praise?  
How blest who in the truth delight,  
And always practise what is right.
- 2 Remember me with that regard  
Thou bearest to thy chosen, Lord;  
That in their good I may rejoice,  
And in their gladness join my voice;  
That when they triumph in their King,  
I may thy great salvation sing.
- 3¶ We, like our fathers, have declined,  
We have a stiff, rebellious mind;  
Thy works in Egypt they knew not,  
Thy tender mercies were forgot;  
And they provoked their helper, God,  
When they beside the Red Sea stood.
- 4 He saved them for his name alone,  
To make his might and glory known;  
At his rebuke the Red Sea dried,  
And they walked through the parted tide;  
He saved them from their hating foes,  
On whom he let the waters close.
- 5 They then believed and sang his praise,  
But soon forgot his works and ways;  
They waited not for his command,  
But lusted in that desert land;  
Their bold request he deigned to grant,  
But left their soul to pine in want.
- 6 They envied Moses in their tents,  
And Aaron, chief among the saints;  
The opening earth quelled Dathan's boast,  
And swallowed up Abiram's host;  
When kindling fire upon them came,  
And whelmed the wicked in the flame.
- 7¶ They then a calf in Horeb made,  
And to the molten image prayed;  
They changed the glory of their days  
Into an ox that does but graze;  
Thus they forgot their Saviour, God,  
His works in Egypt and the flood.

- 8 Then God arose to strike them dead,  
 But Moses for the people plead ;  
 For him his anger was restrained,  
 Yet still they murmured and complained ;  
 Their hearts the promised land despised,  
 Nor would they heed when God advised.
- 9 He therefore lifted up his hand  
 To leave them in that desert land ;  
 Their children through the earth disperse,  
 And let them go from bad to worse ;  
 They were by Baal-peor led,  
 And ate the offerings of the dead.
- 10 Their daring crimes God's wrath awoke,  
 He sent the plague which on them broke ;  
 Then Phinehas rose and judgment made,  
 And thus at once the pest was stayed ;  
 Which for his credit shall redound,  
 While age to age in turn moves round.
- 11 ¶ Their God in Meribah they dared,  
 When Moses in their chastening shared ;  
 For they his spirit did provoke,  
 'Till with his lips rash words were spoke ;  
 They joined with heathen in the way,  
 Whom God commanded them to slay.
- 12 They soon by idols were enticed,  
 Their sons and daughters sacrificed ;  
 Whose guiltless blood in torrents flowed,  
 While they to fiends in worship bowed ;  
 They were by their own works defiled,  
 By their misdeeds and lust beguiled.
- 13 All this yet more displeased the Lord,  
 And he his heritage abhorred ;  
 He gave his people to their foes,  
 Their haters ruled them as they chose ;  
 They were subjected to their hands,  
 Who laid upon them hard commands.
- 14 He gave them rescue oftentimes,  
 When they provoked him with their crimes ;  
 He oft, when they were brought full low,  
 Bowed kindly to their cry of woe ;  
 He kept his covenant love in mind,  
 And made their cruel captors kind.
- 15 Save us, Jehovah, God our King !  
 Thy people from the nations bring ;  
 Then we thy name with thanks will praise,  
 And glory in thy works and ways ;  
 Let endless blessings crown thy reign ;  
 Let all the peoples say, Amen.

Hallelujah !

## PSALM 107.—C. M. Q.

PRAISE, P. 34

1 GIVE thanks for blessings to the Lord,  
 Whose mercy ever flows ;  
 Let them his truth and grace record,  
 Whom he redeemed from foes :  
 From north and south, from east and west  
 He brought them by his hands ;  
 They found no city where to rest,  
 They trod through desert lands ;  
 When faint from thirst and lack of bread,  
 His ready ear inclined ;  
 Their feet in his right way were led,  
 That they a home might find :  
 Let men with thanks his name extol,  
 His wonders great and good ;  
 He satisfies the craving soul,  
 The hungry fills with food.

2¶ Who in the shades of darkness dwell,  
 Bound in afflictions bands,  
 Who still against his words rebel,  
 Contemn his high commands,  
 He leaves to pine in woe and care,  
 Till they are near the grave,  
 When to his ear they send their prayer,  
 And he appears to save ;  
 He brings them out from death's dark shade,  
 Soothes all their inward pains ;  
 He severs bonds upon them laid,  
 And breaks their heavy chains :  
 Let men with thanks his love repay,  
 These wonders of his hands ;  
 He takes the gates of brass away,  
 And cuts the iron bands.

3¶ Fools, by their folly and deceit,  
 In sorrow spend their breath ;  
 Their soul abhors the finest meat,  
 And they draw near to death :  
 Then for Jehovah's help they cry,  
 When overwhelmed with grief ;  
 He deigns to hear them from on high,  
 And sends them quick relief ;  
 He sheds a healthful influence round,  
 Their follies he foregoes ;  
 He sends them balm for every wound,  
 And cordial for their woes :  
 Let men with thanks his wonders praise,  
 His truth and love record ;  
 Let them with loudest anthems raise  
 Their honors to the Lord.

4¶ Who sail in ships and cross the flood, in waters business keep,  
 They see the mighty works of God, his wonders in the deep ;  
 He bids the storm and tempest rise, which lift the roaring waves ;  
 Their trembling bark ascends the skies, then to the depths it staves ;

They, strack with dread, like drunkards reel,  
 Confounded, God implore ;  
 He bids the angry storm be still,  
 They gladly reach the shore ;  
 Let men with thanks exalt the Lord,  
 His wondrous works and ways ;  
 Let them with saints his love record,  
 With elders shout his praise.

5¶ He turns the streams to solid ground,  
 For sin the fields lays bare ;  
 He makes the barren lands abound,  
 And brings the famished there ;  
 They build them towns and dwell in peace.  
 Plant vineyards, till and sow ;  
 They multiply, their flocks increase,  
 Who once were brought so low ;  
 He pours contempt on prince and chief,  
 Their way his counsels block ;  
 He sets the poor on high from grief,  
 And makes them like a flock :  
 Joy to the just his dealing brings,  
 Guilt shall her plea forego ;  
 Whoso is wise will scan these things,  
 Jehovah's mercy know.

PSALM 108.—C. M. Ten Lines. RINDGE, P. 42

A Song. A Psalm. By David.

- 1 Oh God! my heart is fixed for praise,  
 My lips thy name to sing ;  
 Wake, lute and harp, my early lays  
 Shall through the nations ring ;  
 Up to the clouds, beyond the sky,  
 Thy truth and mercy go ;  
 Be thou above the heavens on high,  
 Thy glory great below ;  
 Hear thou my prayer, thy faithful care  
 To thy beloved show.
- 2 Our God in holy vision spake,  
 Whose words with joy I hail ;  
 " I will a line through Shechem make,  
 And measure Succoth's vale ;  
 Manasseh's mine, and Gilead,  
 My law shall Judah mete ;  
 On Ephraim will I rest my head,  
 In Moab wash my feet ;  
 At Edom, too, will cast my shoe,  
 With shouts Philistia greet."
- 3 Who will conduct to Edom's coast, to cities strongly built?  
 Oh God! wilt thou not lead our host, who cast us off for guilt?  
 Give us deliverance from our woes, the help of man is vain ;  
 Through God we shall subdue our foes, and safety shall obtain :  
 His sovereign frown strikes armies down, and we the victory gain.

## PSALM 109.—L. M. D. QUADRUPLE CHANT, P. 44

To the Chief Musician. By David. A Psalm.

- 1 HOLD not thy peace, Almighty God!  
 Thou whom my warmest praises laud;  
 For lips of guile foul slanders frame,  
 Which lying tongues aloud proclaim:  
 For all their spite there is no cause,  
 Save my attachment to thy laws;  
 For good they render evil deeds,  
 And while I pray their work proceeds.
- 2 Him shall a wicked one command,  
 And on his right shall Satan stand;  
 When judged he shall no mercy win,  
 His very prayer become a sin:  
 On earth his days shall soon be told,  
 His office shall another hold;  
 His children shall be fatherless,  
 His wife in widowed loneliness.
- 3 His offspring shall be vagrants led,  
 In desolations beg their bread;  
 Extortioners shall catch his wealth,  
 His labor goes by foreign stealth;  
 No mercy shall on him descend,  
 None to his orphans shall extend;  
 His progeny shall be destroyed,  
 Their name become extinct and void.
- 4 His father's sin shall come to mind,  
 His mother's shall no pardon find;  
 Their guilt shall rise to their disgrace,  
 That God may blot them from the race;  
 Because the poor he never spared,  
 Nor for the hurt and smitten cared;  
 Kept from the blessing he abhorred,  
 The curse he loved is his reward.
- 5 He clad himself with cursing, too,  
 Which shall like oil his bones imbue  
 He shall in lasting shame be clothed,  
 And even by himself be loathed.  
 But let my soul thy grace receive,  
 With good my needy heart relieve;  
 My spirit moans her grievous wound,  
 In sore affliction I am bound.
- 6 My days are like a shadow lost,  
 And like the locust I am tost;  
 My knees are weak through fasting prayer,  
 My flesh declines from grief and care;  
 For I'm reproached and scorned by them,  
 They shake the head, my words contemn:  
 Jehovah, help and rescue me,  
 As thou hast mercy ever free.
- 7 Make them to know this is thy hand, that I am saved by thy command;  
 If they will swear, the shame be theirs, yet bless thou me, and hear my prayers:  
 While they are mantled in their shame, I shall with throngs adore thy name;  
 For thou the needy wilt console, none shall condemn or hurt his soul.

**PSALM 110.**—L. M. **Six Lines.** PELEW, P. 4; NAZARETH, P. 1.

A Psalm. By David.

- 1 JEHOVAH thus addressed my Lord,  
 "Sit down at my right hand, adored,  
 Till thy rebellious foes I take,  
 And them for thee a footstool make :  
 Thy rod of strength from Zion goes,  
 Rule thou among thy haughty foes.
- 2 "Thy people shall with love obey,  
 And gladly hail thy glorious day ;  
 With holiness themselves adorn,  
 And greet thee from the womb of morn ;  
 Because thou hast thy youthful dew,  
 Distilling blessings ever new.
- 3 "Jehovah by himself hath sworn,  
 Nor from his oath will ever turn ;  
 Thou art a priest for evermore,  
 As was Melchizedek before :  
 On thy right hand shall he remain  
 'Till all opposing powers are slain.
- 4 "He shall the heads of kingdoms wound,  
 And strew with dead the lands around ;  
 His banner shall be wide unfurled,  
 For he shall rule and judge the world ;  
 Shall drink the brook along the way,  
 And lift the head in endless sway."

**PSALM 110.**—C. M. **Six Lines.** HUNTINGDON, P. 18; STEPHENS, P. 41

- 1 JEHOVAH to my Sovereign said,  
 "Sit thou at my right hand,  
 Until I have thy footstool made  
 Of all that dare withstand ;  
 From Zion, God shall send thy rod,  
 Thy haughty foes command.
- 2 "Thy people shall themselves adorn,  
 And thy first call obey ;  
 Shall greet thee from the womb of morn,  
 And hail thy rising day ;  
 Thy youthful dew shall gladness strew  
 Along thy glorious way.
- 3 "Jehovah by himself hath swore,  
 The oath he will not break ;  
 Thou art a priest for evermore,  
 And like Melchizedek ;  
 And he shall stand at thy right hand  
 A recompense to make.
- 4 "The chiefs of kingdoms he shall wound,  
 And fill the tombs with dead ;  
 Shall stretch his realm the earth around,  
 In glorious triumph led ;  
 Brooks in the way his thirst allay,  
 And he shall lift the head."

## PSALM 111. — L. M. NAZARETH, P. 1; HEBRON, P. 33.

Hallelujah!

- 1 WITH all my heart I'll thank the Lord,  
Among the saints his praise record;  
His works are great, and sought by all  
Who on his name desire to call.
- 2 His deeds in honored greatness soar,  
His rectitude is evermore;  
His works were made to bear in mind,  
And show the Lord is good and kind.
- 3 He furnishes his fearers food,  
And ever makes his covenant good;  
His power was to his people shown,  
To make the heathen lands their own.
- 4 His work in truth and judgment stands,  
Upright and wise are his commands;  
His words are fixed and very sure,  
And long his precepts shall endure.
- 5 Redemption to his people came,  
And holy is his reverend name;  
His fear directs to wisdom's ways,  
Obedience to his endless praise.

## PSALM 111. — C. M.

DENFIELD, P. 33.

Hallelujah!

- 1 AMONG the saints my heartfelt praise  
Shall thank and bless the Lord;  
His lasting deeds and grand displays  
The just with joy record.
- 2 His works of might with splendor wrought,  
In rectitude designed,  
Were made to wake our active thought,  
And show the Lord is kind.
- 3 His fearers by his care are fed,  
Secure his covenant stands;  
His power shone bright which Israel led,  
To give them heathen lands.
- 4 His works in truth and judgment shine,  
His holy precepts sure;  
They show an excellence divine,  
And ever shall endure.
- 5 He sends redemption from our sins,  
And holy are his ways;  
True wisdom with his fear begins,  
To him be endless praise.

## PSALM 111.—8s &amp; 7s.

SHEPHERD, P. 24

Hallelujah!

- 1 My song shall laud the works of God  
In holy convocation,  
Sought out by all who on him call  
For themes of adoration.
- 2 His deeds of fame all honor claim,  
And righteous is his dealing;  
His works were wrought to fix our thought,  
And show his kindly feeling.
- 3 He gives the meat his children eat,  
Fulfils his obligations;  
He showed his might in Israel's sight  
To give them heathen nations.
- 4 His words are pure and very sure,  
His statutes failing never;  
His works all told, are manifold,  
And stand in truth forever.
- 5 He hath redeemed his own esteemed,  
His covenant faileth never;  
His fear begins what wisdom wins;  
His praise endures forever.

## PSALM 112.—C. M.

NAOMI, P. 40.

Hallelujah!

- 1 How happy he who fears the Lord,  
And joys in his commands;  
His seed shall have a rich reward,  
Be mighty in the lands.
- 2 His house with growing wealth shall rise,  
His righteousness endure;  
Light shall in darkness meet his eyes;  
His heart is kind and pure.
- 3 He lends the poor with liberal hands,  
And with discretion lives;  
Firm on the truth he safely stands,  
His name to memory gives.
- 4 He shall remain unmoved and blest,  
Nor evil tidings dread;  
His heart with God in peace shall rest,  
Until his foes are dead.
- 5 His bounty has the poor relieved,  
His horn is lifted high;  
Proud men shall see it and be grieved,  
Shall gnash, and fret, and die.

Hallelujah!

## PSALM 112. — 8s &amp; 7s.

WATERVILLE, P. 41

Hallelujah !

- 1 WHAT joy of mind that man shall find  
Who greatly fears Jehovah ;  
His seed on earth shall rise in worth,  
Be blest when life is over.
- 2 His house shall grow where wealth shall flow,  
His righteousness is ever ;  
Through clouds which rise, light meets his eyes,  
His kindness faileth never.
- 3 He condescends, to others lends,  
And lives with due discretion ;  
His deeds enrolled shall be extolled,  
And rise above oppression.
- 4 He shall not dread ill tidings spread,  
His trust is in Jehovah ;  
He shall be blest with fearless rest,  
His foes shall triumph over.
- 5 His righteous fame shall raise his name,  
As he the poor did cherish ;  
Proud men shall see, and fretted be,  
Shall gnash, and melt, and perish.

## PSALM 113.—C. M. Six Lines.

STEPHENS, P. 44

Hallelujah !

- 1 Oh ! praise, ye servants of the Lord,  
Oh praise his glorious name ;  
Let him with honor be adored,  
Throughout this earthly frame ;  
Let him be blest from east to west,  
From age to age the same.
- 2 High over all the world abroad  
Shines forth his matchless worth ;  
Who is there like the Lord our God,  
Who rules the heavens and earth,  
Who deigns to view what angels do,  
And men, of meaner birth ?
- 3 He lifts the poor from menial toil,  
The needy from the ground ;  
Pours on his head anointing oil,  
With nobles has him crowned ;  
He giveth sons to barren ones,  
With joy their homes resound.

Hallelujah !

## PSALM 113—8s &amp; 7s. Six Lines.

ZION, P. 32

Hallelujah!

- 1 Oh! ye servants of Jehovah, praise him and his grace adore ;  
Blessed be his name moreover, now, henceforth, for evermore ;  
Far as rolls the circling sun,  
Honors shall to him be done.
- 2 High he reigns o'er every nation, far his glory shines abroad,  
Throned upon the highest station ; who is like the Lord our God :  
One whose deep and piercing view  
Sees what men and angels do ?
- 3 He lifts up the poor from troubles, from the dust the needy brings ;  
Sets him high among the nobles, even with his chosen kings ;  
For the barren one prepares  
Joy that comes from smiling heirs.

Hallelujah!

## PSALM 114.—L. M.

MARION, P. 30

- 1 WHEN Israel out from Egypt came,  
When Jacob left the land of Ham,  
Then Judah was his sole domain,  
The place Jehovah held his reign.
- 2 The waters saw his work and fled,  
And Jordan started back with dread ;  
The mountains skipped about like rams,  
The little hills like playful lambs.
- 3 What made old Jordan turn aback,  
The waters leave their wonted track ?  
What made the lofty mountains leap,  
The little hills like playful sheep ?
- 4 Let all the earth with reverence awed,  
Bow trembling down to Jacob's God,  
Who made the rock a standing pool,  
The flint to stream with water cool.

## PSALM 114.—11s.

LYON, P. 22

- 1 WHEN Israel from Egypt in journeyings came,  
And Jacob from service in barbarous Ham ;  
Jehovah made Judah his honored domain,  
And there set his throne and the place of his reign.
- 2 The sea saw with terror his doings, and fled,  
And Jordan was driven aback with great dread ;  
The mountains were moving and skipping like rams,  
And hills which were smaller were fleet as the lambs.
- 3 Oh waters, what caused you to flee in such fear ?  
Thou Jordan, to turn back in hasty career ?  
Ye mountains, what caused you to thus bound like rams ?  
Ye hills which are smaller, to skip round as lambs ?
- 4 Let earth fear and tremble and bow at his nod,  
And own the dread presence of Jacob's great God :  
Who caused the hard rock with fresh waters to teem,  
The flint like a fountain to send forth a stream.

## PSALM 115.—C. M. D. LABBEN, P. 8

- 1 LORD, not to us, nor to our name, but glory all be thine ;  
 Thy truth our thanks shall ever claim, thy mercy, praise divine :  
 Oh ! wherefore should the nations say, "And where is now their God ?"  
 His high commands creation sway, in heaven is his abode.
- 2 Their idols, wrought of sylvan gold, have mouths that cannot speak ;  
 Have eyes that can no light behold, and ears no sounds can wake :  
 Their feet or hands they cannot move, nor mutter through their throat ;  
 Like them their makers always prove, and all who on them dote.
- 3 Oh Israel ! trust thou the Lord, he is thy help and shield ;  
 Oh house of Aaron ! trust his word, thy help is there revealed :  
 Who love him trust his faithfulness, their refuge ever kind ;  
 He'll Israel's house and Aaron's bless, and keep his own in mind.
- 4 He both the small and great secures, whose hopes on him are laid ;  
 He will add more to you and yours, who heaven and earth has made :  
 His are the heavens, stretched high abroad, the earth he gave to man ;  
 Now hence forever bless our God, for none in silence can. Hallelujah !

## PSALM 116.—C. M. D.

ZERAH, P. 18

- 1 THE Lord I love and will esteem, for he hath heard my prayer ;  
 I therefore will give thanks to him, while he my life shall spare.  
 The pangs of death upon me came, the grave beset me round ;  
 My soul for rescue sought his name, and ready succor found.
- 2 The Lord is gracious, just, and kind, and pity loves to show ;  
 In him the simple safety find, he saved me when brought low :  
 Return, my soul, to God, thy rest, redeemed from death and fears ;  
 He set my falling footsteps fast, and kept mine eyes from tears.
- 3 My walk in life shall be with God, by faith in him I speak ;  
 I said, in fear and trouble bowed, mankind are false and weak.  
 What just requitals can I make, which all his favors claim ?  
 I will the cup of blessings take, and call upon his name.
- 4 The portion of thy saints be mine, whose death is dear to thee ;  
 Thy handmaid's son is wholly thine, whom thou from bonds doth free ;  
 Among them will I pay my vows, with thanks address thy name ;  
 Within thy courts and in thy house, thy loved Jerusalem. Hallelujah !

## PSALM 116.—L. M. D.

MARTYN, P. 20.

- 1 THE Lord I love, for he will hear,  
 And to my prayer hath lent his ear ;  
 My thanks to him I mean to give,  
 And on him call while I shall live :  
 The bands of death and pangs of hell,  
 With mighty sorrows on me fell ;  
 His name for help my soul besought,  
 And he salvation quickly brought.
- 2 The Lord is gracious, just, and good,  
 The simple are preserved by God ;  
 The Lord delights to pity show,  
 He rescued me when very low :  
 My soul, return to God thy rest,  
 He hath redeemed and made thee blest ;  
 My feet from falling thou hast kept,  
 Mine eyes from tears in anguish wept.

- 3 My walk in life shall please the Lord,  
 My soul believes and trusts his word ;  
 Mankind are false, in fear I said,  
 The time I these afflictions had.  
 What shall I render to my God,  
 For all his benefits bestowed ?  
 I'll drink of his salvation's cup,  
 And call on him who lifts me up.
- 4 Among thy saints will I appear,  
 Whose death to thee is counted dear ;  
 Thy handmaid's son is wholly thine,  
 For thou hast loosed these bonds of mine :  
 With praise I will frequent thy house,  
 With all thy people pay my vows ;  
 In thine own courts will thank thy name,  
 Thy well beloved Jerusalem.
- Hallelujah !

## PSALM 116.—8s &amp; 7s D.

XENIA P. 27

- 1 I LOVE the Lord, for he hath heard  
 My voice and supplication ;  
 Whate'er befall, on him I'll call,  
 While I can seek salvation ;  
 The pangs of hell upon me fell,  
 And death my spirit haunted ;  
 I cried to him, my soul redeem,  
 And soon my prayer was granted.
- 2 The Lord is kind, of tender mind,  
 The poor by him are cherished ;  
 His grace to me was large and free,  
 Or else my soul had perished :  
 My heart to rest, return, be blest,  
 My feet he saved from falling ;  
 Mine eyes from tears, my soul from fears,  
 And death so much appalling.
- 3 The Lord I'll praise through all my days,  
 I said, in him believing ;  
 Mankind are false, but he exalts,  
 My fears and grief relieving :  
 How shall I, Lord, thy love reward,  
 Thy benefits so gracious ?  
 I'll join my voice where saints rejoice,  
 Whose death to thee is precious.
- 4 Thy grace hath won thy handmaid's son,  
 Hath loosed my bonds forever ;  
 I'll pay my vows within thy house,  
 And leave thy service never :  
 With thanks thy name will I proclaim,  
 In songs of adoration ;  
 To thee will come, Jerusalem,  
 And tell his great salvation.
- Hallelujah

## PSALM 117.—L. M.

IRVING, P. 31

LET all mankind Jehovah laud,  
 All peoples render thanks to God,  
 For great his mercy is and sure,  
 And ever shall his truth endure.

Hallelujah !

## PSALM 117.—C. M.

MEAR, P. 37.

OH ! all ye nations, praise the Lord,  
 All peoples, laud his name ;  
 His mercy, truth, and grace record,  
 For evermore the same.

Hallelujah !

## PSALM 117.—8s &amp; 7s.

ZION, P. 32

PRAISE Jehovah, all ye nations,  
 Laud him, all ye tribes and lands,  
 For his grace and great salvations ;  
 Ever firm his promise stands.

Hallelujah !

## PSALM 117.—8s &amp; 7s.

WATERVILLE, P. 41

ALL peoples laud and praise our God,  
 From every land and nation ;  
 His truth endures, his grace secures  
 A free and full salvation.

Hallelujah !

## PSALM 117.—S. M.

OLMUTZ, P. 23

ALL nations praise the Lord ;  
 Laud him all tribes and lands ;  
 For mercy great and kind regard,  
 And truth that ever stands.

Hallelujah !

## PSALM 118.—8s &amp; 7s.

XENIA, P. 27

- 1 GIVE thanks and laud our gracious God, his mercy is forever ;  
 Let Israel his goodness tell, his mercy failing never :  
 Let Aaron's house unite their vows, his mercy is attending ;  
 Who fear his name show forth the same, his mercy has no ending.
- 2 When sorely tried, to him I cried, and he came quickly to me ;  
 With him so near, I will not fear the harm that man can do me.  
 He with them goes who meet my foes, away shall they be driven ;  
 His aid in war is better far than can by man be given.
- 3 On him to lean will better screen, than nobles in their stations ;  
 He brought me through, my foes he slew when pressed by all the nations :  
 When they combined against me joined, in blood I quickly drenched them ;  
 Like bees they came, but in his name, like fire of thorns I quenched them.
- 4 Sore thrust they all to make me fall, and God upheld my station ;  
 He is my strength and is at length my song and great salvation.  
 Just men shall joy and shouts employ, and triumph when assaulted ;  
 God is my tower, his arm of power and right hand is exalted.

- 5 Now saved from death, I'll spend my breath in telling of Jehovah ;  
 Though he dejects when he corrects, he does not give me over ;  
 Ope wide his gates where Jah awaits the praise the righteous render ;  
 He heard my prayer, I'll thank him there, my Saviour and defender.
- 6 That stone refused has now been used as head of all the building ;  
 This God hath done, the Holy One, and wonder it is yielding.  
 This day he made our praise be paid, with joy and loud hosanna ;  
 Save now, oh Lord ! success award, spread over us thy banner.
- 7 Him we proclaim, who in God's name, shall come and never falter ;  
 Light springs divine, with cords confine the victim for the altar :  
 Thou art my God, whom I will laud, exalted high forever ;  
 Oh ! bless his name. his grace proclaim, his mercy failing never.

## PSALM 118.—8s &amp; 7s D.

AUTUMN. P. 4.

- 1 RENDER thanks and bless Jehovah, for his mercy hath no end ;  
 Israel count his favors over, his unfailing grace commend :  
 Let the house of Aaron ever show his kindness and esteem ;  
 Say his mercy faileth never, ye who put your trust in him.
- 2 When I called in woe he heard me, when in trouble helped me through ;  
 He with strength delights to gird me, I'll not fear what man can do :  
 He my aiders well sustaineth, I shall see my foes destroyed ;  
 Trust in him much more availeth than all help by man employed.
- 3 Better trust in his salvation than in help which nobles show ;  
 When pursued by every nation, in his name I laid them low :  
 When their ranks were round me forming, soon they fell in sore amaze ;  
 When like bees around me swarming, then I quenched them like a blaze.
- 4 Rushing on with indignation, God repelled the impious throng ;  
 God is now my great salvation, he's my joy, my strength, and song.  
 Saints shall triumph when assaulted, joy shall through their dwellings run ;  
 God's right hand is much exalted, his right arm hath wonders done.
- 5 I shall live as God designs me, now his praise shall tune my breath ;  
 Though he chastens, ne'er consigns me to the dark abode of death.  
 Open now his gates before me, in them will I thank the Lord ;  
 There the righteous will adore thee, there thy help will I record.
- 6 See the stone, by all rejected, of the corner made the head ;  
 Thus it was my God elected, marvellous it is indeed.  
 Let our hearts be much elated, on this day Jehovah made ;  
 Thus to happy times translated, may thy goodness be displayed.
- 7 Blest who comes salvation bearing, from his house we'll bless thy name ;  
 God to us is light declaring, for the altar bind the lamb.  
 God ! my God ! creation over, loudest songs to thee ascend ;  
 Oh ! give thanks and praise Jehovah, for his mercy hath no end.

[VERSE 1.]

## PSALM 119.—C. M.

EVAN, P. 42

- 1 How blest the perfect in the way,  
Who keep Jehovah's word ;  
How blest who his commands obey,  
And wholly seek the Lord.
- 2 Who also do no evil deeds,  
But walk in all his ways ;  
Who still to keep thy charge proceed,  
Thy precepts all their days.
- 3 Oh ! could my modes of life be framed  
Thy statutes to observe,  
Then should I never be ashamed,  
Nor from thy mandates swerve.
- 4 While learning thy right judgments, Lord,  
My praise will they awake ;  
I am resolved to keep thy word,  
But thou must not forsake.

[VERSE 9.]

## PSALM 119.—C. M.

EVAN, P. 42

- 1 How can a youth his way make pure,  
And keep it by thy word ?  
Let me in thy commands be sure ;  
My heart I give the Lord.
- 2 I've hid thy sayings in my breast,  
That I stray not from thee ;  
Jehovah, thou art ever blest,  
Thy statutes teach to me.
- 3 Thy judgments shall my lips employ,  
Which thine own mouth hath told ;  
Thy testimonies give more joy  
Than earth with all her gold.
- 4 Thy precepts I will keep in mind,  
And on thy paths will look ;  
Thy statutes yield me joy refined,  
I'll ne'er forget thy book.

[VERSE 19.]

## PSALM 119.—C. M.

EVAN, P. 42

- 1 OH ! grant thy servant life from thee,  
I'll keep thy word with awe ;  
And open thou mine eyes to see  
The wonders in thy law.
- 2 I am a stranger here below,  
Hide not thy wise commands ;  
My soul breaks forth, and longs to know  
The judgments of thy hands.
- 3 Proud men accursed are scourged by thee,  
Who thy commandments hate ;  
Roll off contempt and shame from me,  
For on thy law I wait.
- 4 While princes vent at me their spite,  
I on thy statutes muse ;  
Thy testimonies my delight,  
As counsellors I use.

[VERSE 1.]

PSALM 119.—8s &amp; 7s D.

SHEPHERD, P. 24

- 1 How blest are they who keep the way,  
 Nor truthful bounds pass over ;  
 How blest are souls thy law controls,  
 Who wholly seek Jehovah.  
 Their cautious feet shun all deceit,  
 But in thy ways are moving ;  
 They understand thy wise command,  
 And always are improving.
- 2 Oh ! that my ways, through all my days,  
 Were in thy paths directed ;  
 Shame shall not rise, when in my eyes  
 Thy statutes are respected.  
 When I, oh Lord ! have learned thy word,  
 Shall praise be corresponding ;  
 Then shall thy law be kept with awe ;  
 Oh ! leave me not desponding.

[VERSE 9.]

PSALM 119.—8s &amp; 7s D.

GAULET, P. 40

- 1 LORD, how shall youth learn heavenly truth ?  
 Thy statutes let them ponder ;  
 Which I to find give heart and mind,  
 Oh ! let me never wander !  
 Thy word within, to keep from sin,  
 I sacredly have hidden ;  
 Oh blessed Lord ! teach me thy word,  
 And what is there forbidden.
- 2 Thy judgments told, my lips unfold  
 The words thy Spirit teaches ;  
 Thy way I love, thy law above  
 All earthly good and riches.  
 Thy precepts still my thoughts shall fill,  
 Thy statutes be respected ;  
 Thy words and ways shall wake my praise,  
 And never be neglected.

[VERSE 17.]

PSALM 119.—8s 7s D.

DALETH, P. 2.

- 1 THAT I, oh Lord ! may learn thy word,  
 Keep me from making blunders ;  
 Unveil my sight to see aright  
 Thy law, with all its wonders.  
 I from my birth am strange to earth,  
 Hide not thy sacred treasures ;  
 My soul aspires with strong desires,  
 And breaks to taste their pleasures.
- 2 Thou hast dispersed proud men accursed,  
 Who thy commands derided ;  
 From all contempt my soul exempt,  
 Thy words my feet have guided.  
 Thy statutes brought that peace I sought,  
 When princes uttered railing ;  
 Thy words are right, and my delight,  
 My counsellors unailing.

[VERSE 25.]

## PSALM 119.—C. M.

HOWARD, P. 25

- 1 My soul is cleaving to the ground,  
Thy word shall make me live ;  
My ways I've told and answers found,  
To me thy statutes give.
- 2 Thy wonders shall employ my thought,  
Oh ! make me know thy ways ;  
My soul to sore affliction brought,  
Thy words alone can raise.
- 3 The way of lies make me refuse,  
To love thy law so kind ;  
The way of truth I always choose,  
Thy judgments keep in mind.
- 4 Thy just commandments have I done,  
Bid shame from me depart ;  
Thy ways with joy my feet shall run,  
Thou wilt enlarge my heart.

[VERSE 33.]

## PSALM 119.—C. M.

EVAN, P. 25

- 1 OH ! guide me in thy statutes, Lord,  
I'll keep them to the end ;  
Oh ! make me understand thy word,  
To which my heart I bend.
- 2 Thy just commands are joys of mine,  
In them my path make plain ;  
My heart to all thy words incline,  
And not to earthly gain.
- 3 Let not mine eyes deceits behold,  
Thy ways I wish to see ;  
Thy word unto thy servants told,  
Do thou make good to me.
- 4 Turn that disgrace I dread away,  
For good thy judgments are ;  
I long thy precepts to obey,  
With truth my strength repair.

[VERSE 41 ]

## PSALM 119.—C. M.

ST. MARTIN'S, P. 29

- 1 LORD, let thy mercies come to me,  
Thy promised help afford ;  
Then shall revilers hear and see,  
I safely trust thy word.
- 2 Not from my mouth thy promise take,  
Thy judgments I observe ;  
Thy holy law I will not break,  
Nor ever from it swerve.
- 3 I'll walk at large and be at rest,  
And still thy precepts seek ;  
Thy words to kings will I attest,  
Nor be ashamed to speak.
- 4 I'll take delight in thy commands,  
Which fill my heart with joy ;  
I'll to thy statutes raise my hands,  
Which shall my thoughts employ.

[VERSE 26.]

## PSALM 119.—8s &amp; 7s D

DALETH, P. 2.

- 1 My spirit clings to earthly things,  
 With promised grace restore me ;  
 Teach me thy word, thine ears, oh Lord!  
 Have heard my lips adore thee.  
 Thy statutes show, that I may know,  
 And talk of all their beauties ;  
 Give strength and skill to do thy will,  
 And fit me for my duties.
- 2 Thy law divine around me twine,  
 Remove the way of lying ;  
 I chose thy truth in early youth,  
 To keep it have been trying.  
 I've set my hands to thy commands,  
 Let shame forego her charges ;  
 I'll run thy ways, as heavenly rays,  
 My heart with zeal enlarges.

[VERSE 33.]

## PSALM 119.—8s &amp; 7s D.

DALETH, P. 2.

- 1 TEACH me, oh Lord! thy way and word,  
 I would that bliss inherit ;  
 Help me fulfil thy law and will,  
 My warmest love they merit.  
 Make me pursue thy precepts, too,  
 In which are all my pleasures ;  
 My spirit draw to keep thy law,  
 And not to earthly treasures.
- 2 Turn off mine eyes from vanities,  
 And be my zeal promoted ;  
 Thy word of grace around me place,  
 I am to thee devoted.  
 Let fear of shame yield up her claim,  
 Right judgment thou dost measure ;  
 Thy precepts show I've longed to know,  
 Revive in thy good pleasure.

[VERSE 41.]

## PSALM 119.—8s &amp; 7s D.

DALETH, P. 2.

- 1 OH Lord! befriend, salvation send,  
 Thy promised aid afford me ;  
 That I may tell, reproach to quell,  
 Thy word I trust restored me.  
 Thy truth, my stay, take not away,  
 Nor from my mouth dis sever ;  
 So shall thy law be kept with awe,  
 Forever, and forever.
- 2 My walk shall show where'er I go,  
 I am thy precepts seeking ;  
 To kings I shall thy statutes tell.  
 Nor be ashamed for speaking ;  
 Thy word excites my chief delights,  
 Thy law my highest pleasures ;  
 I'll lift my hands to thy commands,  
 And hold them as my treasures.

[VERSE 49.]

## PSALM 119.—C. M.

ST. MARTIN'S, P. 29

- 1 LORD, keep thy promises in mind,  
Which thou hast made my hope ;  
This comfort I in suffering find,  
Thy word my life holds up.
- 2 Not from thy law do I depart,  
Though scorned by lips of pride ;  
Thy judgments have consoled my heart,  
Which in my thoughts abide.
- 3 Grief seized on me, that wicked men  
Thy holy law forego ;  
Songs have thy statutes for me been  
In my sojourns below.
- 4 Thy name I call to mind by night,  
Thy law my thought employs ;  
Thy precepts have I kept in sight,  
Which yield me heavenly joys.

[VERSE 57.]

## PSALM 119.—C. M.

ST. MARTIN'S, P. 29

- 1 JEHOVAH, thou my portion art,  
Thy word my heritage ;  
Thy favor sought with all my heart,  
Do thou to me engage.
- 2 My wandering footsteps I surveyed,  
And turned them to thy word ;  
I hastened on and ne'er delayed  
To keep thy statutes, Lord.
- 3 The bands of sinners round me came,  
But to thy law I stood ;  
At midnight will I thank thy name,  
Thy judgments are so good.
- 4 I am in spirit linked to those  
Who fear and honor thee ;  
Thy mercy through creation flows,  
Thy statutes teach to me.

[VERSE 65.]

## PSALM 119.—C. M.

ST. ANN'S, P. 37.

- 1 Good hast thou done thy servant, Lord,  
Things promised I receive ;  
Teach me right judgment by thy word,  
Thy precepts I believe.
- 2 I strayed till by thy rod subdued,  
But now thy sayings heed ;  
How good art thou, and doing good,  
Thy statutes make me read.
- 3 Proud men have forged a lie of me,  
Thy precepts are my might ;  
As fat as grease in heart they be,  
Thy law is my delight.
- 4 Good for my soul has suffering wrought,  
Thy statutes to unfold ;  
The words thy gracious mouth has taught,  
Exceed all stores of gold.

[VERSE 49.]

## PSALM 119.—8s &amp; 7s D.

SHEPHERD, P 24

- 1 LORD, bear in mind thy promise kind,  
 Whence all my hopes I borrow ;  
 Thy gracious word hath life conferred,  
 And comfort in my sorrow.  
 Not from thy law do I withdraw,  
 Though all the proud deride me ;  
 Thy works of old, by memory told,  
 To consolation guide me.
- 2 Thy law they break, thy word forsake,  
 And this my heart amazes ;  
 Thy word of truth, from early youth,  
 Has waked my warmest praises.  
 Thy name by night brings new delight,  
 I keep thy law before me :  
 Thy precepts gave this joy I have,  
 For which I will adore thee.

[VERSE 57.]

## PSALM 119.—8s &amp; 7s D.

DALETH, P. 2.

- 1 I've promised, Lord, I'd keep thy word,  
 Thou art my only portion ;  
 Oh ! grant me grace to win the race  
 I've sought with warm devotion.  
 Those ways I viewed my feet pursued ;  
 And to thy laws I turned them ;  
 I ne'er delayed, but haste I made  
 To thy commands, and learned them.
- 2 Thy law is not by me forgot,  
 Though wicked bands distress me ;  
 Thy righteous ways shall have my praise,  
 At midnight I will bless thee.  
 Thy friends are mine, thy law divine  
 Cements the blest relation ;  
 Oh ! teach me still, thy word and will,  
 Thy mercy fills creation.

[VERSE 65.]

## PSALM 119.—8s &amp; 7s D.

GAULET, P. 40

- 1 OH Lord ! I find thy dealings kind,  
 As promised to thy servant ;  
 Thy perfect way to me display,  
 My faith and hope are fervent.  
 I strayed before, but chastened sore,  
 I keep thy word with duty ;  
 Thy works and ways surpass all praise,  
 Thy law has matchless beauty.
- 2 I am belied by lips of pride,  
 But keep thy precepts wholly ;  
 Their stores increase, but I have peace  
 From thy commandments solely.  
 Thy chastenings taught what long I'd sought,  
 Thy statutes to the letter ;  
 Than stores of gold, ten thousand fold,  
 Thy words to me are better.

[VERSE 78.]

## PSALM 119.—C. M.

DENFIELD, P. 33

- 1 THY hands have made and fashioned me,  
I would thy precepts gain ;  
Thy fearers will rejoice to see  
Thy words my hope sustain.
- 2 Thou hast afflicted me in love,  
Thy judgments all are right ;  
Oh ! let thy work of mercy prove  
To be for my delight.
- 3 That I may live, compassion show,  
Thy precepts are my joy ;  
Give shame to quell my wrongful foe,  
Thy words my thoughts employ.
- 4 Turn those to me who fear the Lord,  
And thy commandments know ;  
My heart make perfect in thy word,  
That I may shame forego.

[VERSE 81.]

## PSALM 119.—C. M.

DENFIELD, P. 33

- 1 FOR thy salvation faints my soul ;  
With thine own words regale ;  
When will thy grace my heart console ?  
Mine eyes in waiting fail.
- 2 I'm like a bottle in the smoke,  
Yet still thy statutes praise ;  
When shall my troublers feel thy stroke ?  
How many are my days ?
- 3 Proud men with snares my life distress,  
Thy law they will not have ;  
All thy commands are faithfulness ;  
From false accusers save.
- 4 They quite destroyed me in the land,  
But to thy words I hold ;  
Thy quickening grace for me command,  
I'll keep what thou hast told.

[VERSE 89.]

## PSALM 119.—C. M.

DENFIELD, P. 33

- 1 THY word in heaven is settled, Lord,  
And evermore shall last ;  
Thy faithfulness shall earth record,  
Which fixed by thee stands fast.
- 2 They stand to show thy judgments right,  
Thy servants all abide ;  
Had not thy law been my delight  
I should with grief have died.
- 3 Thy precepts I will ne'er forget,  
By which thou quickenest me ;  
For them my heart is fully set,  
I'm thine, and saved by thee.
- 4 Proud ones to slay me do intend,  
Yet through thy word I stand ;  
I've seen in man perfection end,  
But wide is thy command.

[VERSE 73.]

## PSALM 119.—8s &amp; 7s D.

DALETH, P. 2.

- 1 GIVE me a mind thy truth to find,  
 Oh thou whose hands have made me ;  
 Who worship thee will gladly see  
 I have in faith obeyed thee.  
 All thou dost do is just and true,  
 In love am I corrected ;  
 Let comfort flow from tears of woe,  
 To cheer a heart dejected.
- 2 That mercy give on which I live,  
 Thy words of love delight me ;  
 Let all have shame who slanders frame,  
 Thy laws to love excite me.  
 Turn all to me who honor thee,  
 Whose feet on truth are grounded ;  
 Make me to stand on thy command,  
 That I be not confounded.

[VERSE 81.]

## PSALM 119.—8s &amp; 7s D.

DALETH, P. 2.

- 1 I WAIT, oh Lord! for thine own word,  
 And faint for thy salvation ;  
 My sight decays in seeking rays  
 Of promised consolation.  
 With grief I'm coked like bottles smoked,  
 But still thy words remember ;  
 Jehovah, rise! my foes surprise ;  
 My days before me number.
- 2 The proud prepared to have me snared,  
 By means the most unlawful ;  
 But help thou me! thy servant free  
 From schemes that are so awful.  
 I've not forsook thy holy book,  
 Although most sorely stricken ;  
 That I may still obey thy will,  
 My heart in mercy quicken.

[VERSE 89.]

## PSALM 119.—8s &amp; 7s.

GAULET, P. 40

- 1 FOREVER, Lord, remains thy word,  
 In heaven's high habitations ;  
 On thy commands all nature stands,  
 Thy truth, all generations.  
 They have remained as when ordained,  
 Thy law by all is cherished ;  
 Unless thy word had joy conferred,  
 I should in grief have perished.
- 2 Thy precepts shall within me dwell,  
 With them dost thou restore me ;  
 I've sought thy ways, accept my praise,  
 I'm thine and will adore thee.  
 The wicked wait to seal my fate,  
 Thy word is my protection ;  
 Thy law, oh God! is very broad,  
 But men have not perfection.

[VERSE 97.]

## PSALM 119.—C. M.

DOWNS, P. 27

- 1 How in thy law my pleasure grows,  
To which my thoughts incline!  
It makes me wiser than my foes,  
For it is always mine.
- 2 From meditating in thy word,  
My teachers I exceed;  
Than ancient men in skill preferred,  
So much thy ways I heed.
- 3 From evil paths my feet refrain,  
That I may keep thy word;  
Nor from thy judgments far remain,  
For thou dost teach me, Lord.
- 4 More sweet thy sayings to my mouth,  
Than honey to my tongue;  
Thy precepts make me learn true worth,  
And hate the path of wrong.

[VERSE 105.]

## PSALM 119.—C. M.

MARLOW, P. 16

- 1 THY word's a light to show my way,  
A lamp my feet to guide;  
I've sworn thy precepts to obey,  
And will the oath abide.
- 2 Grant me the quickenings of thy word  
Afflicted much and weak;  
Teach me thy righteous statutes, Lord,  
Accept the praise I speak.
- 3 My soul as in my hand I lay,  
Thy law is ne'er forgot;  
Nor from thy precepts do I stray,  
When sinners for me plot.
- 4 Thy testimonies ever mine,  
With joy do I attend;  
And to thy statutes still incline,  
To keep them to the end.

[VERSE 113.]

## PSALM 119.—C. M.

DOWNS, P. 27

- 1 THY law I love and waverers hate,  
Oh Lord! my rest and shield;  
For thine own promises I wait,  
Till help shall be revealed.
- 2 To me thy just commandments give,  
From evil-doers save;  
Hold thou me up and I shall live,  
And shame shall never have.
- 3 I'm safe if thou sustain my cause,  
Thy statutes much I prize;  
Thou hatest those who break thy laws,  
For their deceits are lies.
- 4 Like dross thou dost the wicked make,  
I hence thy laws revere;  
For dread of thee my flesh doth shake,  
And I thy judgments fear.

[VERSE 97.]

## PSALM 119.—8s &amp; 7s D.

GAULET, P. 40

- 1 OH God above, thy law I love,  
 And daily on it ponder ;  
 My knowledge goes beyond my foes,  
 Since ne'er from it I wander.  
 I study' more in sacred lore,  
 My teachers thus excelling ;  
 The ancients find themselves behind,  
 For on thy word I'm dwelling.
- 2 I've turned my feet from all deceit,  
 So far thy truth has brought me ;  
 I've kept in view thy judgments too,  
 For these thy lips have taught me.  
 Thy words are sweet beyond my meat,  
 'T'han honey more delicious ;  
 From thy command I understand,  
 And hate whate'er is vicious.

[VERSE 105.]

## PSALM 119.—8s &amp; 7s D.

DALETH, P. 2.

- 1 THY word's a light before my sight,  
 A lamp my footsteps guiding :  
 I've sworn thy ways shall be my praise,  
 The oath shall be abiding.  
 Oh! cheer me, Lord, by thy good word,  
 For I am much afflicted ;  
 Instruct me now, accept my vow,  
 Thy love is not restricted.
- 2 Thy law is not by me forgot,  
 Yet I have constant terror ;  
 Because a snare the proud prepare,  
 Though I am not in error.  
 Thy word shall be a rest for me,  
 A joy that naught shall sever ;  
 My heart and mind I have inclined  
 To keep thy statutes ever.

[VERSE 113.]

## PSALM 119.—8s &amp; 7s D.

DALETH, P. 2.

- 1 VAIN thoughts I hate, but love to wait  
 Upon thy law, Jehovah ;  
 Thy word's my hope, thy name my prop,  
 My hiding-place and cover.  
 From me depart, ye proud of heart,  
 My God I now am serving ;  
 Uphold me, Lord, teach me thy word,  
 My hope from shame preserving.
- 2 Safe shall I be, upheld by thee,  
 Thy statutes still regarding ;  
 Proud men thy frown hath trodden down,  
 For falsehood and defrauding.  
 Thy law, my stay, shall put away  
 The proud that dross resemble ;  
 Thy truth surveyed makes me afraid,  
 And I before thee tremble.

[VERSE 121.]

## PSALM 119.—C. M.

ARLINGTON, P. 25.

- 1 IN right and justice I have stood,  
Let not the proud oppress ;  
To me a surety be for good,  
Do thou thy wrongs redress.
- 2 Mine eyes for thy salvation wait,  
And for thy righteous word ;  
Grant me thy mercy, which is great,  
And thy pure statutes, Lord.
- 3 Thy testimonies let me know,  
And wise thy servant make ;  
Lord, it is time for thee to do,  
When they thy statutes break.
- 4 More than fine-gold thy right commands  
I ever love and prize ;  
Thy word my highest love demands,  
And falsehood I despise.

[VERSE 129.]

## PSALM 119.—C. M.

ARLINGTON, P. 25

- 1 THY testimonies wondrous are,  
To which my soul would rise ;  
Thy words in opening light inspire,  
And make the simple wise.
- 2 For thy commands I long and pant,  
My mouth would praise thy name ;  
Turn thou to me and favors grant,  
Which all thy followers claim.
- 3 My steps establish by thy word,  
And give no sin the sway ;  
Redeem me from oppression, Lord,  
And I will keep thy way.
- 4 Thy beauty to thy servant show,  
Thy statutes teach with awe ;  
Streams from mine eyes in torrents flow,  
For they keep not thy law.

[VERSE 137.]

## PSALM 119.—C. M.

ARLINGTON, P. 25

- 1 JEHOVAH, thou art just and true,  
Thy judgments righteousness ;  
Thy testimonies holy, too,  
And great thy faithfulness.
- 2 Because my foes forget thy word,  
I am consumed of zeal ;  
Thy servant loves thy sayings, Lord,  
Such pureness they reveal.
- 3 Though I am little and despised,  
My heart thy word retains ;  
Thy righteousness is well devised,  
Thy law in truth remains.
- 4 In thy commandments I delight,  
Whate'er may trouble give ;  
Thy testimonies ever right,  
They teach me how to live.

[VERSE 121.]

## PSALM 119.—8s &amp; 7s D.

GAULET, P. 42.

- 1 I've justly done by every one,  
 Save me from all oppression ;  
 A surety be for good to me,  
 Give not the proud possession.  
 Mine eyes grow blind thy truth to find,  
 And fail for thy salvation ;  
 Thy statutes show, and let me know  
 Thy peace and consolation.
- 2 Thy servant teach, help him to reach  
 The precepts thou hast spoken ;  
 'Tis time for thee to do and see,  
 For men thy law have broken.  
 Thy words I hold above fine gold,  
 Beyond all earthly treasures ;  
 Thy precepts all most just I call,  
 And hate perfidious pleasures.

[VERSE 120.]

## PSALM 119.—8s &amp; 7s D.

DALETH, P. 2.

- 1 How wonderful thy perfect rule  
 To which I am aspiring !  
 Thy word as light pervades the sight,  
 The heart with truth inspiring.  
 For thy commands, with lifted hands  
 And open mouth I panted ;  
 Oh give me, Lord ! the same reward,  
 That's to thy children granted.
- 2 Keep thou my soul from sin's control,  
 In truth my footsteps order ;  
 Let none oppress, thy righteousness  
 I seek for my rewarder.  
 Make thy face shine to gladden mine,  
 Thy statutes still revealing ;  
 Men break thy laws, which is the cause  
 Tears down my cheeks are stealing.

[VERSE 137.]

## PSALM 119.—8s &amp; 7s D.

SHEPHERD, P. 24

- 1 Thy judgments shine with truth divine,  
 Upright art thou, Jehovah ;  
 Thy works declare thy faithful care,  
 The wide creation over.  
 Since foes forget thy statutes yet,  
 My holy zeal consumes me :  
 Thy word is sure and very pure,  
 Which still with light illumines me.
- 2 Thy precepts are my constant care,  
 Though I am small and friendless ;  
 Thy law is truth, well loved from youth,  
 Thy righteousness is endless.  
 Thy works are right and my delight,  
 Though seized with pain and anguish ;  
 Thy favor give, on which I live,  
 Thy justice cannot languish.

[VERSE 145.]

## PSALM 119.—C. M. PETERBOROUGH P. 25

- 1 LORD, thee I seek with all my heart,  
Thy statutes I obey ;  
Hear thou, thy saving grace impart,  
And I will keep thy way.
- 2 I come to thee at early dawn  
For thy direction, Lord ;  
Mine eyes before the light are drawn,  
To look into thy word.
- 3 Hear thou, in mercy, when I speak,  
In judgment quicken me ;  
Those loving crime my ruin seek,  
And they are far from thee.
- 4 But thou art ever near to save,  
Thy words in truth abound ;  
From thy commands this faith I have,  
Which thou of old didst found.

[VERSE 158.]

## PSALM 119.—C. M. PETERBOROUGH, P. 25

- 1 LORD, see my sufferings and relieve,  
I ne'er forget thy word ;  
From strifes redeem, with which I grieve,  
And quickening grace afford.
- 2 Far from salvation sinners stand,  
Thy word they will not seek ;  
But many favors fill thy hand,  
To me in mercy speak.
- 3 While many foes foul schemes devise,  
From thee I do not swerve ;  
I'm grieved to see proud traitors rise,  
Who ne'er thy law observe.
- 4 See how thy words my heart delight,  
And daily quicken me ;  
Thy judgments from the first are right,  
All truth proceeds from thee.

[VERSE 161.]

## PSALM 119.—C. M. PETERBOROUGH, P. 25

- 1 LORD, for thy words I stand in awe,  
While princes still revile ;  
Such pleasure from thy sayings draw,  
As one who finds much spoil.
- 2 My hate of falsehood I proclaim,  
Thy law I love and own ;  
Seven times a day I laud thy name,  
For thy right judgments shown.
- 3 Much peace have those who love thy law,  
No stumbling-blocks have they ;  
From thy salvation hope I draw,  
And thy commands obey.
- 4 Thy testimonies please my soul,  
They are observed by me ;  
Thy precepts shall my heart control,  
My ways are known to thee.

[VERSE 145.]

PSALM 119.—8s &amp; 7s D.

GAULET, P. 40

- 1 HEAR me, oh Lord! I'll keep thy word,  
 My soul for help is calling;  
 Thy truth shall be extolled by me  
 If thou prevent my falling.  
 Up to the skies I raised mine eyes,  
 Before the dawn I sought thee;  
 Thy blessed word new hopes conferred,  
 And peace and comfort brought me.
- 2 Still hear my prayer in faithful care,  
 With truth and judgment cheer me;  
 For near they draw who shun thy law,  
 Nor in their mischiefs fear thee.  
 But thou, oh Lord! art near to guard,  
 Thy laws on truth are grounded;  
 Long have I known thy spotless throne  
 On righteousness is founded.

[VERSE 153.]

PSALM 119.—8s &amp; 7s D.

GAULET, P. 40

- 1 NOT from thy law do I withdraw;  
 Consider my afflictions;  
 Plead thou for me, I trust in thee,  
 Fulfil thine own predictions.  
 Far from thy word are sinners, Lord,  
 And far from thy salvation;  
 Great grace is thine, this heart of mine  
 Fill thou with consolation.
- 2 When foes combined I ne'er declined,  
 Nor from thy precepts stumbled;  
 They ne'er believe nor truth receive,  
 Which oft my soul has humbled.  
 Think how thy ways I love and praise,  
 And quicken me in duty;  
 From first to last thy word stands fast,  
 Thy works have endless beauty.

[VERSE 161.]

PSALM 119.—8s &amp; 7s D.

DALETH, P. 2.

- 1 IN awe I stand of thy command,  
 When princes causeless smite me;  
 Like joy from spoil, worth years of toil,  
 Thy words of truth delight me.  
 With hate to lies, which I despise,  
 Thy law commands my feelings;  
 Seven times a day with joyful lay  
 I praise thy righteous dealings.
- 2 Great peace they draw who love thy law,  
 And nothing shall offend them;  
 Thy precepts, Lord, have I adored,  
 With pleasing hope attend them.  
 I love thy word, thy works have stirred  
 My spirit to adore thee;  
 With holy awe I keep thy law,  
 My ways are all before thee.

[VERSE 169.]

## PSALM 119.—C. M.

TALLIS, P. 31

- 1 LORD, let my cry to thee come near,  
Thy word to understand ;  
Do thou my supplication hear,  
And promised help command.
- 2 When thou to me thy words shall teach,  
My lips shall utter praise ;  
Then shall my tongue be filled with speech  
To tell thy righteous ways.
- 3 Let thine own hand due help afford,  
Thy precepts are my choice ;  
I long for thy salvation, Lord,  
And in thy law rejoice.
- 4 My soul let live and thanks repay,  
Thy judgments grant to me ;  
I wander like a sheep astray,  
Seek one who seeks for thee.

[VERSE 169.]

## PSALM 119.—8s &amp; 7s D.

DALETH, P. 2.

- 1 OH ! let my cries, Jehovah, rise,  
For promised understanding ;  
Oh ! let my groan come near thy throne,  
Thy promised help commanding.  
My lips shall praise thy works and ways,  
When taught by thy good Spirit ;  
My tongue proclaim thy word and name,  
My highest love they merit.
- 2 Stretch out thy hand, help me to stand,  
Thy statutes are eudearing ;  
Still new delights thy law excites,  
I long for thy appearing.  
My soul let live and praises give,  
Let truth prevent my falling ;  
Like sheep astray, I've lost my way,  
Seek one who knows thy calling.

## PSALM 120.—C. M.

EVAN, P. 29

A Song of the Ascents.

- 1 JEHOVAH'S help I sought in grief,  
Jehovah heard my prayer ;  
From lying lips afford relief,  
From tongues deceitful spare.
- 2 What will restrain thy fraudulent tongue ?  
Thy lips from guile deter ?  
Sharp arrows by a warrior flung,  
With coals of juniper.
- 3 Alas for me that I reside  
Where Mesech still frequents ;  
My grief is sore that I abide  
In Kedar's treacherous tents.
- 4 My soul has dwelt too long with those  
Who peace and truth abhor ;  
Whenever concord I propose,  
They gird themselves for war.

## PSALM 121.—L. M. PLEYEL, P. 10; PELEW, P. 4

A Song of the Ascents.

- 1 To yonder hills I lift mine eye,  
Where all my help and succor lie;  
The Lord is my perpetual aid,  
Whose hands the heavens and earth have made.
- 2 His watchful eye shall be thy care,  
And save thy foot from every snare;  
Behold his eyes, that Israel keep,  
Shall never slumber, never sleep.
- 3 The Lord himself shall be thine aid,  
And on thy right a constant shade;  
No burning sun by day shall smite,  
No chilling moon, nor damps by night.
- 4 The Lord thy spirit shall befriend,  
Thy soul from every ill defend;  
In safety thou shalt go and come,  
Till reaching thine eternal home.

## PSALM 121.—L. M. MELODY, P. 43; NOTTING HILL, P. 10.

- 1 To yonder hills I raise my sight,  
Where all my succor lies;  
My help is in that arm of might,  
Which made the earth and skies.
- 2 He shall thy soul in safety keep,  
Thy foot from every snare;  
His eyes shall slumber not, nor sleep,  
While Israel needs his care.
- 3 His arm shall ever be thy stay,  
A shade upon thy right;  
The sun shall neither smite by day,  
Nor chauging moon by night.
- 4 Thy head from evil he shall screen,  
Thy soul preserve in peace;  
Thy going out and coming in,  
Till time and nature cease.

## PSALM 121.—8s &amp; 7s.

SHEPHERD, P. 24

- 1 I LIFT mine eyes to yonder skies,  
The hills of my salvation;  
Thence comes my aid, from God who made  
The great and wide creation.
- 2 He will not sleep, but safely keep,  
And all thy footsteps number;  
Lo! Israel's guard the mighty Lord,  
Shall neither sleep nor slumber.
- 3 He is thine aid, his hand thy shade;  
Thy keeper is Jehovah;  
No sunbeam bright, nor moon shall smite,  
While days and nights pass over.
- 4 He shall befriend, thy soul defend,  
Forsake and leave thee never;  
When thou shalt roam or rest at home,  
From this time forth forever.

**PSALM 122.—L. M.**

HEBRON, P. 33.

A Song of the Ascents. By David.

- 1 WITH joy I hear their lips proclaim,  
"We will the house of God attend;"  
Oh thou, beloved Jerusalem!  
Our feet within thy portals stand.
- 2 Jerusalem is built complete,  
One city blending with accord;  
Where all the tribes of Israel meet  
To render thanks and praise the Lord.
- 3 There thrones for judgments long have stood,  
Where David and his house shall reign;  
Pray for her peace and seek her good,  
Who love her weal are sure of gain.
- 4 May peace within thy sacred walls,  
And joy about thy rampiers dwell;  
For our own God, who hears thy calls,  
For friends and brethren, fare thee well.

**PSALM 122.—C. M.**

EVAN, P. 29

- 1 Oh! how their voice my heart elates,  
"We will to Zion come;"  
Our feet are standing in thy gates,  
Beloved Jerusalem!
- 2 Thou compact city of our God,  
In splendor built afar;  
Where Israel's tribes go up to laud  
And render thanks to Jah.
- 3 For there set thrones for judgment stand,  
Where David's house shall reign;  
Who seek her peace shall good command,  
Who love her, peace obtain.
- 4 May peace surround thy blest abode,  
In thee may gladness dwell;  
For brethren, friends, and for our God,  
My soul shall wish thee well.

**PSALM 122.—8s & 7s.**

SHEPHERD, P. 24

- 1 How glad am I to hear from them,  
"We'll praise in Zion render;"  
Our feet have come, Jerusalem!  
Into thy gates of splendor.
- 2 Blest city, where dear friends repair,  
And Israel is meeting;  
All join to laud their Saviour, God,  
In love each other greeting.
- 3 There David's throne in glory shone,  
And there his Son is reigning;  
Pray for her peace, seek her increase,  
Who love her weal are gaining.
- 4 Peace to her halls, joy to her walls,  
To good will I commend her;  
For friends I love, for God above,  
May happiness attend her.

## PSALM 122.—9s.

POSTER, P. 41

A Song of the Ascents. By David.

- 1 I AM glad in their saying to me,  
 We will go to the house of the Lord ;  
 Oh Jerusalem, joy unto thee,  
 For our feet to thy gates are restored.
- 2 Built compactly Jerusalem grows,  
 Where the tribes all go up in accord ;  
 There the Israel of Jah with their vows,  
 Render thanks to the name of the Lord.
- 3 There for judgment set thrones shall remain,  
 Thrones of David, his house and his seed ;  
 Pray that peace in Jerusalem reign,  
 They shall prosper that love thee indeed.
- 4 Peace abide in thy walls with all good,  
 And repose in the courts to thy door,  
 For my brethren, companions, and God,  
 I will seek for thy weal evermore.

## PSALM 123.—9s &amp; 12s.

CHESTER, P. 30

A Song of the Ascents.

- 1 UP to thee we are raising our sight,  
 Who forever art dwelling in light,  
 And the heavens above are thy throne :  
 Lo ! as servants the hand of their masters discern,  
 As a maid waits the will of her mistress to learn,  
 Oh Jehovah, our God, thus our eyes to thee turn,  
 Till thy mercy to us shall be shown.
- 2 Have compassion upon us, oh Lord !  
 Have compassion, and mercy afford ;  
 With contempt we are filled and with grief !  
 With the scorning of scorers our spirit is bowed,  
 With the careless at ease passing on in the crowd,  
 And contemptuous scoffs from the haughty and proud,  
 Overwhelmed, we are seeking relief.

## PSALM 123.—6s &amp; 4s. ITALIAN HYMN, P. 23

- |  |  |
|--|--|
| 1 To thee we lift our eyes,<br>Throned in the radiant skies,<br>Oh God of heaven !<br>As servants for command,<br>As maids for orders stand,<br>We wait thy helping hand,<br>Till mercy's given. | 2 Have pity on us, Lord,<br>Thy gracious aid afford,<br>With scorn we're bowed :<br>Our soul contempt receives,<br>Dealt out by enemies,<br>From those who are at ease,<br>And from the proud. |
|--|--|

## PSALM 124.—9s D.

REMIND, P. 19.

A Song of the Ascents. By David.

- 1 HAD Jehovah not been a sure guide,  
 Happy Israel now may declare ;  
 Had Jehovah not fought on our side,  
 When assailed as we frequently were :  
 Then alive they had swallowed us down,  
 In the wrath far beyond our control ;  
 Then engulfed in their furious frown,  
 Had the billows gone over our soul.
- 2 Blest Jehovah the rescue conferred,  
 Nor has left us in their teeth a prey ;  
 We escaped from the snare like a bird,  
 Which is broken, and we are away.  
 Our security we will regard,  
 While the traps all in ruins are laid ;  
 Our defence is the name of the Lord,  
 Who the earth and the heavens hath made.

## PSALM 124.—C. M. D.

AL-MUTH, P. 9.

- 1 HAD not Jehovah rescue brought,  
 May Israel now depose ;  
 Had not Jehovah for us fought,  
 When men against us rose ;  
 Then had we all been swallowed whole,  
 Whelmed in a watery grave ;  
 Proud billows had gone o'er our soul,  
 Their wrath's resistless wave.
- 2 Blest be the Lord, whose power deterred  
 Their teeth from prey so rare ;  
 Our soul escaping like a bird  
 That flies the fowler's snare :  
 Now we are safe from every harm,  
 Their snares in ruins laid ;  
 Our help is in his mighty arm,  
 Which heaven and earth has made.

## PSALM 125.—L. M. Six Lines. MISSIONARY CHANT, NAZARETH, P. 1.

A Song of the Ascents.

- 1 WHO in the Lord their hopes confide,  
 Firm as Mount Zion shall abide ;  
 Like mountains round Jerusalem,  
 So shall his arm encompass them  
 Their lot no rod of pride commands,  
 Lest they to evil put their hands.
- 2 Thy mercies to the good impart,  
 Help such as are upright in heart ;  
 Those who to evil turn their feet,  
 Lead forth with such as work deceit :  
 That peace thine Israel attend,  
 And happiness that ne'er shall end.

## PSALM 125.—13s, 12s &amp; 11s. WINCHESTER, P. 43

- 1 THEY that trust in Jehovah shall be like mount Zion,  
 Which cannot be moved, but shall ever abide ;  
 For his arm is around them, which they can rely on,  
 Like mountains and hills which Jerusalem hide :  
 For the rod of the proud on their lot shall not stand,  
 Lest the righteous to evil should put forth their hand.
- 2 Oh Jehovah! do good to the pure and the kindly,  
 To all who are honest in word and in deed ;  
 As for those who to crooked ways turn aside blindly,  
 With doers of evil thy justice shall lead :  
 That the flock who adore thee, thy true Israel,  
 May forever from henceforth in quietness dwell.

## PSALM 126.—C. M. D. EVENING PSALM, P. 4.

A Song of the Ascents.

- 1 WHEN captive Zion God restored,  
 We were like men that dream ;  
 Our mouth with shouts of joy adored,  
 Our tongue prolonged the theme :  
 "Great things for them the Lord hath done,"  
 The wondering heathen cried ;  
 "Great things for us the Lord hath won,"  
 Our joyful lips replied.
- 2 Lord, make thy captives back to flow,  
 Like southern streams that sweep :  
 They who with bitter weeping sow,  
 With joy the harvest reap :  
 He that with tears bedews the field,  
 While there the seed he leaves ;  
 Shall gladdened see the harvest yield,  
 And come with golden sheaves.

## PSALM 126.—13s, 12s &amp; 11s. Six Lines. WINCHESTER, P. 43

- 1 WHEN Jehovah returned the poor captives of Zion,  
 We were struck with great rapture, like men in a dream ;  
 Then the mouth shouted forth what the heart could rely on,  
 And the tongue in sweet melody chanted the theme :  
 "Mighty things," said the heathen, "for them hath God wrought."  
 "Mighty things," we responded, "which gladness hath brought."
- 2 Like the streams of the south over barren lands sweeping,  
 Oh Jehovah! thy captives do thou turn again ;  
 They that sow in deep sorrow have joy in the reaping,  
 Gather harvests of pleasure from tears and from pain :  
 He that goeth forth weeping on seed which he leaves,  
 Shall return with rejoicing, well laden with sheaves.

## PSALM 127.—C. M.

DOWNS, P. 27

A Song of the Ascents. By Solomon.

- 1 UNLESS the Lord the dwelling build,  
The workmen make no gain ;  
Unless the Lord the city shield,  
The watchmen wake in vain.
- 2 In vain ye take the morning air,  
And midnight vigils keep ;  
In vain ye eat the bread of care :  
He gives his chosen sleep.
- 3 Behold, the sons of your delight,  
Are gifts of love and truth ;  
Like arrows in a hand of might,  
Are children of your in youth.
- 4 That man is in a happy state,  
Whose quiver thus is filled ;  
Their voice is heard within the gate,  
And all his foes are stilled.

## PSALM 127.—8s &amp; 7s.

SICILY, P. 11.

- 1 VAIN the workman's undertaking,  
If the Lord refuse to build ;  
Vain the watchman's nightly waking,  
If the Lord be not the shield.
- 2 Vain the early light ye borrow,  
And your midnight vigils keep ;  
Vain ye eat the bread of sorrow,  
So he gives his loved one sleep.
- 3 Lo! your sons his love bestoweth,  
Gifts are they of grace and truth ;  
Like the shafts the warrior throweth,  
Are the children born in youth.
- 4 Happy is the man whose quiver  
Is with such munitions filled ;  
In the gate will they deliver,  
When they speak his foes are stilled.

## PSALM 128.—C. M.

DUNDEE, P. 23

A Song of the Ascents.

- 1 How blest the man that fears the Lord, who walks in all his ways ;  
Thou shalt enjoy a rich reward, and prosper all thy days.
- 2 Thy wife shall flourish like a vine that grows beside thy walls ;  
Thy children shall like olives shine, and grace thy festive halls.
- 3 These blessings shall the man attend who loves and fears the Lord ;  
They shall from Zion's Mount descend, and be thy sure reward.
- 4 Thou shalt Jerusalem behold, with lasting good secured ;  
Thy children's children in its fold, and Israel's peace ensured.

## PSALM 128.—L. M.

WARD, P. 10.

- 1 BLESSED is the man that fears the Lord,  
Who walks according to his word ;  
Thy hands shall fill thy mouth with bread,  
Thy feet in prosperous paths be led.
- 2 Thy wife shall flourish like a vine,  
Whose tendrils with thy walls combine ;  
Thy children round thy table seen,  
Shall vie with olives fresh and green.
- 3 These blessings shall the man reward  
Who greatly fears and loves the Lord ;  
They shall from Zion's Mount descend,  
And kindle joys that never end.
- 4 Thou shalt behold in days to come,  
The welfare of Jerusalem ;  
Thy children's children thou shalt greet,  
And Israel's peace shall see complete.

## PSALM 129.—C. M. D.

EGYPT, P. 42.

A Song of the Ascents.

- 1 OFT from my youth, let Israel say,  
Have they my peace assailed ;  
Oft from my youth beset my way,  
But they have not prevailed.  
Long furrows on my back they plowed,  
My very reins were gored ;  
Our righteous God dispersed the proud  
Asunder cut their cord.
- 2 Who Zion hate shall be dismayed,  
Turned back and overthrown,  
Like grass on house-tops, which will fade  
Before it can be mown.  
Where not a reaper fills his hand,  
Nor bosom, binding sheaves ;  
None passing say, " God bless your land,"  
And none his blessing leaves.

## PSALM 130.—C. M

NAOMI, P. 40.

A Song of the Ascents.

- 1 FROM depths of trouble hear my cries,  
And help for me command :  
If thou should mark iniquities,  
Jehovah, who could stand ?
- 2 For there are pardons with the Lord,  
That men thy name may fear ;  
I wait for thee and trust thy word,  
My soul seeks comfort here.
- 3 As those who watch for break of day  
Grow eager for its dawn ;  
So wait I more intent than they  
To see thy smile put on.
- 4 Let Israel trust Jehovah's love,  
Which flows an endless stream ;  
Who sends salvation from above,  
His people to redeem.

## PSALM 130.—9s.

ORKNEY, P. 43.

- 1 FROM the depths I have sent up my cries,  
Hear the voice of my calling, oh Lord  
Should offences be marked by thine eyes,  
Who is he shall abide the award?
- 2 For with thee is forgiveness and grace,  
That the pardoned thy name may revere;  
Lo! my hope on thy promise I place,  
I will wait till thy help shall appear.
- 3 As the watching look out for the day,  
Are impatiently passing the night;  
So I wait more intently than they,  
More intent for thy sweet cheering light.
- 4 In Jehovah let Israel hope,  
There's redemption and mercy with him;  
Great enough in its fulness and scope,  
All his people to cleanse and redeem.

## PSALM 131.—L. M. HEBRON, P. 33; ALL-SAINTS, P. 3.

A Song of the Ascents. By David.

- 1 OH Lord! I've not a haughty mind,  
Nor eyes to lofty things inclined;  
I meddle not with matters high,  
Nor into wonders seek to pry.
- 2 My heart I've surely reconciled,  
My whole behavior has been mild;  
Submissive as a babe I rest,  
When weanèd from the mother's breast.
- 3 Let Israel firmly trust the Lord,  
And place their hope upon his word;  
His truth and mercy still adore,  
From now, henceforth, for evermore.

## PSALM 131.—C. M.

WARWICK, P. 39

- 1 OH Lord! I've not a haughty heart,  
Nor have I lofty eyes;  
In things too great I take no part,  
Nor would to mysteries rise.
- 2 My heart I've surely reconciled,  
In quiet peace I rest;  
As when a weaned, submissive child  
Leans on the mother's breast.
- 3 Let Israel only trust the Lord,  
His truth and grace adore;  
And place their hope upon his word,  
Henceforth for evermore.

## PSALM 132.—L. M. T.

AERION, P. 23

A Song of the Ascents.

ASAPH, P. 26

- 1 JEHOVAH, think what David bore,  
 When he in great affliction swore,  
 And made a vow to thee and said,  
 "I will not rest upon my bed,  
 Nor give my weary eyes repose,  
 Nor let my slumbering eyelids close,  
 Until I find a fit abode  
 For Jacob's great and mighty God :"  
 We heard the ark in Ephrath stood,  
 We found it in the fields of wood :  
 Now let us to his courts repair,  
 And bow in adoration there.
- 2 Arise into thy rest, oh Lord !  
 Thine ark of strength to us afford ;  
 Thy priests with righteousness array,  
 Thy saints make glad through all the day ;  
 Thy servant, David, fill with grace,  
 Nor turn from thine Anointed's face ;  
 His kingdom by thy strength sustain,  
 And let his seed in glory reign :  
 For thou hast sworn, nor wilt repent,  
 If they will keep thy covenant ;  
 And will to thy just statutes yield,  
 The sceptre they shall ever wield.
- 3 "The hill of Zion's mine abode,  
 It is the chosen rest of God ;  
 I have desired and loved it well,  
 And here I will forever dwell ;  
 Her table shall my favor spread,  
 And satisfy her poor with bread ;  
 Her priests in full salvation deck,  
 Her saints their joy with shouts shall speak ;  
 The horn of David there shall grow,  
 His lamp ordained shall brightly glow ;  
 His foes shall all to shame be led,  
 The crown shall flourish on his head."

## PSALM 132.—8s &amp; 7s T.

ABBA, P. 17

- 1 LORD, with love remember David,  
 Keep in mind his pious care ;  
 How with honor he behaved,  
 When to Jacob's God he sware ;  
 "Home and bed I leave behind me,  
 Slumber shall not close my eyes ;  
 Till a dwelling I shall find thee,  
 Where to rest below the skies :"  
 We, at Ephrath, of it hearing,  
 Found it in the fields of wood ;  
 Let us, in his courts appearing,  
 Bow in grateful praise to God.

- 2 Rise into thy habitation,  
 Lord, and bring thine ark of might;  
 Robe thy priests in full salvation,  
 Fill thy people with delight:  
 David, by thyself anointed,  
 Craves thy favor for his own;  
 Grant his seed the thing appointed,  
 Let his Son possess the throne:  
 Thou hast sworn, who turnest never,  
 If his seed thy fear retain,  
 Keep thy law and covenant ever,  
 Then they shall before thee reign.
- 3 "Zion, chosen by my favor,  
 Is the place of my abode:  
 This shall be my rest forever,  
 Here's the dwelling of your God:  
 I will bless her habitation,  
 Satisfy her poor with bread;  
 Clothe her priests with full salvation,  
 Make my saints and people glad:  
 Light shall rise for mine Anointed,  
 David's horn shall flourish there;  
 Shame is for his foes appointed,  
 He alone the crown shall wear."

## PSALM 133. — L. M.

HEBRON, P. 33.

A Song of the Ascents. by David.

- 1 How comely is the sight of friends,  
 Whose heart a perfect union blends,  
 Where unity of love combines  
 Their expectations and designs.
- 2 'Tis like the precious ointment shed  
 On Aaron's consecrated head,  
 Which, gently flowing from his crown,  
 Ran over all his raiment down.
- 3 'Tis like the dew of Hermon's hill,  
 Dews on Mount Zion that distil,  
 Where heavenly blessings long descend,  
 With life and love that never end.

## PSALM 133. — C. M.

ORTONVILLE, P. 25

- 1 How good and comely is the sight,  
 How pleasant to behold,  
 Where Christian brethren all unite,  
 And sweet communion hold.
- 2 'Tis like the precious ointment shed  
 On Aaron's sacred crown,  
 Whose rich perfume ran from his head,  
 O'er all his raiment down.
- 3 'Tis like the dew of Hermon's hill,  
 On Zion that descends,  
 Where God commands his blessing still  
 The life that never ends.

## PSALM 133.—8s &amp; 7s.

SHEPHERD, P. 21.

- 1 How good to see dear friends agree,  
And dwell in perfect union,  
Where mind with mind is sweetly twined  
In bonds of full communion.
- 2 Like ointment shed on Aaron's head,  
A rich perfume bestowing,  
Which from his crown ran trickling down,  
O'er all his raiment flowing.
- 3 'Tis like the dew of Hermon, too,  
On Zion's Mount descending,  
Where God above commands his love,  
With life and bliss unending.

## PSALM 133.—S. M.

BOYLSTON, P. 33.

- 1 How comely to behold,  
And pleasant to the mind,  
Are brethren dwelling in one fold,  
In unity combined.
- 2 Like precious ointment shed  
On Aaron's holy crown,  
Which o'er his beard and raiment spread,  
And to his skirts ran down.
- 3 As dew of Hermon tends  
Mount Zion to restore,  
So there the Lord his blessing sends,  
And life forever more.

## PSALM 134.—C. M. D.

GATH, P. 8.

A Song of the Ascents.

Lo! bless Jehovah, men of God,  
Who tread his courts by night;  
Lift up your hands in his abode,  
And praise him with delight:  
Oh! may Jehovah, in his love,  
From Zion blessings send:  
Who made the earth and heavens above,  
His people will defend.

## PSALM 134.—8s &amp; 7s D.

AUTUMN, P. 4.

OH! ye men who serve Jehovah, standing in his courts by night;  
Call to mind his love and favor, raise your hands before his sight:  
Praise his truth, that ye rely on, praise him for his glorious worth:  
God will bless you out of Zion, God who made the heavens and earth.

## PSALM 134.—7s &amp; 6s D.

MISSIONARY HYMN, P. 20.

BEHOLD! and bless Jehovah,	Lift up with adoration
Ye servants of our God;	Your hands, and on him call:
And talk his mercies over,	He will, who made creation,
By night in his abode:	From Zion bless us all.

## PSALM 134.—S. M.

SALEM, P. 2.

Lo! bless the Lord our God,	Lift up adoring hands,
Ye who his servants are;	Invoke Jehovah's aid;
Who stand by night in his abode,	He hears and help from Zion sends,
For solemn praise and prayer.	Who heaven and earth has made.

## PSALM 135. — 8s &amp; 7s. Six Lines.

ZION, P. 32

Hallelujah!

- 1 PRAISE, ye servants of Jehovah,  
Praise him and his goodness laud!  
Daily count his mercies over,  
In the temples of our God:  
Hallelujahs to our King,  
Pleasant is it thus to sing.
- 2 Jacob's his peculiar treasure,  
Israel he calls his own;  
Nothing can his greatness measure,  
O'er all gods he plants his throne:  
Heaven and earth, and skies and seas,  
Wait his mandates and decrees.
- 3 Vapors, lightnings, winds and thunders,  
Go and come at his behest,  
Who to Egypt showed his wonders,  
Smote her first-born, man and beast:  
Pharaoh saw, and all his hosts,  
Dreadful tokens on their coasts.
- 4 Who destroyed great kings and nations,  
Sihon of the Amorites;  
Og, a prince renowned as Bashan's,  
With the heathen Canaanites:  
When their land by full bequest,  
He in Israel did invest.
- 5 Lord, thy name endures all ages,  
Thy memorial never ends;  
God his people kindly judges,  
God compassionates his friends:  
Nations bow to gods of gold,  
Idols which their fingers mould.
- 6 Mouths have they that make no speeches,  
Ears that hear no suppliant's call;  
Eyes, no vision ever reaches,  
Neither do they breathe at all:  
They that idols make or trust,  
Like them perish in the dust.
- 7 House of Israel, bless Jehovah!  
House of Aaron, bless the Lord!  
House of Levi, bless him ever!  
Let his fearers all accord.  
Out of Zion bless his name,  
Dwelling in Jerusalem.

Hallelujah!

## PSALM 136.—11s &amp; 8s. Six Lines. THANKSGIVING, P. 32

- 1 Give thanks to Jehovah, his goodness proclaim,  
For his mercy endureth forever :  
Give thanks to the God of all gods that have name,  
For his mercy endureth forever :  
Give thanks to the Lord of all lords that have fame,  
For his mercy endureth forever :
- 2 To him who is doing great wonders alone,  
For his mercy endureth forever :  
In wisdom made heaven the place of his throne,  
For his mercy endureth forever :  
And stretched out the earth upon waters unknown,  
For his mercy endureth forever :
- 3 To him that created great lights in array,  
For his mercy endureth forever :  
The bright smiling sun to rule over the day,  
For his mercy endureth forever :  
The moon and the stars over night to bear sway,  
For his mercy endureth forever :
- 4 To him that the first-born of Egypt struck dead,  
For his mercy endureth forever :  
That forth from among them his own people led,  
For his mercy endureth forever :  
With out-stretching arm and a hand of great dread,  
For his mercy endureth forever :
- 5 To him that the Red Sea in parts did divide,  
For his mercy endureth forever :  
Led Israel through it in triumph beside,  
For his mercy endureth forever :  
But Pharaoh o'erwhelmed with his host in the tide,  
For his mercy endureth forever :
- 6 To him that led Israel in wilds with renown,  
For his mercy endureth forever :  
That conquered great kings by the wrath of his frown,  
For his mercy endureth forever :  
And smote famous kings and their thrones crumbled down,  
For his mercy endureth forever :
- 7 That Sihon, the king of the Amorites, slew,  
For his mercy endureth forever :  
That Og, King of Bashan, completely o'erthrew,  
For his mercy endureth forever :  
And gave up their land for a heritage, too,  
For his mercy endureth forever :
- 8 That gave it to Israel, his servant elate,  
For his mercy endureth forever :  
That thought of us kindly in our low estate,  
For his mercy endureth forever :  
And saved and redeemed us from foes that were great,  
For his mercy endureth forever :

9 To God, the great Father of earth and the skies,  
 For his mercy endureth forever :  
 Who nurtures all flesh with abundant supplies,  
 For his mercy endureth forever :  
 Let loudest thanksgivings unceasing arise,  
 For his mercy endureth forever.

## PSALM 137.—7s &amp; 6s D.

MISSIONARY HYMN, P. 20

1 WHERE Babel rolls her billows,  
 Loved Zion came to mind,  
 We hung our harps on willows,  
 And there to weep reclined ;  
 For they who did exile us,  
 Still wasting us with wrongs,  
 Came saying, to revile us,  
 "Sing one of Zion's songs."

2 Are they a song expecting,  
 From slaves whom they subject ?  
 Jerusalem forgetting,  
 Let my right hand forget :  
 If I do not remember  
 Thy name with constant joy,  
 My tongue in silence slumber,  
 Nor tuneful notes employ.

3 Jehovah ! think how Edom,  
 In Salem's hapless day,  
 Declared against her freedom,  
 And tore her base away :  
 Oh Babel's lonely daughter !  
 Who art to be o'erthrown ;  
 Blest man who turns to slaughter  
 Thy sons against a stone.

## PSALM 137.—S. M. D.

ELLIOTT, P. 9.

1 WHERE Babel's rivers were,  
 Loved Zion came to mind ;  
 We hung our harps on willows there,  
 Ourselves to weep reclined.  
 For they who captive led,  
 Intent on further wrongs,  
 Came asking mirth of us, and said,  
 "Sing one of Zion's songs."

2 How shall we sing acclaim,  
 In foreign lands beset ;  
 If I forget Jerusalem.  
 Let my right hand forget.  
 If I do not receive  
 From thee my chiefest joy,  
 Then shall my tongue in silence cleave,  
 Nor tuneful notes employ.

3 Lord, think what Edom did,  
 In Salem's hapless day ;  
 Her towering walls in ruins laid,  
 And tore her base away.  
 Oh Babylonia ! weep,  
 Thy ruin soon will come ;  
 Blest man that makes thy walls a  
 Thy sons beneath entomb. [heap,

## PSALM 137.—C. M. D.

BABEL, P. 43

1 ON willow trees our harps we hung,  
 Where Babel's rivers wind,  
 There sat and wept, with sorrows wrung,  
 When Zion came to mind :  
 For those who carried us away,  
 Still wasting us with wrongs,  
 Came asking for a mirthful lay,  
 In one of Zion's songs.

2 How shall we sing with due acclaim,  
 While slaves in this strange land ?  
 If I forget Jerusalem,  
 Let skill forsake my hand :  
 If I do not remember thee  
 Above my chiefest joy,  
 My tongue may cleave and silent be,  
 Nor tuneful notes employ.

3 Lord, in Jerusalem's sad day,  
 Mind well how Edom cried,  
 "Her bases raze and tear away,  
 That none may here abide :"  
 Thou, Babylonia, shalt atone,  
 For ruin waits thy sons ;  
 He will be blest that on a stone  
 Shall dash thy little ones.

## PSALM 137.—12s &amp; 9s D.

MOUNT, P. 24.

- 1 By the rivers of Babylon there we sat down,  
 And we wept over Zion's sad theme ;  
 We had hung up our harps on the willows to moan,  
 That were shading the banks of the stream :  
 For the men who had carried us captive away,  
 Who were wasting us still with their wrongs ;  
 With a rudeness demanded our mirth in a lay,  
 Saying, "Sing one of Zion's glad songs."
- 2 Oh ! but how shall we sing with our wonted acclaim,  
 While enslaved in strange foreign land ?  
 Oh Jerusalem ! if I forget thy dear name,  
 Let the cunning forsake my right hand :  
 Let my tongue to the roof of my mouth ever cleave,  
 Oh Jerusalem ! lovely to me,  
 When the chief of my joy I shall cease to receive  
 In my fond recollections of thee.
- 3 Oh Jehovah ! remember Jerusalem's day,  
 Keep in mind how the Edomites cried,  
 "Raze the whole of her bases and tear them away,  
 'Take the people all captive beside :"  
 Lonely daughter of Babylon, thou shalt atone,  
 There in punishment waiting thy sons ;  
 And the man will be blest that against the rude stone  
 Dashes down thy beloved little ones.

## PSALM 138.—C. M. Six Lines.

ARUNDEL, P. 24

By David.

- 1 LET mortals hear my heartfelt song,  
 The gods thy lasting fame ;  
 Thy truth and mercy shall my tongue  
 Within thy courts proclaim ;  
 For thou, oh Lord ! hast set thy word,  
 High over all thy name.
- 2 What time I called, my prayer was heard,  
 My soul new strength acquired ;  
 When kings shall hear and learn the word,  
 By thine own mouth inspired,  
 Their lips shall praise thy works and ways,  
 So great and much admired.
- 3 For God is high, yet sees the meek,  
 Afar the haughty knows ;  
 Thou wilt revive me, though I'm weak,  
 And walk through griefs and woes ;  
 Wilt save me well, thy right hand quell  
 The wrath of all my foes.
- 4 Lord, thou wilt finish thy designs,  
 Complete with thy demands ;  
 Thy mercies are eternal mines,  
 And here my safety stands ;  
 Oh ! then receive and never leave  
 The work of thine own hands.

## PSALM 138.—L. M. H.

ARCHIBALD, P. 17.

- 1 THEE will I thank with all my heart,  
 Before the gods my praise impart ;  
 While in thy courts, my lips, oh Lord !  
 Thy truth and grace proclaim ;  
 For thou hast magnified thy word,  
 High over all thy name.
- 2 What time I called, thy help appeared,  
 And strength from thee my spirit cheered :  
 When kings shall hear and learn thy ways,  
 And words thy mouth hath spoke,  
 Thy glorious works their lips shall praise,  
 Thy grace with songs invoke.
- 3 For God is high, yet sees the low,  
 And from afar the proud doth know ;  
 Though perils now surround my path,  
 Thou wilt my foes subdue ;  
 Wilt stretch thy hand upon their wrath,  
 Thy right hand save me, too.
- 4 Lord, carry out thy kind designs,  
 Thy mercies are eternal mines ;  
 Thy promise thou wilt never break,  
 Here all my safety stands :  
 Nor will thy truth and love forsake  
 The offspring of thy hands.

## PSALM 139. — L. M. T.

ALWAYS, P. 41

To the Chief Musician. By David. A Psalm.

- 1 LORD, thou hast searched and fully known  
 My rising up and sitting down ;  
 Thou dost afar my thoughts attest,  
 And every feeling of my breast :  
 Thou art acquainted with my ways,  
 My path and bed thine eye surveys ;  
 Nor in my tongue a word can dwell,  
 But thou dost mark and know it well :  
 Thou dost beset me all around,  
 And on my head thy hand is found :  
 Such wondrous knowledge is sublime,  
 And high above where I can climb.
- 2 Oh ! where can I thy presence shun ?  
 And whither from thy Spirit run ?  
 Thou art in heaven, if there I'm led ;  
 In hell, if there I make my bed ;  
 Should I on wings of daybreak flee,  
 And dwell beyond the utmost sea,  
 There shall thy hand direct my way,  
 Thy right hand hold me where I stray :  
 Should I in darkness seek to hide,  
 And in the deepest shade abide,  
 There brightness shall envelop me ;  
 Alike are day and night to thee.

3 For thou my reins hast always had,  
 And in the womb my covering made ;  
 For all my powers I'll thee extol,  
 Thy works are wondrous knowns my soul :  
 Not hidden was my shape from thee,  
 My unformed substance thou didst see ;  
 Long ere on earth my place I took,  
 My days were written in thy book.  
 How sweet thy thoughts to me, oh God !  
 How precious and divinely good ;  
 More than the sand their numbers be ;  
 When I awake I'm still with thee.

4 Thou surely wilt the wicked slay :  
 Ye men of blood, get hence, away !  
 They speak of thee for wicked gain,  
 And dare to take thy name in vain :  
 Do not I hate thy foes, oh Lord,  
 And grieve to see them break thy word ?  
 I truly hate all foes of thine,  
 And count them enemies of mine ;  
 Search me, oh God ! and know my heart,  
 And try my soul in every part ;  
 See if I have an evil way,  
 And lead me to eternal day.

## PSALM 139.—C. M. T.

EVER, P. 42

<p>1 LORD, thou hast searched and known          My rising and my rest ; [me well,          Thou dost afar discern and tell          The thought within my breast :          Thou art acquainted with my ways,          Dost sift my path and lair ;          Nor in my tongue a word delays,          But thou dost know it there :          Thou dost beset me all around,          And on me place thy hand :          Such knowledge is too deep to sound,          Too high to understand.</p>	<p>[breast          3 For in the womb my reins and          Were formed by thy control ;          Thy name for all my powers be blest,          So wondrous to my soul :          Thou didst upon my substance look,          Unfashioned in the earth ;          And wrote my history in thy book          Before I had my birth.          How precious are thy thoughts to me,          Their sum exceeds the sand ;          When I awake I'm still with thee,          Supported by thy hand.</p>
<p>2 Where can I shun thy face sublime,          And from thy Spirit keep ?          Thou art in heaven, if there I climb ;          In hell, if there I sleep ;          Though on the wings of morn I speed,          And dwell beyond the sea,          There shall thy hand my footsteps lead,          Thy right have hold of me :          Though in the deepest shade I stray,          Thy presence makes it bright ;          Since even darkness and the day          Are equal in thy sight.</p>	<p>4 Thou surely wilt the wicked slay :          Depart, ye bloody men ! [way,          They speak against thy word and          And take thy name in vain :          Do not I hate thy foes, oh Lord,          And grieve to see them rise ?          They truly are by me abhorred,          And counted enemies ? [heart,          Search me, oh God ! and know my          My thought and spirit try ;          See if I'm wrong in any part,          And lead my way on high.</p>

**PSALM 140.—8s & 7s. Six Lines.**

LOT, P. 31

To the Chief Musician. A Psalm. By David.

- 1 LORD, from evil men deliver,  
 Save me from their violence ;  
 Who imagine mischiefs ever,  
 Seek to give or take offence :  
 Sharp their tongues as serpents' are ;  
 Poison on their lips they bear.
- 2 Lord, thy shield around me throwing,  
 Save me from the bloody man,  
 Who would overthrow my going,  
 Proud ones join the wicked plan :  
 Round the path I have to tread,  
 Nets and snares their hands have spread.
- 3 Lord, attend my supplication,  
 Oh, my God ! to thee I pray ;  
 God, the strength of my salvation,  
 Shielding me in battle's day :  
 Further not their wished assault,  
 Lest they should themselves exalt.
- 4 Lord, the men who round me hover,  
 Those who for my hurt conspire ;  
 Soon shall fall, and not recover,  
 Into pits of burning fire :  
 Mischiefs which their lips have sought,  
 Shall upon their heads be brought.
- 5 Give no evil speaker standing,  
 Men of violence o'erthrow ;  
 For the poor thy help commanding,  
 Pity to the sufferer show :  
 Upright men thy name shall laud,  
 Only such shall dwell with God.

**PSALM 141.—L. M.**

HEBRON, P. 33.

A Psalm. By David.

- 1 LORD, hear and answer when I pray,  
 And send me help without delay ;  
 Oh ! let my prayer as incense rise,  
 My gifts like evening's sacrifice.
- 2 Set thou before my mouth a guard,  
 From every sin my lips retard ;  
 Keep me from men who work deceit,  
 Nor let me of their dainties eat.

- 3 Let righteous men in mercy smite,  
 In their reproof I shall delight ;  
 It will not break nor bruise my head,  
 But prove like oil upon it shed.
- 4 When they are pressed with troubles round,  
 Their judges cast on stony ground ;  
 They then shall hear my kind address,  
 The sweetness of my words confess.
- 5 Our scattered bones in graves we leave,  
 Like furrows deep that plowmen cleave ;  
 In thee, Jehovah, is my trust,  
 My soul wilt thou preserve from dust.
- 6 Keep me from snares my foes have laid,  
 From nets by evil-doers made ;  
 Make them in their own traps to fall,  
 While safely I escape withal.

## PSALM 141.—8s &amp; 7s.

SHEPHERD, P. 24

- 1 LORD, answer me, what time to thee  
 I send my supplications ;  
 Oh ! let my cries as incense rise,  
 My gifts like eve's oblations.
- 2 Set thou a guard before me, Lord,  
 My mouth and lips securing ;  
 Oh ! give me not the sinner's lot,  
 Nor feasts of his procuring.
- 3 Let just men smite, it will delight,  
 And let the saints reprove me ;  
 Like ointment shed upon my head,  
 'Twill neither wound nor move me.
- 4 When they have care I'll make my prayer,  
 And in their woes be present ;  
 Their judges thrown against a stone,  
 Shall say my words are pleasant.
- 5 Our bones we leave, as plowmen cleave,  
 Around the graves decaying ;  
 Save me from dust, in thee I trust,  
 And for thy help am praying.
- 6 Keep me from snares their art prepares,  
 From nets the proud are shaping ;  
 There let them fall, whilst I withal,  
 In triumph am escaping.

## PSALM 141.—7s &amp; 6s.

HARPER, P. 15.

- 1 LORD, accept the sacrifice  
My hands present to thee ;  
Let my prayer like incense rise,  
And haste with help to me.
- 2 Guard my mouth, my lips restrain,  
My words from all deceit ;  
Lead me not with workers vain,  
Nor let me taste their meat.
- 3 Let the just in mercy smite,  
It will not bruise my head ;  
Their reproof shall bring delight,  
Like oil upon it shed.
- 4 When their chiefs are overthrown,  
And on the rocks descend ;  
They my kindness then will own,  
And to my words attend.
- 5 Like the earth by furrows broke,  
Our bones descend the grave ;  
God, my trust, to thee I look,  
My life and soul to save.
- 6 Keep me from the gins they set,  
From snares the wicked shape ;  
Let them fall in their own net,  
Whilst I withal escape.

## PSALM 142.—8s &amp; 7s. MANHATTAN, P. 41

Maschil By David, when he was in the cave. A Prayer.

- 1 I SENT my cries to yonder skies,  
I called on God, my Saviour ;  
I poured my fears into his ears,  
My trouble and behavior.
- 2 The way I went with sorrow spent,  
Thou knewest how to spare me ;  
And in that path, my foes in wrath,  
Have placed a net to snare me.
- 3 I turned my sight toward my right,  
But none were comfort bearing ;
- All refuge failed, my spirit quailed,  
No man for me was caring.
- 4 To thee I cried, through life my  
A refuge now I'm needing ; [guide,  
Trod down in woes by haughty foes,  
Whose strength is mine exceeding.
- 5 That I may praise thy works and  
My soul bring out of prison ; [ways,  
Just men will see, and flock to me,  
And have a happy season.

## PSALM 142.—9s.

ORKNEY, P. 41

- 1 To Jehovah I cried for relief,  
To Jehovah I sent up my prayer ;  
I disclosed all my trouble and grief,  
I unbosomed my sorrow and care.
- 2 When my spirit was sinking with dread,  
Then thou knewest the path which I made ;  
In the way that I now have to tread,  
Wily snares have been privily laid.
- 3 When I looked on my right and beheld,  
There were none that with me would condole ;  
All supporters and refuges failed,  
There was no man that cared for my soul.
- 4 To Jehovah I said in my cry,  
My defender and portion in life,  
Save from foes that are stronger than I,  
I am greatly reduced by their strife.
- 5 Bring my soul from this place where I'm bound,  
Out of prison thy name to adore ;  
Then the righteous will compass me round,  
When I get the kind help I implore.

## PSALM 143.—L. M. D.

JEDUTHUN, P. 22.

A Psalm. By David.

- 1 LORD, hear when I for mercy plead,  
In faithful truth an answer speed ;  
To judgment enter not with me,  
Since none that live are just with thee :  
For haughty foes beset me round,  
Who crush my life into the ground ;  
Thus overwhelmed in lonely gloom,  
I dwell like those within the tomb.
- 2 Thy works of wonder I behold,  
And call to mind the days of old ;  
Up to thy throne I stretch my hands,  
And thirst for thee like weary lands :  
Send answers quickly, lest I fail,  
Confounded sink in death's dark vale ;  
Thy mercy in the morning show,  
The way of safety let me know.
- 3 Save me from foes of haughty pride,  
With thee for safety let me hide ;  
Teach me, my God, to do thy will,  
Let thy good Spirit guide me still :  
For thy name's sake my spirit cheer,  
In justice from distress set clear ;  
Thou wilt in mercy quell my foes,  
To me, thy servant, give repose.

## PSALM 143.—8s &amp; 7s D.

AUTUMN, P. 4.

- 1 LORD, before thy throne I venture,  
Hear in faithful truth my prayer ;  
Not to judgment with me enter,  
None that live can answer there ;  
For the foe my life impelling,  
Hath consigned me to the tomb ;  
There, in desolation dwelling,  
I am overwhelmed with gloom.
- 2 Days of old my mind are thronging,  
Wonders which thy hands have wrought ;  
While for thee my soul is longing,  
Like the earth for rain in drought :  
Hear me quickly, lest I perish,  
Leave me not to death and woe ;  
Let thy love my spirit cherish,  
And the way of safety show.
- 3 After thee my soul aspiring,  
Would beneath thy shadow hide ;  
Thy good Spirit's aid acquiring,  
In thy will shall I abide :  
For thy glory make me fervent,  
In thy mercy cheer my soul ;  
Since, indeed, I am thy servant,  
All my vexing foes control.

## PSALM 144.—8s &amp; 7s D.

ABBA, P. 17.

By David.

- 1 God be blest, my great defender,  
 God, my strength, my rock, my shield ;  
 Who my people makes surrender,  
 Arms me for the battle-field :  
 What is man to thee, Jehovah ?  
 Why dost thou regard his son ?  
 Like a cloud his days pass over ;  
 Man and vanity are one.
- 2 Bow thy heavens, and touch the mountains,  
 Let their smoke ascend on high ;  
 Shoot forth lightnings from their fountains,  
 Let the wicked flee and die.  
 Send and lift me from the waters,  
 Rid the land from foreign spies,  
 Who debate the vainest matters,  
 Whose right hand is one of lies.
- 3 With new songs of adoration,  
 On ten strings I'll praise the Lord ;  
 He who giveth kings salvation  
 Rescues David from the sword :  
 Rid the land from sons of strangers,  
 Save from men of foreign tribes,  
 Whose vile mouth is fraught with dangers,  
 Whose right hand is full of bribes.
- 4 That our sons like trees be growing,  
 That our daughters rise like towers ;  
 That our barns be overflowing,  
 Fast increasing flocks be ours ;  
 Oxen strong, and no vexation,  
 None that wish an ill reward :  
 Blest indeed is such a nation,  
 Blest, whose Saviour is the Lord.

PSALM 144.—L. M. D. SAUL, P. 3; AL-MUTH, P. 9.

- 1 THE Lord be blest, who girds with might  
 My arms for war, my hands for fight ;  
 My goodness, fortress, rock, and shield,  
 And he that makes my people yield :  
 Jehovah, what is man to thee,  
 Or all his growing progeny ?  
 His days like passing shadows run,  
 And man and vanity are one.
- 2 Bow down thy heavens and touch the earth,  
 And smoke and fire shall issue forth ;  
 Send arrows out, let lightnings fly,  
 Until the wicked flee and die.  
 But send and draw me from the wave ;  
 From children strange, defend and save,  
 Whose mouth is filled with all things vile,  
 Whose right hand is a hand of guile.

- 3 Oh God! to thee who saveth kings,  
 New songs I'll chant, and sound ten strings;  
 One who his favor doth afford  
 In ridding David from the sword :  
 But rid our land from children strange,  
 Whose mouths speak falsehood and revenge;  
 And keep us clear from alien tribes,  
 Whose right hand is a hand of bribes.
- 4 That our young sons like trees be grown,  
 Our daughters like a polished stone;  
 Our barns be filled with every store,  
 Our flocks increased by thousands more;  
 Our oxen be for labor strong,  
 None going out or in for wrong :  
 Oh! happy land with such reward,  
 Whose God and guardian is the Lord.

## PSALM 145.—C. M. D.

CORONATION, P. 13.

Praise. By David.

- 1 THEE will I bless, my God and King!  
 Thy name will I extol;  
 Day after day thy praises sing,  
 While endless ages roll;  
 Thy greatness can no searching reach,  
 And lasting is thy praise;  
 Age shall to age thy doings teach,  
 And sound thy grand displays.
- 2 Thy glory shall employ my tongue,  
 Thy majesty and might;  
 All men shall raise to thee their song,  
 Thy fearful deeds recite:  
 Thy goodness shall inspire their mind,  
 Their lips thy truth to show;  
 Thou art so gracious, just, and kind,  
 To wrath and anger slow.
- 3 How good art thou the earth abroad,  
 Thy mercies over all;  
 All creatures render praise to God,  
 Thy saints upon thee call;  
 They utter forth thy glorious reign,  
 Thy righteous deeds commend;  
 Thy kingdom ever shall remain,  
 Thy rule shall never end.
- 4 God lifts the feeble when they fall, 5 He's ever nigh to answer prayer  
 And makes the helpless stand; For all who seek aright;  
 He sends supplies of meat to all He will fulfil their whole desire,  
 Who wait upon his hand: Who in his truth delight;  
 He sends content to all that live, He safely keeps his fearers, too,  
 His treasure ne'er decays; But will his foes destroy:  
 His works abundant mercy give, Oh! let all flesh the theme pursue,  
 And righteous are his ways. My mouth it shall employ.

## PSALM 145.—8s &amp; 7s D.

DALETH, P. 2.

- 1 THEE will I sing, my God and King !  
 And bless thy name forever ;  
 From day to day thanksgivings pay,  
 My praise shall languish never :  
 Most highly raised, as greatly praised,  
 Unsearchable in glory ;  
 Race shall to race thy doings trace,  
 And tell thine acts in story.
- 2 Thy works and ways shall wake my praise,  
 Their majesty and splendor ;  
 Thy deeds of might shall men excite  
 Their highest praise to render :  
 Their song shall bless thy righteousness,  
 Thy goodness, great and precious ;  
 Thy wrath is slow, thy mercies flow,  
 And thou art kind and gracious.
- 3 How good to all thy mercies fall,  
 And shine creation over ;  
 Thy creatures raise to thee their praise,  
 Thy saints shall bless Jehovah :  
 Thy lasting name shall they proclaim,  
 Thy glory to the nations ;  
 Thy kingdom will all ages fill,  
 Thy reign all generations.
- 4 ¶ God lifts up all who faint or fall,  
 Brings back the lost to reason ;  
 All lift their eyes for fresh supplies,  
 He gives their meat in season :  
 All living things draw from his springs,  
 Content and fulness solely ;  
 Right are the ways that he displays,  
 And all his works are holy.
- 5 He's very near, their cry to hear,  
 Who truly seek his favor ;  
 He grants their claim who fear his name,  
 And deigns to be their Saviour ;  
 He overthrows his haughty foes,  
 Forsakes his people never :  
 I'll speak his praise, let after days  
 Exalt his name forever.

## PSALM 145.—L. M. D.

AL-MUTH, P. 9.

- 1 THEE I'll exalt, my God and King !  
 Thy name with blessings ever sing ;  
 From day to day the strain prolong,  
 Thy name extol in endless song ;  
 Thy greatness can no search explore,  
 Thy praise be great for evermore ;  
 Age shall to age thy doings laud,  
 And sound thy mighty acts abroad.
- 2 Thy words of wonder are my theme,  
 Thine honored majesty supreme ;

Thy dreadful deeds, and grand displays,  
 Shall men recount to endless days :  
 They will on thy great goodness dwell,  
 In songs thy righteous dealings tell ;  
 For thy compassions ever flow,  
 Thy mercy's great, thine anger slow.

- 3 How good and kind art thou to all,  
 Thy mercies on creation fall ;  
 All things to thee their praise express,  
 Thy name the saints delight to bless :  
 They will declare thy glorious reign,  
 Thy mighty deeds to sons of men ;  
 Thy reign from age to age extends,  
 And thy dominion never ends.
- 4 ¶ God does with strength the feeble crown,  
 And lifts up all the bowèd down :  
 All eyes await on him for meat,  
 In time he gives them food to eat ;  
 His opening hand well satisfies,  
 And every living thing supplies :  
 How righteous are Jehovah's ways !  
 What mercy all his work displays !
- 5 Nigh is Jehovah unto all  
 Who do in truth upon him call ;  
 He to his fearers grants their will,  
 He hears their cry and saves from ill ;  
 He keeps his lovers in their joys,  
 And all the wicked he destroys :  
 His praise my mouth shall still proclaim,  
 All flesh shall bless his holy name.

## PSALM 146.—L. M. D.

NUREMBERG, P. 34.

Hallelujah !

- 1 OH ! bless Jehovah, thou my soul,  
 Him while I live will I extol ;  
 While I exist I will my God  
 With songs and music ever laud.  
 Trust not in princes, sons of men,  
 For help in them has never been ;  
 Their breath goes forth, and dust are they,  
 Their counsels perish in a day.
- 2 Blest man whose help is Jacob's aid,  
 Whose hope on God is surely laid,  
 Who made the heavens and earth and deep,  
 And will his promise ever keep :  
 Who gives the poor and hungry bread,  
 And frees the bound and captive led ;  
 Who gives to those oppressed their right,  
 And opens eyes deprived of sight,
- 3 Who raises up the bowèd down, and doth with love the righteous crown ;  
 Who helps the widow in her need, and doth her orphan children feed ;  
 Who doth the strangers well preserve, but makes the sinners' way to swerve :  
 Thy God, oh Zion ! still remains ; from age to age Jehovah reigns.

Hallelujah !

## PSALM 146.—8s &amp; 7s D.

XENIA, P. 27.

Hallelujah !

1 PRAISE God, my soul, him I'll extol,  
Till death seals up this portal ;  
Then will I laud and bless my God  
In songs that are immortal.  
Put not your trust in sons of dust,  
Nor help from princes cherish ;  
They lose their breath, sink down in death,  
That day their counsels perish.

2 How blest is he whose hope shall be  
In God, who faileth never ;  
Who heaven arrayed, and all things made,  
And keepeth truth forever :  
Who justice sends, the wronged defends,  
From bonds the captive freeing ;  
Who gives their bread, in hunger led,  
And opes blind eyes to seeing.

3 Who lifts up those bowed down in woes, and in the just takes pleasure ;  
Who deigns to bless the fatherless, and fills the widow's treasure ;  
Who finds a home for those that roam, but gives the wicked over :  
Oh Zion ! laud thy living God, forever reigns Jehovah. Hallelujah !

## PSALM 146.—C. M. D. JOSHUA, P. 44 ; MANCHESTER P. 26

Hallelujah !

1 Oh ! thou, my soul, Jehovah laud, I'll praise him while I live ;  
While I have being to my God will songs and music give.  
Not sons of men nor princes trust, to whom there is no stay ;  
They lose their breath and turn to dust, their counsels pass away.

2 Blest man, whose hope in God is laid on Jacob's Rock secure ;  
Who heaven and earth and all things made, whose promises endure :  
Who judgment gives for those oppressed, and sets the captive free ;  
Who lifts the fallen and distressed, and makes the blind to see.

3 Who fills the hungry in their needs, and does the strangers crown ;  
Who orphans and the widow feeds, but casts the wicked down ;  
Who loves the righteous to sustain, and all who him adore :  
Thy God, oh Zion ! long shall reign, Jehovah evermore. Hallelujah !

## PSALM 146.—8s &amp; 7s D.

AUTUMN, P. 4.

Hallelujah !

1 Oh ! my soul, exalt Jehovah, I will bless him all my days ;  
Laud him when this life is over, in immortal songs of praise :  
Not the help of princes cherish, make not sons of men your stay ;  
Soon they lose their breath and perish, then their counsels pass away.

2 Happy man, whose hope elated, still on Jacob's God depends ;  
Who the world and all created, whom eternal truth attends ;  
Who the captive prisoner looseth, gives to those oppressed their right ;  
For the hungry bread diffuseth, and restores the blind to sight.

3 Who lifts up the bowed from danger, loves the righteous everywhere ;  
Who the widow, orphan, stranger, well preserves and makes his care :  
Who will cast the wicked over, and his fearers will sustain !  
Zion ! praise thy God, Jehovah, he for evermore shall reign.

Hallelujah !

## PSALM 147.—C. M. Six Lines.

ZION, P. 32

Hallelujah !

- 1 How good and comely is acclaim,  
 When we our God adore ;  
 He comes to build Jerusalem,  
 His outcasts to restore :  
 Hearts broke he binds, their wounded minds  
 He heals of pains they bore.
- 2 The stars are numbered in his sight,  
 And each he calls by name ;  
 His understanding's infinite,  
 His power and grace the same :  
 The meek he crowns, while from his frowns  
 The wicked sink to shame.
- 3 Oh ! sing with harps his praise aloud,  
 To God lift up the strain,  
 Who spreads aloft the vapory cloud,  
 And waters earth with rain :  
 Who clothes the fields and lofty hills  
 With waving grass and grain.
- 4 He deigns the hungry beast to feed,  
 And hears young ravens cry ;  
 Yet neither minds the fleetest steed,  
 Nor man of stature high ;  
 But will esteem those fearing him,  
 Who on his grace rely.
- 5 ¶ Jerusalem ! send up thy strains ;  
 Oh Zion ! praise thy God ;  
 For he thy gates with strength sustains,  
 Sends peace through thine abode ;  
 Thy sons hath he made blest in thee,  
 And finest wheat bestowed.
- 6 How swift his powerful word goes forth !  
 Who can his cold oppose ?  
 With flakes like wool he strews the earth,  
 His frost like ashes sows ;  
 He sends his word, soft winds are stirred,  
 And trickling water flows.
- 7 He made his word to Jacob known,  
 To Israel his commands,  
 Which were not to the nations shown,  
 Nor any other lands :  
 His holy word they have not heard,  
 Nor judgments of his hands.

Hallelujah !

## PSALM 147.—8s &amp; 7s. Six Lines. WATERVILLE, P. 41.

Hallelujah !

- 1 How good to laud our gracious God,  
While lofty anthems singing ;  
He comes to claim Jerusalem,  
His captives with him bringing ;  
He heals and binds their wounded minds,  
And sounds of joy are ringing.
- 2 His eyes behold the stars of old,  
Their names and numbers telling ;  
He's great in might, and infinite,  
His power all powers excelling ;  
He lifts the weak, and crowns the meek,  
Casts down the proud rebelling.
- 3 Let timbrels ring, with gladness sing  
To God, the great Jehovah,  
Who sendeth rain on hill and plain,  
From clouds on high that hover ;  
Who doth with corn the vales adorn,  
With grass the mountains cover.
- 4 He gives the meat which wild beasts eat,  
And hears young ravens crying ;  
Yet does not heed the fleetest steed,  
Nor men on strength relying ;  
But takes delight in hearts upright  
That trust his grace undying.
- 5 ¶ Jerusalem ! give praise to him ;  
Thy God exalt, oh Zion !  
Thy children blest, in quiet rest,  
He makes thy gates of iron ;  
He gives thee peace with much increase,  
And plenty to rely on.
- 6 His high commands run through the lands,  
His cold is all-subduing ;  
He sprinkles snows, and hoar-frost sows,  
Like wool the earth bestrewing ;  
He makes winds blow, then waters flow,  
All nature's face renewing.
- 7 He showed his law, which Jacob saw,  
To Israel, his salvation ;  
He wrote commands with his own hands,  
To wake their admiration,  
Which were not known, nor have been shown  
To any other nation.

Hallelujah !

## PSALM 147—8s &amp; 7s. Six Lines.

ZION, P. 32

Hallelujah!

- 1 PRAISE our God, his wonders singing,  
 Praise is comely with acclaim ;  
 He is Israel's exiles bringing,  
 He builds up Jerusalem :  
 Broken hearts he heals and binds,  
 Cures with balm their wounded minds.
- 2 He the stars by name commanding,  
 Tells their number and their weight ;  
 Infinite in understanding,  
 Powerful and immensely great :  
 He lifts up the meek to crowns,  
 Sinks the wicked by his frowns.
- 3 Bless our God, the great Jehovah,  
 Sing with harps the loudest strain,  
 Who will cloud the heavens over,  
 Water earth with showers of rain ;  
 Who with grass and bending corn  
 Doth the distant fields adorn.
- 4 He feeds cattle from his treasure,  
 Hears young ravens when they cry ;  
 Yet in steeds he takes no pleasure,  
 Nor in men of stature high,  
 But regards with kind esteem  
 Those who fear and trust in him.
- 5|| Zion! let the song be lengthened,  
 Him, Jerusalem, adore !  
 He thy gates and bars hath strengthened,  
 Can thy children wish for more ?  
 He thy peace has made complete,  
 Filled thy stores with finest wheat.
- 6 Very swift his order runneth ;  
 Who before his cold can stand ?  
 Dew to hoary frost he turneth,  
 Snow like wool strews o'er the land :  
 When he calls, the mild wind blows,  
 Then the water freely flows
- 7 He gave Jacob inspiration,  
 Israel his just commands ;  
 He has not to any nation  
 Sent such favors from his hands :  
 Judgments which to them were shown,  
 Other peoples have not known.  
 Hallelujah !

## PSALM 148.—7s D. JOY, P. 42; BENEVENTO, P. 28.

Hallelujah !

- 1 PRAISE the Lord from worlds of light,  
Praise him from the towering height ;  
Praise him, angels, in your songs,  
Praise him, all ye holy throngs ;  
Praise him, sun and moon that beam,  
Praise him, all ye stars that gleam ;  
Praise him, heavens of heavens on high,  
Praise him, clouds that through them fly.
- 2 Let them praise Jehovah's name,  
For by his command they came :  
He hath fixed them ever fast,  
His decree cannot be passed :  
Praise Jehovah from below,  
Dragons, depths, and streams that flow ;  
Vapor, snow, hail, fire, and storm,  
Winds that do his word perform.
- 3 Mountains, hills, and cedars fair,  
Fruitful trees that clusters bear ;  
Beast and cattle, creeping thing,  
Feathered fowl with airy wing :  
Kings and peoples that obey,  
Chiefs and judges bearing sway,  
Youthful men and blooming maids,  
Children, too, and hoary heads.
- 4 Let their praise to him be sent,  
Who alone is excellent ;  
For his glory beams with love,  
Over earth and heaven above :  
He his people's horn hath raised,  
Which by all the saints is praised ;  
Even too by Israel,  
Who so near their Maker dwell. Hallelujah !

## PSALM 148.—H. M. LENOX, P. 20; BETH, P. 3.

Hallelujah !

- |   |   |
|---|---|
| <ol style="list-style-type: none"> <li>1 FROM heaven give praise to God,<br/>And from the lofty height ;<br/>Him let all angels laud,<br/>And all his armies bright :<br/>Sun, moon, and stars,<br/>Exalt his love ;<br/>Ye heavens and spheres,<br/>And clouds above.</li> <li>2 Let them his name adore,<br/>They rose at his command ;<br/>He fixed them evermore,<br/>And his decree shall stand :<br/>Let depths below<br/>Exalt the Lord ;<br/>Wind, fire, and snow,<br/>That do his word.</li> </ol> | <ol style="list-style-type: none"> <li>3 All hills your tribute bring,<br/>Fruit-trees and cedars fair ;<br/>Beast, cattle, creeping thing,<br/>And fowl that cuts the air :<br/>Kings, judges, all,<br/>Young men and maids,<br/>With children small,<br/>And hoary heads.</li> <li>4 Let these his praise make known,<br/>His excellence and love ;<br/>Who sets his glorious throne<br/>O'er earth and heaven above :<br/>Their horn he raised,<br/>Which saints esteem ;<br/>By Israel praised,<br/>So near to him.<br/>Hallelujah !</li> </ol> |
|---|---|

## PSALM 148.—8s &amp; 7s D.

AUTUMN, P. 4.

Hallelujah !

- 1 PRAISE the Lord from realms of glory,  
Praise him from the lofty height ;  
Praise him, angels, high and hoary,  
Praise him, all ye armies bright :  
Praise him, sun and moon of splendor,  
Praise him, stars, from pole to pole ;  
Heavens of heavens, your praises render,  
And ye clouds that through them roll.
- 2 Let them praise the great Jehovah,  
They by his command were made ;  
Bounds he gave they ne'er pass over,  
Firm decrees by all obeyed :  
Praise the Lord from earth and ocean,  
Dragons, depths, and rolling seas ;  
Vapor, fire, and storms in motion,  
Working out his vast decrees.
- 3 Lofty cedars, hills and mountains,  
Beast and cattle, creeping thing,  
Fruitful trees and gushing fountains,  
Feathered fowl with airy wing :  
Kings, and all whom empire ladens,  
Chiefs and judges, old and grey,  
Youthful men and blooming maidens,  
Tender babes of yesterday.
- 4 Let them praise his name most glorious,  
Who is excellent alone ;  
Over earth and heaven victorious,  
Shines his bright exalted throne :  
He a mighty horn hath given,  
All the saints with love adore ;  
Which is praised by Israel even,  
Seated near him evermore.

Hallelujah !

## PSALM 149.—C. M. COWPER, P. 38; COVENTRY, P. 25

Hallelujah !

- 1 LET saints with their assembled voice,  
New songs of glory sing ;  
Let Israel in his God rejoice,  
And Zion in her King.
- 2 Let them his name in music speak,  
With harp and timbrel praise ;  
He loves and beautifies the meek,  
And honor on them lays.
- 3 Let saints exult in glorious joy,  
Sing loud of peace restored ;  
Let God's high praise their mouth employ,  
Their hand a two-edged sword.

- 4 To recompense the heathen lands,  
 Opposing powers restrain ;  
 To lay their kings in iron bands,  
 Their honored ones enchain.
- 5 To execute for all their wrongs  
 The judgment written down,  
 This honor to the saints belongs,  
 And they shall wear the crown.  
 Hallelujah !

## PSALM 149.—8s &amp; 7s.

WILMOT, P. 24.

Hallelujah !

- 1 LET new songs of praise be paid him,  
 Saints in full assembly sing :  
 Israel joy in God that made him,  
 Zion in her mighty King.
- 2 Let them give him adoration,  
 Sing and harp his saving love ;  
 Pleased he gives the just salvation,  
 Beautifies the meek above.
- 3 Let the saints exult in glory,  
 Sing aloud of peace restored ;  
 God's high praise be all their story,  
 In their hand a two-edged sword.
- 4 Haughty realms to scourge and chasten,  
 Heathen kingdoms to restrain ;  
 Their proud kings with fetters fasten,  
 And their noble ones to chain.
- 5 These the judgments long recorded,  
 They shall execute on them ;  
 This is to the saints awarded,  
 Honored with a diadem.  
 Hallelujah !

## PSALM 150.—S. M.

DOVER, P. 41

Hallelujah.

- 1 PRAISE God from Zion's mount,  
 From heaven, his lofty throne ;  
 His mighty deeds in songs recount,  
 His noble greatness own.
- 2 His praise with trumpets speak,  
 With psalteries, harps, and lutes ;  
 His praise with sounding timbrels wake,  
 With organs, strings, and flutes.
- 3 His praise with cymbals chime,  
 With cymbals sounding loud ;  
 Oh let all breath in strains sublime,  
 Send ceaseless praise to God.  
 Hallelujah.

## PSALM 150.—L. M. OLD HUNDRED, P. 35

Hallelujah!

- 1 PRAISE God in Zion, his delight,  
In heaven his firmament of might;  
Praise him for mighty wonders shown,  
His plenitude of greatness own.
- 2 Praise him with trumps of loud acclaim,  
With harp and lyre pronounce his name;  
Praise him with timbrel, pipe, and strings,  
With deeper tones the organ brings.
- 3 Praise him with cymbals in the chime,  
With cymbals sounding notes sublime;  
Oh! let all breath unite to laud,  
And render ceaseless praise to God. Hallelujah!

## PSALM 150.—C. M. COWPER, P. 33

Hallelujah!

- 1 PRAISE God in his own courts below,  
And in the heavens above;  
His mighty acts with praises show,  
His greatness, truth, and love.
- 2 Praise him with notes the trumpet flings,  
With harp and lyre rejoice;  
Praise him with timbrel, pipe, and strings,  
With organs lift the voice.
- 3 Praise him with cymbals' sounding lays,  
With cymbals heard afar;  
Oh! let all breath the chorus raise,  
And render thanks to Jah. Hallelujah!

## PSALM 150.—8s &amp; 7s. MASCHIL, P. 43.

Hallelujah!

- 1 Oh! praise our God in his abode,  
Praise him in worlds of brightness;  
Praise him for might, his deeds recite,  
Praise him for noble greatness.
- 2 Sound forth his praise on trumpets' lays,  
With harp and lyre adore him;  
Praise him on strings, while timbrel rings,  
With organs sing before him.
- 3 Loud cymbals chime in notes sublime,  
Spread joy the wide world over;  
Each one that hath the power of breath,  
Give thanks and praise Jehovah. Hallelujah!

## DOXOLOGY.—C. M.

PRAISE Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,  
One God for evermore:  
Praise him above, ye heavenly host,  
His name let earth adore.

Hallelujah!

## DOXOLOGY.—L. M.

LET Father, Son, and Spirit be  
Adored through all eternity;  
Let heaven and earth unite to laud  
The One, eternal, triune God.

Hallelujah!

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