

*Collection of Psalms and Hymns (1741)*¹

[Baker list, #44]

Editorial Introduction:

In January 1741 John Wesley issued his third offering with the title *Collection of Psalms and Hymns*. Copies of the two earlier volumes were surely exhausted and this offering was meant to carry on their purpose as a supplement for broadly Anglican patterns of worship. This is the first volume in this series that Wesley issued with explicit claim of being the editor, a decision that was likely connected to *dropping* the headings in earlier editions that indicated use in Sunday worship.

Nearly two-thirds of the items in this volume were drawn from the earlier editions: forty-four selections from *CPH* (1737), fifty selections from *CPH* (1738). Wesley was clearly the one who made these selections and who gathered the new material that comprises the remaining third of this volume. As in the earlier works, Wesley turned to other authors for most of the sixty new items included. He drew at least forty-five of these new hymns and psalms from published sources (indicated in the Table of Contents below in [blue font](#)). Two of these selections from other authors were additional translations by Wesley of German hymns.

This leaves fifteen new items in this collection which *may* be the first inclusion in the *CPH* series of original work by John or Charles Wesley (indicated in the Table of Contents below in [red font](#)). This remains uncertain, because John frequently fails to indicate his source for a selection. These are simply the pieces for which no other source has yet been located. If they are original, it is also unclear which might be attributed to John or Charles.

This installment of the *CPH* series proved popular, going through 11 editions (with two notable revisions) during John Wesley's life. Nearly 600 copies of the last edition remained in stock at his house on his death.

Editions:

John Wesley. *Collection of Psalms and Hymns*. London: Strahan, 1741.

John & Charles Wesley. *Collection of Psalms and Hymns*. 2nd edn., enlarged. London: Strahan, 1743.

3rd London: Strahan, 1744.

4th Bristol: Farley, 1748.

5th London: Cock, 1751.

6th London, 1756.

5th Bristol: Grabham, 1760.

6th Bristol: Pine, 1762.

7th Bristol: Pine, 1765.

8th Bristol: Pine, 1771.

8th Bristol: Pine, 1773.

9th London: Hawes, 1776.

10th London: Hawes, 1779.

11th London: New Chapel, 1789.

The second and third editions both underwent significant revision and are treated in their own right in this collection.

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A
COLLECTION
of
PSALMS AND HYMNS.

Part the First.

Psalm XXXVI.²

- 1 Thy justice shall maintain its throne,
Tho' mountains melt away;
Thy judgments are a world unknown,
A deep, unfathom'd sea.
- 2 Above these heaven's created rounds,
Thy mercies, Lord, extend:
Thy truth outlives the narrow bounds,
Where time and nature end.
- 3 Safety to man thy goodness brings,
Nor overlooks the beast:
Beneath the shadow of thy wings
Thy children love to rest.
- 4 From thee when creature streams run low;
And mortal comforts die,
Perpetual springs of life shall flow,
And raise our pleasures high.
- 5 Tho' all created light decay,
And death close up our eyes,
Thy presence makes eternal day
Where clouds can never rise.

²Source: Isaac Watts, *The Psalms of David* (London: Clark, Ford & Cruttenden, 1719), 98–99. First appeared in *CPH* (1738), 5–6.

The Same [Psalm XXXVI], Ver. 5.³

- 1 O Lord! Thy mercy, my sure hope,
Above the heavenly orbs ascends,
Thy sacred truth's unmeasured scope,
Beyond the spreading sky extends.
- 2 Thy justice, like the hills, remains,
Unfathom'd depths thy judgments are;
Thy providence the world sustains,
The whole creation is thy care.
- 3 Since of thy goodness all partake,
With what assurance should the just
Thy shelt'ring wings their refuge make,
And to thy firm protection trust?
- [4]⁴ Such guests shall to thy courts be led,
To banquet on thy love's repast,
And drink as from a fountain's head
Of joys that shall for ever last.
- [5]⁵ O may our souls thy favour gain!
Unto our hearts thy truth display!
With thee the springs of life remain;
Thy presence is eternal day!

Psalm XXXVIII.⁶

- 1 Amidst thy wrath remember love,
Restore thy servant, Lord!
Nor let a Father's chast'ning prove
Like an avenger's sword!
- 2 My sins a heavy burden are,
And o'er my head are gone;
Too heavy they for me to bear,
Too great for me t' atone.
- 3 My thoughts are like a troubled sea,
My head still bending down;
And I go mourning all the day,
Father, beneath thy frown.

³Source: Nahum Tate and Nicholas Brady, *A New Version of the Psalms of David*, 2nd ed. (London: M. Clark, 1698), 67–68.

⁴Ori., “5”; a misprint.

⁵Ori., “6”; a misprint.

⁶Source: Isaac Watts, *The Psalms of David* (London: Clark, Ford & Cruttenden, 1719), 104–106 (omitting stanzas 2, 5, 8; several alterations). First appeared in *CPH* (1737), 40–41.

- 4 All my desire to thee is known,
Thine eye counts every tear,
And every sigh, and every groan,
Is notic'd by thine ear.
- 5 Thou art my God, my only hope,
O hearken to my cry;
O bear my fainting spirits up,
When Satan bids me die.
- 6 Lord, I confess my guilt to thee,
I grieve for all my sin;
My helpless impotence I see,
And beg support divine.
- 7 O God, forgive my follies past;
Be thou for ever nigh!
O Lord of my salvation haste,
And save me, or I die!

Psalm LI.⁷

- 1 Have mercy on me, Lord,
As thou wert ever kind!
Let me, opprest with loads of guilt,
Thy wonted mercy find.
- 2 Wash out my foul offence,
And cleanse me from my sin;
For I confess my crimes, and see
How great my guilt has been.
- 3 Against thee have I sinn'd,
O Lord, yea in thy sight
Have I transgress'd; and tho' condemn'd,
Must own thy judgment right.
- 4 In guilt each part was form'd
Of all this sinful frame;
In guilt was I conceiv'd, and born
The heir of sin and shame.
- 5 With hyssop purge me, Lord,
And so I clean shall be;
I shall with snow in whiteness vie,
When purified by thee.

⁷Source: Nahum Tate and Nicholas Brady, *A New Version of the Psalms of David*, 2nd ed. (London: M. Clark, 1698), 98–100.

- 6 Make me to hear with joy
Thy kind, forgiving voice;
That so the bones which thou hast broke
May with fresh strength rejoice.
- 7 Blot out my crying sins,
Nor me in anger view;
Create in me a heart that's clean,
An upright mind renew.
- 8 Withdraw not thou thy help,
Nor cast me from thy sight,
Nor let thy Holy Spirit take
Its everlasting flight.
- 9 The joy thy favour gives,
Let me again obtain:
With thy free Spirit's firm support
My fainting soul sustain.
- 10 My weight of guilt remove,
My Saviour and my God;
And my glad tongue shall loudly tell
Thy gracious acts abroad.
- 11 Do thou unlock my lips,
With sorrow clos'd and shame;
So shall my mouth thy wondrous praise
To all the world proclaim.

The Same [Psalm LI].⁸

- 1 O thou that hear'st when sinners cry,
Tho' all my crimes before thee lie,
Behold me not with angry look,
But blot their memory from thy book.
- 2 Create my nature pure within,
And form my soul averse from sin:
Let thy good Spirit ne'er depart,
Nor hide thy presence from my heart.
- 3 I cannot live without thy light,
Cast out and banish'd from thy sight:
Thy saving strength, O Lord, restore,
And guard me that I fall no more.

⁸Source: Isaac Watts, *The Psalms of David* (London: Clark, Ford & Cruttenden, 1719), 143–44 (omitting stanza 5). First appeared in *CPH* (1737), 41–42.

- 4 Tho' I have griev'd thy Spirit, Lord,
His help and comfort still afford:
And let a wretch come near thy throne
To plead the merits of thy Son.
- 5 My soul lies humbled in the dust,
And owns thy dreadful sentence just:
Look down, O Lord, with pitying eye,
And save the soul condemn'd to die.
- 6 Then will I teach the world thy ways;
Sinners shall learn thy sovereign grace:
I'll lead them to my Saviour's blood,
And they shall praise a pard'ning God.
- 7 O may thy love inspire my tongue,
Salvation shall be all my song,
And all my powers shall join to bless
The Lord, my strength and righteousness.

Psalm LXIII.⁹

- 1 Great God, indulge my humble claim;
Be thou my hope, my joy, my rest!
The glories that compose thy name,
Stand all engaged to make me blest.
- 2 Thou great and good, thou just and wise,
Thou art my Father and my God!
And I am thine, by sacred ties,
Thy son, thy servant bought with blood.
- 3 With heart and eyes, and lifted hands,
For thee I long, to thee I look;
As travellers in thirsty lands
Pant for the cooling water-brook.
- 4 Even life itself, without thy love,
No lasting pleasure can afford;
Yea, 't would a tiresome burden prove,
If I were banish'd from thee, Lord!
- 5 I'll lift my hands, I'll raise my voice,
While I have breath to pray or praise;
This work shall make my heart rejoice,
And spend the remnant of my days.

⁹Source: Isaac Watts, *The Psalms of David* (London: Clark, Ford & Cruttenden, 1719), 159–60. First appeared in *CPH* (1738), 46.

Psalm LXXXVIII.¹⁰

- 1 Heavy on me, O Lord, thy judgments lie,
And curst I am; for God neglects my cry.
O Lord, in darkness, in despair I groan;
And every place is hell; for God is gone!
O Lord arise, and let thy beams controul,
These horrid clouds that press my frightened soul,
O rise and save me from eternal night!
Thou art the God of light.
- 2 Downward I hasten to my destin'd place:
There none obtain thy aid, none sing thy praise.
Soon I shall lie in death's deep ocean drown'd,
Is mercy there, is sweet forgiveness found?
O save me yet, while on the brink I stand!
Rebuke these storms, and set me safe on land.
O make my longings and thy mercy sure!
Thou art the God of power!
- 3 Behold the weary prodigal is come,
To thee, his hope, his harbour, and his home.
No father can he find, no friend abroad;
Depriv'd of joy, and destitute of God.
O let thy terrors and his anguish end!
Be thou his Father, Lord, be thou his friend.
Receive the Son thou did'st so long reprove,
Thou art the God of love!

Psalm XC.¹¹

- 1 Thro' every age, eternal God,
Thou art our rest, our safe abode:
High was thy throne ere¹² heaven was made,
Or earth, thy humble footstool, laid.
- 2 Long had'st thou reigned ere¹³ time began,
Or dust was fashioned into man;
And long thy kingdom shall endure,
When earth and time shall be no more.
- 3 But man, weak man, is born to die,
Made up of guilt and vanity:

¹⁰Source: Matthew Prior, "Considerations on the 88th Psalm," in John Dryden, ed. *Examen Poeticum* (London: Jacob Tonson, 1706), 171–72. First appeared in *CPH* (1738), 47.

¹¹Source: Isaac Watts, *The Psalms of David* (London: Clark, Ford & Cruttenden, 1719), 228–29 (omitting stanza 4, 7). First appeared in *CPH* (1737), 42.

¹²Ori., "e'er"; but clearly used in sense of "before."

¹³Ori., "e'er"; but clearly used in sense of "before."

Thy dreadful sentence, Lord, was just;
Dust as thou art, return to dust.

- 4 Death, like an overflowing stream,
Sweeps us away, our life's a dream:
An empty tale, a morning flower,
Cut down and wither'd in an hour.
- 5 Our age to seventy years is set;
How short the term, how frail the state!
Or if to eighty we arrive,
We rather sigh and groan than live.
- 6 Teach us, O Lord, how frail is man;
And kindly lengthen out our span,
Till from the chains of sin set free,
We find immortal life in thee.

The Same [Psalm XC].¹⁴

- 1 Lord, if thine eye surveys our faults,
And justice grow severe,
Thy dreadful wrath exceeds our thoughts,
And burns beyond our fear.
- 2 Thine anger turns our frame to dust:
By one offence to thee
Adam with all his sons have lost
Their immortality.
- 3 Life like a vain amusement flies
A fable or a song;
By swift degrees our nature dies,
Nor can our joys be long.
- 4 'Tis but a few whose days amount
To threescore years and ten;
And all beyond that short account
Is sorrow, toil, and pain.
- 5 Almighty God, reveal thy love,
And not thy wrath alone,
O let our sweet experience prove
The mercies of thy throne.

¹⁴Source: Isaac Watts, *The Psalms of David* (London: Clark, Ford & Cruttenden, 1719), 231–32 (omitting stanza 5). First appeared in *CPH* (1737), 43.

6 Our souls would learn the heav'nly art
T' improve the hours we have;
That we may act the wiser part,
And live beyond the grave.

The Same [Psalm XC].¹⁵

1 O God, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come,
Our shelter from the stormy blast,
And our eternal home:

2 Under the shadow of thy throne
Still may we dwell secure;
Sufficient is thine arm alone,
And our defence is sure.

3 Before the hills in order stood,
Or earth received her frame,
From everlasting thou art God,
To endless years the same.

4 A thousand ages in thy sight,
Are like an evening gone;
Short as the watch that ends the night,
Before the rising sun.

5 The busy tribes of flesh and blood,
With all their cares and fears,
Are carried downward by the flood,
And lost in following years.

6 Time, like an ever-rolling stream,
Bears all its sons away;
Then fly forgotten, as a dream
Dies at the op'ning day.

7 O God, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come,
Be thou our guard while life shall last,
And our perpetual home.

¹⁵Source: Isaac Watts, *The Psalms of David* (London: Clark, Ford & Cruttenden, 1719), 229–30. First appeared in *CPH* (1738), 47–48.

Psalm XCI.¹⁶

- 1 He that hath God his guardian made,
Shall under the Almighty's shade
Secure and undisturbed abide:
Thus to my soul of him I'll say,
He is my fortress and my stay,
My God, in whom I will confide.
- 2 Thy tender love and watchful care
Shall free me from the fowler's snare,
And from the noisom pestilence:
Thou over me thy wings shalt spread,
And cover my unguarded head;
Thy truth shall be my strong defence.
- 3 No terrors that surprize by night,
Shall thy undaunted courage fright;
Nor deadly shafts that fly by day:
Nor plague of unknown rise that kills
In darkness, nor infectious ills
That in the hottest seasons slay.
- 4 A thousand at thy side shall die,
At thy right hand ten thousand lie,
While thy firm health untouch'd remains:
Thou only shalt look on and see
The wicked's dismal tragedy,
And count the sinner's mournful gains.
- 5 Because with well-placed confidence
Thou mak'st the Lord thy sure defence,
And on the highest dost rely;
Therefore no ill shall thee befall,
Nor to thy healthful dwelling shall
Any infectious plague draw nigh.
- 6 For he throughout thy happy days,
To keep thee safe in all thy ways
Shall give his angels strict commands;
And they, lest thou should'st chance to meet
With some rough stone to wound thy feet,
Shall bear thee safely in their hands.

¹⁶Source: Nahum Tate and Nicholas Brady, *A New Version of the Psalms of David*, 2nd ed. (London: M. Clark, 1698), 186–87. First appeared in *CPH* (1738), 9–10.

Psalm XCIII.¹⁷

- 1 With glory clad, with strength array'd,
The Lord that o'er all nature reigns,
The world's foundations strongly laid,
And the vast fabrick still sustains.
- 2 How sure established is thy throne!
Which shall no change or period see;
For thou, O Lord, and thou alone
Art King from all eternity.
- [3]¹⁸ The floods, O Lord, lift up their voice,
And toss the troubled waves on high;
But God above can still their noise,
And make the angry sea comply.
- 4 Thy promise, Lord, is ever sure;
And they that in thy house would dwell,
That happy station to secure,
Must still in holiness excel.

Psalm CXXI.¹⁹

- 1 To heaven I lift my waiting eyes,
There all my hopes are laid:
The Lord that built the earth and skies
Is my perpetual aid.
- 2 Their feet, O Lord, shall never fall,
Whom thou vouchsaf' st to keep:
Thy ear attends the softest call,
Thy eyes can never sleep.
- 3 Thou wilt sustain our feeble powers
With thy almighty arm:
Thou watchest our unguarded hours
Against invading harm.
- 4 Nor scorching sun, nor sickly moon,
Shall have thy leave to smite;
Thou shield' st our heads from burning noon,
From blasting damps at night.

¹⁷Source: Nahum Tate and Nicholas Brady, *A New Version of the Psalms of David*, 2nd ed. (London: M. Clark, 1698), 190.

¹⁸Ori., "4"; a misprint.

¹⁹Source: Isaac Watts, *The Psalms of David* (London: Clark, Ford & Cruttenden, 1719), 332–33. First appeared in *CPH* (1738), 13–14.

5 He guards our souls, he keeps our breath,
Where thickest dangers come:
Go and return, secure from death,
Till God commands thee home.

Psalm CXXX.²⁰

1 From the deeps of grief and fear,
Lord, to thee my soul repairs;
From thy heaven bow down thine ear!
Let thy mercy meet my prayers.
If thou mark what's done amiss,
Who so pure can see thy bliss?

2 But with thee sweet mercy stands,
Sealing pardons, calming fear:
Wait, my soul, wait on his hands;
Wait, mine eye; O wait, mine ear!
If he now his voice affords,
Mark his looks, catch all his words.

3 As the watchman waits for day,
Looks for light, and looks again,
Till the less'ning shades decay,
And fair day resumes her reign;
So look, and so wait, mine eyes,
Till my Lord, my Sun arise.

4 Wait, ye saints, wait on our Lord:
From his tongue sweet mercy flows:
Wait his cross, wait on his word;
On that tree redemption grows.
He redeems from death and hell!
Come, nor let thy promise fail!

Psalm CXXXIX.²¹ **Part the First.**

1 Lord, all I am is known²² to thee,
In vain my soul would try
To shun thy presence, or to flee
The notice of thine eye.

2 Thy all-surrounding sight surveys
My rising and my rest,
My publick walks, my private ways,
The secrets of my breast.

²⁰Phineas Fletcher, *The Purple Island ...* (Cambridge, University Printers, 1633), 93–94.

²¹Source: Isaac Watts, *The Psalms of David* (London: Clark, Ford & Cruttenden, 1719), 369–72. First appeared in *CPH* (1738), 48–50.

²²Ori., “am known is”; a misprint, corrected in 2nd edn. (1743).

- 3 My thoughts lie open to thee, Lord,
Before they're form'd within,
And ere²³ my lips pronounce the word
Thou know'st the sense I mean.
- 4 O wond'rous knowledge, deep and high!
Where can a creature hide?
Within thy circling arms I lie
Beset on every side.
- 5 So let thy grace surround me still,
And like a bulwark prove,
To guard my soul from ev'ry ill,
Secur'd by sov'reign love.

Part the Second.

- 1 Lord, where shall guilty souls retire,
Forgotten and unknown?
In hell they meet thy vengeful fire,
In heav'n thy glorious throne.
- 2 Should I suppress my vital breath,
T' escape the wrath divine,
Thy voice would break the bars of death,
And make the grave resign.
- 3 If wing'd with beams of morning light
I fly beyond the west,
Thy hand, which must support my flight,
Would soon betray my rest.
- 4 If o'er my sins I seek to draw
The curtains of the night,
Those flaming eyes that guard thy law
Would turn the shades to light.
- 5 The beams of noon, the midnight hour,
Are both alike to thee:
O may I ne'er provoke that power
From which I cannot flee!

²³Ori., "e'er"; but clearly used in sense of "before."

Part the Third.

- 1 When I with pleasing wonder stand,
And all my frame survey,
Lord, 'tis thy work; I own thy hand,
That built my humble clay.
- 2 Thy hand my heart and reins possess'd,
Where unborn nature grew,
Thy wisdom all my features trac'd,
And all my members drew.
- 3 Thine eye with tender care survey'd
The growth of every part,
Till the whole scheme thy thoughts had laid
Was copy'd by thy art.
- 4 Heav'n, earth, and sea, and fire, and wind,
Shew me thy wond'rous skill;
But I review myself, and find
Diviner wonders still.
- 5 Thy awful glories round me shine,
My flesh proclaims thy praise;
Lord, to thy works of nature join
Thy miracles of grace!

God's Eternal Dominion.²⁴

- 1 Great God, how infinite art thou,
What worthless worms are we?
Let the whole race of creatures bow,
And pay their²⁵ praise to thee.
- 2 Thy throne eternal ages stood,
Ere seas or stars were made;
Thou art the everlasting God,
Were all the nations dead.
- 3 Nature and time quite naked lie
To thine immense survey,
From the formation of the sky,
To the great burning day.

²⁴Source: Isaac Watts, *Hymns and Spiritual Songs*, 2nd ed. (London: John Lawrence, 1709), 190 (Book 2, no. 67). First appeared in *CPH* (1738), 21.

²⁵Ori., "thy"; a misprint, as seen in *CPH* (1738), 21.

- 4 Eternity, with all its years,
 Stands present to thy view;
To thee there's nothing old appears,
 Great God, there's nothing new.
- 5 Our lives thro' various scenes are drawn,
 And vex'd with trifling cares,
While thine eternal thought moves on
 Thine undisturb'd affairs.
- 6 Great God, how infinite, &c.²⁶

The Creator and Creatures.²⁷

- 1 God is a name my soul adores,
 Th' almighty Three, th' eternal One!
Nature and grace with all their pow'rs
 Confess the infinite unknown.
- 2 Thy voice produc'd the sea and spheres,
 Bid the waves roar, and planets shine;
But nothing like thyself appears
 Thro' all these spacious works of thine.
- 3 Still restless nature dies and grows,
 From change to change the creatures run;
Thy being no succession knows,
 And all thy vast designs are one.
- 4 A glance of thine runs thro' the globes,
 Rules the bright worlds, and moves their frame;
Broad sheets of light compose thy robes,
 Thy guards are form'd of living flame.
- 5 How shall affrighted mortals dare
 To sing thy glory or thy grace?
Beneath thy feet we lie so far,
 And see but shadows of thy face.
- 6 Who can behold the blazing light?
 Who can approach consuming flame?
None but thy Wisdom knows thy might,
 None but thy Word can speak thy name.

²⁶I.e., stanza 1 repeated.

²⁷Source: Isaac Watts, *Horae Lyricae* (London: Humfreys, 1709), 14–16. First appeared in *CPH* (1738), 22.

Life and Eternity.²⁸

- 1 Thee we adore, eternal name,
 And humbly own to thee
 How feeble is our mortal frame,
 What dying worms we be!
- 2 Our wasting lives grow shorter still,
 As months and days increase!
 And every beating pulse we tell
 Leaves but the number less.
- 3 The year rolls round, and steals away
 The breath that first it gave;
 Whate'er we do, where'er we be,
 We're travelling to the grave.
- 4 Dangers stand thick thro' all the ground
 To push us to the tomb,
 And fierce diseases wait around
 To hurry mortals home.
- 5 Great God! On what a slender thread
 Hang everlasting things!
 Th' eternal states of all the dead
 Upon life's feeble strings!
- 6 Infinite joy, and endless woe,
 Attend on ev'ry breath;
 And yet how unconcern'd we go
 Upon the brink of death!
- 7 Waken, O Lord, our drowsy sense,
 To walk this dang'rous road;
 And if our souls are hurried hence,
 May they be found with God!

Complaining of Spiritual Sloth.²⁹

- 1 My drowsy powers, why sleep ye so?
 Awake my sluggish soul:
 Nothing has half thy work to do;
 Yet nothing's half so dull.

²⁸Source: Isaac Watts, *Hymns and Spiritual Songs*, 2nd ed. (London: John Lawrence, 1709), 178–79 (Book 2, no. 55). First appeared in *CPH* (1738), 53–54

²⁹Source: Isaac Watts, *Hymns and Spiritual Songs*, 2nd ed. (London: John Lawrence, 1709), 151 (Book 2, no. 25). First appeared in *CPH* (1738), 54–55.

- 2 Go to the ants: for one poor grain
 See how they toil and strive!
 Yet we who have a heav'n t' obtain
 How negligent we live!
- 3 We for whose sake all nature stands,
 And stars their courses move;
 We for whose guards the angel bands
 Come flying from above:
- 4 We for whom God the Son came down,
 And labour'd for our good,
 How careless to secure that crown
 He purchas'd with his blood!
- 5 Lord, shall we lie so sluggish still,
 And never act our parts?
 Come, Holy Dove, from the heav'nly hill,
 And warm our frozen hearts.
- 6 Give us with active warmth to move,
 With vig'rous souls to rise!
 With hands of faith and wings of love
 To fly and take the prize.

Judgment.³⁰

- 1 When rising from the bed of death,
 O'erwhelm'd with guilt and fear,
 I view my Maker face to face,
 O how shall I appear!
- 2 If yet, while pardon may be found,
 And mercy may be sought,
 My soul with inward horror shrinks,
 And trembles at the thought!
- 3 When thou, O Lord, shalt stand disclosed
 In majesty severe,
 And sit in judgment on my soul,
 O how shall I appear!
- 4 O may my broken contrite heart
 Timely my sins lament,
 And early with repentant tears
 Eternal woe prevent!

³⁰Source: Joseph Addison & Richard Steele, *The Spectator* (London: Sharpe & Hailes, 1711–14), 513 (Oct. 18, 1712). First appeared in *CPH* (1737), 47–48.

5 Behold the sorrows of my heart,
Ere yet it be too late!
And hear my Saviour's dying groans
To give those sorrows weight.

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

On the Crucifixion.³¹

1 From whence these dire portents around,
That earth and heaven amaze?
Wherefore do earthquakes cleave the ground,
Why hides the sun his rays?

2 Not thus did Sinai's trembling head
With sacred horror nod,
Beneath the dark pavilion spread
Of legislative God.

3 Thou, earth, thy lowest centre shake,
With Jesu sympathize!
Thou sun, as hell's deep gloom be black,
'Tis thy Creator dies!

4 See, streaming from th' accursed tree,
His all-atoning blood!
Is this the infinite? 'Tis he,
My Saviour and my God!

5 For me these pangs his soul assail,
For me the death is born!
My sin gave sharpness to the nail,
And pointed every thorn!

6 Let sin no more my soul enslave!
Break, Lord, the tyrant's chain!
O save me, whom thou cam'st to save,
Nor bleed nor die in vain!

³¹Source: Samuel Wesley Jr., *Poems on Several Occasions* (London: S. Birt, 1736), 136–37 (omitting stanza 4). First appeared in *CPH* (1737), 44–45.

Sovereignty and Grace.³²

- 1 The Lord! How fearful is his name!
How wide is his command!
Nature with all her moving frame
Rests on his mighty hand.
- 2 Immortal glory forms his throne,
And light his awful robe,
While with a smile, or with a frown,
He manages the globe.
- 3 A word of his almighty breath
Can swell or sink the seas,
Build the vast empires of the earth,
Or break them as he please.
- 4 Adoring angels round him fall,
In all their shining forms;
His sov'reign eye looks thro' them all,
And pities mortal worms.
- 5 His bowels to our worthless race
In sweet compassion move;
He cloaths his looks with softest grace,
And takes his title, love.
- 6 Now let the Lord for ever reign,
And sway us as he will;
Sick or in health, in ease or pain,
We are his children still.
- 7 No more shall peevish passions rise,
The³³ tongue no more complain:
'Tis sov'reign love that lends our joys,
And love resumes again.

Faith in Christ.³⁴

- 1 How sad our state by nature is,
Our sin how deep it stains,
And Satan binds our captive souls
Fast in his slavish chains.

³²Source: Isaac Watts, *Horae Lyricae* (London: Humfreys, 1709), 95–96. First appeared in *CPH* (1738), 29.

³³“The” changed to “Our” in 2nd edn. (1743) and following.

³⁴Source: Isaac Watts, *Hymns and Spiritual Songs*, 2nd ed. (London: John Lawrence, 1709), 211–12 (Book 2, no. 90). First appeared in *CPH* (1737), 52.

- 2 But there's a voice of sov'reign grace
Sounds from thy sacred word,
Here the despairing sinners come,
And trust upon the Lord.
- 3 My soul obeys th' almighty call,
And runs to this relief;
I would believe thy promise, Lord!
O help my unbelief.
- 4 To the blest fountain of thy blood,
Incarnate God, I fly;
Here let me wash my spotted soul
From crimes of deepest dye.
- 5 Stretch out thy arm, victorious King,
My reigning sins subdue;
Drive the old dragon from his seat,
With his infernal crew.
- 6 A guilty, weak, and helpless worm
Into thy arms I fall;
Be thou my strength and righteousness,
My Jesus and my all.

Christ Our Righteousness, &c.³⁵

- 1 How heavy is the night
That hangs upon our eyes,
Till Christ with his reviving light
Upon our souls arise!
- 2 Our guilty spirits dread
To meet the wrath of heaven;
But in thy righteousness array'd
We see our sins forgiven.
- 3 Unholy and impure
Are all our thoughts and ways;
Thy hand infected nature cure
With sanctifying grace.
- 4 The powers of hell agree
To hold our souls, in vain;
Thou set'st the sons of bondage free,
And break'st the cursed chain.

³⁵Source: Isaac Watts, *Hymns and Spiritual Songs*, 2nd ed. (London: John Lawrence, 1709), 78–79 (Book 1, no. 98). First appeared in *CPH* (1737), 56.

5 Lord, we adore thy ways
To bring us near to God,
Thy sov'reign power, thy healing grace,
And thine attoning blood.

Adoption.³⁶

1 Behold what wond'rous grace
The Father hath bestow'd
On sinners of a mortal race,
To call them sons of God!

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

3 Lord, arm us with this hope
All trials to endure:
O purge our souls from sense and sin,
As thou our God art pure.

4 If in my Father's love
I share a filial part,
Shower down thy influence, Holy Dove,
And rest upon my heart.

5 We would no longer lie
Like slaves beneath thy throne;
O let us Abba Father cry,
And thou the kindred own!

Hymn to Christ.³⁷

1 O Jesu, why, why dost thou love
Such worthless things as we?
Why is thy heart still toward us,
Who seldom think on thee?

2 Thy bounty gives us all we have,
And we thy gifts abuse;
Thy bounty gives us even thyself,
And we thyself refuse.

³⁶Source: Isaac Watts, *Hymns and Spiritual Songs*, 2nd ed. (London: John Lawrence, 1709), 47–48 (Book 1, no. 64, omitting stanza 2). First appeared in *CPH* (1737), 19–20.

³⁷Source: William Birchley [i.e., John Austin], *Devotions in the Ancient Way of Offices ... Reformed by a Person of Quality* [Susanna Hopton] and *Published by George Hickes* (London: for J. Jones, 1700), Hymn 30, stanzas 1–3, 6–8 (pp. 316–17). First appeared in *CPH* (1737), 36–37.

- 3 And why, alas! Why do we love
Such wretched things as these?
These, that withdraw us from our Lord,
And his pure eyes displease?
- 4 Break off and raise thy manly eye
Up to those joys above;
Behold all these our Lord prepares
To gain and crown thy love.
- 5 Alas! O Lord, we cannot love
Unless thou draw our heart!
Thou, who vouchsaf'st to make us know,
O make us do our part.
- 6 Still do thou love me, O my Lord,
That I may still love thee;
Still make me love thee, O my God,
That thou may'st still love me.

Inconstancy.³⁸

- 1 Lord Jesu, when, when shall it be,
That I no more shall break with thee!
When will this war of passions cease,
And my free soul enjoy thy peace?
- 2 Here I repent, and sin again;
Now I revive, and now am slain;
Slain with the same unhappy dart,
Which, O! Too often wounds my heart.
- 3 O Saviour, when, when shall I be
A garden seal'd to all but thee?
No more expos'd, no more undone;
But live and grow to thee alone!
- 4 Guide thou, my³⁹ Lord, guide thou my course,
And draw me on with thy sweet force!
Still make me walk, still make me tend
By thee my way, to thee my end.

³⁸Source: William Birchley [i.e., John Austin], *Devotions in the Ancient Way of Offices ... Reformed by a Person of Quality* [Susanna Hopton] and *Published by George Hickes* (London: for J. Jones, 1700), Hymn 4, stanzas 1–3 (pp. 42–44) & Hymn 13, stanza 6 (p. 122). First appeared in *CPH* (1737), 55.

³⁹“My” is changed to “O” in 2nd edn. (1743) and following.

A Thought in Affliction.⁴⁰

- 1 Wilt thou, O Lord, regard my tears,
The fruit of guilt and fear?
Me, who thy justice have provok'd,
O will thy mercy spare?
- 2 Yes; for the broken, contrite heart,
Saviour, thy sufferings plead;
O quench not then the smoking flax,
Nor break the bruised reed!
- 3 Thy poor, unworthy servant view,
Resign'd to thy decree;
Ordain me, or to live, or die,
But live or die in thee.
- 4 Upon thy gracious promise, Lord,
My humbled soul is cast!
O bear me safe, thro' life, thro' death,
And raise me up at last!
- 5 Low as this mortal frame must lie,
This mortal frame shall sing,
Where is thy victory, O grave,
And where, O death, thy sting!

The Christian Race.⁴¹

- 1 Awake, our souls (away our fears,
Let every trembling thought be gone)
Awake, and run the heavenly race
And put a chearful courage on.
- 2 True, 'tis a strait and thorny road,
And mortal spirits tire and faint;
But we forget the mighty God,
That feeds the strength of every saint.
- 3 O mighty God, thy matchless power
Is ever new, and ever young,
And firm endures while endless years
Their everlasting circles run.

⁴⁰Source: David Lewis, ed., *Miscellaneous Poems* (London: J. Watts, 1726), 134–36 (stanzas 5–6, 8–10). First appeared in *CPH* (1737), 43–44.

⁴¹Source: Isaac Watts, *Hymns and Spiritual Songs*, 2nd ed. (London: John Lawrence, 1709), 33–34 (Book 1, no. 48). First appeared in *CPH* (1737), 20–21.

4 From thee, the overflowing spring,
Our souls shall drink a fresh supply;
While such as trust their native strength
Shall melt away, and droop and die.

5 Swift as an eagle cuts the air,
We'll mount aloft to thine abode;
On wings of love our souls shall fly,
Nor tire amid' st the heavenly road!

The New Creation.⁴²

1 Attend, while God's eternal Son
Doth his own glories shew:
"Behold, I sit upon my throne,
Creating all things new.

2 "Nature and sin are past away,
And the old Adam dies;
My hands a new foundation lay;
See a new world arise!"

3 Mighty Redeemer, set me free
From my old state of sin;
O make my soul alive to thee,
Create new pow'rs within.

4 Renew my eyes, and form my ears,
And mould my heart afresh;
Give me new passions, joys, and fears,
And turn the stone to flesh.

5 Far from the regions of the dead,
From sin, and earth, and hell,
In the new world thy grace hath made,
May I for ever dwell!

Christ's Humiliation and Exaltation.⁴³

1 What equal honours shall we bring
To thee, O Lord, our God the Lamb?
Since all the notes that angels sing
Are far inferior to thy name.

⁴²Source: Isaac Watts, *Hymns and Spiritual Songs*, 2nd ed. (London: John Lawrence, 1709), 240 (Book 2, no. 130). First appeared in *CPH* (1738), 33–34.

⁴³Source: Isaac Watts, *Hymns and Spiritual Songs*, 2nd ed. (London: John Lawrence, 1709), 46–47 (Book 1, no. 63, omitting stanza 4). First appeared in *CPH* (1737), 22.

- 2 Worthy is he that once was slain,
The Prince of Peace that groan'd and dy'd,
Worthy to rise, and live and reign
At his Almighty Father's side.
- 3 Power and dominion are his due,
Who stood condemn'd at Pilate's bar;
Wisdom belongs to Jesus too,
Tho' he was charg'd with madness here.
- 4 Honour immortal must be paid
Instead of scandal and of scorn;
While glory shines around his head,
And a bright crown without a thorn.
- 5 Blessings for ever on the Lamb,
Who bore the curse for wretched men!⁴⁴
Let angels sound his sacred name,
And every creature say, Amen!

Salvation by Grace.⁴⁵

- 1 Lord, we confess our numerous faults,
How great our guilt has been;
Foolish and vain were all our thoughts,
And all our lives were sin.
- 2 But, O my soul, for ever praise,
For ever love his name,
Who turns thy feet from dang'rous ways
Of folly, sin, and shame.
- 3 'Tis not by works of righteousness,
Which our own hands have done;
But we are saved by sovereign grace
Abounding thro' thy Son.
- 4 'Tis from the mercy of our God
That all our hopes begin;
'Tis by the water and the blood
Our souls are cleans'd from sin.
- 5 'Tis thro' the purchase of his death
Who hung upon the tree,
Thy Spirit is sent down to breathe
On such dry bones as we.

⁴⁴Changed to read "Who bore our sin, and curse and pain" in 2nd edn. (1743) and following.

⁴⁵Source: Isaac Watts, *Hymns and Spiritual Songs*, 2nd ed. (London: John Lawrence, 1709), 88 (Book 1, no. 111). First appeared in *CPH* (1737), 54–55.

- 6 Rais'd from the dead we live anew,
And justified by grace,
We shall appear in glory too,
And see our Father's face.

God's Love and Power.

- 1 I felt my heart, and found a chillness cool
Its purple channels in my frozen side;
The spring was now become a standing pool,
Deprived of motion, and its active tide.
O stay! O stay!
I ever freeze if banish'd from thy ray:
A lasting warmth thy secret beams beget;
Thou art a sun which cannot rise or set.
- 2 Then thaw this ice, and make my frost retreat,
But let with temp'rate rays thy lustre shine;
Thy judgment's lightning, but thy love is heat,
Those would consume my heart, but this refine.
Inspire, inspire!
And melt my soul with thy more equal fire;
So shall a pensive deluge drown my fears,
My ice turn water, and dissolve in tears.
- 3 After thy love, if I continue hard,
If sin again knit, and confirm'd be grown,
If guilt rebel, and stand upon his guard,
And what was ice before freeze into stone;
Reprove, reprove!
Thy power assist thee to revenge thy love:
Lo, thou hast still thy threats and thunder left,
The stone that can't be melted may be cleft!

Waiting for the Spirit of Adoption.⁴⁶

- 1 All glory to the dying Lamb,
And never-ceasing praise,
While angels live to know thy name,
Or men to feel thy grace.

⁴⁶Source: Isaac Watts, *Hymns and Spiritual Songs*, 2nd ed. (London: John Lawrence, 1709). Wesley weaves together (with significant adaptation): Bk. 2, no. 29, st. 4 (p. 155); Bk. 2, no. 7, st. 5 (p. 135); Bk. 2, no. 9, st. 5 (pp. 136–37); and Bk. 1, no. 143, sts. 5, 9, 10 (p. 114).

- 2 With this cold, stony heart of mine,
 Jesu, to thee I flee!
And to thy grace my soul resign,
 To be renew'd by thee.
- 3 Give me to hide my blushing face,
 While thy dear cross appears;
Dissolve my heart in thankfulness,
 And melt my eyes to tears.
- 4 O may thy uncorrupted seed
 Abide and reign within;
And thy life-giving word forbid
 My new-born soul to sin.
- 5 Father, I wait before thy throne;
 Call me a child of thine;
Send down the Spirit of thy Son
 To form my heart divine.
- 6 There shed thy promis'd love abroad,
 And make my comforts strong;
Then shall I say, "My Father, God!"
 With an unwav'ring tongue.

Hymn to the Holy Ghost.⁴⁷

- 1 Come, Holy Sp'rit, send down those beams
Which gently flow in silent streams
 From thy eternal throne above:
Come, thou enricher of the poor,
Thou bounteous source of all our store,
 Fill us with faith, with hope, and love.
- 2 Come, thou our soul's delightful guest,
The wearied pilgrim's sweetest rest,
 The fainting sufferer's best relief:
Come, thou our passions cool allay;
Thy comfort wipes all tears away,
 And turns to peace and joy all grief.

⁴⁷Source: William Birchley [i.e., John Austin], *Devotions in the Ancient Way of Offices ... Reformed by a Person of Quality* [Susanna Hopton] and *Published by George Hickes* (London: for J. Jones, 1700), Hymn 35, stanzas 1, 2, 4, 6 (pp. 377–78.), much altered. First appeared in *CPH* (1737), 22–23.

- 3 Lord, wash our sinful stains away,
Water from heaven our barren clay,
Our sickness cure, our bruises heal:
To thy sweet yoke our stiff necks bow,
Warm with thy fire our hearts of snow,
And there enthron'd for ever dwell.
- 4 All glory to the sacred Three
One everlasting Deity,
All love and power, and might and praise:
As at the first, ere⁴⁸ time begun,
May the same homage still be done
When earth and heaven itself decays.

Charity.⁴⁹

- 1 Happy the heart, where graces reign,
Where love inspires the breast!
Love is the brightest of the train,
And perfects all the rest.
- 2 Knowledge, alas! 'Tis all in vain,
And all in vain our fear?
Our stubborn sins will fight and reign,
If love be absent there.
- 3 'Tis love that makes our chearful feet
In swift obedience move;
The devils know and tremble too,
But Satan cannot love.
- 4 This is the grace that lives and sings,
When faith and hope shall cease;
'Tis this shall strike our joyful strings
In the sweet realms of bliss.
- 5 Yea, ere⁵⁰ we quite forsake our clay,
Or leave this dark abode,
The wings of love bear us away
To see our gracious God!

⁴⁸Ori., "e'er"; but clearly used in sense of "before."

⁴⁹Source: Isaac Watts, "Love to God," *Hymns and Spiritual Songs*, 2nd ed. (London: John Lawrence, 1709), 163 (Book 2, no. 38). First appeared in *CPH* (1738), 40.

⁵⁰Ori., "e'er"; but clearly used in sense of "before."

Crucifixion to the World.⁵¹

- 1 When I survey the wond'rous cross
On which the Prince of Glory died,
My richest gain I count but loss,
And pour contempt on all my pride.
- 2 Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast
Save in the death of Christ my God!
All the vain things that charm'd me most
I sacrifice them to his blood.
- 3 See from his head, his hands, his feet,
Sorrow and love flow mingled down!
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet!
Or thorns compose so rich a crown?
- 4 Were the whole realm of nature mine,
That were a present far too small;
Love so amazing, so divine,
Demands my soul, my life, my all.

Unfruitfulness.⁵²

- 1 Long have I sat beneath the sound
Of thy salvation, Lord,
But still how weak my faith is found,
And knowledge of thy word!
- 2 Oft I frequent thy holy place,
Yet hear almost in vain;
How small a portion of thy grace
Can my hard heart retain!
- 3 My gracious Saviour and my God,
How little art thou known
By all the judgments of thy rod,
And blessings of thy throne?
- 4 How cold and feeble is my love!
How negligent my fear!
How low my hope of joys above!
How few affections there!

⁵¹Source: Isaac Watts, *Hymns and Spiritual Songs*, 2nd ed. (London: John Lawrence, 1709), 289 (Book 3, no. 7). First appeared in *CPH* (1738), 39.

⁵²Source: Isaac Watts, *Hymns and Spiritual Songs*, 2nd ed. (London: John Lawrence, 1709), 274–75 (Book 2, no. 165). First appeared in *CPH* (1737), 50–51.

5 Great God, thy sovereign power impart,
To give thy word success;
Write thy salvation in my heart,
And make me learn thy grace.

6 Shew my forgetful feet the way,
That leads to joys on high,
There knowledge grows without decay,
And love shall never die.

Sincere Praise.⁵³

1 Almighty Maker, God!
How glorious is thy name!
Thy wonders how diffus'd abroad,
Throughout creation's frame!

2 In native white and red,
The rose and lilly stand;
And free from pride their beauties spread,
To shew thy skilful hand.

3 The lark mounts up the sky
With unambitious song,
And bears her Maker's praise on high
Upon her artless tongue.

4 Fain would I rise and sing
To my Creator too;
Fain would my heart adore my King,
And give him praises due.

5 But pride, that busy sin,
Spoils all that I perform,
Curs'd pride that creeps securely in,
And swells a haughty worm.

6 Thy glories I abate,
Or praise thee with design,
Part of thy favours I forget,
Or think the merit mine.

7 Create my soul anew,
Else all my worship's vain;
This wretched heart will ne'er prove true
Till it be form'd again.

⁵³Source: Isaac Watts, *Horae Lyricae* (London: Humfreys, 1709), 49–51 (omitting stanzas 2, 8). First appeared in *CPH* (1737), 32–33.

- 8 Descend, celestial fire,
And seize me from above!
Wrap me in flames of pure desire
A sacrifice to love.
- 9 Let joy and worship spend
The remnant of my days,
And to my God my soul ascend
In sweet perfumes of praise.

Christ's Compassion for the Tempted.⁵⁴

- 1 With joy we meditate the grace
Of our high priest above;
His heart is made of tenderness,
His bowels melt with love.
- 2 Touch'd with a sympathy within,
He knows our feeble frame;
He knows what sore temptations mean,
For he hath felt the same.
- 3 He, in the days of feeble flesh,
Pour'd out his cries and tears,
And in his measure feels afresh
What every member bears.
- 4 He'll never quench the smoaking flax,
But raise it to a flame,
The bruised reed he never breaks,
Nor scorns the meanest name.
- 5 Then let our humble faith address
His mercy and his power:
We shall obtain delivering grace
In the distressing hour.

The Resignation.⁵⁵

- 1 Long have I view'd, long have I thought,
And trembling held this bitter draught;
'Twas now just to my lips applied,
Nature shrank in, my courage died:
But now resolv'd and firm I'll be,
Since, Lord, 'tis mixt and giv'n by thee.

⁵⁴Source: Isaac Watts, *Hymns and Spiritual Songs*, 2nd ed. (London: John Lawrence, 1709), 99–100 (Book 1, no. 125, omitting stanza 3). First appeared in *CPH* (1737), 48–49.

⁵⁵Source: John Norris, *A Collection of Miscellanies* (Oxford: J. Crosely, 1687), 106–7. First appeared in *CPH* (1738), 26–27.

- 2 I'll trust my Great Physician's skill,
 What he prescribes can ne'er be ill:
 For each disease he knows what's fit,
 He's wise and good, and I submit.
 No longer will I grieve or pine;
 Thy pleasure 'tis, it shall be mine.
- 3 Thy med'cine puts me to great smart,
 Thou wound'st me in the tender'st part,
 But 'tis with a design to cure,
 I must and will thy touch endure.
 All that I priz'd below is gone;
 Yet still, Father, thy will be done.
- 4 Since 'tis thy sentence I should part
 With what was nearest to my heart,
 I freely that and more resign,
 Behold my heart itself is thine.
 My little all I give to thee;
 Thou'st given more, thy Son, to me.⁵⁶
- 5 He left true bliss and joy above,
 Empty'd himself of all but love:
 For me he freely did forsake
 More than from me he ere can take.
 A mortal life for a divine
 He took, and did ev'n that resign.
- 6 Take all, great God, I will not grieve,
 But still wish I had still to give.
 I hear thy voice, thou bid'st me quit
 My paradise, and I submit.
 I will not murmur at thy word,
 Nor beg thee to sheath up thy sword.

The Comparison and Complaint.⁵⁷

- 1 Infinite power! Eternal Lord!
 How sovereign is thy hand!
 All nature rose t' obey thy word,
 And moves at thy command.

⁵⁶This line changed to: "Thou hast bestow'd thy Son on me" in 2nd edn. (1743) and following.

⁵⁷Source: Isaac Watts, *Horae Lyricae* (London: Humfreys, 1709), 73–74. First appeared in *CPH* (1738), 74–75.

- 2 With steady course thy shining sun
Keeps his appointed way,
And all the hours obedient run
The circle of the day.
- 3 But ah! How wide my spirit flies,
And wanders from her God!
My soul forgets the heavenly prize,
And treads the downward road.
- 4 The raging fire and stormy sea
Perform thy awful will,
And every beast and ev'ry tree
Thy great design fulfil.
- 5 While my wild passions rage within,
Nor thy commands obey;
But flesh and sense, enslav'd to sin,
Draw my best thoughts away.
- 6 Shall creatures of a meaner frame
Pay all their dues to thee?
Creatures that never knew thy name,
That ne'er were lov'd like me?
- 7 Great God, create my soul anew,
Conform my heart to thine,
Melt down my will, and let it flow,
And take the mould divine.
- 8 Seize my whole frame into thy hand,
Here all my powers I bring;
Manage the wheels by thy command,
And govern ev'ry spring.
- 9 Then shall my feet no more depart,
Nor my affections rove;
Devotion shall be all my heart,
And all my passions love.

A Prayer for the Light of Life.

- 1 O Sun of righteousness, arise,
With healing in thy wing!
To my diseas'd, my fainting soul,
Life and salvation bring.

- 2 These clouds of pride and sin dispel
 By thy all-piercing beam;
 Lighten mine eyes with faith, my heart
 With holy hope inflame.
- 3 My mind by thy all-quickning power
 From low desires set free:
 Unite my scatter'd thoughts, and fix
 My love entire on thee.
- 4 Father, thy long-lost son receive!
 Saviour, thy purchase own!
 Blest Comforter, with peace and joy
 Thy new-made creature crown!
- 5 Eternal undivided Lord,
 Co-equal One and Three,
 On thee all faith, all hope be plac'd,
 All love be paid to thee.

Submission.⁵⁸

- 1 But that thou art my wisdom, Lord,
 And both my eyes are thine,
 My soul would be extremely stir'd
 At missing my design!
- 2 Were it not better to bestow
 Some place or power on me?
 Then should thy praises with me grow,
 And share in my degree.
- 3 But while I thus dispute and grieve,
 I do resume my sight;
 And pilf'ring what I once did give,
 Disseize thee of thy right.
- 4 How know I, if thou should'st me raise,
 That I should then raise thee?
 Perhaps my wishes and thy praise
 Do not so well agree.
- 5 Therefore unto my gift I stand,
 I will no more advise;
 Only do thou lend me a hand,
 Since thou hast both mine eyes.

⁵⁸Source: George Herbert, *The Temple* (Cambridge: Buck & Daniel, 1633), 87–88 (#70). First appeared in *CPH* (1738), 63.

Breathing After the Holy Spirit.⁵⁹

- 1 Come, Holy Spirit, heav'nly dove,
With all thy quick'ning pow'rs;
Kindle a flame of sacred love
In these cold hearts of ours.
- 2 Look how we grovel here below,
Fond of these earthly toys;
Our souls, how heavily they go
To reach eternal joys.
- 3 In vain we tune our formal songs,
In vain we strive to rise;
Hosannas languish on our tongues,
And our devotion dies.
- 4 Father, shall we then ever live
At this poor dying rate?
Our love so faint, so cold to thee,
And thine to us so great?
- 5 Come, Holy Spirit, heav'nly dove,
With all thy quick'ning pow'rs;
Come, shed abroad a Saviour's love,
And that shall kindle ours.

The Witnessing Spirit.⁶⁰

- 1 Why should the children of a king
Go mourning all their days?
Great Comforter, descend and bring
The tokens of thy grace!
- 2 Dost thou not dwell in all thy saints,
And seal the heirs of heaven?
When wilt thou banish my complaints,
And shew my sins forgiv'n?
- 3 Assure my conscience of her part
In the Redeemer's blood;
And bear thy witness with my heart,
That I am born of God.

⁵⁹Source: Isaac Watts, *Hymns and Spiritual Songs*, 2nd ed. (London: John Lawrence, 1709), 159–60 (Book 2, no. 34). First appeared in *CPH* (1738), 42–43.

⁶⁰Source: Isaac Watts, *Hymns and Spiritual Songs*, 2nd ed. (London: John Lawrence, 1709), 114–15 (Book 1, no. 144). First appeared in *CPH* (1738), 43.

- 4 Thou art the earnest of his love,
 The pledge of joys to come;
 May thy blest wings, celestial dove,
 Safely convey me home!

*Veni Creator.*⁶¹

- 1 Creator Spirit, by whose aid
 The world's foundations first were laid,
 Come visit ev'ry waiting mind,
 Come pour thy joys on human kind;
 From sin and sorrow set us free,
 And make thy temples worthy thee.
- 2 O source of uncreated heat,
 The Father's promis'd Paraclete!
 Thrice holy fount, immortal fire,
 Our hearts with heav'nly love inspire;
 Come, and thy sacred unction bring
 To sanctify us while we sing.
- 3 Plenteous of grace descend from high,
 Rich in thy sevenfold energy!
 Thou strength of his almighty hand,
 Whose pow'r does heav'n and earth command,
 Refine and purge our earthy parts,
 And stamp thine image on our hearts.
- 4 Create all new, our wills controul;
 Subdue the rebel in our soul;
 Chase from our minds th' infernal foe,
 And peace the fruit of faith bestow:
 And left again we go astray,
 Protect and guide us in thy way.
- 5 Immortal honours, endless fame,
 Attend th' Almighty Father's name;
 The Saviour Son be glorify'd,
 Who for lost man's redemption dy'd;
 And equal adoration be,
 Eternal Comforter, to thee.

⁶¹Source: John Dryden, *Miscellany Poems*, 4th edn. (London: Jacob Tonson, 1716), 5:251–52. First appeared in *CPH* (1738), 40–41.

Hymn for Sunday.⁶²

- 1 The Lord of Sabbath let us praise
In concert with the blest,
Who joyful in harmonious lays
Employ an endless rest.
- 2 Thus, Lord, while we remember thee,
We blest and pious grow;
By hymns of praise we learn to be
Triumphant here below.
- 3 On this glad day a brighter scene
Of glory was display'd
By God, th' eternal Word, than when
This universe was made.
- [4]⁶³ He rises, who mankind has bought
With grief and pain extreme;
'Twas great to speak the world from nought,
'Twas greater to redeem.

A Hymn for Easter-Day.⁶⁴

- 1 The Sun of righteousness appears
To set in blood no more!
Adore the healer⁶⁵ of your fears,
Your rising Sun adore!
- 2 The saints, when he resign'd his breath,
Unclos'd their sleeping eyes;
He breaks again the bonds⁶⁶ of death,
Again the dead arise.
- 3 Alone the dreadful race he ran,
Alone the wine-press trod;
He dy'd and suffer'd as a man,
He rises as a God.
- 4 In vain the stone, the watch, the seal,
Forbid an early rise
To him who breaks the gates of hell,
And opens paradise.

⁶²Source: Samuel Wesley Jr., *Poems on Several Occasions* (London: S. Birt, 1736), 241.

⁶³Ori., "3"; a misprint.

⁶⁴Source: Samuel Wesley Jr., *Poems on Several Occasions* (London: S. Birt, 1736), 240.

⁶⁵"Healer" changed to "scatterer" in 2nd edn. (1743) and following.

⁶⁶"Bonds" changed to "bands" in 2nd edn. (1743) and following.

Rev. vii. 13, &c.⁶⁷

- 1 “These glorious minds how bright they shine,
Whence is their bright array?
How came they to the happy seats
Of everlasting day.
- 2 “From tort’ring pains to endless joys
On fiery wheels they rode,
And wash’d their spotted rayment white
In Jesu’s dying blood.
- 3 “Now they approach their gracious God
And bow before his throne;
Their golden harps and sacred songs
Adore the great Three-One.
- 4 “Tormenting thirst shall leave their souls,
And hunger flee as fast;
The fruit of life’s immortal tree
Shall be their sweet repast.
- 5 “The Lamb shall lead his heavenly flock
Where living fountains rise;
And love divine shall wipe away
All sorrow from their eyes.”

Prayer for Faith.

- 1 Father, I stretch my hands to thee,
No other help I know.
If thou withdraw’st⁶⁸ thyself from me,
Ah! Whither shall I go?
- 2 What did thy only Son endure
Before I drew my breath!
What pain, what labour to secure
My soul from endless death!
- 3 O Jesu, could I this believe,
I now should feel thy power;
Now my poor soul thou would’st retrieve,
Nor let me wait one hour.

41). ⁶⁷Source: Isaac Watts, *Hymns and Spiritual Songs*, 2nd ed. (London: John Lawrence, 1709), 30 (Book 1, no.

⁶⁸Changed to “withdraw” in 4th edn. (1748) and following.

- 4 Author of faith, to thee I lift
My weary longing eyes;
O let me now receive that gift!
My soul without it dies.
- 5 Surely thou canst not let me die!
O speak and I shall live!
And here I will unwearied lie
'Till thou thy Spirit give.
- 6 The worst of sinners would rejoice,
Could they but see thy face:
O let me hear thy quick'ning voice,
And taste thy pard'ning grace.

Hymn to Christ.⁶⁹

- 1 Meek, patient Lamb of God, to thee
I fly, thy meekness give to me:
I chuse thee for my life, my crown;
I pant to have thee all my own:
Thou seest my heart, thou knowest my love,
From thee I never will remove;
No shame I fear, no pain or loss,
But gladly follow to the cross.
- 2 Make clean as wooll my filthy heart,
Wash white as snow my every part:
Give me in stillness to sustain
Whate'er thy wisdom shall ordain.
Carve for thyself in me, and make
My heart thy lamb-like image take:
Yea, slay me, Lord, and offer me
A pure burnt sacrifice to thee.
- 3 Bind, Father, hand and foot thy son,
Nor leave thy work till all be done:
O never let me, Lord, go free
Till all my heart's resigned to thee:
Then quickly to the altar lead,
And suffer me no more to plead:
No longer with th' old Adam bear;
Lead on, dear Lord, consume him there.

⁶⁹Source: Nikolaus Ludwig von Zinzendorf, ed. *Das Gesang-Buch der Gemeinde in Herrn-Huth* (Halle: Wäysenhaus, 1737), 373–74 (#412, by Gottfried Arnold).

Another [Hymn to Christ].⁷⁰

- [1] Jesu, thy soul renew my own,
Thy sufferings for my sins atone;
Thy sacred body slain for me
From sin and misery set me free.
- [2] The water issuing from thy side
The soldier's spear had open'd wide,
That bath my heart, and all thy blood
Refresh and bring me near to God.
- [3] The blood-sweat trickling from thy face
Prevent my coming in disgrace:
Thy holy passion, death and tomb
Shall screen me from the wrath to come.
- [4] O Jesu, grant—this my request
Take, hide me quite in thy dear breast,
And make me in thy wounds to dwell
Secure from all the fiends of hell.
- [5] Call me in my last agony,
And bring me, O my God, to thee,
That I with all thy saints above
May never cease to praise thy love.

We Love Him Because He First Loved Us.⁷¹

- 1 Of him who did salvation bring
I could for ever think and sing.
Arise, ye guilty; he'll forgive:
Arise, ye poor; he will relieve.⁷²
- 2 Ask but his grace, and lo! 'Tis given;
Ask, and he turns your hell to heaven:
Tho' sin and sorrow wound my soul,
Jesu, thy balm will make it whole.
- 3 Eternal Lord, Almighty King,
All heaven doth with thy triumphs ring:
Thou conquer'st all beneath, above;
Devils with force, and men with love.

⁷⁰Source: Nikolaus Ludwig von Zinzendorf, ed. *Das Gesang-Buch der Gemeine in Herrn-Huth* (Halle: Wäysenhaus, 1737), 92–93 (#90, by Johann Scheffler).

⁷¹Source: “Of the Love of Christ,” (originally by Bernard of Clairvaux) in Johann Christian Jacobi, *Psalmodia Germanica*, 2nd edn. (London: G. Smith, 1732), 17–23 (select stanzas, with several revisions).

⁷²Line revised to “Arise, ye needy, he'll relieve,” in 2nd edn. (1743) and following.

- 4 The wounding spear pierces my heart;
When thou art nail'd, I feel the smart:
Thy groans my echoing sighs display;
Thou bow'st thy head; I faint away.
- 5 Ye hearts of stone, come, melt to see,
This he endur'd for you and me:
He suffer'd: all our guilt's forgiven;
And on his blood we swim to heaven.
- 6 To shame our sins he blush'd in blood,
He clos'd his eyes to shew us God.
Let all the world fall down, and know
That none but God such love could show.
- 7 O let my mouth thy sweetness taste,
My nostrils with thy odours feast;
On thee I rest, of thee I boast;
Who sav'd the world, won't see me lost.⁷³
- 8 'Tis thee I love, for thee alone
I shed my tears and make my moan;
Where'er I am, where'er I move,
I meet the object of my love.
- 9 Insatiate to this spring I fly;
I drink, and yet am ever dry:
Ah who against thy charms is proof;
Ah who that loves can love enough.

Before the Sacrament.⁷⁴

- 1 O Jesu, bridegroom of my soul,
'Tis thou alone canst make me whole
By that sweet blood which on the tree
Thou pouredst out for sin and me.
- 2 Tho' full of wants and guilt and fear,
To thee, blest Saviour, I draw near:
Tho' poor I am, and sick and blind,
In mercy cast me not behind.
- 3 Thy body give; the living bread
To souls in sin and sorrows dead:
Give me thy blood, that wine of love,
The richest in⁷⁵ the stores above.

⁷³This entire stanza deleted in 2nd edn. (1743) and following.

⁷⁴Source: "Of the Lord's Supper," in Johann Christian Jacobi (1670–1750), *Psalmodia Germanica*, 2nd edn. (London: G. Smith, 1732), 73–74.

⁷⁵Ori. "is"; a misprint, as shown in Jacobi original.

- 4 Hungry and thirsty lo I come;
O let me in thy wounds find room:
To me the food immortal give;
Now may I eat thy flesh and live.
- 5 Enter and my whole soul subdue,
And fix me to thy service true:
Dwell in my heart, and let me be
In strictest union joined to thee.
- 6 Adorn my conversation, Lord,
With all the graces of thy word.
O Jesu, give me all my days
T' adore thy love and sing thy praise.

Prayer to Christ.⁷⁶

- 1 Lord Jesu, fountain of my life,
Thou seest my toil, my inward strife;
O take a weary wanderer in,
Tir'd with the load of self and sin.
- 2 O may the stripes that fell on thee
Heal all the wounds of sin in me;
May thy reproach, thy thorny crown
Rejoice my heart before thy throne.
- 3 Unto my soul what speech I want
The utterance of thy Spirit grant;
Thine agony, thy dying breath
Redeem me from eternal death.
- 4 Thy cross shall be my staff of life,
Thy grave my place of rest from strife:
Thy napkin and thy winding sheet
Shall bind my head, breast, hands and feet.
- 5 Be thy blest wounds to me while here
A refuge sure from every fear:
And thro' thy open'd side convey
My soul to thy eternal day.

⁷⁶Source: "Herr Jesus Christ, meins Lebens Licht," in Johann Christian Jacobi (1670–1750), *Psalmodia Germanica*, 2nd edn. (London: G. Smith, 1732), 195–98.

An Hymn for the Georgia Orphans.

- 1 Come let us join our God to bless,
 And praise him evermore,
 That Father of the fatherless,
 That helper of the poor.
- 2 Our dying parents us forsake,
 His mercy takes us up:
 Kindly vouchsafes his own to make,
 And he⁷⁷ becomes our hope.
- 3 For us he in the wilderness
 A table hath prepar'd,
 Us whom his love delights to bless,
 His providence to guard.
- 4 Known unto him are all our needs;
 And when we seek his face,
 His open hands⁷⁸ our bodies feeds,
 Our souls he feeds with grace.
- 5 Then let us in his service spend
 What we from him receive,
 And back to him what he shall send
 In thanks and praises give.

For Their Benefactors.⁷⁹

- 1 Father of mercies, hear our prayers
 For those that do us good,
 Whose love for us a place prepares,
 And gives the orphans food.
- 2 Their alms in blessings on their head
 A thousand-fold restore,
 O feed their souls with living bread,
 And let their cup run o'er.
- 3 Forever in thy Christ built up
 Thy bounty let them prove,
 Steadfast in faith, joyful thro' hope,
 And rooted deep in love.

⁷⁷“He” changed to “God” in 2nd edn. (1743) and following.

⁷⁸“Hands” changed to “hand” in 4th edn. (1748) and following.

⁷⁹Also printed by George Whitefield in *An Account of Money Received and Disbursed for the Orphan-House in Georgia* (London: W. Strahan, 1741), 6.

- 4 For those who kindly founded this
A better house prepare,
Remove them to thy heavenly bliss,
And let us meet them there.

Before Their Going to Work.

- 1 Let us go forth, 'tis God commands;
Let us make haste away,
Offer to Christ our hearts and hands;
We work for Christ to day.
- 2 When he vouchsafes our hands to use,
It makes the labour sweet;
If any now to work refuse,
Let not the sluggard eat.
- 3 Who would not do what God ordains,
And promises to bless?
Who would not 'scape the toils and pains
Of sinful idleness?
- 4 In vain to Christ the slothful pray;
We have not learn'd him so;
No—for he calls himself the way,
And work'd himself below.
- 5 Then let us in his footsteps tread,
And gladly act our part,
On earth employ our hands and head,
But give him all our heart.

A Hymn for Charity-Children.⁸⁰

- 1 How happy they, O King of kings!
How safe, how truly blest,
Who under thy protecting wings
Both shelter find and rest.
- 2 Them wilt thou lead, them wilt thou keep,
And with thine arm uphold:
O blessed shepherd! Blessed sheep
Of Israel's sacred fold.

⁸⁰It is quite possible that some of these hymns for charity schools were authored by Samuel Wesley Jr., including some of those published by Joseph Downing. Samuel notes in a letter to Robert Nelson (3 June 1713) that he had been busy recently preparing "my charity hymns," though he gives no list of these and they do not appear in the later published collections of his poetry. Samuel's letter can be found in the Methodist Archives at the Rylands University Library of Manchester (DDWF 5/1) and in Adam Clarke, *Memoirs of the Methodist Family* (1848), 436.

- 3 Nor does the tender wand'ring lambs
His kindly care disdain;
He knows them better than their dams,
And better does sustain.
- 4 Behold his flock from every side
He is assembling still;
And may he all in safety guide
To Sion's sacred hill.
- 5 If thither he will us convey,
Nor our mean vows despise,
Our hearts will⁸¹ on his altars lay
A grateful sacrifice.
- 6 To God the Father, and the Son,
And Spirit, One in Three,
As is, and⁸² was ere⁸³ time begun,
Eternal glory be!

Another [A Hymn for Charity-Children].⁸⁴

- 1 To thee, O Father of mankind,
Shall our glad hymns ascend;
To anger slow, to love inclin'd;
Thy goodness knows no end.
- 2 The poor and needy from the dust
'Tis thy delight to raise,
Who in th' assemblies of the just
Will still record thy praise.
- 3 Each hand and heart that lent us aid,
Thou didst inspire and guide;
Nor shall their love be unrepay'd
Who for the poor provide.
- 4 The choicest of thy blessings show'r
On those who us have blest!
Unfailing streams of bounty pour
On every bounteous breast!
- 5 Gather those outcasts who remain
Expos'd as we before!
So shall our still increasing train
With longer songs adore.

⁸¹“Will” changed to “we’ll” in 4th edn. (1748) and following.

⁸²Ori. “as”; a misprint, corrected in 2nd edn. (1743) and following.

⁸³Ori., “e’re”; but clearly used in sense of “before.”

⁸⁴Source: *An Account of Charity Schools ...*, 8th edn. (London: Joseph Downing, 1709), 59; and issued separately as *An Hymn for the Charity Schools* (London: Joseph Downing, 1709).

Another [A Hymn for Charity-Children].⁸⁵

- 1 When to the temple we repair,
 A numerous joyful throng,
Our praise shall fill the house of pray'r,
 The Lord's our strength and song.

- 2 Should we be wanting to rejoice
 Thro' deadness or delays,
The stones themselves would find a voice
 To celebrate his praise.

- 3 He found us in the desert wide,
 And did from thence remove:
Still may he us vouchsafe to guide,
 And lead with bands of love.

- 4 He is our Comforter and light,
 We on his manna feed;
His cloud by day, his fire by night
 To heavenly Canaan lead.

- 5 To those calm happy seats may he
 In safety us convey,
With all whose love and piety
 Have plac'd us in the way.

- 6 To the bless'd coeternal Three
 Whom earth and heaven adore,
As was and is all glory be
 'Till time shall be no more.

Another [A Hymn for Charity-Children].

- 1 O thou, whose wisdom, power and love
 For all thy works provide,
Which those vast orbs that roul above
 And our low center guide.

- 2 The rich, the poor, the mean, the great
 Are link'd by thy strong hands;
Poiz'd on its base the work's compleat,
 The firm composure stands.

⁸⁵Source: *An Account of Charity Schools ...*, 10th edn. (London: Joseph Downing, 1711), 59–60; and issued separately as *A Hymn to be Sung at the Anniversary Meeting of the Charity Schools* (London: Joseph Downing, 1711).

- 3 The meanest worm that creeps on earth
Is not below thy care;
And we, altho' of humble birth,
Thy God-like bounty share.
- 4 Whoe'er thy being dare dispute
Are silenc'd here with ease;
The stones themselves would them confute,
If we should hold our peace.
- 5 Th' Almighty be their strong defence,
And multiply their store,
Who still concur with providence,
Still⁸⁶ aid and bless the poor.

Another [A Hymn for Charity-Children].

- 1 Father of mercy, hear our pray'r,
In thee we move and live:
How slow to wrath, how prone to spare,
And ready to forgive.
- 2 Thou chiefly dost thy boundless pow'r
In acts of goodness shew;
Thy mercy all thy works adore,
Thence all our blessings flow.
- 3 This still shall be our grateful theme,
Thy praise we'll ever sing;
Our friends the kind refreshing stream,
But thou th' unfailing spring.
- 4 Our joy would soon o'erflow the banks,
And inundations raise,
Did we not thus look down with thanks,
And look to heaven with praise.
- 5 To God the Father, God the Son,
And God the Holy Ghost,
Who yet are not three gods, but One
Rever'd by all his host.
- 6 The blest, eternal Trinity,
Whom earth and heaven⁸⁷ adore,
All honour, praise and glory be
Both now and evermore.

⁸⁶“Still” changed to “To” in 4th edn. (1748) and following.

⁸⁷Reversed to read “heaven and earth” in 2nd edn. (1743) and following.

A Yearly Hymn for Charity-Children.⁸⁸

- 1 Again the kind revolving year
Has brought this happy day,
And we in God's bless'd house appear
Again our vows to pay.
- 2 Our watchful guardians, rob'd in light,
Adore the heav'nly King:
Ten thousand thousand seraphs bright
Incessant praises sing.
- 3 They know no want, they feel no care,
Nor ever sigh as we;
Sorrow and sin are strangers there,
And all is harmony.
- 4 If ought can there enhance their bliss,
Or raise their raptures higher,
New joys in heaven at sights like this,
New anthems fill the quire.
- 5 With what resembling care and love
Both worlds for us appear!
Our friendly guardians, those above,
Our benefactors here.

Another [A Yearly Hymn for Charity-Children].⁸⁹

- 1 Triumphal notes, and hymns of joy
To thee our God we'll sing,
Thy praises shall our lips employ,
O Salem's peaceful King.
- 2 Thou mak'st the world obey thy will,
Whose will is always best;
Thy word bids winds and waves be still,
And chides them into rest.
- 3 Thy sacred Sp'rit on Jordan's stream
Descended like a dove;
Thou didst from wrath and sin redeem,
Thy law is peace and love.

⁸⁸Source: *An Account of Charity-Schools ...*, 11th edn. (London: Joseph Downing, 1712), 73.

⁸⁹Source: *An Hymn to be Sung by the Charity-Boys of the Society of St. Ann's, Aldersgate* ([London:] J. Cluer, [1710?]).

- 4 That law, by our kind patrons' care,
We now are daily taught;
Tho' once far off, we now are near,
As those to Jesus brought.
- 5 May he on every bounteous friend
His favours still increase,
'Till they and we with him ascend
To everlasting peace.

A Hymn at the Opening of a Charity-School.⁹⁰

- 1 Lift up your heads, ye lofty gates,
Unfold each spacious door,
For here the King of Glory waits
With blessings for the poor.
- 2 'Twas love divine, 'twas sovereign grace,
True bounty's endless spring,
Did us so near God's altars place,
Where we may pray and sing.
- 3 To psalms and hymns we may aspire,
If anthems are too⁹¹ high;
And follow the celestial quire
In decent harmony.
- 4 With holy souls we here may meet,
And learn their songs divine;
Their hallelujahs loud and sweet
With our hosannas join.
- 5 How bless'd if always thus we might
The coming hours employ,
And singing pass to realms of light,
And endless worlds of joy.

A Hymn for Any School.⁹²

- 1 On this auspicious happy day,
What incense shall we bring?
What grateful humble homage pay
To an Almighty King?

⁹⁰Source: *A Hymn to be Sung by the Charity Boys and Girls Belonging to the Ward of Farringdon* ([London, 1710–20]).

⁹¹Ori., “to”; a misprint, corrected in 4th edn. (1748) and following.

⁹²Source: *An Account of Charity Schools ...*, 9th edn. (London: Joseph Downing, 1710), 61; and issued separately as *A Hymn to be Sung at the Anniversary Meeting of the Charity Schools* (London: Joseph Downing, 1710).

- 2 Be his dread name on earth confess'd,
As 'tis by those above!
What is th' employment of the bless'd,
But songs of praise and love?
- 3 That breath from heaven we did receive,
We thus in hymns restore;
And while we on his bounty live,
We'll wonder and adore.
- 4 Rescu'd from want, and vice and shame,
We'll all our future days
Our great Creator's love proclaim,
And live but to his praise.
- 5 May heart, and voice, and life combine,
His goodness to express;
May all that hear us with us join,
And our Redeemer bless.

Another [A Hymn for Any School].⁹³

- 1 Father of lights, to thee from whom
Each perfect gift descends;
To thee with humble pray'rs we come,
For all our bounteous friends.
- 2 Blessings, the payment of the poor,
Our lips and hearts return:
May heav'n which gave, augment their store,
And comfort those that mourn!
- 3 O that we better could improve,
What's in such plenty sown!
But dews of grace are from above,
Our wants and sins our own.
- 4 Only the lowly and the meek
Shall rest of mind obtain;
Such followers does our Saviour seek,
Such shall his kingdom gain.
- 5 Thither may we be safe convey'd,
When life's rough storms are o'er,
And all who give their friendly aid
To help us to the shore.

⁹³Source: *A Hymn to be Sung by the Charity Children of St. Dunstan's in the West, on Sunday the 17th of February, 1711/12* ([London, 1712]).

- 6 To God the Father, and the Son,
And Spirit, One and Three,
As is, and was, for time to come
Eternal glory be!

Another [A Hymn for Any School].⁹⁴

- 1 To thee, O Lord, our God and King,
Whose mercies ne'er decay,
We thus in artless numbers sing,
And thus our praise we pay.
- 2 Whate'er is human ebbs and flows
As wasting time prevails;
But grace divine no changes knows,
Charity never fails.
- 3 From thence flow plenteous streams and clear,
And may they never cease;
'Tis you who plant and water here,
'Tis God that gives th' increase.
- 4 May he your pious alms regard,
Your warmth of zeal approve;
With ample blessings still reward
The labour of your love.
- 5 May all the pleasing pains you share
Be crown'd with wish'd success;
The present age applaud your care,
And future ages bless!

A Morning Hymn.

- 1 We lift our hearts to thee,
O Day-Star from on high!
The sun itself is but thy shade,
Yet cheers both earth and sky.
- 2 O let thy orient beams
The night of sin disperse!
Those⁹⁵ mists of error and of vice,
Which shade the universe!

⁹⁴Source: *A Hymn to be Sung by the Charity Children of Popler and Blackwall ... May the 10th 1713*
([London, 1713]).

⁹⁵“Those” changed to “The” in 2nd edn. (1743) and following.

- 3 How beauteous nature now!
How dark and sad before!
With joy we view the pleasing change,
And nature's God adore.
- 4 O may no gloomy crime
Polute the rising day;
Or kindly tears,⁹⁶ like evening dew,
Wash all the stains away.
- 5 May we this life improve,
To mourn for errors past,
And live this short revolving day
As if it were our last.
- 6 To God the Father, Son,
And Spirit, One and Three,
Be glory, as it was, is now,
And shall for ever be.

An Evening Hymn.

- 1 All praise to him who dwells in bliss,
Who made both day and night:
Whose throne is darkness, in th' abyss
Of uncreated light.
- [2]⁹⁷ Each thought and deed his piercing eyes
With strictest search survey:
The deepest shades no more disguise
Than the full blaze of day.
- 3 Whom thou dost guard, O King of kings!
No evil shall molest;
Under the shadow of thy wings
Shall they securely rest.
- 4 Thy angels shall around their beds
Their constant stations keep:
Thy faith and truth shall shield their heads,
For thou dost never sleep.
- 5 May we with calm and sweet repose,
And heav'nly thoughts refresh'd,
Our eye-lids with the morn's unclose,
And bless the ever-bless'd.

⁹⁶“Kindly tears” changed to “Jesus’ blood” in 2nd edn. (1743) and following.

⁹⁷Ori., “3”; a misprint.

**A Funeral Hymn, for a Scholar,
or Other Young Person.**

- 1 Vain man, of mortal parents born,
 Know thou art born to die!
How frail our state, how short our life!
 How full of misery!
- 2 As flowers from mother-earth we rise,
 A fading bloom we spread:
As soon we waste and pass away
 Among th' unnumber'd dead.
- 3 As shadows glide o'er hills and dales,
 And yet no tracks appear;
So swift we vanish hence; our souls
 Have no abiding here.
- 4 The mourners go about the streets
 With solemn steps, and slow;
Thus must it be for you and me,
 To the same home we go.
- 5 So teach us, Lord, to number out
 Our life's uncertain days,
We timely may our hearts apply
 To heav'nly wisdom's ways.
- 6 O holy Lord! O mighty God!
 When we resign our breath,
Then save us from the bitter pains
 Of everlasting death.

De Profundis.⁹⁸

- 1 Out of the deeps to thee, O Lord!
 I make my mournful cry;
Incline thine ear unto my voice,
 Thy ready help apply.
- 2 Who may the trial, Lord, abide,
 If thou should'st be severe;
But pard'ning love with thee is found,
 And, for we hope, we fear.

⁹⁸Cf. Psalm 130.

- 3 I wait for God, my soul does wait,
And in his word I trust:
His word he surely shall fulfil,
And raise me from the dust.
- 4 In death's uncomfortable shade
I to the Lord will cry;
Till the day dawn upon my soul,
And day-star from on high.
- 5 How does the whole creation groan,
To see that happy day!
To be renew'd, when sin and pain,
And death no more shall stay!
- 6 O Israel, on th' Almighty Lord
Thy whole affiance place;
How good, how plentiful is he
In kind redeeming grace!

Prayer for One That is Lunatick and Sore Vex'd.⁹⁹

- 1 Jesu! God of our salvation,
Hear our call;
Save us all,
By thy death and passion.
- 2 Jesu! See thine helpless creature;
Bow the skies,
God arise,
All thy foes to scatter.
- 3 Jesu! Manifest thy glory
In this hour,
Shew thy power,
Drive thy foes before thee.
- 4 Jesu! Help, thou serpent-bruise;
Bruise his head,
Woman's seed,
Cast down the accuser.
- 5 Jesu! Wound the dragon, wound him;
Make him roar,
Break his power,
Let thine arm confound him.

⁹⁹Reformatted to three-line stanzas in 2nd edn. (1743) and following.

- 6 Jesu! Come, and bind him, bind him,
Let him feel
His own hell,
Let thy fury find him.
- 7 Jesu! Than the strong man stronger,
Enter thou,
Let thy foe
Keep thee out no longer.
- 8 Suffer him no more to harm her,
Make her clean,
Purge her sin,
Take away his armour.
- 9 Jesu! Mighty to deliver,
Satan foil,
Take the spoil
Make her thine for ever.
- 10 Jesu! All to thee is given:
All obey,
Own thy sway,
Hell, and earth, and heaven.
- 11 Jesu! Let this soul find favour
In thy sight,
Claim thy right,
Come, O come, and save her.
- 12 From the hand of hell retrieve her,
Jesu, Lord,
Speak the word,
Bid the tempter leave her.
- 13 Hide her till the storm be over,
King of kings,
Spread thy wings,
Christ, her weakness cover.
- 14 Jesu! Wherefore dost thou tarry?
Hear thine own,
Cast him down,
Quell the adversary.

- 15 Jesu! Shall he still devour?
Is thine ear
Slow to hear?
Hast thou lost thy power?
- 16 Shorten'd is thy hand, O Saviour?
Save her now,
Shew that thou
Art the same for ever.
- 17 O Omnipotent Redeemer,
Hell rebuke
With thy look,
Silence the blasphemer.
- 18 Jesu! All his depths discover,
All unfold,
Loose his hold,
Let the charm be over.
- 19 Jesu! Is it past thy finding?
Find and shew,
Break the vow,
Let it not be binding.
- 20 Break the dire confederacy:
Shall it stand?
No—command,
Say, “’Tis I release thee.”
- 21 Satan, hear the name of Jesus!
Hear and quake,
Give her back;
This¹⁰⁰ the name that frees us.
- 22 Jesu! Claim thy ransom'd creature,
Let the foe
Feel and know
Thou in us art greater.
- 23 Strengthen'd by thy great example,
Let us tread
On his head,
On his kingdom trample.

¹⁰⁰“This” changed to “To” in 2nd edn. (1743) and following.

24 Drive him to th' infernal region,
Chase, O chase,
To his place,
Tho' his name be legion.

25 Is not faith the same for ever?
Let us see,
Signs from thee,
Following the believer!

Thanksgiving for Her Deliverance.¹⁰¹

1 Praise by all to Christ be given,
Let us sing,
Christ the King,
King of earth and heaven.

2 Glory to the name of Jesus,
Jesus' name,
Still the same,
From all evil frees us.

3 Jesus' name the conquest wan¹⁰² us;
Let us rise,
Fill the skies
With our loud hosannas.

4 Christ, thou in our eyes art glorious!
We proclaim,
Christ the Lamb,
Over all victorious.

5 Lion of the tribe of Judah,
Joyfully,
Lo to thee,
Sing we hallelujah.

6 Hell was ready to devour;
Thou the prey
Bear'st away
Out of Satan's power.

7 See the lawful captive taken
From the foe;
Now we know
Satan's realm is shaken.

¹⁰¹Hymn reformatted to three-line stanzas in 2nd edn. (1743) and following.

¹⁰²An alternative spelling for "won."

- 8 Thou hast shewn thyself the stronger,
 Still go on,
 Put it down,
 Let it stand no longer.
- 9 Overturn it, overturn it,
 Down with it,
 Let the feet
 Of thy servants spurn it.
- 10 Surely now the charm is broken:
 Thou hast shewn,
 To thine own,
 Thou hast gave¹⁰³ a token.
- 11 Is there any divination
 Against those,
 Thou hast chose
 Heirs of thy salvation?
- 12 Thou hast bought, and thou wilt have us:
 Who shall harm,
 When thine arm
 Is stretch'd out to save us?
- 13 Hell in vain against us rages,
 Can it shock
 Christ the Rock
 Of eternal ages!
- 14 Satan, wilt thou now defy us?
 Is not aid
 For us laid
 On our great Messiah?
- 15 Past is thine oppressive hour:
 Where's thy boast,
 Baffled, lost,
 Where is now thy power?
- 16 Serpent, see in us thy bruiser,
 Feel his power,
 Fly before
 Us, thou foul accuser.
- 17 Thou no longer¹⁰⁴ shalt oppress us:
 Triumph we
 Over thee,
 In the name of Jesus.

¹⁰³“Gave” changed to “given” in 4th edn. (1748) and following.

¹⁰⁴Ori., “Thou longer”; a misprint, corrected in 2nd edn. (1743) and following.

God Exalted Above All Praise.¹⁰⁵

- 1 Eternal power, whose high abode
Becomes the grandeur of a god;
Infinite lengths, beyond the bounds
Where stars revolve their little rounds.
- 2 Thee while the first archangel sings,
He hides his face behind his wings,
And ranks of shining thrones around
Fall worshipping, and spread the ground.
- 3 Lord, what shall earth and ashes do?
We would adore our Maker too;
From sin and dust to thee we cry,
The great, the holy, and the high!
- 4 Earth from afar has heard thy fame,
And worms have learnt to lisp thy name;
But, O the glories of thy mind
Leave all our soaring thoughts behind.
- 5 God is in heaven, and men below;
Be short our tunes; our words be few!
A sacred reverence checks our songs,
And praise sits silent on our tongues.

¹⁰⁵Source: Isaac Watts, *Horae Lyricae* (London: Humfreys, 1709), 159. First appeared in *CPH* (1738), 45.

**A
COLLECTION
of
PSALMS AND HYMNS.**

Part the Second.

Psalm VIII.¹⁰⁶

- 1 O thou to whom all creatures bow
 Within this earthly frame,
Thro' all the world how great art thou!
 How glorious is thy name!
- 2 In heaven thy wond'rous acts are sung,
 Nor fully reckon'd there;
And yet thou mak'st the infant tongue
 Thy boundless praise declare.
- 3 Thro' thee the weak confound the strong,
 And crush their haughty foes;
And so thou quell'st the wicked throng,
 That thee and thine oppose.
- 4 When heaven, thy beauteous work on high,
 Employs my wond'ring sight;
The moon that nightly rules the sky,
 And stars of feebler light.

¹⁰⁶Source: Nahum Tate and Nicholas Brady, *A New Version of the Psalms of David* (London: M. Clark, 1696), 11–12. First appeared in *CPH* (1738), 66–67.

- 5 What's man, say I, that, Lord, thou lov'st
 To keep him in thy mind?
 Or what his offspring, that thou prov'st
 To them so wond'rous kind?
- 6 Him next in power thou didst create
 To thy celestial train,
 Ordain'd in dignity and state
 O'er all thy works to reign.
- 7 These jointly own his sovereign sway,
 The beasts that prey or graze,
 The bird that wings her airy way,
 The fish that cuts the seas.
- 8 O thou to whom, &c.¹⁰⁷

The Same [Psalm VIII].¹⁰⁸

- 1 Jehovah! Sovereign God and Lord,
 Sustaining this created frame,
 To nature's utmost bounds ador'd,
 How great, how excellent thy name!
 Thou bid'st thy sacred glory fly
 Above the highest heavens high.
- 2 Thy praise employs the seraph's lays,
 The suckling infants shew thy praise!
 From stammering mouths, at thy command,
 Wisdom resistless is ordain'd.
 The giant-wretch that copes with thee,
 Dreads the least child of piety.
 Unwilling hearts confess thy hand,
 Nor wise object, nor strong withstand.
- 3 Thy power divine no limit knows,
 Weakness itself obeys thy call;
 Still is the rage of clam'rous foes,
 And down the proud avengers fall.
- 4 The heavens oft, stupendous round!
 In contemplation I admire,
 Those heavens which thy hands did found;
 The sun whose unexhausted fire
 Does light and heat to earth convey,
 Unwearied monarch of the day.

¹⁰⁷I.e., stanza 1 repeated.

¹⁰⁸Source: Samuel Wesley Jr., *Poems on Several Occasions* (London: S. Birt, 1736), 13.

- 5 The moon who regent of the night
Shines with her delegated ray;
The stars which constant seem to sight,
And those that regularly stray:
Which first thy will from nothing brought,
Their stations fixt, their courses taught,
Distinct with worlds yon vault appears,
Seasons to mark and days and years.
- 6 Lord, what is man! Amazed I cry,
Whose mould is dust, and life a span,
That thou regardest from on high
With such respect the son of man!
- 7 Nature and nature's God to see
Mankind thy wisdom did ordain,
To serve his Maker call'd to be,
But o'er his Maker's works to reign:
Thou mad'st him with peculiar care,
And all the Trinity was there.
- 8 On humble earth his seat was plac'd,
Than the angelick orders lower,
Yet him thy bounteous mercy grac'd,
Array'd with dignity and power.
Nay angels in their blest abode
The splendors of the throne of God,
The nature they excell'd, adore
Now man, the Son of God before.
- 9 Man governs all things here below,
They serve his grandeur or his need,
Laborious oxen drag his plow,
And sheep for his convenience bleed.
- 10 Nor only tamer beasts we find
To man their Lord obedience yield,
But every fierce and savage kind
That range the desert or the field:
Even captive lions while they roar,
Submit reluctant to his power.

- 11 Of birds the various feather'd race
 See lightly fleeting thro' the sky,
 To him perpetual homage pays,
 And from his empire cannot fly;
 And fishes that thro' ocean stray,
 From shoals that num'rous, nameless play,
 To vast leviathan, who wide
 Disports, king of the sons of pride.
- 12 Jehovah! Sovereign God and Lord,
 Sustaining this created frame,
 To nature's utmost bounds ador'd,
 How great, how excellent thy name!

Psalm XVI.¹⁰⁹

- 1 Lord, all my ways I strive t' approve
 To thy all-seeing eye,
 Nor danger can my trust remove,
 Since thou art ever nigh.
- 2 Therefore my heart all grief defies;
 My spirit shall rejoice:
 My flesh shall rest in hope to rise
 Wak'd by thy powerful voice.
- 3 Thou, Lord, when I resign my breath
 My soul from hell shalt free,
 Nor let thy holy one in death
 The least corruption see.
- 4 Thou shalt the paths of life display,
 That to thy presence lead,
 Where pleasures dwell without allay,
 And joys that never fade.

Psalm XVIII.
Part the First.¹¹⁰

- 1 No change of times shall ever shock
 My firm affection, Lord, to thee;
 For thou hast always been my rock,
 A fortress and defence to me.

¹⁰⁹Source: Nahum Tate and Nicholas Brady, *A New Version of the Psalms of David*, 2nd ed. (London: M. Clark, 1698), 23.

¹¹⁰Source: Nahum Tate and Nicholas Brady, *A New Version of the Psalms of David* (London: M. Clark, 1696), 26. First appeared in *CPH* (1738), 3–4.

2 Thou my deliv'rer art, my God,
My trust is in thy mighty power;
Thou art my shield from foes abroad,
At home my safeguard and my tower.

3 To thee will I address my prayer,
(To whom all praise we justly owe;)
So shall I, by thy watchful care,
Be guarded from my treach'rous foe.

4 By floods of pain and fear distress,
With seas of sorrow compass'd round
With sin's infernal pangs opprest,
In death's unwieldy fetters bound:

[5]¹¹¹ To heaven I made my mournful prayer,
To God address'd my humble moan;
Who graciously inclin'd his ear,
And heard me from his lofty throne.

Part the Second.¹¹²

1 Thou suit'st, O Lord, thy righteous ways
To various paths of human-kind;
They, who for mercy seek thy praise,
With thee shall wond'rous mercy find.

2 Thou to the just shall justice shew,
The pure thy purity shall see:
Such as perversely chuse to go,
Shall meet with due returns from thee.

3 For God's designs shall still succeed;
His word will bear the utmost test;
He's a strong shield to all that need,
And on his sure protection rest.

4 Who then deserves to be ador'd,
But God, on whom my hopes depend?
Or who, except the mighty Lord,
Can with resistless power defend?

¹¹¹Ori., "6"; a misprint.

¹¹²Source: Nahum Tate and Nicholas Brady, *A New Version of the Psalms of David* (London: M. Clark, 1696), 28–29. First appeared in *CPH* (1738), 4.

Psalm XXIII.¹¹³

- 1 The Lord himself, the mighty Lord,
Vouchsafes to be my guide;
The shepherd by whose constant care
My wants are all supply'd.
- 2 In tender grass he makes me feed,
And gently there repose;
Then leads me to cool shades, and where
Refreshing water flows.
- 3 He does my wand'ring soul reclaim,
And to his endless praise,
Instruct with humble zeal to walk
In all his righteous ways.
- 4 I pass the gloomy vale of death
From fear and danger free;
E'en there thy aiding rod and staff
Defend and comfort me.
- 5 Since thou dost thus thy wond'rous love
Thro' all my life extend;
That life to thee may I devote,
And in thy service spend!

The Same [Psalm XXIII].¹¹⁴

- 1 The Lord my pasture shall prepare,
And feed me with a shepherd's care;
His presence shall my wants supply,
And guard me with a watchful eye:
My noon-day walks he shall attend,
And all my midnight hours defend.
- 2 When in the sultry glebe I faint,
Or on the thirsty mountain pant,
To fertile vales, and dewy meads
My weary, wand'ring steps he leads;
Where peaceful rivers soft and slow
Amid the verdant landskip flow.

¹¹³Source: Nahum Tate and Nicholas Brady, *A New Version of the Psalms of David*, 2nd ed. (London: M. Clark, 1698), 41.

¹¹⁴Source: Joseph Addison & Richard Steele, *The Spectator* (London: Sharpe & Hailes, 1711–14), 441 (July 26, 1712). First appeared in *CPH* (1738), 4–5.

- 3 Tho' in the paths of death I tread,
With gloomy horrors overspread,
My stedfast heart shall fear no ill,
For thou, O Lord, art with me still;
Thy friendly crook shall give me aid,
And guide me thro' the dreadful shade.
- 4 Tho' in a bare and rugged way,
Thro' devious, lonely wilds I stray,
Thy bounty shall my pains beguile:
The barren wilderness shall smile,
With sudden greens and herbage crown'd,
And streams shall murmur all around.

Psalm XXIV.¹¹⁵

- 1 The round and many-peopled earth,
What from her womb derives its birth,
And all her foodful breast sustains,
Are his, who high in glory reigns:
The land in moving seas who plac'd,
By ever-toiling floods embrac'd.
- 2 Who shall upon his mountain rest?
Who in his sanctuary feast?
Even he whose hands are innocent,
Whose heart unsoiled with foul intent:
The Lord, his Saviour, him shall bless,
And cloath him with his righteousness.
- [3] Ye lofty gates, your leaves display,
Ye everlasting doors give way!
The King of Glory comes. O sing
His praise. Who is the glorious King?
The Lord in strength, in power compleat,
The Lord, in battle more than great!
- [4] Ye lofty gates, your leaves display,
Ye everlasting doors give way!
The King of Glory comes. O sing
His praise. Who is this glorious King?
The Lord of hosts, of victory,
God over all, enthroned on high!

¹¹⁵Source: George Sandys, *A Paraphrase upon the Psalms of David* (London: A. Roper, 1676), 40.

Psalm XXIX.¹¹⁶

- [1] Ye that are of royal birth,
Praise the Lord of heaven and earth;
Glory give; his power proclaim;
Magnify and praise his name.
- [2] From yon dark and show'ring cloud
On the floods that roar aloud,
Hark! His voice with terror breaks,
God, our God in thunder speaks.
- [3] Mighty is his voice on high,
Full of power and majesty;
See the nodding mountain shakes!
Kadesh, thy vast desert quakes.
- [4] Trembling hinds now calve for fear;
Shady forests bare appear:
While his praise by every tongue
Thro' his joyful courts is sung.
- [5] God the raging floods restrains,
God a King for ever reigns:
God his people shall increase,
Arm with strength, and bless with peace.

Psalm LXII.¹¹⁷

- 1 Lord, thou art the only scope
Of my never-fainting hope:
Thou the rock I build upon,
Not by man to be o'erthrown.
- 2 Thou my glory, thou my tower,
Guard'st me by thy saving power:
My salvation, my defence,
Thou, my spotless innocence.
- 3 Ye, who are sincere and just,
In the Lord for ever trust;
Pour your hearts before his throne;
His, who can protect alone.

¹¹⁶Source: George Sandys, *A Paraphrase upon the Psalms of David* (London: A. Roper, 1676), 47–48.

¹¹⁷Source: George Sandys, *A Paraphrase upon the Psalms of David* (London: A. Roper, 1676), 105–6.

4 Still my soul on thee attends,
All my hope on thee depends;
Thou the rock I build upon,
Not by hell to be o'erthrown.

Psalm LXVI.¹¹⁸

- [1] Sing the great Jehovah's praise,
Trophies to his glory raise;
Fill the air with shouts of joy,
Shouts redoubled from the sky.
- [2] Say, how wonderful thy deeds!
Lord, thy power all power exceeds!
Conquest on thy sword doth sit,
All thy foes to thee submit.
- [3] Let the many-peopled earth;
All of high and humble birth
Worship our eternal King,
Hymns unto his honour sing.
- [4] Come and see what God hath wrought,
Terrible to human thought!
Let not those who hate us most,
Let not the rebellious boast.
- [5] Bless the Lord, his praise be sung,
While an ear can hear a tongue:
He our feet establisheth
He our souls redeems from death.
- [6] Lord, as silver purified,
Thou hast all thy servants tried,
Driven into the fowler's net,
Burdens on our shoulders set.
- [7] We thro' fire, with flames embrac'd,
We thro' raging floods have past;
Yet by thy conducting hand,
Brought into a peaceful land.
- [8] Ye, who great Jehovah fear,
Come, O come, ye blest, and hear,
What for me the Lord hath wrought,
Then when nearest ruin brought.

¹¹⁸Source: George Sandys, *A Paraphrase upon the Psalms of David* (London: A. Roper, 1676), 110–12.

- [9] Fervently to him I cried,
I his goodness magnified:
Source of mercy, be thou blest,
That hast granted my request!

Psalm LXVIII. [Part the First.]¹¹⁹

- 1 Let God, the God of battle rise,
And scatter his presumptuous foes:
Let shameful rout their host surprise,
Who his almighty power oppose.
- 2 But let the servants of his will
His favour's gentle beams enjoy;
Their hearts let peaceful gladness fill,
And chearful songs their tongues employ.
- 3 To him your thankful voices raise;
Jehovah's awful name he bears:
In him rejoice, extol his praise,
Who rides upon high rolling spheres.
- 4 Him from his empire of the skies
To this low world compassion draws
The orphan's claim to patronise,
And judge the injur'd widow's cause.
- 5 'Tis God, who from a foreign soil,
Restores poor exiles to their homes;
Makes captives free, and fruitless toil,
Their proud oppressors righteous doom.

Part the Second.¹²⁰

- 1 Ascending high, in triumph thou
Captivity hast captive led,
And all God's gifts for men below
Are given to thee, their living head.
- 2 Man, rebel man partakes thy grace:
Now even thy foes thy favour share,
God in their hearts a dwelling-place
Hath found, and fixt his presence there.

¹¹⁹Source: Nahum Tate and Nicholas Brady, *A New Version of the Psalms of David*, 2nd ed. (London: M. Clark, 1698), 125–26.

¹²⁰Source: Nahum Tate and Nicholas Brady, *A New Version of the Psalms of David*, 2nd ed. (London: M. Clark, 1698), 130–32.

- 3 For benefits each day bestow'd,
Be daily thy great name ador'd;
Who art our Saviour and our God,
Of life and death the sovereign Lord.
- 4 Who mounted on the loftiest sphere
Of ancient heaven sublimely rides;
From whence his mighty voice we hear,
Like that of warring winds and tides.
- 5 Ascribe ye power to God most high;
Of humble Israel he takes care,
Whose strength from out the dusky sky,
Darts shining terrors thro' the air.
- 6 How dreadful are the sacred courts,
Where thou hast fix'd thy earthly throne!
Thy strength thy feeble saints supports:
To God give praise, and him alone.

Psalm LXXXIV.¹²¹

- 1 O God of hosts, the mighty Lord,
How lovely is thy place,
Where thou, enthron'd in glory, shew'st
The brightness of thy face!
- 2 My longing soul faints with desire,
To view thy blest abode;
My panting heart and flesh cry out
For thee the living God!
- 3 Thrice happy they, whose choice hath thee
Their sure protection made,
Who daily tread the sacred paths
That to thy presence lead!
- 4 For thou art both our sun and shield,
Wilt grace and glory give;
And no good thing wilt thou withhold
From them who justly live.
- 5 Thou God, whom heavenly hosts obey,
How highly blest is he,
Whose hope and trust, securely plac'd,
Are still reposed on thee.

¹²¹Source: Nahum Tate and Nicholas Brady, *A New Version of the Psalms of David*, 2nd ed. (London: M. Clark, 1698), 171–72.

The Same [Psalm LXXXIV].¹²²

- 1 Lord of the worlds above,
 How pleasant and how fair,
 The dwellings of thy love,
 Thy earthly temples are!
To thine abode my heart aspires,
With warm desires to see my God!
- 2 O happy souls that pray
 Where God appoints to hear!
 O happy men that pay
 Their constant service there.
They praise thee still: and happy they
That love the way to Sion's hill.
- 3 They go from strength to strength,
 Thro' this dark vale of tears,
 Till each o'ercomes at length,
 Till each in heaven appears.
O glorious seat! Thou God our King
Shall thither bring our willing feet.
- 4 God is our sun and shield,
 Our light and our defence;
 With gifts his hands are filled,
 We draw our blessings thence.
He shall bestow upon our race
His saving grace, and glory too.
- 5 The Lord his people loves,
 His hands no good withholds
 From those his heart approves,
 From holy, humble souls.
Thrice happy he, O God of hosts,
Whose spirit trusts alone in thee!

The Same [Psalm LXXXIV].¹²³

- [1] O how amiable are
 Thy abodes, great God of war!
 How I languish thro' restraint!
 How my longing spirit 's faint!

¹²²Source: Isaac Watts, *The Psalms of David* (London: Clark, Ford & Cruttenden, 1719), 215–17. First appeared in *CPH* (1738), 7–8.

¹²³Source: George Sandys, *A Paraphrase upon the Psalms of David* (London: A. Roper, 1676), 145–46.

- [2] Happy they who spend their days
In thy courts, and sing thy praise!
Happy, who on thee depend!
Thine their way, and thou their end.
- [3] Lord, for thee I daily cry,
In thy absence, hourly dy.¹²⁴
Lord of hosts, incline thine ear!
Hear, thou God of mercy, hear!
- [4] O my King, O thou most high!
Arbiter of victory!
Thou my rock, extend thy grace!
Look on thy anointed's face.
- [5] O thou shield of our defence!
O thou sun, whose influence
Sweetly glides into our hearts,
Thou who all to thine imparts!
- [6] Happy, O thrice happy he
Who alone depends on thee!
Happy, &c.¹²⁵

Psalm LXXXIX.¹²⁶

- 1 Thy mercies, Lord, shall be my song,
My song on them shall ever dwell:
To ages yet unborn my tongue
Thy never-failing truth shall tell.
- 2 For thy stupendous truth and love,
Both heaven and earth just praises owe,
By quires of angels sung above,
And by assembled saints below.
- 3 What seraph of celestial birth
To vie with Israel's God shall dare?
Or who among the gods of earth,
With our Almighty Lord compare?
- 4 With rev'ence and religious dread
His servants to his house should press:
His fear thro' all their hearts should spread,
Who his almighty name confess.

¹²⁴I.e., "die" spelled to match "cry."

¹²⁵I.e., repeat first half of stanza.

¹²⁶Source: Nahum Tate and Nicholas Brady, *A New Version of the Psalms of David* (London: M. Clark, 1696), 179–80. First appeared in *CPH* (1738), 8–9.

- 5 Lord God of armies, who can boast?
Of strength and power, like thine renown'd?
Of such a num'rous, faithful host,
As that which does thy throne surround?
- 6 Thou dost the lawless sea controul,
And change the prospect of the deep:
Thou mak'st the sleeping billows rowl,
Thou mak'st the rolling billows sleep.
- 7 In thee the sov'reign right remains
Of earth and heaven: thee, Lord, alone
The world and all that it contains,
Their Maker and Preserver own.
- 8 Thy arm is mighty, strong thy hand,
Yet, Lord, thou dost with justice reign:
Possest of absolute command,
Thou truth and mercy dost maintain!

Psalm XCII.¹²⁷

- [1] Thou, who art inthron'd above,
Thou, in whom we live and move,
Lord, thou art most great and high,
King from all eternity!
- [2] O how sweet, how excellent,
Is't with tongue and heart's consent,
Thankful hearts, and joyful tongues,
To renown thy name in songs?
- [3] When the morning paints the skies,
When the sparkling stars arise,
Thy high favours to rehearse,
Thy firm truth in grateful verse.
- [4] From thy works my joy proceeds:
How I triumph in thy deeds!
Lord, thou art most great and high,
King from all eternity!
- [5] Who thy wonders can express!
All thy thoughts are fathomless!
Hid from fools, to vice inclin'd,
Hid from men in knowledge blind.

¹²⁷Source: George Sandys, *A Paraphrase upon the Psalms of David* (London: A. Roper, 1676), 159–60.

- [6] They who tyrant sin obey,
Tho' they spring like flowers in May,
Parch'd with heat, and nipt with frost,
Soon shall fade, for ever lost!

Psalm XCVI.¹²⁸

- [1] Come, new praises let us sing
To our everlasting King:
You, all you of human birth,
Fed and nourish'd by the earth.
- [2] Sing we great Jehovah's praise,
Daily his salvation blaze:
Him let all the heathen know,
To all lands his wonders show.
- [3] O how gracious, O how great!
Earth thy footstool, heaven thy seat!
Honour, beauty, power, divine
In thy sanctuary shine!
- [4] All who by his favour live,
Glory to Jehovah give!
Glory due unto his name!
Haste, his mighty deeds proclaim!
- [5] In his beauteous holiness
To the Lord your prayer address:
All whom earth's round shoulders bear,
Serve the Lord with joy and fear.
- [6] Tell mankind Jehovah reigns;
He shall bind the world in chains,
So as it shall never slide;
And with sacred justice guide.
- [7] Let the smiling heavens rejoice,
Joyful earth exalt her voice:
Let the dancing billows roar;
Echoes answer from the shore!
- [8] Fields, your flowry mantles shake;
All shall in their joy partake,
While the woods musicians sing
To the ever-youthful spring.

¹²⁸Source: George Sandys, *A Paraphrase upon the Psalms of David* (London: A. Roper, 1676), 165–66.

- [9] Fill his courts with sacred mirth!
He, he comes to judge the earth;
Justly he the world shall sway,
And his truth to all display.

Psalm C.¹²⁹

- 1 All from the sun's uprise
Unto his setting rays,
Resound in jubilees
The great Jehovah's praise.
Him serve alone;
In triumph bring
Your gifts, and sing
Before his throne.
- 2 Man drew from man his birth,
But God of old our frame,
Built of the ruddy earth,
Fill'd with celestial flame.
His sons we are,
Sheep by him led,
Preserv'd and fed
With tender care.
- 3 O, to his portals press
In your divine resorts:
With thanks his power profess,
And praise him in his courts.
How good! How pure!
His mercies last,
His promise past,
Stands ever sure.

The Same [Psalm C].¹³⁰

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

¹²⁹Source: George Sandys, *A Paraphrase upon the Psalms of David* (London: A. Roper, 1676), 170.

¹³⁰Source: Isaac Watts, *The Psalms of David* (London: Clark, Ford & Cruttenden, 1719), 256–57 (stanzas 2 alt., 3, 5, 6). First appeared in *CPH* (1737), 5–6.

- 2 His sovereign power, without our aid,
 Made us of clay, and form'd us men;
 And when like wandring sheep we stray'd,
 He brought us to his fold again.
- 3 We'll crowd thy gates with thankful songs,
 High as the heavens our voices raise;
 And earth with her ten thousand tongues
 Shall fill thy courts with sounding praise.
- 4 Wide as the world is thy command,
 Vast as eternity thy love:
 Firm as a rock thy truth must stand,
 When rolling years shall cease to move.

Psalm CIII.¹³¹

- 1 My soul inspir'd with sacred love,
 God's holy name for ever bless;
 Of all his favours mindful prove,
 And still thy grateful thanks express.
- 2 'Tis he that all thy sins forgives,
 And after sickness makes thee sound;
 From danger he thy life retrieves,
 By him with grace and mercy crown'd.
- 3 The Lord abounds with tender love,
 And unexampled acts of grace;
 His waken'd wrath does slowly move,
 His willing mercy flows apace.
- 4 As high as heaven its arch extends
 Above this little spot of clay;
 So much his boundless love transcends
 The small regards that we can pay.
- 5 As far as 'tis from east to west,
 So far hath he our sins remov'd;
 Who with a father's tender breast
 Hath such as feared him always lov'd.
- 6 The Lord, the universal King,
 In heaven hath fix'd his lofty throne:
 To him, ye angels, praises sing,
 In whose great strength his praise is shewn.

¹³¹Source: Nahum Tate and Nicholas Brady, *A New Version of the Psalms of David* (London: M. Clark, 1696), 205–207. First appeared in *CPH* (1738), 10–11.

7 Ye that his just commands obey,
And hear and do his sacred will:
Ye hosts of his, this tribute pay,
Who still what he ordains fulfil.

8 Let every creature jointly bless
The mighty Lord: and thou, my heart,
With grateful joy thy thanks express;
And in this concert bear thy part.

Psalm CIV.¹³² [Part the First.]

1 Bless God, my soul: thou, Lord, alone
Possessest empire without bounds!
With honour thou art crown'd: thy throne
Eternal majesty surrounds.

2 With light thou dost thyself enrobe,
And glory for a garment take:
Heav'n's curtains stretch beyond the globe,
Thy canopy of state to make.

3 God builds on liquid air, and forms
His palace-chambers in the skies;
The clouds his chariots are, and storms
The swift-wing'd steeds on which he flies.

4 As bright as flame, as swift as wind,
His ministers heav'n's palace fill,
To have their sundry tasks assign'd,
All pleas'd to serve their sovereign's will.

5 Earth, on her centre fix'd, he set,
Her face with waters overspread;
Nor proudest mountains dar'd as yet
To lift above the waves their head.

6 But when thy awful face appear'd,
Th' insulting waves dispers'd; they fled,
When once thy thunder's voice they heard,
And by their haste confess'd their dread.

7 Thence up by secret tracks they creep,
And gushing from the mountain's side,
Thro' valleys travel to the deep,
Appointed to receive their tide.

¹³²Source: Nahum Tate and Nicholas Brady, *A New Version of the Psalms of David* (London: M. Clark, 1696), 207–12. First appeared in *CPH* (1738), 77–81.

- 8 There hast thou fix'd the ocean's bounds,
 The threatenng surges to repel,
 That they no more o'erpass their mounds,
 Nor to a second deluge swell.

Part the Second.

- 1 Yet thence in smaller parties drawn,
 The sea recovers her lost hills,
 And starting springs from every lawn
 Surprize the vale with plenteous rills.
- 2 The field's tame beasts are thither led,
 Weary with labour, faint with drought,
 And asses on wild mountains bred,
 Have sense to find these currents out.
- 3 There shady trees from scorching beams
 Yield shelter to the feather'd throng;
 They drink, and for the bounteous streams¹³³
 Return the tribute of their song.
- 4 Thy rains from heav'n parch'd hills recruit,
 That soon transmit the liquid store,
 'Till earth is burthen'd with her fruit,
 And nature's lap can hold no more.
- 5 Grass, for our cattle to devour,
 Thou mak'st the growth of every field;
 Herbs for man's use of various power,
 That either food or physick yield.
- 6 With cluster'd grapes he crowns the vine,
 To chear man's heart, oppress'd with cares;
 Gives oil that makes his face to shine,
 And corn that wasted strength repairs.

Part the Third.

- 1 The trees of God, without the care
 Or art of man, with sap are fed;
 The mountain-cedar looks as fair
 As those in royal gardens bred.

¹³³Ori., "stream"; corrected to match rhyme.

- 2 Safe in a lofty cedar's arms
The wand'ers of the air may rest,
The hospitable pine from harms
Protects the stork, her pious guest.
- 3 Wild goats the craggy rock ascend,
Its tow'ring heights their fortress make,
Whose cells in labyrinths extend,
Where feebler creatures refuge take.
- 4 The moon's inconstant aspect shows
Th' appointed seasons of the year;
Th' instructed sun his duty knows,
His hours to rise, and disappear.
- 5 Darkness he makes the earth to shroud,
When forest-beasts securely stray;
Young lions roar their wants aloud
To providence that sends them prey.
- 6 They range all night, on slaughter bent,
'Till summon'd by the rising morn
To skulk in dens, with one consent,
The conscious ravagers return.
- 7 Forth to the tillage of the soil
The husbandman securely goes,
Commencing with the sun his toil,
With him returns to his repose.
- 8 How various, Lord, thy works are found!
For which thy wisdom we adore;
The earth is with thy treasure crown'd,
'Till nature's hand can grasp no more.

Part the Fourth.

- 1 But still the vast unfathom'd main
Of wonders a new scene supplies,
Whose depths inhabitants contain
Of every form and every size.
- 2 Full freighted ships from every port
There cut their unmolested way;
Leviathan, whom there to sport
Thou mad'st, hath compass there to play.

- 3 These various troops of sea and land
 In sense of common want agree;
All wait on thy dispensing hand,
 And have their daily alms of thee.
- 4 They gather what thy stores disperse,
 Without their trouble to provide;
Thou ope'st thy hand, the universe
 The craving world is all supplied.
- 5 Thou for a moment hid'st thy face,
 The num'rous ranks of creatures mourn;
Thou tak'st their breath, all nature's race
 Forthwith to mother-earth return.
- 6 Again thou send'st thy Spirit forth
 T' inspire the mass with vital seed;
Nature's restor'd, and parent earth
 Smiles on her new-created breed.
- 7 Thus thro' successive ages stands
 Firm fix'd thy providential care;
Pleas'd with the work of thy own hands,
 Thou dost the wastes of time repair.
- 8 One look of thine, one wrathful look,
 Earth's panting breast with terror fills;
One touch from thee, with clouds of smoke,
 In darkness shrouds the proudest hills.
- 9 In praising God, while he prolongs
 My breath, I will that breath employ,
And join devotion to my songs,
 Sincere, as is in him my joy.
- 10 While sinners from earth's face are hurl'd,
 My soul, praise thou his holy name,
'Till with my song the list'ning world
 Join concert, and his praise proclaim.

The Same [Psalm CIV].¹³⁴**[Part the First.]**

- 1 Thee, Lord, my soul aspires to sing,
 Almighty, everlasting King,
 Creator! Wondrous to survey,
 Thy works excite the grateful lay.
 From thy bright throne, beyond yon height,
 Spread plains of empyrean light,
 The spheres assume the second place
 Swift moving thro' th' ethereal space.
- 2 Beneath, more close-compacted, lie
 The regions of th' inferior sky.
 Here float the clouds, the thunders roll,
 And tempests whirl from pole to pole;
 Here thy obedient spirits find
 The stores of vengeance for mankind:
 And pleas'd thy orders to perform,
 Lance the hot bolt, or drive the storm.
- 3 Till thou restrain'd'st it like a robe,
 The deep involv'd the shapeless globe;
 And now, tho' the proud surges rise,
 Range the wide waste, and threat the skies,
 Fix'd is their bound, their tumults end;
 Yet where thou bid'st the main extend,¹³⁵
 Aw'd by thy voice aloof they roar,
 Or gently leave th' uninjur'd shore.
- 4 Mean while the piercing liquid strains
 Thro' the tall mountains secret veins;
 Thence down the silver currents flow,
 And wander thro' the vales below.
 And while their streams fresh moisture yield
 To the dry cattle of the field,
 Lo, trees project their branches fair,
 And lodge the songsters of the air.

¹³⁴Source: Thomas Fitzgerald, *Poems on Several Occasions* (London: J. Watts, 1733), 82–90, altered. First appeared in *CPH* (1737), 62–65.

¹³⁵Lines 5 and 6 of this stanza are inverted in 1741 original; restored here to correct order as in *CPH* (1737), 63.

Part the Second.

- 1 Thou send'st, thy creatures to sustain,
 The former and the latter rain:
 See, streight! Herbs, flowers and fruits appear,
 And various plenty crowns the year.
 Grass for the beast, the olive grows
 For man, and the rich vintage flows:
 His life and vigour to sustain,
 Waves o'er the field the rip'ning grain.

- 2 Lord, how dost thou all-bounteous send
 Unnumber'd blessings without end!
 "Thro' all the earth thy glories shine,
 Thy works pronounce thy power divine."
 To their full growth by just degrees
 Majestick rise the forest trees,
 Up to the clouds their arms they throw,
 Their roots the centre seek below.

- 3 The nations of the feather'd kind
 Here hospitable shelter find;
 The stork in the tall fir-trees height,
 Here leaves her brood, and wings her flight.
 And where their shadowy gloom they throw,
 Wide waving o'er the mountain's brow,
 Earth's feeble tribes rejoice to share
 Thy tender love and guardian care.

Part the Third.

- 1 The moon to run her destin'd space,
 Fills her pale orb with borrow'd rays;
 Th' appointed sun with just career
 Metes out the day, the month, the year.
 His lamp withdrawn, then rav'ning stray
 Wild beasts, outrageous for their prey;
 The lion roars his wants aloud,
 And roaring, seeks his meat from God.

- 2 When the east glows with opening day,
 Back to their dens they haste away:

Nor sooner are the shades of night
Fled from the sun's returning light,
Than the strong husbandman renews
His toil, his daily task pursues,
Till evening calls again to rest,
Both toiling man and weary beast.

3 How various is thy praise display'd,
O Lord, in all thy hands have made!
Lost in amazement down we fall;
In wisdom thou hast made them all!
How on the earth thy riches shower
Incessant, unexhausted store;
New every morn thy gifts appear;
Great God, thy goodness fills the year!

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

Part the Fourth.

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

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

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

Psalm CXIII.¹³⁶

- [1]¹³⁷ Ye saints and servants of the Lord,
The triumphs of his name record,
His sacred name for ever bless;
Where-e'er the circling sun displays
His rising beams or setting rays,
Due praise to his great name address.
- 2 God thro' the world extends his sway,
The regions of eternal day
But shadows of his glory are.
With him, whose majesty excels,
Who made the heaven in which he dwells,
Let no created power compare.
- 3 Tho' 'tis beneath his state to view
In highest heaven what angels do,
Yet he to earth vouchsafes his care;
He takes the needy from his cell,
Advancing him in courts to dwell,
Companion of the greatest there.
- 4 To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
The God whom heaven's triumphant host
And suffering saints on earth adore,
Be glory as in ages past,
As now it is, and so shall last
When earth and heaven shall be no more

¹³⁶Source: Nahum Tate and Nicholas Brady, *A New Version of the Psalms of David* (London: M. Clark, 1696), 237. First appeared in *CPH* (1738), 11–12.

¹³⁷Ori., “3”; a misprint.

Psalm CXIV.¹³⁸

- 1 When Israel, by th' Almighty led,
 Enrich'd with their oppressor's spoil,
From Egypt march'd; and Jacob's seed
 From bondage in a foreign soil.
- 2 Jehovah for his residence
 Chose out imperial Judah's tent,
His mansion royal, and from thence
 Thro' Israel's camp his orders sent.
- 3 The distant sea with terror saw,
 And from th' Almighty's presence fled;
Old Jordan's streams, surpriz'd with awe,
 Retreated to their fountain's head.
- 4 The taller mountains skipp'd, like rams
 When danger near the fold they hear;
The hills skipp'd after them, like lambs
 Affrighted by their leader's fear.
- 5 O sea, what made your tide withdraw,
 And naked leave your oozy bed?
Why, Jordan, against nature's law,
 Recoil'd'st thou to thy fountain's head?
- 6 Why, mountains, did ye skip like rams,
 When danger does approach the fold?
Why after them, ye hills, like lambs,
 When they their leader's flight¹³⁹ behold?
- 7 Earth, tremble on: well may'st thou fear
 Thy Lord and Maker's face to see;
When Jacob's awful God draws near,
 'Tis time for earth and sea to flee:
- 8 To flee from God, who nature's law
 Confirms and cancels at his will;
Who springs from flinty rocks can draw,
 And thirsty vales with water fill.

¹³⁸Source: Nahum Tate and Nicholas Brady, *A New Version of the Psalms of David* (London: M. Clark, 1696), 238–39. First appeared in *CPH* (1738), 12–13.

¹³⁹Ori., “fright”; corrected to wording of *CPH* (1738), 13.

The Same [Psalm CXIV].¹⁴⁰

- 1 When Israel freed from Pharaoh's hand,
Left the proud tyrant and his land,
The tribes with chearful homage own
Their King; and Judah was his throne.
- 2 Across the deep their journey lay;
The deep divides to make them way:
Jordan beheld their march, and fled
With backward current to his head.
- 3 The mountains shook like frightened sheep:
Like lambs the little hillocks leap:
Not Sinai on his base could stand,
Conscious of sovereign power at hand.
- 4 What power could make the deep divide?
Make Jordan backward roll his tide?
Why did ye leap, ye little hills?
And whence the fright that Sinai feels?
- 5 Let every mountain, every flood
Retire, and know th' approaching God,
The King of Israel: see him here;
Tremble thou earth; adore and fear!
- 6 He thunders, and all nature mourns;
The rock to standing pools he turns;
Flints spring with fountains at his word,
And fires and seas confess the Lord.

Psalm CXXXIX.¹⁴¹

- 1 Thou, Lord, by strictest search hast known,
My rising up and lying down;
My secret thoughts are known to thee,
Known long before conceiv'd by me.
- 2 Thine eye my bed and path surveys,
My public haunts, and private ways:
Thou knowest what 'tis my lips would vent,
My yet unutter'd words intent.

¹⁴⁰Source: Isaac Watts, *The Psalms of David* (London: Clark, Ford & Cruttenden, 1719), 299–300. First appeared in *CPH* (1737), 66.

¹⁴¹Source: Nahum Tate and Nicholas Brady, *A New Version of the Psalms of David* (London: M. Clark, 1696), 293–95. First appeared in *CPH* (1738), 14–15.

- [3]¹⁴² Surrounded by thy power I stand,
On every side I find thy hand.
O skill, for human reach too high!
Too dazzling bright for mortal eye!
- 4 O could I so perfidious be,
To think of once deserting thee!
Where, Lord, could I thy influence shun,
Or whither from thy presence run?
- 5 If up to heaven I take my flight,
'Tis there thou dwell'st, enthron'd in light:
If down to hell's infernal plains,
'Tis there almighty vengeance reigns.
- 6 If I the morning's wings could gain,
And fly beyond the western main;
Thy swifter hand would first arrive,
And there arrest thy fugitive.
- 7 Or should I try to shun thy sight,
Beneath the sable wings of night;
One glance from thee, one piercing ray
Would kindle darkness into day.
- 8 The veil of night is no disguise,
No screen from thy all-searching eyes:
Thro' midnight shades thou find'st the way,
As in the blazing noon of day.
- 9 Thou know'st the texture of my heart,
My reins, and every vital part:
Each single thread in nature's loom
By thee was cover'd in the womb.
- 10 I'll praise thee, from whose hands I came,
A work of such a curious frame;
The wonders thou in me hast shewn,
My soul with grateful joy shall own.
- 11 Thine eye my substance did survey,
While yet a lifeless mass it lay;
In secret how exactly wrought,
Ere¹⁴³ from its dark inclosure brought.

¹⁴²Ori., "2"; a misprint.

¹⁴³Ori., "E'er"; but clearly used in sense of "before."

- 12 Thou didst the shapeless embryo see,
Its parts were register'd by thee;
Thou saw'st the daily growth they took,
Form'd by the model of thy book.
- 13 Let me acknowledge too, O God,
That since the maze of life I trod,
Thy thoughts of love to me surmount
The power of numbers to recount.
- 14 Search, try, O Lord, my reins and heart,
If evil lurk in any part;
Correct me where I go astray,
And guide me in thy perfect way.

Psalm CXLV. [Ver.] 7., &c.

[Part the First.]¹⁴⁴

- 1 Sweet is the mem'ry of thy grace,
My God, my heavenly King!
Let age to age thy righteousness
In sounds of glory sing.
- 2 God reigns on high but not confines
His goodness to the skies;
Thro' the whole earth his goodness shines,
And ev'ry want supplies.
- 3 With longing eye thy creatures wait
On thee, for daily food;
Thy lib'ral hand provides them meat,
And fills their mouths with good.
- 4 How kind are thy compassions, Lord!
How slow thine anger moves!
But soon he sends his pard'ning word,
To cheer the soul he loves.
- 5 Creatures, with all their endless race,
Thy pow'r and praise proclaim:
But we, who taste thy richer grace,
Delight to bless thy name.

¹⁴⁴Source: Isaac Watts, *The Psalms of David* (London: Clark, Ford & Cruttenden, 1719), 380–81. First appeared in *CPH* (1738), 16.

Part the Second. Ver. 14., &c.¹⁴⁵

- 1 Let every tongue thy goodness speak,
Thou sovereign Lord of all!
Thy strength'ning hands uphold the weak,
And raise the poor that fall.
- 2 When sorrow bows the spirit down,
Or virtue lies distrest,
Beneath the proud oppressor's frown,
Thou giv'st the mourner rest.
- 3 The Lord supports our infant days,
And guides our giddy youth;
Holy and just are all thy ways,
And all thy words are truth.
- 4 Thou know'st the pains thy servants feel,
Thou hear'st thy children cry,
And their best wishes to fulfil
Thy grace is ever nigh.
- 5 Thy mercy never shall remove
From men of heart sincere:
Thou sav'st the souls, whose humble love
Is joined with holy fear.
- 6 My lips shall dwell upon thy praise,
And spread thy fame abroad:
Let all the sons of Adam raise
The honours of their God!

Psalm CXLVI.¹⁴⁶

- 1 I'll praise my Maker while I've breath,
And when my voice is lost in death:
Praise shall employ my nobler powers;
My days of praise shall ne'er be past,
While life and thought and being last,
Or immortality endures.

¹⁴⁵Source: Isaac Watts, *The Psalms of David* (London: Clark, Ford & Cruttenden, 1719), 381–82. First appeared in *CPH* (1738), 16–17.

¹⁴⁶Source: Isaac Watts, *The Psalms of David* (London: Clark, Ford & Cruttenden, 1719), 384–85 (stanzas 1, 3, 4 alt., 6). First appeared in *CPH* (1737), 9–10.

- 2 Happy the man whose hopes rely
On Israel's God: he made the sky,
And earth and seas, with all their train:
His truth for ever stands secure;
He saves th' opprest; he feeds the poor,
And none shall find his promise vain.
- 3 The Lord pours eye-sight on the blind,
The Lord supports the fainting mind;
He sends the labouring conscience peace,
He helps the stranger in distress,
The widow and the fatherless,
And grants the prisoner sweet release.
- 4 I'll praise him while he lends me breath,
And when my voice is lost in death,
Praise shall employ my nobler powers;
My days of praise shall ne'er be past,
While life and thought and being last,
Or immortality endures.

Psalm CXLVII.¹⁴⁷

- 1 Praise ye the Lord: 'tis good to raise
Our hearts and voices in his praise;
His nature and his works invite
To make this duty our delight.
- 2 He form'd the stars, those heavenly flames,
He counts their numbers, calls their names:
His wisdom's vast, and knows no bound,¹⁴⁸
A deep where all our thoughts are drown'd.
- 3 Great is the Lord, and great his might,
And all his glory's infinite:
He crowns the meek, rewards the just,
And treads the wicked to the dust.
- 4 Sing to the Lord, exalt him high,
Who spreads his clouds around the sky;
There he prepares the fruitful rain,
Nor lets the drops descend in vain.

¹⁴⁷Source: Isaac Watts, *The Psalms of David* (London: Clark, Ford & Cruttenden, 1719), 385–86 (omitting stanza 2, and adding Bishop Thomas Ken's Doxology at the end). First appeared in *CPH* (1737), 10–11.

¹⁴⁸Ori., "bounds"; corrected for rhyme and to match *CPH* (1737), 10.

- 5 He makes the grass the hills adorn,
And cloaths the smiling fields with corn:
The beasts with food his hands supply,
And the young ravens when they cry.
- 6 What is the creature's skill or force?
The sprightly man or warlike horse?
The piercing wit, the active limb?
All are too mean delights for him.
- 7 But saints are lovely in his sight,
He views his children with delight;
He sees their hope, he knows their fear,
And looks and loves his image there.
- 8 Praise God, from whom all blessings flow;
Praise him all creatures here below;
Praise him above, ye heavenly host,
Praise Father, Son and Holy Ghost.

Psalm CXLVIII.¹⁴⁹ [Part the First.]

- 1 Let every creature join
To praise th' eternal God,
Ye heavenly hosts the song begin,
And sound his name abroad.
- 2 Thou sun with golden beams,
And moon with paler rays,
Ye starry lights, ye sparkling flames,
Shine to your Maker's praise.
- 3 He built those worlds above,
And fixt their wond'rous frame,
By his command they stand or move,
And ever speak his name.
- 4 Ye vapours when ye rise
Or fall in show'rs, or snow,
Ye thunders murm'ring round the skies,
His power and glory shew.
- 5 Wind, hail and flashing fire,
Agree to praise the Lord,
When ye in vengeful storms conspire
To execute his word.

¹⁴⁹Source: Isaac Watts, *The Psalms of David* (London: Clark, Ford & Cruttenden, 1719), 394–96. First appeared in *CPH* (1737), 66–69.

- 6 By all his works above
His honours be exprest:
But those who taste his saving love
Should sing his praises best.

Part the Second.

- 1 Let earth and ocean know,
They owe their Maker praise:
Praise him, ye watry worlds below,
And monsters of the seas.
- 2 From mountains near the sky,
Let his loud praise resound;
From humble shrubs and cedars high,
And vales and fields around.
- 3 Ye lions of the wood,
And tamer beasts that graze,
Ye live upon his daily food,
And he expects your praise.
- 4 Ye birds of lofty wing,
On high his praises bear;
Or sit on flow'ry boughs and sing
Your Maker's glory there.
- 5 Ye creeping ants and worms,
His various wisdom show;
And flies in all your shining forms,
Praise him that drest you so.
- 6 By all the earth-born race
His honours be express'd:
But those that know his heavenly grace
Should learn to praise him best.

Part the Third.

- 1 Monarchs of wide command,
Praise ye th' eternal King;
Judges adore that sovereign hand,
Whence all your honours spring.

- 2 Let vig'rous youth engage
 To sound his praises high:
 While growing babes, and with'ring age
 Their feebler voices try.
- 3 United zeal be shewn,
 His wond'rous fame to raise:
 God is the Lord; his name alone
 Deserves our endless praise.
- 4 Let nature join with art,
 And all pronounce him blest;
 But saints who dwell so near his heart,
 Should sing his praises best.

The Same [Psalm CXLVIII].¹⁵⁰

- 1 Ye boundless realms of joy,
 Exalt your Maker's fame;¹⁵¹
 His praise your song employ,
 Above the starry frame.
 Your voices raise, ye cherubim
 And seraphim, to sing his praise.
- 2 Thou moon that rul'st the night,
 And sun that guid'st the day;
 Ye glitt'ring stars of light,
 To him your homage pay.
 His praise declare, ye heavens above,
 And clouds that move in liquid air.
- 3 Let them adore the Lord,
 And praise his holy name,
 By whose almighty word,
 They all from nothing came,
 And all shall last from changes free;
 His firm decree stands ever fast.
- 4 Let earth her tribute pay;
 Praise him, ye dreadful whales,
 And fish that thro' the sea
 Glide swift with glitt'ring scales.
 Fire, hail and snow, and misty air,
 And winds that where he bids them blow.

¹⁵⁰Source: Nahum Tate and Nicholas Brady, *A New Version of the Psalms of David* (London: M. Clark, 1696), 309–11. First appeared in *CPH* (1738), 71–72.

¹⁵¹Ori., “frame”; corrected in errata of 2nd edn. (1743) to the original of *CPH* (1738), 71.

5 By hills and mountains (all
 In grateful concert join'd;)
 By cedars stately tall,
 And trees for fruit design'd:
By every beast, and creeping thing,
And fowl of wing, his name be blest.

6 Let all of royal birth,
 With those of humbler frame,
 And judges of the earth,
 His matchless praise proclaim
In this design let youth with maids,
And hoary heads with children join.

7 United zeal be shewn,
 His wond'rous fame to raise,
 Whose glorious name alone
 Deserves our endless praise.
Earth's utmost ends his pow'r obey,
His glorious sway the sky transcends.

8 His chosen saints to grace,
 He sets them up on high,
 And favours all their race,
 Whose hearts to him are nigh:
O therefore raise your grateful voice,
And still rejoice your Lord to praise.

The Same [Psalm CXLVIII].¹⁵²

[1] Ye, who dwell above the skies,
 Free from humane miseries;
 Ye whom highest heaven imbow'rs,
 Praise the Lord with all your pow'rs.

[2] Angels, your clear voices raise;
 Him ye heavenly armies praise;
 Sun and moon with borrow'd light,
 All ye sparkling eyes of night.

[3] Waters hanging in the air,
 Heaven of heavens his praise declare;
 His deserved praise record;
 His, who made you by his word.

¹⁵²Source: George Sandys, *A Paraphrase upon the Psalms of David* (London: A. Roper, 1676), 238–39.

- [4] Let the earth his praise resound;
Monstrous whales, and seas profound;
Vapours, lightning, hail and snow,
Storms which, where he bids you, blow:
- [5] Flow'ry hills and mountains high;
Cedars, neighbours to the sky;
Trees and cattle, creeping things;
All that cut the air with wings.
- [6] You, who awful scepters sway,
You, inured to obey,
Princes, judges of the earth,
All of high and humble birth:
- [7] Youths and virgins flourishing
In the beauty of your spring;
Ye, who were but born of late,
Ye, who bow with age's weight:
- [8] Praise his name with one consent:
O how great! How excellent!
Than the earth profounder far;
Higher than the highest star.
- [9] He will his to glory raise;
Ye, his saints, resound his praise:
Ye, his sons, his chosen race,
Bless his love, and sovereign grace.

The Same [Psalm CXLVIII].¹⁵³

- 1 Praise ye the Lord, y' immortal quire,
That fills the realms above;
Praise him who form'd you of his fire,
And feeds you with his love.
- 2 Shine to his praise, ye crystal skies,
The floor of his abode:
Or veil in shades your thousand eyes,
Before your brighter God.
- 3 Thou restless globe of golden light,
Whose beams create our days,
Join with the silver queen of night,
To own your borrow'd rays.

¹⁵³Source: Isaac Watts, *Horae Lyricae* (London: Humfreys, 1709), 32–34. First appeared in *CPH* (1738), 70–71.

- 4 Winds, ye shall bear his name aloud,
Thro' the etherial blue;
For when his chariot is a cloud,
He makes his wheels of you.
- 5 Thunder and hail and fires and storms,
The troops of his command,
Appear in all your dreadful forms,
And speak his awful hand.
- 6 Shout to the Lord, ye surging seas,
In your eternal roar;
Let wave to wave resound his praise,
And shore reply to shore.
- 7 While monsters sporting on the flood,
In scaly silver shine,
Speak terribly their Maker God,
And lash the foaming brine.
- 8 But gentler things shall tune his name,
To softer notes than these,
Young zephirs breathing o'er the stream,
Or whisp'ring thro' the trees.
- 9 Wave your tall heads, ye lofty pines,
To him that bids you grow;
Sweet clusters bend the fruitful vines
On every thankful bough.
- 10 Let the shrill birds his honour raise,
And climb the morning sky;
While groveling beasts attempt his praise,
In hoarser harmony.
- 11 Thus while the meaner creatures sing,
Ye mortals, take the sound;
Echo the glories of your King,
Thro' all the nations round.

Psalm CL.¹⁵⁴

- 1 O praise the Lord in that blest place,
From whence his goodness largely flows:
Praise him in heaven, where he his face
Unveil'd in perfect glory shews.

¹⁵⁴Source: Nahum Tate and Nicholas Brady, *A New Version of the Psalms of David* (London: M. Clark, 1696), 313–14. First appeared in *CPH* (1738), 20.

- 2 Praise him for all his mighty acts,
Which he on our behalf hath done;
His kindness this return exacts,
With which your praise should equal run.
- 3 Let the shrill trumpet's warlike voice
Make rocks and hills his praise rebound;
Praise him with harp's melodious noise,
And gentle psaltery's silver sound.
- 4 Let all that vital breath enjoy,
That breath he doth to them afford,
In just returns of praise employ;
Let every creature praise the Lord.

God's Eternity.¹⁵⁵

- 1 Rise, O my soul, and leave the ground,
Stretch all thy thoughts abroad,
And rouze up every tuneful sound
To praise th' eternal God.
- 2 Long ere¹⁵⁶ the lofty skies were spread,
Jehovah fill'd his throne;
Ere¹⁵⁷ Adam form'd, or angels made,
The Maker liv'd alone.
- 3 Thy boundless years can ne'er decrease,
But still maintain their prime;
Eternity's thy dwelling-place,
And ever is thy time.
- 4 While like a tide our minutes flow,
The present and the past,
He fills his own immortal now,
And sees our ages waste.
- 5 The sea and sky must perish too,
And vast destruction come;
The creatures, look how old they grow!
And wait their fiery doom.
- 6 Well, let the sea waste all away,
And flame melt down the skies,
My God shall live an endless day,
When th' old creation dies.

¹⁵⁵Source: Isaac Watts, *Hymns and Spiritual Songs*, 2nd ed. (London: John Lawrence, 1709), 143 (Book 2, no. 17). First appeared in *CPH* (1737), 14–15.

¹⁵⁶Ori., “e'er”; but clearly used in sense of “before.”

¹⁵⁷Ori., “E'er”; but clearly used in sense of “before.”

Hymn to God the Father.¹⁵⁸

- 1 Hail, Father, whose creating call
Unnumber'd worlds attend,
Jehovah, comprehending all,
Whom none can comprehend.
- 2 In light unsearchable inthron'd,
Which angels dimly see;
The fountain of the God-head own'd,
And foremost of the Three.
- 3 From thee thro' an eternal now,
The Son, thine offspring, flow'd;
An everlasting Father thou,
As everlasting God.
- 4 Nor quite display'd to worlds above,
Nor quite on earth conceal'd;
By wondrous, unexhausted love
To mortal man reveal'd.
- 5 Supreme and all-sufficient God,
When nature shall expire,
And worlds created by thy nod
Shall perish by thy fire.
- 6 Thy name Jehovah be ador'd
By creatures without end,
Whom none but thy essential Word
And Spirit comprehend.

Hymn to God the Son.¹⁵⁹

- 1 Hail, God the Son, in glory crown'd
Ere time began to be,
Thron'd with thy Sire thro' half the round
Of wide eternity!
- 2 Let heaven and earth's stupendous frame
Display their author's power,
And each exalted seraph flame,
Creator, thee adore!

¹⁵⁸Source: Samuel Wesley Jr., "Hymn to God the Father," *Weekly Miscellany* 85 (July 27, 1734), 2; reprinted in *Poems on Several Occasions* (London: S. Birt, 1736), 1–3. First appeared in *CPH* (1737), 11–12.

¹⁵⁹Source: Samuel Wesley Jr., "Hymn to God the Son," *Weekly Miscellany* 87 (Aug. 10, 1734), 2; reprinted in *Poems on Several Occasions* (London: S. Birt, 1736), 3–4. First appeared in *CPH* (1737), 12–13.

- 3 Thy wondrous love the God-head shew'd
 Contracted to a span,
 The co-eternal Son of God,
 The mortal Son of man.
- 4 To save mankind from lost estate,
 Behold his life-blood stream!
 Hail, Lord! Almighty to create!
 Almighty to redeem!
- 5 The Mediator's God-like sway,
 His church beneath sustains;
 Till nature shall her judge survey,
 The King Messiah reigns.
- 6 Hail, with essential glory crown'd,
 When time shall cease to be,
 Thron'd with thy¹⁶⁰ Father thro' the round
 Of whole eternity!

Hymn to God the Holy Ghost.¹⁶¹

- 1 Hail, Holy Ghost, Jehovah, third
 In order of the Three;
 Sprung from the Father and the Word
 From all eternity.
- 2 Thy Spirit brooding o'er th' abyss
 Of formless waters lay;
 Spoke into order all that is,
 And darkness into day.
- 3 In deepest hell, or heaven's height
 Thy presence who can fly?
 Known is the Father to thy sight,
 Th' abyss of deity.
- 4 Thy power thro' Jesus' life display'd,
 Quite from the virgin's womb,
 Dying, his soul an offering made,
 And rais'd him from the tomb.
- 5 God's image which our sins destroy,
 Thy grace restores below;
 And truth, and holiness, and joy,
 From thee, their fountain, flow.

¹⁶⁰Ori., "the"; corrected to agree with Samuel's published form in 2nd edn. (1743) and following.

¹⁶¹Source: Samuel Wesley Jr., "Hymn to God the Holy Ghost," *Weekly Miscellany* 88 (Aug. 17, 1734), 2; reprinted in *Poems on Several Occasions* (London: S. Birt, 1736), 4–6. First appeared in *CPH* (1737), 13.

- 6 Hail, Holy Ghost, Jehovah, third
In order of the Three,
Sprung from the Father and the Word
From all eternity!

Hymn to the Trinity.¹⁶²

- 1 Hail, holy, holy, holy Lord!
Be endless praise to thee!
Supreme, essential One, ador'd
In co-eternal Three.
- 2 Inthron'd in everlasting state
Ere time its round began,
Who join'd in council to create
The dignity of man.
- 3 To whom Isaiah's vision shew'd,
The seraphs veil their wings,
While thee, Jehovah, Lord and God,
Th' angelick army sings.
- 4 To thee by mystick powers on high
Were humble praises given,
When John beheld with favour'd eye
Th' inhabitants of heaven.
- 5 All that the name of creature owns
To thee in hymns aspire;
May we as angels on our thrones
For ever join the choir!
- 6 Hail, holy, holy, holy Lord!
Be endless praise to thee;
Supreme, essential One, ador'd
In co-eternal Three.

Another [Hymn to the Trinity].¹⁶³

- 1 Let God the Father live
For ever on our tongues;
Sinners from his free love derive
The ground of all their songs.

¹⁶²Source: Samuel Wesley Jr., "Hymn to the Trinity," *Weekly Miscellany*, 89 (Aug. 24, 1734), 2; reprinted in *Poems on Several Occasions* (London: S. Birt, 1736), 6–7. First appeared in *CPH* (1737), 14.

¹⁶³Source: Isaac Watts, *Hymns and Spiritual Songs*, 2nd ed. (London: John Lawrence, 1709), 310–11 (Book 3, no. 28). First appeared in *CPH* (1738), 20–21.

- 2 Ye saints, employ your breath
In honour to the Son,
Who bought your souls from hell and death,
By offering up his own.
- 3 Give to the Spirit praise
Of an immortal strain,
Whose light, and power, and grace conveys
Salvation down to men.
- 4 While God the Comforter
Reveals our pardoned sin;
O may the blood and water bear
The same record within.
- 5 To the great One and Three
That seal the grace in heav'n,
The Father, Son, and Spirit, be
Eternal glory giv'n.

Another [Hymn to the Trinity].¹⁶⁴

- 1 Blest be the Father and his love,
To whose celestial source we owe,
Rivers of endless joys above,
And rills of comfort here below.
- 2 Glory to thee, great Son of God,
Forth from thy wounded body rolls
A precious stream of vital blood,
Pardon and life for dying souls.
- 3 We give the sacred Spirit praise,
Who in our hearts of sin and woe
Makes living springs of grace arise,
And into boundless glory flow.
- 4 Thus God the Father, God the Son,
And God the Spirit we adore;
That sea of life, and love unknown,
Without a bottom or a shore.

¹⁶⁴Source: Isaac Watts, *Hymns and Spiritual Songs*, 2nd ed. (London: John Lawrence, 1709), 309 (Book 3, no. 26). First appeared in *CPH* (1737), 36.

The Divine Perfections.¹⁶⁵

- 1 The Lord Jehovah reigns,
 His throne is built on high;
 The garments he assumes
 Are light and majesty.
His glories shine with beams so bright,
No mortal eye can bear the sight.

- 2 The thunders of his hand
 Keep the wide world in awe;
 His wrath and justice stand
 To guard his holy law:
And where his love resolves to bless,
His truth confirms and seals the grace.

- 3 Thro' all his mighty works,
 Amazing wisdom shines;
 Confounds the powers of hell,
 And breaks their dark designs.
Strong is his arm, and shall fulfil
His great decrees and sovereign will.

- 4 And can this sov' reign King
 Of glory condescend,
 And will he write his name,
 My Father and my friend!
I love his name, I love his word,
Join all my powers to praise the Lord!

Universal Praise.¹⁶⁶

- 1 Hark, dull soul, how every thing
 Strives to adore our bounteous King!
 Each a double tribute pays;
 Sings its part, and then obeys.

- 2 Nature's sprightliest, sweetest quire,
 Him with chearful notes admire;
 Every day they chant their lauds,¹⁶⁷
 While the grove their song applauds.

¹⁶⁵Source: Isaac Watts, *Hymns and Spiritual Songs*, 2nd ed. (London: John Lawrence, 1709), 279–80 (Book 2, no. 169). First appeared in *CPH* (1738), 23.

¹⁶⁶Source: William Birchley [i.e., John Austin], *Devotions in the Ancient Way of Offices ... Reformed by a Person of Quality* [Susanna Hopton] and *Published by George Hickee* (London: for J. Jones, 1700), Hymn 6, omitting stanza 5 (pp. 69–70). Wesley has revised his adaptation of this hymn in *CPH* (1737), 69–70 throughout, to restore the original meter (but not quite the original words).

¹⁶⁷Ori. “lands”; a misprint, corrected in 2nd edn. (1743) and following.

- 3 Tho' their voices lower be,
Streams too have their melody;
Night and day they warbling run,
Never pause, but still sing on.
- 4 All the flow'rs that paint the spring
Hither their still musick bring;
If heaven bless them, thankful they
Smell more sweet, and look more gay.
- 5 Wake from shame, my sluggish heart,
Wake, and gladly sing thy part;
Learn of birds, and springs, and flowers,
How t' employ thy nobler powers.
- 6 Call whole nature to thy aid,
Since 'twas he whole nature made;
Join in one eternal song,
Who to one God all belong.
- 7 Live for ever, glorious Lord,
Live, by all thy works ador'd,
One in Three, and Three in One,
All things bow to thee alone.

**Sun, Moon and Stars,
Praise Ye the Lord.¹⁶⁸**

- 1 Regent of all the worlds above,
Thou sun whose rays adorn our sphere,
And with unwearied swiftness move
To form the circle of the year:
- 2 Praise the Creator of the skies,
Who decks thy orb with borrow'd rays;
Or may the sun forget to rise,
When he forgets his Maker's praise.
- 3 Thou reigning beauty of the night,
Fair queen of silence, silver moon,
Whose paler fires and female light
Are softer rivals of the noon:
- 4 Arise, and to that sovereign power,
Waxing and waining honours pay;
Who bad thee rule the dusky hours,
And half supply the absent day.

¹⁶⁸Source: Isaac Watts, *Horae Lyricae* (London: Humfreys, 1709), 45–47, altered. First appeared in *CPH* (1737), 70–71.

- 5 Ye glittering stars that gild the skies,
 When darkness has her curtain drawn,
 That keep the watch with wakeful eyes,
 When business, cares, and day are gone:
- 6 Proclaim the glories of your Lord,
 Dispers'd thro' all the heav'nly street,
 Whose boundless treasures can afford
 So rich a pavement for his feet.
- 7 Thou heav'n of heav'ns, supremely bright,
 Fair palace of the court divine,
 Where with inimitable light
 The Godhead condescends to shine:
- 8 Praise thou thy great inhabitant,
 Who scatters lovely beams of grace
 On every angel, every saint,
 Nor veils the lustre of his face.
- 9 O God of glory, God of love,
 Thou art the sun that mak'st our days;
 Mid'st all thy wond'rous works above
 Let earth and dust attempt thy praise!

**Young Men and Maidens, Old Men
 and Children, Praise Ye the Lord.**¹⁶⁹

- 1 Ye sons of Adam, bold and young,
 In the wild mazes of whose veins
 A flood of fiery vigour reigns,
 Thro' limbs with hardy sinews strung;
 Fall prostrate at the eternal throne,
 Whence your precarious powers depend;
 Nor vainly think your lives your own,
 But chuse your Maker for your friend.
- 2 Ye virgins, boast not of those charms,
 That soon must yield their youthful grace
 To age and wrinkles, earth and worms;
 Love him who gave your smiling face:
 That bridegroom claims your blooming hours,
 O make it your perpetual care
 To please that everlasting fair,
 His beauty's shade alone is yours.

¹⁶⁹Source: Isaac Watts, *Horae Lyricae* (London: Humfreys, 1709), 69–71. First appeared in *CPH* (1738), 75–76.

- 3 Infants whose diff'rent destinies
 Are wove with threads of diff'rent size,
 But from the same spring-tide of tears
 Commence your hopes, and joys, and fears;
 With sounds of tend'rest accent raise
 Young honours to his glorious name,
 And consecrate your early days
 To know and love the power supreme.
- 4 Ye heads of venerable age,
 Just marching off the mortal stage;
 Fathers whose vital threads are spun
 Long as the glass of life would run;
 Adore the hand that led your way,
 Safe thro' a fair long summer's day;
 Gasp out your soul, to praise that pow'r
 By whom ye rise and die no more.

**Flying Fowl, and Creeping Things,
 Praise Ye the Lord.**¹⁷⁰

- 1 Sweet flocks, whose soft enamel'd wing
 Swiftly and gently cleaves the sky,
 Whose tuneful notes address the spring
 With artless melting harmony:
 In leafy shadows as ye sit,
 Awake, and with the dawning light
 To nature's God your mattins pay,
 Who gives the sun his ev'ry ray.
- 2 Serpents, who o'er the meadows slide,
 And wear upon your shining back
 Those num'rous ranks of gaudy pride,
 Which thousand mingling colours make:
 In harmless play twist and unfold
 The volumes of your scaly gold:
 Let soften'd fires glance from your eyes,
 And speak your Maker kind and wise.
- [3]¹⁷¹ Insects and mites of mean degree,
 That swarm in myriads o'er the land,
 Moulded by wisdom's artful hand,
 And painted with a various dye:

¹⁷⁰Source: Isaac Watts, *Horae Lyricae* (London: Humfreys, 1709), 71–72. First appeared in *CPH* (1738), 76–77.

¹⁷¹Ori., “4”; a misprint.

In your innumerable forms
 Praise him that wears th' ethereal crown;
 And bends his lofty counsels down
 To earth, to despicable worms.

Song to Creating Wisdom.¹⁷²

- 1 Eternal wisdom, thee we praise,
 Thee the creation sings;
 With thy loud name, rocks, hills and seas,
 And heaven's high palace rings.
- 2 Thy hand how wide it spreads the sky!
 How glorious to behold!
 Ting'd with a blue of heav'nly dye,
 And starr'd with sparkling gold.
- 3 There thou hast bid the globes of light
 Their endless circles run;
 There the pale planet rules the night,
 The day obeys the sun.
- [4]¹⁷³ If down I turn my wond'ring eyes
 On clouds and storms below,
 Those under-regions of the skies
 Thy num'rous glories show.
- 5 The noisy winds stand ready there
 Thy orders to obey,
 With sounding wings they sweep the air,
 To make thy chariot way.
- 6 There, like a trumpet loud and strong,
 Thy thunder shakes our coast,
 While the red lightnings wave along
 The banners of thine host.
- 7 On the thin air without a prop
 Hang fruitful show'rs around;
 At thy command they sink and drop
 Their fatness on the ground.
- 8 Lo here thy wond'rous skill array
 The fields in chearful green!
 A thousand herbs thy art display,
 A thousand flow'rs between.

¹⁷²Source: Isaac Watts, *Horae Lyricae* (London: Humfreys, 1709), 56–60 (abridged). First appeared in *CPH* (1738), 73–74.

¹⁷³Ori., “3”; a misprint.

- 9 There the rough mountains of the deep
 Obey thy strong command;
 Thy breath can raise the billows steep,
 Or sink them to the sand.
- 10 Thy glories blaze all nature round,
 And strike the wond'ring sight,
 Thro' skies, and seas, and solid ground,
 With terror and delight.
- 11 Infinite strength, and equal skill,
 Shine thro' the world abroad,
 Our souls with vast amazement fill,
 And speak the builder God.
- 12 But the mild glories of thy grace
 Our softer passions move;
 Pity divine in Jesus' face
 We see, adore, and love!

The Shortness of Life.¹⁷⁴

- 1 Time, what an empty vapour 'tis!
 And days how swift they are!
 Swift as an Indian arrow flies,
 Or as a shooting star.
- 2 The present moments just appear,
 Then glide away in haste,
 That we can never say, They're here!
 But only say, They're past!
- 3 Our life is ever on the wing,
 And death is ever nigh;
 The moment when our lives begin,
 We all begin to die.
- 4 Yet, mighty God, our fleeting days
 Thy lasting favours share;
 Yet with the bounties of thy grace
 Thou load'st the rolling year.
- 5 'Tis sovereign mercy finds us food,
 And we are cloath'd by love,
 While grace stands pointing out the road
 That leads our souls above.

¹⁷⁴Source: Isaac Watts, *Hymns and Spiritual Songs*, 2nd ed. (London: John Lawrence, 1709), 181–82 (Book 2, no. 58). First appeared in *CPH* (1737), 34–35.

- 6 Thy goodness runs an endless round!
All glory to the Lord!
Thy mercy never knows a bound,
Be thy great name ador'd!
- 7 Thus we begin the lasting song,
And when we close our eyes,
Let following times thy praise prolong,
Till time and nature dies.

**Thanksgiving for God's
Particular Providence.**¹⁷⁵

- 1 When all thy mercies, O my God,
My rising soul surveys,
Why, my cold heart, art thou not lost
In wonder, love and praise?
- 2 Thy providence my life sustain'd,
And all my wants redrest,
While in the silent womb I lay,
And hung upon the breast.
- 3 To all my weak complaints and cries
Thy mercy lent an ear,
Ere yet my feeble thoughts had learn'd
To form themselves in prayer.
- 4 Unnumber'd comforts on my soul
Thy tender care bestow'd,
Before my infant heart conceiv'd
From whom those comforts flow'd.
- 5 When in the slippery paths of youth
With heedless steps I ran,
Thine arm unseen convey'd me safe,
And led me up to man.
- 6 Thro' hidden dangers, toils and deaths,
It gently clear'd my way,
And thro' the pleasing snares of vice
More to be fear'd than they.
- 7 Ten thousand thousand precious gifts
My daily thanks employ;
Nor is the least a chearful heart
That tastes those gifts with joy.

¹⁷⁵Source: Joseph Addison & Richard Steele, *The Spectator* (London: Sharpe & Hailes, 1711–14), 453 (August 9, 1712), stanzas 1, 3–7, 10–11, 13. First appeared in *CPH* (1737), 26–28.

8 Thro' every period of my life
Thy goodness I'll pursue;
And after death in distant worlds
The pleasing theme renew.

9 Thro' all eternity to thee
A grateful song I'll raise;
But O! Eternity's too short
To utter all thy praise.

A Traveller's Hymn.¹⁷⁶

1 How are thy servants blest, O Lord!
How sure is their defence!
Eternal wisdom is their guard;
Their help, omnipotence.

2 Think, O my soul, devoutly think
How with affrighted eyes,
Thou saw'st the wide extended deep
In all its horrors rise!

3 Confusion dwelt in every face,
And fear in every heart,
When waves on waves, and gulph on gulph,
O'ercame the pilot's art.

4 Yet then from all my griefs, O Lord,
Thy mercy set me free;
While in the confidence of prayer
My soul took hold on thee.

5 For tho' in dreadful whirls we hung
High on the broken wave,
I knew thou wert not slow to hear,
Nor impotent to save.

6 The storms were laid, the winds retir'd,
Obedient to thy will;
The sea that roar'd at thy command,
At thy command was still.

7 In midst of dangers, fears and deaths,
Thy goodness I'll adore;
And praise thee for thy mercies past,
And humbly hope for more.

¹⁷⁶Source: Joseph Addison & Richard Steele, *The Spectator* (London: Sharpe & Hailes, 1711–14), 489 (Sept. 20, 1712).

- 8 My life, if thou preserv'st my life,
Thy sacrifice shall be:
And death, if death shall be my doom,
Shall join my soul to thee.

A Morning or Evening Hymn.¹⁷⁷

- 1 My God, how endless is thy love!
Thy gifts are every evening new;
And morning mercies from above,
Gently distil, like early dew.
- 2 Thou spread'st the curtains of the night,
Great guardian of my sleeping hours;
Thy sovereign word restores the light,
And quickens all my drooping powers.
- 3 I yield my powers to thy command,
To thee I consecrate my days;
Perpetual blessings from thy hand
Demand perpetual songs of praise.

God Glorious, and Sinners Saved.¹⁷⁸

- 1 Father, how wide thy glory shines!
How high thy wonders rise!
Known thro' the earth by thousand signs;
By thousand thro' the skies.
- 2 Those mighty orbs proclaim thy pow'r,
Their motions speak thy skill:
And on the wings of ev'ry hour,
We read thy patience still.
- 3 Part of thy name divinely stands
On all thy creatures writ,
They shew the labour of thy hands,
Or impress of thy feet.
- 4 But when we view thy strange design
To save rebellious worms;
Where vengeance and compassion join
In their divinest forms:

¹⁷⁷Source: Isaac Watts, *Hymns and Spiritual Songs*, 2nd ed. (London: John Lawrence, 1709), 65 (Book 1, no. 81). First appeared in *CPH* (1737), 28.

¹⁷⁸Source: Isaac Watts, *Horae Lyricae* (London: Humfreys, 1709), 18. First appeared in *CPH* (1738), 28.

- 5 Here the whole deity is known,
Nor dares a creature guess
Which of the glories brightest shone,
The justice or the grace.
- 6 Now the full glories of the Lamb
Adorn the heavenly plains,
Bright seraphs learn Immanuel's name,
And try their choicest strains.
- 7 O, may I bear some humble part
In that immortal song;
Wonder and joy shall tune my heart,
And love command my tongue.

**Christ Our Wisdom, Righteousness,
Sanctification and Redemption.**¹⁷⁹

- 1 Buried in shadows of the night
We lie, 'till Christ restores the light,
Wisdom descends to heal the blind,
And chase the darkness of the mind.
- 2 Our guilty souls are drown'd in tears,
'Till thy atoning blood appears;
Then we awake from deep distress,
And sing, the Lord our righteousness.
- 3 Jesus beholds where Satan reigns,
Binding his slaves in heavy chains,
He sets the pris'ners free, and breaks
The iron bondage from our necks.
- 4 Poor helpless worms in thee possess
Grace, wisdom, pow'r and righteousness;
Thou art our mighty all, and we
Give our whole selves, O Lord, to thee.

¹⁷⁹Source: Isaac Watts, *Hymns and Spiritual Songs*, 2nd ed. (London: John Lawrence, 1709), 78 (Book 1, no. 97). First appeared in *CPH* (1737), 35–36.

The Names of Christ.¹⁸⁰

- 1 With chearful voice I sing
 The titles of my Lord,
 And borrow all the names
 Of honour from his word:
Nature and art can ne'er supply
Sufficient forms of majesty.

- 2 In *Jesus* we behold
 His Father's glorious face,
 Shining for ever bright
 With undiminish'd rays;
Th' eternal God's eternal Son
Inherits and partakes the throne.

- 3 The sov'reign *King of kings*,
 And *Lord of lords* most high,
 Writes his own name upon
 His garment and his thigh.
His name is call'd *the Word of God*,
He rules the earth with iron rod.

- 4 Where promises and grace
 Can neither melt nor move,
 The angry *Lamb* resents
 The inj'ries of his love;
Awakes his wrath without delay,
And *Judah's Lion* tares the prey.

- 5 But when for works of peace
 The great Redeemer comes,
 What gentle characters,
 What titles he assumes?
Light of the World, and *Life of Men*;
Nor will he bear those names in vain.

- 6 Immense compassion reigns
 In our *Immanuel's* heart,
 When he descends to act
 The *Mediator's* part.
He is a *Friend* and *Brother* too,
Divinely kind, divinely true.

¹⁸⁰Source: Isaac Watts, *Hymns and Spiritual Songs*, 2nd ed. (London: John Lawrence, 1709), 120–22 (Book 1, no. 148). First appeared in *CPH* (1738), 30–31.

7 At length the Lord, the judge
 His awful throne ascends,
 And drives the rebels far
 From subjects and from friends.
 Then shall the saints compleatly prove
 The heights and depths of saving love.

The Offices of Christ.¹⁸¹

1 Join all the names of love and power,
 That ever man or angel bore;
 All are too mean to speak thy worth,
 Saviour, or set thy glories forth.

2 But O, what condescending ways
 He takes to teach his sovereign grace!
 My eyes with joy and wonder see
 What forms of love he bears to me.

3 Great *Prophet*, let me bless thy name!
 From thee the joyful tidings came
 Of wrath appeas'd, and sins forgiven,
 Of hell subdu'd, and peace with heaven.

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

5 Jesus, my great *High-priest* has died;
 I seek no sacrifice beside:
 His blood did once for all atone,
 And now it pleads before the throne.

6 My *Lord*, my *Conqueror* and my *King*,
 Thy scepter and thy sword I sing;
 Thine is the victory, and I sit
 A joyful subject at thy feet.

7 Aspire, my soul, to glorious deeds;
 The *Captain of Salvation* leads:
 March on, nor fear to win the day,
 Tho' death and hell obstruct the way.

¹⁸¹Source: Isaac Watts, *Hymns and Spiritual Songs*, 2nd ed. (London: John Lawrence, 1709), 122–23 (Book 1, no. 149, omitting stanzas 3, 6, 7, 9), several alterations. First appeared in *CPH* (1737), 29–30. Wesley revised this poem again for inclusion in *CPH* (1741); the revisions are noted in footnotes in *CPH* (1737).

8 Should death and hell and pow'rs unknown
Put on their forms of mischief on,
I shall be safe; for Christ displays
Salvation in more sovereign ways.

The Same [The Offices of Christ].¹⁸²

1 Join all the glorious names
Of wisdom, love and power,
That ever mortals knew,
That angels ever bore;
All are too mean to speak thy worth,
Too mean to set thee, *Saviour*, forth.

2 But O what gentle terms,
What condescending ways,
Doth our *Redeemer* use
To teach his heav'nly grace!
Mine eyes with joy and wonder see
What forms of love he bears for me.

3 Array'd in mortal flesh
Lo the *great Angel* stands,
And holds the promises
And pardons in his hands:
Commission'd from his Father's throne,
To make his grace to mortals known.

4 Great *Prophet* of my God,
My tongue shall bless thy name,
By thee the joyful news
Of our salvation came;
The joyful news of sins forgiv'n,
Of hell subdu'd, and peace with heaven.

5 Be thou my *Counsellor*,
My *Pattern* and my *Guide*;
And thro' this desert land,
Still keep me near thy side.
O let my feet ne'er run astray,
Nor rove nor seek the crooked way.

¹⁸²Source: Isaac Watts, *Hymns and Spiritual Songs*, 2nd ed. (London: John Lawrence, 1709), 124–27 (Book 1, no. 150). First appeared in *CPH* (1738), 31–32.

6 I love my *Shepherd's* voice,
His watchful eyes shall keep
My wand'ring soul among
The thousands of his sheep.
He feeds his flock, he calls their names,
His bosom bears the tender lambs.

7 Jesus, my great *High Priest*,
Offer'd his blood and dy'd;
My guilty conscience seeks
No sacrifice beside.
His pow'rful blood did once atone,
And now it pleads before the throne.

8 O thou, Almighty *Lord*,
My *Conqu'ror* and my *King*,
Thy scepter and thy sword,
Thy reigning grace I sing.
Thine is the pow'r, behold I sit
In willing bonds before thy feet.

9 Now let my soul arise,
And tread the tempter down,
My *Captain* leads me forth
To conquest and a crown.
March on, nor fear to win the day,
Tho' death and hell obstruct the way.

10 Should all the hosts of death,
And pow'rs of hell unknown,
Put the most dreadful forms
Of rage and mischief on;
I shall be safe, for Christ displays
Superior pow'r, and guardian grace.

Hymn for Sunday.¹⁸³

1 Behold we come, dear Lord, to thee,
And bow before thy throne,
We come to offer all our vows,
Our souls to thee alone.

¹⁸³Source: William Birchley [i.e., John Austin], *Devotions in the Ancient Way of Offices ... Reformed by a Person of Quality* [Susanna Hopton] and Published by George Hickes (London: for J. Jones, 1700), Hymn 1, (pp. 3–4). First appeared in *CPH* (1737), 24–25.

- 2 Whate'er we have, whate'er we are,
 Thy bounty freely gave:
 Thou dost us here in mercy spare,
 And wilt hereafter save.
- 3 But O! Can all our store afford
 No better gifts for thee?
 Thus we confess thy riches, Lord,
 And thus our poverty.
- 4 'Tis not our tongues, or knees can pay
 The mighty debt we owe:
 Far more we should than we can say,
 Far lower should we bow.
- 5 Come then, my soul, bring all thy pow'rs,
 And grieve thou hast no more,
 Bring every day thy choicest hours,
 And thy great God adore.
- 6 But, above all, prepare thy heart
 On this his own blest day,
 In its sweet task to bear a part,
 And sing and love and pray!

Christ Our Priest and King.¹⁸⁴

- 1 Now to the Lord, who makes us know
 The wonders of his dying love,
 Be humble honours paid below,
 And strains of nobler praise above.
- 2 'Twas he that cleans'd our foulest sins,
 And wash'd us in his richest blood:
 'Tis he that makes us priests and kings,
 And brings us rebels near to God.
- 3 To Jesus, our atoning Priest,
 To Jesus, our Almighty King,
 Be everlasting power confest,
 And every tongue his glory sing.
- 4 Behold, on flying clouds he comes,
 And ev'ry eye shall see him move;
 Tho' with our sins we pierc'd him once,
 Now he displays his pard'ning love.

¹⁸⁴Source: Isaac Watts, *Hymns and Spiritual Songs*, 2nd ed. (London: John Lawrence, 1709), 45 (Book 1, no. 61). First appeared in *CPH* (1738), 33.

- 5 The unbelieving world shall wail,
While we rejoice to see the day:
Come, Lord, nor let thy promise fail,
Nor let thy chariots long delay!

Triumph Over Death.¹⁸⁵

- 1 And must this body die?
This well-wrought frame decay?
And must these active limbs of mine
Lie mould'ring in the clay?
- 2 Corruption, earth and worms
Shall but refine this flesh,
'Till my triumphant spirit comes,
To put it on a-fresh.
- 3 God, my Redeemer, lives,
And often from the skies
Looks down, and watches all my dust,
'Till he shall bid it rise.
- 4 Array'd in glorious grace
Shall these vile bodies shine,
And every shape, and every face
Be heavenly and divine.
- 5 These lively hopes we owe,
Lord, to thy dying love:
O may we bless thy grace below,
And sing thy power above.
- 6 Saviour, accept the praise
Of these our humble songs,
'Till tunes of nobler sound we raise
With our immortal tongues.

Heaven Begun on Earth.¹⁸⁶

- 1 Come, ye that love the Lord,
And let your joys be known,
Join in a song with sweet accord,
While ye surround his throne.

¹⁸⁵Source: Isaac Watts, *Hymns and Spiritual Songs*, 2nd ed. (London: John Lawrence, 1709), 230–31 (Book 2, no. 110). First appeared in *CPH* (1737), 25.

¹⁸⁶Source: Isaac Watts, *Hymns and Spiritual Songs*, 2nd ed. (London: John Lawrence, 1709), 155–57 (Book 2, no. 30, omitting stanzas 2, 9). First appeared in *CPH* (1737), 28–29.

- 2 Let those refuse to sing,
That never knew our God:
But servants of the heavenly King
May speak their joys abroad.
- 3 The God that rules on high,
That all the earth surveys,
That rides upon the stormy sky,
And calms the roaring seas:
- 4 This awful God is ours,
Our Father and our love:
Thou shalt send down thy heavenly pow'rs,
To carry us above.
- 5 There we shall see thy face,
And never, never sin;
There from the rivers of thy grace,
Drink endless pleasures in.
- 6 Yea, and before we rise
To that immortal state,
The thoughts of such amazing bliss,
Should constant joys create.
- 7 The men of grace have found
Glory begun below;
Celestial fruits on earthly ground
From faith and hope may grow.
- 8 Then let our songs abound,
And every tear¹⁸⁷ be dry;
We're marching thro' Immanuel's ground,
To fairer worlds on high.

Christ Worshipped by All Creatures.¹⁸⁸

- 1 Come let us join our chearful songs,
With angels round the throne;
Ten thousand thousand are their tongues,
But all their joys are one.
- 2 Worthy the Lamb that dy'd, they cry,
To be exalted thus;
Worthy the Lamb, our lips¹⁸⁹ reply,
For he was slain for us.

¹⁸⁷ Ori., "fear"; a misprint, corrected in 2nd edn. (1743).

¹⁸⁸Source: Isaac Watts, *Hymns and Spiritual Songs*, 2nd ed. (London: John Lawrence, 1709), 46 (Book 1, no. 62). First appeared in *CPH* (1738), 34.

¹⁸⁹"Lips" (Watts' original wording) changed to "hearts" in 2nd edn. (1743) and following.

- 3 Jesus is worthy to receive
 Honour and pow'r divine;
 And blessings, more than we can give,
 Be, Lord, for ever thine.
- 4 The whole creation join in one
 To bless the sacred name
 Of him that sits upon the throne,
 And to adore the Lamb.

The New Covenant Seal'd.¹⁹⁰

- 1 "The promise of my Father's love
 Shall stand for ever good,"
 He said; and gave his soul to death,
 And seal'd the grace with blood.
- 2 To this blest¹⁹¹ cov'nant of thy word
 I set my worthless name;
 I seal th' engagement to my Lord,
 And make my humble claim.
- 3 Thy¹⁹² light and strength and pard'ning grace,
 And glory shall be mine;
 My life and soul, my heart and flesh,
 And all my pow'rs are thine.
- 4 Love, wisdom, justice, join'd and wrought
 The wonders of that day:
 No mortal tongue, or mortal thought
 Can equal thanks repay.
- 5 Our hymns should sound like those above,
 Could we our voices raise:
 Yet, Lord, our hearts shall all be love,
 And all our lives be praise!

God, Our Light in Darkness.¹⁹³

- 1 My God, the spring of all my joys,
 The life of my delights,
 The glory of my brightest days,
 And comfort of my nights:

¹⁹⁰Source: Isaac Watts, *Hymns and Spiritual Songs*, 2nd ed. (London: John Lawrence, 1709), 285 (verses 1–3 are Book 3, no. 3:1–3) and 299 (verses 4–5 are Book 3, no. 16:6–7). First appeared in *CPH* (1738), 35.

¹⁹¹Watts' original "dear"; *CPH* (1738), 35: "sure."

¹⁹²Ori., "the"; a misprint, as seen in *CPH* (1738), 35.

¹⁹³Source: Isaac Watts, *Hymns and Spiritual Songs*, 2nd ed. (London: John Lawrence, 1709), 177–78 (Book 2, no. 54). First appeared in *CPH* (1738), 35–36.

2 In darkest shades if thou appear,
My dawning is begun:
Thou art my soul's bright morning star,
And thou my rising sun.

3 The op'ning heavens around me shine
With beams of sacred bliss,
If Jesus shews his mercy mine,
And whispers, I am his.

4 My soul would leave this heavy clay,
At that transporting word,
Run up with joy the shining way,
To see and praise my Lord.

5 Fearless of hell and ghastly death,
I'd break thro' ev'ry foe:
The wings of love, and arms of faith
Would bear me conqu'ror thro'.

Come, Lord Jesus.¹⁹⁴

1 When shall thy lovely face be seen?
When shall our eyes behold our God?
What lengths of distance lie between?
And hills of guilt? A heavy load.

2 Ye heav'nly gates, loose all your chains,
Let th' eternal pillars bow,
Blest Saviour, cleave the starry plains,
And make the crystal mountains flow.

3 Hark, how thy saints unite their cries,
And pray and wait the general doom;
Come thou! The soul of all our joys,
Thou, the desire of nations, come.

4 Our heart-strings groan with deep complaint,
Our flesh lies panting, Lord, for thee;
And every limb and every joint
Stretches for immortality.

5 Now let our chearful eyes survey
The blazing earth and melting hills;
And smile to see the lightnings play,
And flash along before thy wheels.

¹⁹⁴Source: Isaac Watts, *Horae Lyricae* (London: Humfreys, 1709), 153. First appeared in *CPH* (1738), 44-45.

- 6 Hark! What a shout of violent joys
Joins with the mighty trumpet's sound!
The angel-herald shakes the skies,
Awakes the graves, and tears the ground.
- 7 Ye slumb'ring saints, a heav'nly host,
Stands waiting at your gaping tombs:
Let ev'ry sacred, sleeping dust
Leap into life; for Jesus comes.
- 8 Jesus, the God of might and love,
New-molds our limbs of cumb'rous clay,
Quick as seraphic flames we move,
To reign with him in endless day.

**O Ye Spirits and Souls of the
Righteous, Bless Ye the Lord.**¹⁹⁵

- 1 Hail, glorious angels, heirs of light,
Ye high-born sons of fire!
Whose hearts burn chaste, whose flames shine bright,
All joy, yet all desire.
- 2 Hail, holy saints, who long in hope
And expectation sat,
'Till for its King, heaven did set ope
Its everlasting gate.
- 3 Hail, great apostles of the Lamb,
Who brought that early ray,
Which from our sun, reflected came,
And made a glorious day.
- 4 Hail, generous martyrs, whose strong hearts
Bravely rejoiced to prove,
How weak, pale death, are all thy darts
Compair'd to those of love.
- 5 Hail, beauteous virgins, whose pure love
Renounc'd all low desires,
Who wisely fixt your hearts above,
And burnt with heavenly fires.
- 6 Hail, all ye happy spirits above,
Who make that glorious ring
About the sparkling throne of love,
And there for ever sing.

¹⁹⁵Source: William Birchley [i.e., John Austin], *Devotions in the Ancient Way of Offices ... Reformed by a Person of Quality* [Susanna Hopton] and *Published by George Hickes* (London: for J. Jones, 1700), Hymn 38, stanzas 3–6, 8–10 (pp. 419–20). First appeared in *CPH* (1737), 33–34.

- 7 Great Lord, among their crowns of praise,
Accept this little wreath,
Which while their lofty notes they raise,
We humbly sing beneath.

Solomon's Song, Chap. II.

Ver. I, &c.¹⁹⁶

- [1] I am the lilly of the vale,
The rose of Sharon's fragrant¹⁹⁷ dale:
Lo, as th' unsullied lilly shows,
Which midst incircling brambles grows.
- [2] My love so darkens all that are
By erring men admired for fair:
My love, &c.¹⁹⁸
- [3] Lo, as the tree which citrons bears
Amidst the barren shrubs appears;
So my belov'd excels the race
Of men in every winning grace.
- [4] In his desired shade I rest,
And with his fruits my palate feast:
He, over my defenceless head,
The banner of his love hath spread.
- [5] With flagons, O revive my pow'rs,
And strew my bed with fruits and flowers,
Whose taste and smell may cordial prove;
For, O! My soul is sick of love!

The Same

[Solomon's Song, Chap. II, Ver. 1, &c.].¹⁹⁹

- [1] Behold the rose of Sharon here;
The lilly which the valleys bear;
Behold the tree of life that gives
Refreshing fruit and healing leaves.
- [2] Among the thorns as lillies shine,
Among wild gourds the mantling vine,
So in mine eyes my Saviour proves
Amidst a thousand meaner loves.

¹⁹⁶Source: George Sandys, *A Paraphrase upon the Song of Solomon* (London: John Legat, 1641), 6–7.

¹⁹⁷Ori., “flagrant”; a misprint, corrected to Sandys' wording.

¹⁹⁸I.e., repeat first two lines of the stanza.

¹⁹⁹Source: Isaac Watts, *Hymns and Spiritual Songs*, 2nd ed. (London: John Lawrence, 1709), 51–52 (Book 1, no. 68).

[3] Beneath his cooling shade I sat,
To shield me from the burning heat;
Of heav'nly fruit he spreads a feast,
To feed my eyes and please my taste.

[4] O never let my Lord depart;
Lie down and rest upon my heart:
I charge my sins not once to move,
Nor stir, nor wake, nor grieve my love.

[Solomon's Song, Chap. II.] Ver. 8, &c.²⁰⁰

[1] Is it a dream? Or do I hear
The voice that so delights my ear?
Lo, he o'er hills his steps extends,
And bounding from the cliffs descends:
Now like a roe outstrips the wind,
And leaves the panting hart behind.

[2] Without, lo, my beloved stays,
And thro' the lattice darts his rays;
Thus, as his looks, his words invite,
"O thou, my chosen, my delight,
Arise, my love, no longer stay,
My fair one, haste and come away!

[3] "Lo, the sharp winter now is gone,
The threatening tempest's over-blown;
Hark, how the airs musicians sing,
And carol to the flowry spring!
Chast turtles hous'd in shady groves,
Now murmur to their faithful loves.

[4] "Green figs on sprouting trees appear,
The vines sweet-smelling blossoms bear;
O come, my love! No longer stay!
My fair one, haste and come away!
O come, my love! &c."²⁰¹

The Same

[Solomon's Song, Chap. II, Ver. 8, &c.].²⁰²

1 The voice of my beloved sounds
Over the rocks and rising grounds,
O'er hills of guilt and seas of grief,
He leaps, he flies to my relief.

²⁰⁰Source: George Sandys, *A Paraphrase upon the Song of Solomon* (London: John Legat, 1641), 8–9.

²⁰¹I.e., repeat lines 3 and 4 of this stanza.

²⁰²Source: Isaac Watts, *Hymns and Spiritual Songs*, 2nd ed. (London: John Lawrence, 1709), 52–53 (Book 1, no. 69). First appeared in *CPH* (1737), 30–31.

- 2 Now thro' the veil of flesh I see
With eyes of love he looks at me;
Now in the gospel's clearest glass,
He shews the beauties of his face.
- 3 Gently he draws my heart along,
Both with his beauties and his tongue;
Rise, saith my Lord, make haste away,
No mortal joys are worth thy stay.
- 4 The Jewish wintry state is gone,
The mists are fled, the spring comes on,
The sacred turtle dove we hear,
Proclaim the new, the joyful year.
- 5 Th' immortal vine of heavenly root
Blossoms and buds and gives her fruit;
Lo, we are come to taste the wine;
Our souls rejoice and bless the vine.
- 6 And when I hear my Jesus say,
Rise up, my love, make haste away!
My heart would fain out-fly the wind,
And leave all earthly loves behind.

[Solomon's Song, Chap. II.] Ver. 14, &c.²⁰³

- 1 Dear Lord, my thankful heart revives
The hope thine invitation gives:
To thee my joyful lips shall raise
The voice of prayer, the voice of praise.
- 2 I am my Lord's, and he is mine:
Our hearts, our hopes, our passions join:
Nor let a motion or a word,
Or thought arise, to grieve my Lord.
- 3 'Till the day breaks, and shadows flee,
'Till the sweet dawning light I see,
Thine eyes to me-ward ever turn,
Nor let my soul in darkness mourn.
- 4 Be like a hart on mountains green;
Leap o'er those hills of fear and sin:
Nor guilt, nor unbelief divide
My love, my Saviour, from my side.

²⁰³Source: Isaac Watts, *Hymns and Spiritual Songs*, 2nd ed. (London: John Lawrence, 1709), 53–54 (Book 1, no. 70, stanzas 4–5, 7–8). First appeared in *CPH* (1737), 31–32.

[Solomon's Song,] Chap. III. Ver. 2, &c.²⁰⁴

- [1] Jesus, thou everlasting King,
Accept the tribute which we bring;
Accept thy well deserv'd renown,
And wear our praises as thy crown.
- [2] Let every act of worship be
Like our espousals, Lord, to thee;
Like the blest hour when from above
We first receiv'd thy pledge of love.
- [3] The gladness of that happy day,
O may it ever, ever stay!
Nor let our faith forsake its hold,
Nor hope decline, nor love grow cold!
- [4] Each following minute as it flies
Increase thy praise, improve our joys,
Till we are rais'd to sing thy name
At the great supper of the Lamb.

[Solomon's Song,] Chap. IV. Ver. 10, &c.²⁰⁵

- [1] Jesu, how fair thy looks appear!
In every part from blemish clear!
Thy beauty, Lord, is all divine;
Thy love is stronger far than wine.
- [2] Thy lips drop honey: from below
Thy palate milk and honey flow;
Thy robes a sweeter odour cast,
Than Lebanon with cedars grac'd.
- [3] My love, by mutual vows assur'd,
A garden is by strength immur'd,
Where sweetly-smelling camphire blows,
And never-dying spikenard grows.
- [4] The living springs from thee proceed,
Whose rills our plants with moisture feed:
Come, Lord, upon thy garden blow,
And the rich odours forth shall flow!
- [5] Come, Lord; come, with a lover's haste,
Let all our souls thy sweetness taste!
Come, &c.²⁰⁶

²⁰⁴Source: Isaac Watts, *Hymns and Spiritual Songs*, 2nd ed. (London: John Lawrence, 1709), 55–56 (Book 1, no. 72).

²⁰⁵Source: George Sandys, *A Paraphrase upon the Song of Solomon* (London: John Legat, 1641), 15–17.

²⁰⁶I.e., repeat the first two lines of this stanza.

[Solomon's Song,] Chap. IV. Ver. 1, &c.²⁰⁷

- [1] Kind is the speech of Christ our Lord,
Affection sounds in every word;
"Thou art my chosen one," he cries,
"Bound to my heart by various ties.
- [2] "Sweet is thy voice, my spouse, to me;
I will behold no spot in thee."
What mighty wonders love performs,
That puts a comeliness on worms!
- [3] Defil'd and loathsome as we are,
Thou mak'st us white, and call'st us fair!
Adorn'st us with thy heav'nly dress,
Thy graces and thy righteousness.
- [4] Nor dens of prey, nor flow'ry plains,
Nor earthly joys, nor earthly pains,
Shall hold my feet, or force my stay,
From thee: come, Saviour, come away!
- [5] O may my spirit daily rise
On wings of faith above the skies,
Till death shall make my last remove,
To dwell for ever with my love.

[Solomon's Song,] Chap. VIII. Ver. 6, &c.²⁰⁸

- [1] Lord, let my name engraven stand
Both on thy heart and on thy hand:
Seal me upon thine arm, and wear
That pledge of love for ever there.
- [2] Stronger than death thy love is known,
Which floods of wrath could never drown:
And earth, and deepest hell combine,
In vain to quench a fire like thine.
- [3] But I am jealous of my heart,
Lest it should once from thee depart:
O let thy name be well imprest,
As a fair signet on my breast.
- [4] When wilt thou bring me to thy home,
Where fears and doubts can never come?
Cut short the hours of thy delay:
Come, my beloved, haste away.

²⁰⁷Source: Isaac Watts, *Hymns and Spiritual Songs*, 2nd ed. (London: John Lawrence, 1709), 56–57 (Book 1, no. 73).

²⁰⁸Source: Isaac Watts, *Hymns and Spiritual Songs*, 2nd ed. (London: John Lawrence, 1709), 62–63 (Book 1, no. 78), begins with stanza 3.

**[Solomon's Song,
Chap. V, &c.²⁰⁹**

- [1] Who's this, who like the morning shews,
When she her paths with roses strews;
More fair than the replenish'd moon,
More radiant than the sun at noon.
Not armies, with their ensigns spread,
So threaten with amazing dread!
- [2] His looks, like cedars planted on
The brows of lofty Lebanon:
His tongue the ear with musick feeds,
And he in every part exceeds:
Among ten thousand he appears
The chief, and beauty's ensign bears.
- [3] I, my belov'd, am only thine;
And thou by just exchange art mine.
Come, let us tread the pleasant fields;
Taste we what fruit the country yields:
There where no frosts our spring destroy,
Shalt thou alone my love enjoy.
- [4] Be I, O thou my better part,
A seal imprest upon thy heart;
Should falling clouds with floods conspire,
Their waters could not quench love's fire:
Nor all in nature's treasury,
The freedom of affection buy.
- [5] O thou that in thy chosen liv'st,
And life-infusing counsel giv'st,
To those that in thy songs rejoice,
To me address thy chearful voice.
May I thy finger's signet prove;
For death is not more strong than love.
- [6] Come, my belov'd, O come away,
Love is impatient of delay:
Run, like a youthful hart or roe,
On hills where precious spices grow.
Love is impatient of delay:
Come, my belov'd, O come away!

²⁰⁹Source: George Sandys, *A Paraphrase upon the Song of Solomon* (London: John Legat, 1641), 20–32 (with much skipping around). First appeared in *HSP* (1740), 173–74.