

Collection of Psalms and Hymns (1743)¹
[2nd edn. of 1741]
[Baker list, #44]

Editorial Introduction:

The second edition of *CPH* (1741) was a major revision of the work. John removed sixty of the psalms and hymns in the first edition to make room for thirty-seven new psalms. Almost all of these new psalms are found in Charles Wesley's manuscript collections, confirming his authorship. As an indication of Charles's larger role in this edition, his name was added to the title page.

These new psalms are indicated by **red font** in the Table of Contents below, including two that had been published previously in other collections (shown in **blue font**).

Editions:

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

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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.

Note:

John Wesley's personal copy of the 5th edn. (1751), bearing the inscription "J.W. 1756", is part of the remnants of his personal library at Wesley's House, London (shelfmark K27). In this copy there are a few manuscript corrections of Charles's original wording, which are noted in footnotes below. These suggestions were never incorporated into later printed editions of *CPH* (1741).

¹This document was produced by the Duke Center for Studies in the Wesleyan Tradition under editorial direction of Randy L. Maddox, with the diligent assistance of Aileen F. Maddox. Last updated: August 20, 2012.

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**A
COLLECTION
OF
PSALMS AND HYMNS.**

[Part the First.]

Psalm I.

- 1 Blest is the man, and none but he,
 Who walks not with ungodly men,
Nor stands their evil deeds to see,
 Nor sits the innocent to arraign,
The persecutor's guilt to share,
Oppressive in the scorner's chair.

- 2 Obedience is his pure delight,
 To do the pleasure of his Lord:
His exercise by day and night
 To search his soul-converting word,
The law of liberty to prove,
The perfect law of life and love.

- 3 Fast by the streams of paradise
 He as a pleasant plant shall grow:
The tree of righteousness shall rise,
 And all his blooming honours shew,
Spread out his boughs, and flourish fair,
And fruit unto perfection bear.

- 4 His verdant leaf shall never fade,
His works of faith shall never cease,
His happy toil shall all succeed
Whom God himself delights to bless:
But no success th' ungodly find,
Scatter'd like chaff before the wind.
- 5 No portion and no place have they
With those whom God vouchsafes t' approve:
Cast in the dreadful judgment-day,
Who trample on their Saviour's love,
Who here their bleeding Lord deny,
Shall perish, and for ever die.

Psalm II.

- 1 Why do the Jews and Gentiles join
To execute a vain design,
Idly their utmost powers engage,
And storm with unavailing rage?
- 2 Earth's haughty kings their Lord oppose,
The rulers list themselves his foes,
To fight against² their God agree,
And slay th' incarnate deity.
- 3 As sworn their Maker to dethrone,
And Jesus his anointed Son,
To rise from all subjection freed,
And reign almighty in his stead.
- 4 The Lord that calmly sits above
Enthron'd in everlasting love,
Shall all their feeble threats deride,
And laugh to scorn their furious pride.
- 5 Then shall he in his wrath address,
And vex his baffled enemies,
Yet I have glorified my Son,
And plac'd him on his Father's throne.
- 6 Conqueror of sin and death and hell
He reigns a prince invincible,

²Ori., "again"; a misprint, corrected in 4th edn. (1748) and following.

All power is now to Jesus given,
Triumphant on the hill of heaven.

- 7 I publish the divine decree,
That all shall live who trust in me:
Look unto me ye ransom'd race,
Believe, and ye are sav'd by grace.
- 8 I heard my gracious Father say,
Thou art my Son, on this glad day
Thou art declar'd my Son, with power,
Rais'd from the dead to die no more.
- 9 Ask, and the Gentile world receive,
All, all I to thy prayer will give,
So dearly bought with blood divine,
Lo! Every soul of man is thine.
- 10 Whoe'er withstand a pard'ning God
Shall groan beneath thine iron rod,
Whoe'er their advocate repel,
The anger of their judge shall feel.
- 11 Wherefore to him ye kings submit,
Be wise to fall, and kiss his feet,
With awful joy revere his sway,
Ye rulers of the earth obey.
- 12 Worship the co-eternal Son,
Lest you in anger he disown,
His light withhold, his grace deny,
And leave you in your sins to die.
- 13 Thrice happy all who trust in him,
All-good almighty to redeem;
They only shall his mercy prove,
Lov'd with an everlasting love.

Psalm III.

- 1 See, O Lord, my foes increase,
Mark the troublers of my peace,
Fiercely 'gainst my soul they rise,
"Heaven," they say, "its help denies,

“Help he seeks from God in vain,
God hath given him up to man.”

- 2 But thou art a shield for me,
Succour still I find in thee,
Now thou liftest up my head,
Now I glory in thine aid,
Confident in thy defence,
Strong in thine omnipotence.
- 3 To the Lord I cried; the cry
Brought my helper from the sky;
By my kind protector kept,
Safe I laid me down and slept,
Slept within his arms, and rose;
Blest him for the calm repose.
- 4 Kept by him, I cannot fear
Sin, the world, or Satan near,
All their hosts my soul defies:
Lord, in my behalf arise,
Save me, for in faith I call,
Save me, O my God, from all.
- 5 Thou hast sav'd me heretofore,
Thou hast quell'd the adverse power,
Pluck'd me from the jaws of death,
Broke the roaring lion's teeth,
Still from all my foes defend,
Save me, save me to the end.
- 6 Thine it is, O Lord, to save;
Strength in thee thy people have,
Safe from sin in thee they rest,
With the gospel-blessing blest,
Wait to see the perfect grace
Heaven on earth in Jesus' face.

Psalm IV.

- 1 God of my righteousness,
 Thy humble suppliant hear,
Thou hast reliev'd me in distress,
 And thou art always near.
 Again thy mercy shew,
 The peaceful answer send,
Assuage my grief, relieve my woe,
 And all my troubles end.

- 2 How long, ye sons of men,
 Will ye blaspheme aloud,
My honour wrong, my glory stain,
 And vilify my God?
 How long will ye delight
 In vanity and vice,
Madly against the righteous fight,
 And follow after lies!

- 3 Know, for himself the Lord
 Hath surely set apart
The man that trembles at his word,
 The man of upright heart:
 And when to him I pray,
 He promises to hear,
And help me in my evil day,
 And answer all my prayer.

- 4 Ye sinners, stand in awe,
 And from your sins depart,
Out of the evil world withdraw,
 And commune with your heart:
 In thinking of his love
 Be day and night employ'd,
Be still; nor in his presence move,
 But wait upon your God.

- 5 Offer your prayer and praise,
 Which he will not despise,

Thro' Jesus Christ your righteousness
Accepted sacrifice.
Offer your heart's desires;
But trust in him alone,
Who gives whatever he requires,
And freely saves his own.

6 The world with fruitless pain
Seek happiness below,
What man, (they ask, but all in vain)
The long-sought good will shew?
The brightness of thy face
Give us, O Lord, to see,
Glory on earth begun in grace,
All happiness in thee.

7 Thou hast on me bestow'd
All-gracious as thou art,
The taste divine, the sovereign good,
And fix'd it in my heart:
Above all earthly bliss
The sense of sin forgiven,
The hidden joy, the mystic peace,
The antepast of heaven.

8 Of gospel-peace possest,
Secure in thy defence,
Now, Lord, within thine arms I rest,
And who shall pluck me thence?
Nor, sin, nor earth, nor hell
Shall evermore remove,
When all-renewed in thee I dwell,
And perfected in love.

Psalm V.

- 1 O Lord, incline thy gracious ear,
My plaintive sorrows weigh,
To thee for succour I draw near,
To thee I humbly pray.
Still will I call with lifted eyes,
Come, O my God, and King,
Till thou regard my ceaseless cries,
And full deliverance bring.

- 2 On thee, O God of purity,
I wait for hallowing grace;
None without holiness shall see
The glories of thy face:
In souls unholy and unclean
Thou never canst delight;
Nor shall they, while unsav'd from sin,
Appear before thy sight.

- 3 Thou hatest all that evil do,
Or speak iniquity,
The hearts unkind, and hearts untrue
Are both abhor'd by thee.
The greatest and minutest fault
Shall find its fearful doom,
Sinners in deed, or word, or thought
Thou surely shall³ consume.

- 4 But as for me, with humble fear
I will approach thy gate,
Tho' most unworthy to draw near,
Or in thy courts to wait:
I trust in thy unbounded grace
To all so freely given,
And worship t'ward thy holy place,
And lift my soul to heaven.

- 5 Lead me in all thy⁴ righteous ways,
Nor suffer me to slide,

³“Shall” changed to “shalt” in 4th edn. (1748) and following.

⁴Ori., “in thy”; corrected in errata.

Point out the path before my face;
My God be thou my guide.
The cruel power, the guileful art
Of all my foes suppress,
Whose throat an open grave, whose heart
Is desperate wickedness.

6 Thou, Lord, shall⁵ drive them from thy face,
And finally consume,
Thy wrath on the rebellious race
Shall to the utmost come.
But all who put their trust in thee,
Thy mercy shall proclaim,
And sing with chearful melody,
Their dear Redeemer's name.

7 Protected by thy guardian grace
They shall extol thy power,
Rejoice, give thanks, and shout thy praise,
And triumph evermore.
They never shall to evil yield
Defended from above,
And kept, and cover'd with the shield
Of thine almighty love.

Psalm VI.

1 Lord, in thy wrath no more chastize,
Nor let thy whole displeasure rise
Against a child of man:
Have mercy, Lord, for I am weak,
And heal my soul diseas'd and sick,
And full of sin and pain.

2 Body and soul thy judgments feel,
Thy heavy wrath afflicts me still:
O when shall it be o'er!
Turn thee, O Lord, and save my soul,
And for thy mercy sake make whole,
And bid me sin no more.

⁵“Shall” changed to “shalt” in 9th edn. (1776) and following.

- 3 Here, only here thy love must save;
I cannot thank thee in the grave,
Or tell thy pard'ning grace:
Who dies unpurg'd for ever dies,
The sinner, as he falls he lies
Shut up in his own place.
- 4 Weary of my unanswer'd groans;
Yet still with never-ceasing moans
I languish for relief,
With tears I wash my couch and bed,
My strength is spent, my beauty fled,
My life worn out with grief.
- 5 But shall I to my foes give place?
Or in the name of Jesus, chase
My troublers all away?
In Jesu's name, I say, depart
Devils and sins; nor vex my heart,
For God hath heard me pray.
- 6 The Lord hath heard my groans and tears,
The Lord shall still accept my prayers,
And all my foes o'erthrow,
Shall conquer, and destroy them too,
And make ev'n me a creature new,
A sinless⁶ saint below.

Psalm XIII.

- 1 How long wilt thou forget me, Lord,
Wilt thou forever hide thy face?
Leave me unchang'd, and unrestor'd,
An alien from thy⁷ life of grace!
- 2 How long shall I inquire within,
And seek thee in my heart in vain,
Vex'd with the dire remains of sin,
Gaul'd with the tyrant's iron chain.
- 3 How long shall Satan's rage prevail?
(I ask thee with a fault'ring tongue)

⁶John Wesley substituted "spotless" for "sinless" by hand in his personal copy of the 5th edn. (1751).

⁷"Thy" changed to "the" in 4th edn. (1748) and following.

- See at thy feet my Spirit fail,
And hear me feebly groan, How long!
- 4 Hear me, O Lord, my God, and weigh
My sorrows in the scale of love,
Lighten mine eyes, restore the day,
The darkness from my soul remove.
- 5 Open my faith's inlighten'd eyes,
O snatch me from the gulph beneath,
Save, or my gasping spirit dies,
Dies with an everlasting death.
- 6 Ah! Suffer not my foe to boast
His vict'ry o'er a child of thine,
Nor let the proud Philistine's host
In Satan's hellish triumph join.
- 7 Will they not charge my fall on thee,
Will they not dare my God to blame?
My God, forbid the blasphemy,
Be jealous for thy glorious name.
- 8 Thou wilt, thou wilt! My hope returns,
A sudden spirit⁸ of faith I feel,
My heart in fervent wishes burns,
And God shall there forever dwell.
- 9 My trust is in thy gracious power,
I glory in salvation near,
Rejoice in hope of that glad hour
When perfect love shall cast out fear.
- 10 I sing the goodness of the Lord,
The goodness I experience now,
And still I hang upon thy word,
My Saviour to the utmost thou.
- 11 Thy love I ever shall proclaim
A mon'ment of thy mercy I,
And praise the mighty Jesu's name,
Jesus the Lord, the Lord most high.

⁸Ori., "spark"; corrected in errata.

Psalm LI.

- 1 God of unfathomable love,
Whose bowels of compassion move
 Towards Adam's helpless race,
See, at thy feet, a sinner see,
In tender mercy look on me,
 And all my sins efface.
- 2 O let thy love to me o'erflow,
Thy multitude of mercies shew,
 Abundantly forgive;
Remove th' insufferable load,
Blot out my sins with sacred blood,
 And bid the sinner live.
- 3 Take all the power of sin away,
Nor let in me its being stay,
 Mine inmost soul convert,
Wash me from all my filth of sin,
Come, Lord, and make me thoroughly clean,
 Create me pure in heart.
- 4 For O my sins I now confess,
Bewail my desperate wickedness,
 And sue to be forgiven,
I have abus'd thy patient grace,
I have provok'd thee to thy face,
 And dar'd the wrath of heaven.
- 5 Thee only thee have I defied:
Though all thy wrath on me abide,
 And my damnation seal,
Though into outer darkness thrust,
I'll own the punishment is just,
 And clear my God in hell.
- 6 Cast in the mould of sin I am,
Corrupt throughout my ruin'd frame,
 My essence all unclean,

My total fall from God I mourn,
In sin I was conceiv'd and born,
Whate'er I am is sin.

- 7 But thou requirest all our hearts,
Truth rooted in the inward parts,
Unspotted purity;
And by thy grace I humbly trust,
To learn the wisdom of the just,
In secret taught by thee.
- 8 Surely thou wilt the grace impart,
Sprinkle the blood upon my heart,
Which did for sinners flow,
The blood that purges every sin,
The blood that soon shall wash me clean,
And make me white as snow.
- 9 Thou wilt my mournful spirit cheer,
And grant me once again to hear
Thy sweet forgiving voice,
That all my bones and inmost soul,
Broken by thee, by thee made whole
May in thy strength rejoice.
- 10 From my misdeeds avert thy face,
The strength of sin by pard'ning grace
Of all my sin remove,
Forgive, O Lord, but change me too,
But perfectly my soul renew
By sanctifying love.
- 11 My wretchedness to thee convert,
Give me an humble contrite heart,
My fallen soul restore,
Let me the life divine attain,
The image of my God regain,
And never lose it more.
- 12 Have patience, till by thee renew'd
I live the sinless⁹ life of God;
Here let thy Spirit stay:

⁹John Wesley substituted "spotless" for "sinless" by hand in his personal copy of the 5th edn. (1751).

Tho' I have griev'd the gentle dove,
Ah! Do not quite withdraw thy love,
Or take thy grace away.

- 13 The comfort of thy help restore,
Assist me now as heretofore,
O lift thou up my head,
The Spirit of thy power impart,
'Stablish, and keep my faithful heart,
And make me free indeed.
- 14 Then shall I teach the world thy ways,
Thy mercy mild and pard'ning grace
For every sinner free,
'Till sinners to thy grace submit,
And fall at their Redeemer's feet,
And weep, and love like me.
- 15 O might I weep, and love thee now!
God of my health, my Saviour thou,
Thou only canst release
My soul from all iniquity;
O speak the word, and set me free,
And bid me go in peace.
- 16 So shall I sing the Saviour's name,
Thy gift of righteousness proclaim,
Thine all-redeeming grace:
Open my lips, Almighty Lord,
That I thy mercy may record,
And glory in thy praise.
- 17 No creature-good dost thou desire,
No costly sacrifice require;
Thy pleasure is to give:
Thou only seekest me, not mine,
Thou would'st that I should take of thine,
Should all thy grace receive.
- 18 A wounded spirit, by sin distrest,
A broken heart that pants for rest,
This is the sacrifice

Well pleasing in the sight of God;
A sinner crush'd beneath his load
Thou never wilt despise.

- 19 Then hear a¹⁰ contrite sinner's prayer,
And every ruin'd soul repair,
Remember Sion's woe,
Shew forth thy justifying grace,
And for thyself vouchsafe to raise
A glorious church below.
- 20 When thou hast seal'd thy people's peace,
Their sacrifice of righteousness,
Their gifts thou wilt approve,
Their every thought, and word, and deed,
That from a living faith proceed,
And all are wrought in love.
- 21 Laid on the altar of thy Son,
Pleasing to thee thro' Christ alone
The dear peculiar race
Their grateful sacrifice shall bring,
And hymn their Father, and their King,
In endless songs of praise.

Psalm LXXX.

(Adapted to the Church of England.)

- 1 Shepherd of souls, the great, the good,
Who ledest Israel like a sheep,
Present to guard, and give them food,
And kindly in thy bosom keep;
- 2 Hear thy afflicted people's prayer,
Arise out of thy holy place,
Stir up thy strength, thine arm make bare,
And vindicate thy chosen race.
- 3 Haste to our help, thou God of love,
Supreme Almighty King of kings,
Descend all-glorious from above,
Come flying on the cherubs' wings.

¹⁰“A” changed to “the” in 4th edn. (1748) and following.

- 4 Turn us again, O Lord, and shew
The brightness of thy lovely face,
So shall we all be saints below,
And sav'd, and perfected in grace.
- 5 O Lord of hosts, O God of grace,
How long shall thy fierce anger burn
Against thine own peculiar race
Who ever pray thee to return!
- 6 Thou giv'st us plenteous draughts of tears,
With tears thou dost thy people feed,
We sorrow, till thy face appears,
Affliction is our daily bread.
- 7 A strife we are to all around,
By vile intestine vipers torn,
Our bitter household foes abound,
And laugh our fallen church to scorn.
- 8 Turn us again, O God, and shew
The brightness of thy lovely face,
So shall we all be saints below,
And sav'd, and perfected in grace.
- 9 Surely, O Lord, we once were thine,
(Thou hast for us thy wonders wrought)
A generous and right noble vine,
When newly out of Egypt brought.
- 10 Thou didst the heathen stock expel,
And chase them from their quiet home,
Druids, and all the brood of hell,
And monks of antichristian Rome.
- 11 Planted by thine almighty hand,
Watered with blood, the vine took root,
And spread throughout the happy land,
And fill'd the earth with golden fruit.
- 12 The hills were cover'd with her shade,
Her branchy arms extending wide
Their fair luxuriant honours spread,
And flourish'd as the cedar's pride.

- 13 Her boughs she stretch'd from sea to sea,
 And reach'd to frozen Scotia's shore,
 (They once rever'd the hierarchy,
 And bless'd the mitre's sacred power.)
- 14 Why then hast thou abhor'd thine own,
 And cast thy pleasant plant away;
 Broke down her hedge, her fence o'erthrown,
 And left her to the beasts of prey?
- 15 All that go by pluck off her grapes,
 Our Sion of her children spoil,
 And error in ten thousand shapes
 Would every gracious soul beguile.
- 16 The boar out of the German wood
 Tears up her roots with baleful power;
 The lyon roaring for his food,
 And all the forest beasts devour.
- 17 Deists, and sectaries agree,
 And Calvin and Socinus join
 To spoil the apostolic tree,
 And root and branch destroy the vine.¹¹
- 18 Turn thee again, O Lord our God,
 Look down with pity from above,
 O lay aside thy vengeful rod,
 And visit us in pard'ning love.
- 19 The vineyard which thine own right hand
 Hath planted in these nations see;
 The branch that rose at thy command,
 And yielded gracious fruit to thee:
- 20 'Tis now cut down, and burnt with fire.
 Arm of the Lord, awake, awake,
 Visit thy foes in righteous ire,
 Vengeance on all thy haters take.
- 21 Look on them with thy flaming eyes,
 The sin-consuming virtue dart;
 And bid our fallen church arise,
 And make us after thy own heart.

¹¹This stanza is deleted starting with 4th edn. (1748); and later stanzas renumbered accordingly.

- 22 To us our nursing-fathers raise,
Thy grace be on the great bestow'd,
And let the king shew forth thy praise,
And rise to build the house of God.
- 23 Thou hast ordain'd the powers that be:
Strengthen thy delegate below;
He bears the rule deriv'd from thee,
O let him all thine image shew.
- 24 Support him with thy guardian hand,
Thy royal grace be seen in him,
King of a re-converted land,
In goodness as in power supreme.
- 25 So will we not from thee go back,
If thou our ruin'd church restore,
No, never more will we forsake,
No, never will we grieve thee more.
- 26 Revive, O God of power, revive
Thy work in our degenerate days,
O let us by thy mercy live,
And all our lives shall speak thy praise.
- 27 Turn us again, O Lord, and shew
The brightness of thy lovely face,
So shall we all be saints below,
And sav'd, and perfected in grace.

Psalm XCI.¹²

- 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.

¹²Source: Nahum Tate and Nicholas Brady, *A New Version of the Psalms of David* (London: M. Clark, 1696), 186–87. First appeared in *CPH* (1738), 9–10.

- 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-plac'd 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.

Psalm XCIII.¹³

- 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.

¹³Source: Nahum Tate and Nicholas Brady, *A New Version of the Psalms of David* (London: M. Clark, 1696), 190. First appeared in *CPH* (1741), 10.

- 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 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.¹⁴

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

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

Psalm CXXX.¹⁵

- 1 Out of the depth of *self-despair*
To thee, O Lord, I cry;
My misery mark, attend my prayer,
And bring salvation nigh.
- 2 Death's sentence in myself I feel,
Beneath thy wrath I faint;
O let thine ear consider well
The voice of my complaint.
- 3 If thou art rig'rously severe,
Who may the test abide?
Where shall the man of sin appear,
Or how be justified?
- 4 But O! Forgiveness is with thee,
That sinners may adore,
With filial fear thy goodness see,
And never grieve thee more.
- 5 I look to see his lovely face,
I wait to meet my Lord,
My longing soul expects his grace,
And rests upon his word.
- 6 My soul, while still to him it flies,
Prevents the morning ray;
O that his mercy's beams would rise,
And bring the gospel-day!
- 7 Ye faithful souls, confide in God,
Mercy with him remains,
Plenteous redemption in his blood,
To wash out all your stains.
- 8 His Israel himself shall clear,
From all their sins redeem:
The Lord our righteousness is near,
And we are just in him.

¹⁵First appeared in *HSP* (1740), 62–63.

Psalm CXXXVII.

- 1 Fast by the Babylonish tide,
(The tide our sorrows made o'erflow)
We dropt our weary limbs, and cried
In deep distress at Sion's woe,
Her we bewail'd in speechless groans
In bondage with her captive sons.
- 2 Our harps, no longer vocal now,
We cast aside untun'd, unstrung,
Forgot them pendant on the bough;
Let meaner sorrows find a tongue.
Silent we sat, and scorn'd relief,
In all the majesty of grief.
- 3 In vain our haughty lords requir'd
A song of Sion's sacred strain,
"Sing us a song your God inspir'd."
How shall our souls exult in pain,
How shall the mournful exiles sing,
While bond-slaves to a foreign king?
- 4 Jerusalem dear hallow'd name,
Thee if I ever less desire,
If less distress for thee I am,
Let my right-hand forget its lyre,
All its harmonious strains forgoe,
When heedless of a mother's woe.
- 5 O England's des'late church, if thee,
Tho' des'late I remember not,
Let me, so lost to piety,
Be lost myself, and clean forgot;
Cleave to the roof my speechless tongue,
When Sion is not all my song.
- 6 Let life itself with language fail,
For thee when I forbear to mourn:
Nay, but I will forever wail,
Till God thy captive state shall turn;

Let this my every breath employ,
To grieve for thee be all my joy.

- 7 O for the weeping prophet's strains
The depth of sympathetic woe!
I live to gather thy remains,
For thee my tears and blood shall flow,
My heart amidst thy ruins lies,
And only in thy rise I rise.
- 8 Remember, Lord, the cruel pride
Of Edom in our evil day,
Down with it to the ground, they cried,
Let none the tottering ruin stay,
Let none the sinking church restore,
But let it fall to rise no more.
- 9 Surely our God shall vengeance take,
On those that gloried in our fall,
He a full end of sin shall make,
Of all that held our souls in thrall:
O Babylon, thy day shall come,
Prepare to meet thy final doom.
- 10 Happy the man that sees in thee
The mystic Babylon within,
And fill'd with holy cruelty,
Disdains to spare the smallest sin,
But sternly takes thy little ones,
And dashes all against the stones.
- 11 Thou in thy turn shalt be brought low,
Thy kingdom shall not always last,
The Lord shall all thy pow'r o'erthrow,
And lay the mighty waster waste,
Destroy thy being with thy pow'r,
And pride and self shall be no more.

Psalm CXXXIX.¹⁶

Part the First.

- 1 Lord, all I am is known 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.
- 3 My thoughts lie open to thee, Lord,
Before they're form'd within,
And ere¹⁷ 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,

¹⁶Source: Isaac Watts, *The Psalms of David* (London: Clark, Ford & Cruttenden, 1719), 369–72. First appeared in *CPH* (1738), 48–50.

¹⁷Ori., “e'er”; but clearly used in sense of “before.”

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!

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 members¹⁸ 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!

¹⁸Ori., "all members"; corrected in errata.

The Creator and Creatures.¹⁹

- 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.

Life and Eternity.²⁰

- 1 Thee we adore, eternal name,
And humbly own to thee
How feeble is our mortal frame,
What dying worms we be!

¹⁹Source: Isaac Watts, *Horae Lyricae* (London: Humfreys, 1709), 14–16. First appeared in *CPH* (1738), 22.

²⁰Source: 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.

- 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.²¹

- 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.
- 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!

²¹Source: Isaac Watts, *Hymns and Spiritual Songs*, 2nd ed. (London: John Lawrence, 1709), 151 (Book 2, no. 25). First appeared in *CPH* (1738), 54–55.

- 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.²²

- 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 disclos'd
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!

²²Source: 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,
Ere²³ 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.²⁴

- 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!

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

²⁴Source: 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.²⁵

- 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 forever 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,
Our tongue no more complain:
'Tis sov'reign love that lends our joys,
And love resumes again.

²⁵Source: Isaac Watts, *Horae Lyricae* (London: Humfreys, 1709), 95–96. First appeared in *CPH* (1738), 29.

Faith in Christ.²⁶

- 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.
- 2 But there's a voice of sov'reign grace
Sounds from thy sacred word:
Here ye 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.²⁷

- 1 How heavy is the night
That hangs upon our eyes,
Till Christ with his reviving light
Upon our souls arise!

²⁶Source: Isaac Watts, *Hymns and Spiritual Songs*, 2nd ed. (London: John Lawrence, 1709), 211–12 (Book 2, no. 90). First appeared in *CPH* (1737), 52.

²⁷Source: Isaac Watts, *Hymns and Spiritual Songs*, 2nd ed. (London: John Lawrence, 1709), 78–79 (Book 1, no. 98). First appeared in *CPH* (1737), 56.

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

Adoption.²⁸

- 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.

²⁸Source: 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.

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

Inconstancy.²⁹

- 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, O 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.

A Thought in Affliction.³⁰

- 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;

²⁹Source: 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.

³⁰Source: David Lewis, ed., *Miscellaneous Poems* (London: J. Watts, 1726), 134–36 (stanzas 5–6, 8–10). First appeared in *CPH* (1737), 43–44.

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.³¹

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.

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!

³¹Source: 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.

The New Creation.³²

- 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.³³

- 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.
- 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;

³²Source: Isaac Watts, *Hymns and Spiritual Songs*, 2nd ed. (London: John Lawrence, 1709), 240 (Book 2, no. 130). First appeared in *CPH* (1738), 33–34.

³³Source: 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.

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 our sin, and curse and pain;
Let angels sound his sacred name,
And every creature say, Amen!

Salvation by Grace.³⁴

- 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 sav'd 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.
- 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.

³⁴Source: Isaac Watts, *Hymns and Spiritual Songs*, 2nd ed. (London: John Lawrence, 1709), 88 (Book 1, no. 111). First appeared in *CPH* (1737), 54–55.

Waiting for the Spirit of Adoption.³⁵

- 1 All glory to the dying Lamb,
And never-ceasing praise,
While angels live to know thy name,
Or men to feel thy grace.
- 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.³⁶

- 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.

³⁵Source: 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). First appeared in *CPH* (1741), 25–26.

³⁶Source: 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 35, stanzas 1, 2, 4, 6 (pp. 377–78.), much altered. First appeared in *CPH* (1737), 22–23.

- 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.
- 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 forever dwell.
- 4 All glory to the sacred Three
 One everlasting Deity,
 All love and power, and might and praise:
As at the first, ere³⁷ time begun,
May the same homage still be done
 When earth and heaven itself decays.

Charity.³⁸

- 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.

³⁷Ori., "e'er"; but clearly used in sense of "before."

³⁸Source: 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.

- 5 Yea, ere³⁹ we quite forsake our clay,
 Or leave this dark abode,
The wings of love bear us away
 To see our gracious God.

Crucifixion to the World.⁴⁰

- 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.⁴¹

- 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?

³⁹Ori., "e'er"; but clearly used in sense of "before."

⁴⁰Source: Isaac Watts, *Hymns and Spiritual Songs*, 2nd ed. (London: John Lawrence, 1709), 289 (Book 3, no. 7). First appeared in *CPH* (1738), 39.

⁴¹Source: 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.

- 4 How cold and feeble is my love!
 How negligent my fear!
 How low my hope of joys above!
 How few affections there!
- 5 Great God, thy sovereign power impart,
 To give thy word success;
 Write thy salvation on my heart,
 And make me learn thy grace.
- 6 Shew my forgetful feet the way,
 That leads to joys on high,
 Where knowledge grows without decay,
 And love shall never die.

Sincere Praise.⁴²

- 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.

⁴²Source: Isaac Watts, *Horae Lyricae* (London: Humfreys, 1709), 49–51 (omitting stanzas 2, 8). First appeared in *CPH* (1737), 32–33.

- 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.
- 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.⁴³

- 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.

⁴³Source: 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.

5 Then let our humble faith address
His mercy and his power:
We shall obtain delivering grace
In the distressing hour.

The Resignation.⁴⁴

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.

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 hast bestow'd thy Son on me.

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.

⁴⁴Source: John Norris, *A Collection of Miscellanies* (Oxford: J. Crossely, 1687), 106–7. First appeared in *CPH* (1738), 26–27.

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.⁴⁵

- 1 Infinite power, eternal Lord,
 How sovereign is thy hand!
All nature rose t' obey thy word,
 And moves at thy command.
- 2 With steady course the 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 every 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?

⁴⁵Source: Isaac Watts, *Horae Lyricae* (London: Humfreys, 1709), 73–74. First appeared in *CPH* (1738), 74–75.

- 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 every 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.⁴⁶

- 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-quick'ning 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.

⁴⁶First appeared in *CPH* (1741), 32–33.

Submission.⁴⁷

- 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.

Breathing After the Holy Spirit.⁴⁸

- 1 Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly 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.

⁴⁷Source: George Herbert, *The Temple* (Cambridge: Buck & Daniel, 1633), 87–88 (#70). First appeared in *CPH* (1738), 63.

⁴⁸Source: 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.

[4]⁴⁹ 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.⁵⁰

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.

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.⁵¹

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.

⁴⁹Ori., "5"; a misprint.

⁵⁰Source: Isaac Watts, *Hymns and Spiritual Songs*, 2nd ed. (London: John Lawrence, 1709), 114–15 (Book 1, no. 144). First appeared in *CPH* (1738), 43.

⁵¹Source: John Dryden, *Miscellany Poems*, 4th edn. (London: Jacob Tonson, 1716), 5:251–52. First appeared in *CPH* (1738), 40–41.

- 2 O source of uncreated heat,
The Father's promis'd Paraclete!
Thrice holy fount, immortal fire,
Our hearts with heavenly 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 heaven 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.

Hymn for Sunday.⁵²

- 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.

⁵²Source: Samuel Wesley Jr., *Poems on Several Occasions* (London: S. Birt, 1736), 241. First appeared in *CPH* (1741), 36.

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]⁵³ 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.⁵⁴

1 The Sun of righteousness appears
To set in blood no more!
Adore the scatterer 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 bands 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.

Prayer for Faith.⁵⁵

1 Father, I stretch my hands to thee,
No other help I know:
If thou withdraw'st⁵⁶ 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!

⁵³Ori., "3"; a misprint.

⁵⁴Source: Samuel Wesley Jr., *Poems on Several Occasions* (London: S. Birt, 1736), 240. First appeared in *CPH* (1741), 36.

⁵⁵First appeared in *CPH* (1741), 37–38.

⁵⁶Changed to "withdraw" in 4th edn. (1748) and following.

- 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.
- 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.⁵⁷

- 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 know'st 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 wool 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,

⁵⁷Source: Nikolaus Ludwig von Zinzendorf, ed. *Das Gesang-Buch der Gemeinde in Herrn-Huth* (Halle: Wäysenhaus, 1737), 373–74 (#412, by Gottfried Arnold). First appeared in *CPH* (1741), 38.

O never let me, Lord, go free
Till all my heart's resign'd 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.

We Love Him Because He First Loved Us.⁵⁸

- 1 Of him who did salvation bring
I could for ever think and sing
Arise, ye guilty; he'll forgive:
Arise, ye needy, he'll relieve.
- 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.
- 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 '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.

⁵⁸Source: "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). First appeared in *CPH* (1741), 39–40.

- 8 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!

An Hymn for the Georgia Orphans.⁵⁹

- 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 God 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 hands⁶⁰ 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.⁶¹

- 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.

⁵⁹First appeared in *CPH* (1741), 42.

⁶⁰“Hands” changed to “hand” in 4th edn. (1748) and following.

⁶¹First appeared in *CPH* (1741), 42–43. Also printed by George Whitefield in *An Account of Money Received and Disbursed for the Orphan-House in Georgia* (London: W. Strahan, 1741), 6.

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.

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.⁶²

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.

⁶²First appeared in *CPH* (1741), 43.

A Hymn for Charity-Children.⁶³

- 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!
- 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 will⁶⁴ on his altars lay
A grateful sacrifice.
- 6 To God the Father, and the Son,
And Spirit, One in Three,
As is, and was ere⁶⁵ time begun,
Eternal glory be!

Another [A Hymn for Charity-Children].⁶⁶

- 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.

⁶³First appeared in *CPH* (1741), 43–44. See the note there about the possibility that some of these hymns for charity schools were authored by Samuel Wesley Jr.

⁶⁴“Will” changed to “we'll” in 4th edn. (1748) and following.

⁶⁵Ori., “e're”; but clearly used in sense of “before.”

⁶⁶Source: *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). First appeared in *CPH* (1741), 44.

- 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.

Another [A Hymn for Charity-Children].⁶⁷

- 1 When to the temple we repair,
A numerous joyful throng,
Our praise shall fill the house of prayer;
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.

⁶⁷Source: *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). First appeared in *CPH* (1741), 45.

- 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].⁶⁸

- 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.
- 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,
Still⁶⁹ aid and bless the poor.

Another [A Hymn for Charity-Children].⁷⁰

- 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.

⁶⁸First appeared in *CPH* (1741), 45–46.

⁶⁹“Still” changed to “To” in 4th edn. (1748) and following.

⁷⁰First appeared in *CPH* (1741), 46.

- 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]⁷¹ The blest, eternal Trinity,
Whom heaven and earth adore,
All honour, praise and glory be
Both now and evermore.

A Yearly Hymn for Charity-Children.⁷²

- 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.

⁷¹Ori., "9"; a misprint.

⁷²Source: *An Account of Charity-Schools ...*, 11th edn. (London: Joseph Downing, 1712), 73. First appeared in *CPH* (1741), 47.

- 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].⁷³

- 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 word⁷⁴ 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.
- 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.⁷⁵

- 1 Lift up your heads, ye lofty gates,
Unfold each spacious door,
For here the King of Glory waits
With blessings for the poor.

⁷³Source: *An Hymn to be Sung by the Charity-Boys of the Society of St. Ann's, Aldersgate* ([London:] J. Cluer, [1710?]). First appeared in *CPH* (1741), 47–48.

⁷⁴Ori., “words”; corrected in errata.

⁷⁵Source: *A Hymn to be Sung by the Charity Boys and Girls Belonging to the Ward of Farringdon* ([London, 1710–20]). First appeared in *CPH* (1741), 48.

- 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 too⁷⁶ 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.⁷⁷

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

⁷⁶Ori. "so"; a misprint, corrected in 4th edn. (1748) and following.

⁷⁷Source: *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). First appeared in *CPH* (1741), 48–49.

- 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].⁷⁸

- 1 Father of lights, to⁷⁹ 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]⁸⁰ 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.
- 6 To God the Father, and the Son,
 And Spirit, One and Three,
 As is, and was, for time to come
 Eternal glory be!

⁷⁸Source: *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]). First appeared in *CPH* (1741), 49–50.

⁷⁹Ori., “to to thee”; a misprint.

⁸⁰Ori., “4”; a misprint.

Another [A Hymn for Any School].⁸¹

- 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.⁸²

- 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!
The mists of error and of vice,
Which shade the universe!

⁸¹Source: *A Hymn to be Sung by the Charity Children of Popler and Blackwall ... May the 10th 1713* ([London, 1713]). First appeared in *CPH* (1741), 50.

⁸²First appeared in *CPH* (1741), 50–51.

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 Jesus' blood, 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.⁸³

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 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.

⁸³First appeared in *CPH* (1741), 51.

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.

Prayer for One That is Lunatick and Sore Vex'd.⁸⁴

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.

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.

⁸⁴First appeared in *CPH* (1741), 53–56.

- 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.
- 17⁸⁵ 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 it⁸⁶ 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
To the name that frees us.
- 22 Jesu! Claim thy ransom'd creature,
Let the foe feel and know
Thou in us art greater.

⁸⁵Ori., "1y"; a misprint.

⁸⁶Ori., "It is"; a misprint, as seen in *CPH* (1741), 55.

- 23 Strengthen'd by thy great example,
Let us tread on his head,
On his kingdom trample.
- 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.⁸⁸

- 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 wan⁸⁹ 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.
- 8 Thou hast shewn thyself the stronger,
Still go on, put it down,
Let it stand no longer.

⁸⁷Incorrectly numbered page 64 in original.

⁸⁸First appeared in *CPH* (1741), 56–57.

⁸⁹An alternative spelling for “won.”

- 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 gave⁹¹ 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 longer shalt oppress us:
Triumph we over thee
In the name of Jesus.

God Exalted Above All Praise.⁹²

- 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,

⁹⁰Incorrectly numbered page 63 in original.

⁹¹“Gave” changed to “given” in 4th edn. (1748) and following.

⁹²Source: Isaac Watts, *Horae Lyricae* (London: Humfreys, 1709), 159. First appeared in *CPH* (1738), 45.

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.

**A
COLLECTION
OF
PSALMS AND HYMNS.**

Part the Second.

Psalm VIII.

- 1 Sovereign, everlasting Lord,
 How excellent thy name!
Held in being by thy word,
 Thee all thy works proclaim:
Thro' this earth thy glories shine,
 Thro' those dazzling worlds above,
All confess the source divine,
 Th' Almighty God of love.

- 2 Thou, the God of power and grace
 Whom highest heavens adore,
Callest babes to sing thy praise,
 And manifest thy power:
Lo! They in thy strength go on,
 Lo! On all thy foes they tread,
Cast the dire accuser down,
 And bruise the serpent's head.

- 3 Yet when I survey the skies
And planets as they roll,
Wonder dims my aching eyes,
And swallows up my soul;
Moon and stars so wide display,
Chaunt their Maker's praise so loud,
Pour insufferable day,
And draw me up to God!
- 4 What is man, that thou, O Lord,
Hast such respect to him!
Comes from heaven th' incarnate Word,
His creature to redeem:
Wherefore would'st thou stoop so low?
Who the mystery shall explain?
God is flesh, and lives below,
And dies for wretched man.
- 5 Jesus, his Redeemer dies,
The sinner to restore,
Falls that man again may rise,
And stand as heretofore;
Foremost of created things,
Head of all thy works he stood,
Nearest the great King of kings,
And *little less than God!**
- 6 Him with glorious majesty
Thy grace vouchsaf'd to crown,
Transcript of the One in Three,
He in thine image shone:
All thy works for him were made,
All did to his sway submit,
Fishes, birds, and beasts obey'd,
And bow'd beneath his feet.
- 7 Sovereign, everlasting Lord,
How excellent thy name,
Held in being by thy word
Thee all thy works proclaim:
Thro' this earth thy glories shine,
Thro' those dazzling worlds above,
All confess the source divine,
Th' Almighty God of love.

*So is it in the Hebrew [note added in the errata].

Psalm XVIII, Ver. 1, &c.

- 1 Thee will I love, O Lord my power:
My rock and fortress is the Lord,
My God, my Saviour, and my tower,
My horn and strength, my shield and sword;
Secure I trust in his defence,
I stand in his omnipotence.
- 2 Still will I invoke his name,
And spend my life in prayer and praise,
His goodness own, his promise claim,
And look for all his saving grace,
Till all his saving grace I see,
From sin and hell forever free.
- 3 He sav'd me in temptation's hour,
Horribly caught and compass'd round,
Expos'd to Satan's raging power,
In floods of sin and sorrow drown'd,
Condemn'd the second death to feel,
Arrested by the pains⁹³ of hell.
- 4 To God my God with plaintive cry
I call'd, in agony of fear,
My humble wailing pierc'd the sky,
My groaning reach'd his gracious ear,
He heard me from his glorious throne,
And sent the timely rescue down.

Psalm XXIV.

- 1 The earth and all her fulness owns
Jehovah for her Sovereign Lord;
The countless myriads of her sons
Rose into being at his word.
- 2 His word did out of nothing call
The world, and founded all that is,
Launch'd on the floods this solid ball,
And fix'd it in the floating seas.

⁹³“Pains” changed to “pangs” in 7th edn. (1765) and following.

- 3 But who shall quit this low abode,
Who shall ascend the heavenly place,
And stand upon the mount of God,
And see his Maker face to face?
- 4 The man whose hands and heart are clean,
That blessed portion shall receive,
Who here by grace is sav'd from sin,
Hereafter shall in glory live.
- 5 He shall obtain the starry crown,
And numbred with the saints above,
The God of his salvation own,
The God of his salvation love.
- 6 This is the chosen royal race
That seek their Saviour-God to see,
To see in holiness thy face,
O Jesus, and be join'd to thee.
- 7 Thou the true wrestling Jacob art,
Whose prayers and tears, and blood inclin'd
Thy Father's majesty t' impart
His name, his love to all mankind.
- 8 Our Lord is risen from the dead,
Our Jesus is gone up on high,
The powers of hell are captive led,
Drag'd to the portals of the sky.
- 9 There his triumphal chariot waits,
And angels chaunt the solemn lay,
Lift up your heads, ye heavenly gates,
Ye everlasting doors give way.
- 10 Loose all your bars of massy light,
And wide unfold th' etherial scene;
He claims these mansions as his right,
Receive the King of Glory in.
- 11 Who is this King of Glory, who?
The Lord that all his foes o'ercame,
The world, sin, death, and hell o'erthrew:
And Jesus is the Conqueror's name.

- 12 Lo! His triumphal chariot waits,
And angels chaunt the solemn lay,
Lift up your heads, ye heavenly gates,
Ye everlasting doors give way.
- 13 Who is this King of Glory, who?
The Lord of glorious power possest,
The King of saints and angels too,
God over all, forever blest.

Psalm XXXII.

- 1 Blest is the man, supremely blest,
Whose wickedness is all forgiven,
Who finds in Jesus' wounds his rest,
And sees the smiling face of heaven.
The guilt and power of sin is gone
From him that doth in Christ believe,
Cover'd it lies, and still kept down,
And buried in his Saviour's grave.
- 2 Blest is the man, to whom his Lord
No more imputes iniquity,
Whose spirit is by grace restor'd,
From all the guile of Satan free;
Free from design, or selfish aim,
Harmless,⁹⁴ and pure, and undefil'd,
A simple follower of the Lamb,
And harmless as a newborn child.
- 3 But while thro' pride I held my tongue,
Nor own'd my helpless unbelief,
My bones were wasted all day long,
My strength consum'd with pining grief.
Crush'd by thine anger's heavy hand,
Burnt up as a dry barren ground,
I ever of my sin complain'd,
But no relief, or mercy found.
- 4 Resolv'd at last, to God (I cried)
My sins I will at large confess,
My shame I will no longer hide,
My depth of desp'rate wickedness.

⁹⁴John Wesley substituted "Blameless" for "Harmless" by hand in his personal copy of the 5th edn. (1751).

All will I own unto my Lord
Without reserve or cloaking art;
I said; and felt the pard'ning word,
Thy mercy spoke it to my heart.

5 For this shall every child of God
Thy power and faithful love declare,
And claim the grace on all bestow'd,
Who make to thee their timely prayer.
But when the floods of judgment rise,
And sweep their guilty souls away,
Remains for sin no sacrifice;
For ended is their gracious day.

6 Thou art my hiding-place; in thee
I rest secure from sin and hell,
Safe in the love that ransom'd me,
And shelter'd in thy wounds I dwell.
Still shall thy grace to me abound,
The countless wonders of thy grace
I still shall tell to all around,
And sing my great Deliverer's praise.

7 I will instruct thy childlike heart,
(My teacher saith forever nigh)
Nor let thee from my paths depart,
But guide thee with my gracious eye.
Only my gracious look obey,
And yield my perfect will to prove,
Nor cast my easy yoke away,
Or stop thine ears against my love.

8 Whoe'er like horse and mule withstand,
And follow their own stiff-neck'd will,
I bruise beneath my weighty hand,
And force them all my plagues to feel.
But he that dares in me confide,
Shall only know my pard'ning grace,
My mercy's arms on every side
Shall every faithful soul embrace.

- 9 Ye faithful souls, rejoice in him,
Whose arms are still your sure defence,
Your Lord is mighty to redeem:
Believe; and who shall pluck you thence?
Ye men of upright hearts be glad,
For Jesus is your God and friend,
He keeps whoe'er on him are stay'd,
And he shall keep them to the end.

Psalm XXXVI.

- 1 My heart to every vice inclin'd,
The sinner's closest sin bewrays⁹⁵
The fear of God he casts behind,
He hides himself among the trees,
Self-soothing in his lost estate
Sleeps on secure, and wakes too late.
- 2 His words are all deceit and lies,
He hatches mischief on his bed;
No longer to salvation wise:
In every thought and word and deed
He cleaves to sin and sin alone;
Evil and he I find are one.
- 3 But thou, O Lord, art full of grace,
Above the clouds thy mercies rise,
Stedfast thy truth and faithfulness,
Thy word of promise never dies,
Nor earth can shake, nor hell remove
The base of thine eternal love.
- 4 Unsearchable thy judgments are,
A boundless bottomless abyss:
But, lo! Thy providential care
O'er all thy works extended is;
In thee the creatures live and move,
And are: All glory to thy love!
- 5 Thy love sustains the world it made,
Thy love preserves both man and beast,
Beneath thy wing's almighty shade
The sons of men securely rest;

⁹⁵Ori., "bewray"; corrected in errata.

And those who haunt the hallow'd place
Shall banquet on thy richest grace.

- 6 Their souls shall drink the crystal stream
Which ever issues from thy throne:
Fountain of joy and bliss supream,
Eternal life and thou art one,
To us, to all so freely given,
The light of life, the heaven of heaven!
- 7 Stay then with those that know thy peace,
The simple men of heart sincere,
From all their foes and sins release,
From pride and lust redeem them *here*,
Thine utmost saving grace extend,
And love, O love them to the end.
- 8 The prayer is seal'd: we now foresee
The downfal of our inbred foes:
Jesus hath got the victory,
His own right-hand our sins o'erthrows,
Destroys their being with their power:
They die, they fall to rise no more.

Psalm XLV.

- 1 My heart is full of Christ, and longs
Its glorious matter to declare!
Of him I make my loftiest songs,
I cannot from his praise forbear;
My ready tongue makes haste⁹⁶ to sing
The beauties of my heavenly King.
- 2 Fairer than all the earth-born race,
Perfect in comeliness⁹⁷ thou art,
Replenish'd are thy lips with grace,
And full of love thy tender heart:
God ever blest, we bow the knee,
And own all fulness dwells in thee.

⁹⁶Ori., "hast."

⁹⁷Ori., "comliness."

- 3 Gird on thy thigh the Spirit's sword,
And take to thee thy power divine,
Stir up thy strength, Almighty Lord,
All power, and majesty are thine,
Assert thy worship, and renown,
O all-redeeming God come down.
- 4 Come, and maintain thy righteous cause,
And let thy glorious toil succeed,
Dispread the victory of thy cross,
Ride on, and prosper in thy deed,
Thro' earth triumphantly ride on,
And reign in all our hearts alone.
- 5 Still let the word of truth prevail,
The gospel of thy general grace,
Of mercy mild that ne'er shall fail,
Of everlasting righteousness
Into the faithful soul brought in,
To root out all the seeds of sin.
- 6 Terrible things thine own right-hand
Shall teach thy greatness to perform:
Who in the vengeful day can stand
Unshaken by thine anger's storm
While riding on the whirlwind's wings,
They meet the thundring King of kings!
- 7 Sharp are the arrows of thy love,
And pierce the most obdurate heart:
Their point thine enemies shall prove,
And strangely fill'd with pleasing smart,
Fall down before thy cross subdued,
And feel thine arrows dipt in blood.
- 8 O God of love, thy sway we own,
Thy dying love doth all controul;
Justice and grace support thy throne,
Set up in every faithful soul,
Stedfast it stands in them, and sure,
When pure as thou their God art pure.

- 9 Lover thou art of purity,
 And hatest every spot of sin,
Nothing profane can dwell with thee,
 Nothing unholy or unclean:
And therefore doth thy Father own
His glorious likeness in his Son.
- 10 Therefore he hath his Spirit shed
 Spirit of joy, and power, and grace,
Immeasurably on thy head;
 First-born of all the chosen race,
From thee the sacred unction springs
That makes thy fellows priests and kings.
- 11 Sweet is the odour of thy name,
 Thro' all the means a fragrance comes;
Thy garments hide the sinner's shame,
 Thy garments shed divine perfumes,
That thro' the ivory-palace flow,
The church, in which thou reign'st below.
- 12 Thy heavenly charms the virgins move,
 And bow them to thy pleasing sway;
They triumph in thy princely love,
 Thy will with all their hearts obey,
Revere their honourable word,
The glorious handmaids of the Lord.
- 13 High above all, at thy right-hand
 Adorn'd with each diviner grace,
Thy fav'rite queen exults to stand,
 Thy church her heavenly charms displays,
Cloath'd with the sun, for glory meet,
She sees the moon beneath her feet.
- 14 Daughter of heaven, tho' born on earth,
 Incline thy willing heart and ear,
Forget thy first ignoble birth,
 Thy people, and thy kinsfolk here,
So shall the King delight to see
His beauties copied out on thee.

- 15 He only is thy God and Lord,
Worship divine to him be given,
By all the host of heaven ador'd,
By every creature under heaven:
And all the Gentile world shall know,
And freely to his service flow.
- 16 The rich shall lay their riches down,
And poor become for Jesus' sake,
Kings at his feet shall cast their crown,
And humble suit for mercy make,
(Mercy alike on all bestow'd)
And languish to be great in God.
- 17 Are not his servants kings? And rule
They not o'er hell, and earth, and sin?
His daughter is divinely full
Of Christ, and glorious *all within*;
All-glorious inwardly she reigns,
And not one spot of sin *remains*.
- 18 Cloath'd with humility and love,
With every dazzling virtue bright,
With faith which God vouchsafes t' approve,
Precious in her great Father's sight,
The royal maid with joy shall come,
Triumphant to her heavenly home.
- 19 Brought by his sweet attracting grace,
She first shall in his sight appear,
In holiness behold his face,
Made perfect with her fellows *here*,
Spotless, and pure, a virgin train
They all shall in his palace reign.
- 20 In lieu of seers and patriarchs old,
Of whom she once did make her boast,
The Virgin Mother shall behold
Her numerous sons, a princely host,
Instal'd o'er all the earth abroad,
Anointed kings, and priests to God.

21 Thee, Jesus, King of kings, and Lord
Of lords, I glory to proclaim,
From age to age thy praise record,
That all the world may learn thy name:
And all shall soon thy grace adore,
When time and sin shall be no more.

Psalm XLVII.

1 Clap your hands, ye people all,
Praise the God on whom ye call,
Lift your voice, and shout his praise,
Triumph in his sovereign grace.

2 Glorious is the Lord most high,
Terrible in majesty,
He his sovereign sway maintains,
King o'er all the earth he reigns.

3 He the people shall subdue,
Make us kings and conqu'rors too,
Force the nations to submit
Bruise our sins beneath our feet.

4 He shall bless his ransom'd ones,
Number us with Israel's sons;
God our heritage shall prove,
Give us all a lot of love.

5 Jesus is gone up on high,
Takes his seat above the sky:
Shout the angel-quires aloud,
Ecchoing to the trump of God!

6 Sons of earth the triumph join,
Praise him with the host divine,
Emulate the heavenly powers,
Their victorious Lord is ours.

7 Shout the God enthron'd above,
Trumpet forth his conqu'ring love,
Praises to our Jesus sing,
Praises to our glorious King.

- 8 Power is all to Jesus given,
Power o'er hell, and earth, and heaven!
Power he now to us imparts:
Praise him with believing hearts.
- 9 Heathens he compels t' obey,
Saints he rules with mildest sway,
Pure and holy hearts alone
Chuses for his quiet throne.
- 10 Peace to them and power he brings,
Makes his subjects priests and kings,
Guards, while in his worship join'd,
Bids them cast the world behind.
- 11 On himself he takes their care,
Saves them not by sword or spear,
Safely to his house they go,
Fearless of th' invading foe.
- 12 God keeps off the hostile bands,
God protects their happy lands,
Stands, as keeper of their fields,
Stands as twice ten thousand shields.
- 13 Wonderful in saving power
Him let all our hearts adore,
Earth and heaven repeat the cry,
"Glory be to God most high!"

Psalm LVI.

- 1 Have mercy, Lord, for man hath none;
From day to day he still goes on
To swallow up his prey:
My foes continual battles wage,
And strive with unrelenting rage
My helpless soul to slay.
- 2 Dreadful in number and in power
I see them ready to devour;
But when to thee I cry,

Returns my faith, retires my fear,
I feel, I feel the Saviour near,
The Lord, the Lord most high.

- 3 Thro' thee I will thy word proclaim,
And bless the mighty Jesus' name,
In whom I still confide:
Jesus is good, and strong, and true;
I will not fear what man can do,
When God is on my side.
- 4 They daily wrest the words I speak,
In all their thoughts my ruin seek,
And close in ambush lie;
They mark my steps, where'er I turn,
As not to rest their rage had sworn,
Till by their hands I die.
- 5 But thou, O Lord, shalt vengeance take,
And cast into the burning lake
The vessels of thine ire,
Who thee, and all thy people hate,
Shall feel thy righteous anger's weight
In everlasting fire.
- 6 I now beneath their fury groan,
But thou hast all my sufferings known,
The hasty flights I took;
Thou treasur'st up my counted tears,
And all my sighs, and griefs, and fears
Are noted in thy book.
- 7 Whenever on the Lord I cry,
My foes, I know, shall fear and fly,
For God is on my side;
Thro' thee will I thy word proclaim,
And bless the mighty Jesus' name,
And still in him confide.
- 8 In God I trust, the good, the true:
I will not fear what flesh can do,
For Jesus takes my part:

I bless thee, Saviour, for thy grace,
Offer my sacrifice of praise,
And pay thee all my heart.

- 9 For thou hast sav'd my soul from death,
From sin, the world, and hell beneath;
Thou hast my sins forgiven,
That I the glorious light may see,
Walk before God, and perfect be,
And live the life of heaven.

Psalm LVII.

- 1 Be merciful, O God, to me,
To me who in thy love confide;
To thy protecting love I flee,
Beneath thy wings my soul I hide,
Till Satan's tyranny is o'er,
And cruel sin subsists no more.
- 2 To God will I in trouble cry,
Who freely undertakes my cause,
My God most merciful, most high,
Shall save me from the lion's jaws;
Destroy him, ready to devour,
With all his works, and all his power.
- 3 The Lord out of his holy place
His mercy and his truth shall send:
Jesus is full of truth and grace,
Jesus shall still my soul defend;
While in the toils of hell I lye,
And from the den of lions cry.
- 4 Among the sons of men I dwell,
Fierce as the wildest beasts of prey,
Inflam'd with rage like fiends in hell,
My soul they seek to tear and slay:
As spears their teeth, as darts their words,
Their double tongues are two-edg'd swords.

- 5 Be thou exalted, Lord, above
The highest names in earth and heaven,
Let angels sing thy glorious love,
And bless the name, to sinners giv'n,
All earth and heaven their King proclaim;
Bow every knee to Jesus' name.
- 6 To thee let all my foes submit,
Who hunt, and bow my spirit down;
Themselves shall fall into their pit,
Who seek my death ensure their own;
Satan and sin their doom shall have,
And sink into th' infernal grave.
- 7 My heart is fixt, O God, my heart
Is fixt to triumph in thy grace
(Awake my lute, and bear thy part,)
My glory is to sing thy praise,
Till of thy nature I partake,
And bright in all thine image wake.
- 8 Thee will I praise among thine own;
Thee will I to the world extol,
And make thy truth and goodness known;
Thy goodness, Lord, is over all,
Thy truth and grace the heavens transcend,
Thy faithful mercies never end.
- [9] Be thou exalted, Lord, above
The highest names in earth or heaven,
Let angels sing thy glorious love,
And bless the name to sinners given,
All earth and heaven their King proclaim;
Bow every knee to Jesus' name!

Psalm CXVIII.

- 1 All glory to our gracious Lord;
His love be by his church ador'd.
His love eternally the same:

His love let Aaron's sons confess,
His free, and everlasting grace
Let all that fear the Lord proclaim.

In trouble on the Lord I cried,
And felt the pard'ning word applied;
He answer'd me in peace and power,
He pluck'd my soul out of the net,
In a large place of safety set,
And bad me go, and sin no more.

- 2 The Lord, I now can say, is mine,
And confident in strength divine
Nor men,⁹⁸ nor fiends, nor flesh I fear:
Jesus the Saviour takes⁹⁹ my part,
And keeps¹⁰⁰ the issues of my heart,
My helper is forever near.

Wherefore I soon my wish shall see
On all who hate and strive with me,
My full redemption now draws nigh.
Mine enemies shall all be slain,
And not one spot of sin remain;
Its relicks shall forever die.

- 3 Better it is in God to trust,
In God the good, the strong, the just,
Than a false, sinful child of man;
Better in Jesus to confide
Than every other prince beside,
Who offer all their helps in vain.

His all-sufficient help I found,
By hostile nations compass round,
And him my Saviour I proclaim:
Hell, earth, and sin subdued I see;
I soon shall more than conqueror be,
And all destroy thro' Jesus' name.

- 4 They kept me in on every side,
Satan, the world, and lust and pride,
On every side they kept me in:

⁹⁸“Nor men” changed to “Nor man” in 7th edn. (1765) and following.

⁹⁹Ori., “take”; corrected in errata.

¹⁰⁰Ori., “keep”; corrected in errata.

Yet thro' the name on which I call,
I surely shall destroy them all;
The Lord shall make an end of sin.

Begirt with hosts of enemies
Vexations¹⁰¹ as thick-swarving bees,
Quench'd as a blaze of thorns I see
Their fury's momentary flame;
I all destroy thro' Jesus' name,
And live from sin forever free.

5 O sin, my cruel bosom-foe,
Oft hast thou sought my soul t' o'erthrow,
And sorely thrust at me in vain:
In my defence the Saviour stood,
Cover'd with his victorious blood,
And arm'd my sprinkled heart again.

Righteous I am in him, and strong,
He is become my joyful song,
My Saviour and salvation too:
I triumph thro' his mighty grace,
And pure in heart shall see his face,
And rise in Christ a creature new.

6 The voice of joy, and love, and praise,
And thanks for his redeeming grace
Among the justified is found:
With songs that rival those above,
With shouts proclaiming Jesus' love,
Both day and night their tents resound.

The Lord's right-hand hath wonders wrought,
Above the reach of human thought,
The Lord's right-hand exalted is;
We see it still stretch'd out to save,
The power of God in Christ we have,
And Jesus is the Prince of Peace.

7 I shall not die in sin, but live,
To Christ my Lord the glory give,
His miracles of grace declare,

¹⁰¹“Vexations” changed to “Vexatious” in 4th edn. (1748) and following.

When he the work of faith hath done,
When I have put his image on,
And fruit unto perfection bear.

The Lord hath sorely chasten'd me,
And bruis'd for mine iniquity,
Yet mercy would not give me up,
Caught from the jaws of second death,
Pluck'd out of the devourer's teeth,
He bids me now rejoice in hope.

- 8 Open the gates of righteousness,
Receive me into Christ my peace,
That I his praises may record;
He is the truth, the life, the way,
The portal of eternal day,
The gate of heaven is Christ my Lord.

Thro' him the just shall enter in,
Sav'd to the uttermost from sin:
Already sav'd from all its power:
The Lord my righteousness I praise,
And calmly wait the perfect grace,
When born of God I sin no more.

- 9 Jesus is lifted up on high,
Whom man refus'd and doom'd to die,
He is become the corner-stone,
Head of his church he lives and reigns,
His kingdom over all maintains,
High on his everlasting throne.

The Lord th' amazing work hath wrought,
Hath from the dead our shepherd brought,
Reviv'd on the third glorious day:
This is the day our God hath made,
The day for sinners to be glad
In him who bears their sins away.

- 10 Thee, Lord, with joyful lips we praise,
Now,¹⁰² send us now thy saving grace,
Make this the acceptable hour:

¹⁰²“Now” changed to “O” in 11th edn. (1789) and following.

Our hearts would now receive thee in;
Enter, and make an end of sin,
And bless us with the perfect power.

Bless us, that we may call thee blest,
Sent down from heaven to give us rest,
Thy gracious Father to proclaim,
His sinless nature to impart,
In every new believing heart
To manifest his glorious name.

- 11 God is the Lord that shews us light,
Then let us render him his right,
The offering of a thankful mind,
Present our living sacrifice,
And to his cross in closest ties
With cords of love our spirit bind.

Thou art my God, and thee I praise,
Thou art my God, I sing thy grace,
And call mankind t' extol thy name:
All glory to our gracious Lord,
His name be prais'd, his love ador'd
Thro' all eternity the same.

Psalm CXX.¹⁰³

- 1 To God in trouble I applied,
And he redress'd my wrong;
Save me from lying lips, I cried,
And a deceitful tongue.
- 2 Thou man of double tongue and heart,
Expect thy fearful hire;
The mighty God his wrath shall dart,
And set thy soul on fire.
- 3 But woe is me! Constrain'd to dwell
With human savages!
Their tongues are set on fire of hell,
They hate the thoughts of peace.

¹⁰³This psalm, new to this edition, was deleted from the very next edition in 1744.

- 4 They dare the anger of the skies,
Evil return for good,
And when I speak of peace, they rise,
And vow to drink my blood.

Psalm CXXI.

- 1 To the hills I lift mine eyes
The everlasting hills,
Streaming thence in fresh supplies,
My soul the Spirit feels:
Will he not his help afford?
Help, while yet I ask, is given:
God comes down: the God and Lord
That made both earth and heaven.
- 2 Faithful soul, pray always; pray,
And still in God confide;
He thy feeble steps shall stay,
Nor suffer thee to slide:
Lean on the¹⁰⁴ Redeemer's breast,
He thy quiet spirit keeps,
Rest in him, securely rest;
Thy watchman never sleeps.
- 3 Neither sin, nor earth, nor hell
Thy keeper can surprize,
Careless slumber cannot steal
On his all-seeing eyes:
He is Israel's sure defence;
Israel all his care shall prove
Kept by watchful providence,
And ever-waking love.
- 4 See the Lord thy keeper stand
Omnipotently near:
Lo! He holds thee by thy hand,
And banishes thy fear;
Shadows with his wings thy head,
Guards from all impending harms;
Round thee and beneath are spread
The everlasting arms.

¹⁰⁴“The” changed to “thy” in 11th edn. (1789).

- 5 Thee in evil's scorching day,
 The sun shall never smite;
Thee the moon's malignest ray
 Shall never blast by night:
Safe from known or secret foes,
 Free from sin and Satan's thrall,
God, when flesh, earth, hell oppose,
 Shall keep thee safe from all.
- 6 Christ shall bless thy going out,
 Shall bless thy coming in,
Kindly compass thee about,
 Till thou art sav'd from sin,
Like thy spotless Master thou,
 Fill'd with wisdom, love, and power,
Holy, pure, and perfect now,
 Henceforth, and evermore.

Psalm CXXII.

- 1 O how overjoy'd was I,
 When the solemn hour drew nigh!
Summon'd to the house of prayer
 Flew my soul to worship there.
- Come, my chearful brethren said,
 Let us go with holy speed;
 Let us haste with one accord
 To the temple of our Lord.
- 2 Running at his kind command,
 There our ready feet shall stand,
 Still within the sacred gate
 Will we for his mercy wait;
- Love the channels of his grace,
 Reverence the hallow'd place:
 Where our Lord records his name,
 Stay we in Jerusalem.
- 3 God hath built his church below,
 Labour'd all his art to shew;

Each with each the parts agree,
Fram'd in perfect symmetry.

There the chosen tribes go up,
Testify their gospel-hope,
Praise, and bless th' incarnate Word,
Shout the name of Christ their Lord.

- 4 There are Aaron's mitred sons,
There the apostolic thrones;
Moses' legislative chair,
God's great hierarchy is there.

Pray my friends, and never cease,
Wrestle on for Sion's peace:
Make her still your pious care,
On your heart forever bear.

- 5 Hail the venerable name,
Lovely dear Jerusalem!
Thee who bless shall blessed be,
Prosper for their love to thee.

Dwell within thy ramparts peace,
Plenty deck thy palaces,
Jesus send thee from above
All the treasures of his love.

- 6 For my friends' and brethren's sake,
Thee my dearest charge I make,
England's des'late church be mine,
Sion, all my soul be thine.

O thou temple of my God,
For thy sake I spend my blood,
Longing here thy rise to see,
Glad to live, and die for thee.

Psalm CXXIII.

- 1 O thou that on thine heav'nly throne,
Dost undisturb'd for ever reign,
To thee a worm of earth I groan,
To thee I lift my eyes in pain,

And weary of my burthen pray,
Thy love to take this curse away.

- 2 As servants whom their Lord¹⁰⁵ chastise,
 Beneath the scourge impatient stand,
So on the Lord we turn our eyes,
 And wait till mercy stops his hand;
Till all his grievous plagues remove,
And angry justice yields to love.
- 3 Have mercy, Lord, the world restrain:
 The wicked is a scourge of thine:
Crush'd by the pride of carnal man,
 Dire instrument of wrath divine.
Our soul in helpless mis'ry lies,
And only thou can'st bid us rise.
- 4 Contemn'd and hated for thy cause,
 Thy only favour we implore;
Strengthen us to endure the cross,
 Till all their tyranny is o'er,
Till Christ with our reward comes¹⁰⁶ down
And ev'ry sufferer takes his crown.

Psalm CXXIV.

- 1 Had not the Lord for Israel stood,
 When men and fiends against us rose,
Stretch'd out his hand, and stem'd the flood,
 And stopt the fury of our foes,
Our foes had swallow'd up their prey,
And torn our shield and souls away.
- 2 Had not the Lord, we now may cry,
 Appear'd his people to sustain,
The threat'ning floods that dash'd the sky,
 Had whirl'd us down to hell again;
O'erwhelm'd us in the gulph beneath,
And plung'd our souls in endless death.

¹⁰⁵“Lord” changed to “lords” in 11th edn. (1789).

¹⁰⁶“Comes” changed to “come” in 7th edn. (1765) and following.

- 3 But God hath quell'd their angry pride,
And kept us in our evil hour,
His name be blest and glorify'd,
He hath not left us to their pow'r,
His word restrain'd their lawless will,
And bade the raging sea be still.
- 4 He pluck'd the prey out of their teeth,
Our souls have 'scap'd the fowler's snare,
Broke thro' the toils of sin and death;
And lo! Our helper we declare,
The Lord of heav'n and earth proclaim,
And bless th' Almighty Jesus' name.

Psalm CXXV.

- 1 Who in the Lord confide,
And feel his sprinkled blood,
In storms and hurricanes abide
Firm as the mount of God:
Stedfast, and fixt, and sure
His Sion cannot move,
His faithful people stand secure
In Jesus' guardian love.
- 2 As round Jerusalem
The hilly bulwarks rise,
So God protects and covers them
From all their enemies:
On every side he stands,
And for his Israel cares,
And safe in his almighty hands
Their souls forever bears.
- 3 For lo! The reign of hell
And hellish men is o'er,
They can persuade, they can compel
The just to sin no more:
To devils, men, or sin,
They need no more give place,
Nor ever touch the thing unclean
When cleans'd by pard'ning grace.

4 But let them still abide
 In thee, all-gracious Lord,
Till ev'ry soul is sanctify'd,
 And perfectly restor'd.
 The men of heart sincere
 Continue to defend,
And do them good, and save them here,
 And love them to the end.

5 Who to their sins draw back,
 And love again to stray,
The narrow path of life forsake,
 And throng the spacious way,
 Back to their vomit turn,
 And fall from pard'ning grace;
The Lord to punish them hath sworn,
 And drive them from his face.

6 But peace, and pow'r, and love
 Shall Israel's portion be,
They all his promises shall prove,
 And all his goodness see,
 Holy and pure in heart
 Obtain the perfect pow'r:
They can no more from God depart
 When they can sin no more.

Psalm CXXVI.

1 When our redeeming Lord
 Pronounc'd the pard'ning word,
Turn'd our soul's captivity,
 O what sweet surprize we found!
Wonder ask'd, "And can it be!"
 Scarce believ'd the welcome sound.

2 And is it not a dream?
 And are we sav'd thro' him?
Yes, our bounding heart replied,
 Yes, broke out our joyful tongue,
Freely we are justify'd;
 This the new, the gospel song!

- 3 The heathen too could see
 Our glorious liberty:
All our foes were forc'd to own,
 God for them hath wonders wrought:
Wonders he for us hath done,
 From the house of bondage brought.
- 4 To us our gracious God
 His pard'ning love hath shew'd,
Now our joyful souls are free
 From the guilt and power of sin,
Greater things we soon shall see,
 We shall soon be pure within.
- 5 Turn us again, O Lord,
 Pronounce the second word,
Loose our hearts, and let us go
 Down the Spirit's fullest flood,
Freely to the fountain flow,
 All be swallow'd up in God.
- 6 Who for thy coming wait,
 And wail their lost estate,
Poor, and sad, and empty still,
 Who for full redemption weep,
They shall thy appearing feel,
 Sow in tears, in joy to reap.
- 7 Who seed immortal bears,
 And wets his path with tears,
Doubtless he shall soon return,
 Bring his sheaves with vast increase,
Fully of the Spirit born,
 Perfected in holiness.

Psalm CXXVII.¹⁰⁷

- 1 Except the house Jehovah raise,
 Fruitless is all the builder's care,
Except Jehovah guard the place,
 In vain the watch are station'd there,
Nothing without his hand is done,
 To make and keep are God's alone.

¹⁰⁷This psalm, new to this edition, was deleted from the very next edition in 1744.

- 2 In vain your labour ye repeat
From earliest dawn to latest night,
The bread of care and sorrow eat;
'Tis God, who grants the true delight,
And gives his people food and rest,
And makes them in his blessing blest.
- 3 His blessing makes the mother bear,
The issue of the womb is his;
The gift of God your children are,
He bids your little ones increase:
Receive them as your faith's reward,
Their heav'nly Father is the Lord.
- 4 As arrows in the giant's hand,
Fly the bold youths to your defence,
Or in the gate your champions stand,
And drive the furious battle thence;
Happy the man who gladly owns
His guardians were his pious sons.
- 5 Happy the man, who always sees
The source from whence his blessings flow,
His life, his safety, and his peace,
His ev'ry comfort here below,
Who takes them as by heav'n bestow'd,
And looks thro' all his gifts to God.

Psalm CXXVIII.

- 1 Blest is the man that fears the Lord,
And walks in all his ways,
An earnest of his great reward
On earth his master pays.
- 2 Thou shalt not spend thy strength in vain
For perishable food,
Thy Father shall his own sustain,
And fill thy soul with good.
- 3 Happy in him thy soul shall be,
And on his fulness feed,
Jesus, who came from heav'n for thee
Shall be thy living bread.

- 4 Thy wife shall as the fruitful vine
Her blooming offspring shew,
Thy children shall be God's, not thine,
His pleasant plants below.
- 5 Around thy plenteous table spread
Like olive-branches fair,
Heav'n-ward they in thy steps shall tread,
And meet their parents there.
- 6 Thus shall the man be blest who owns
His Maker for his Lord:
Or doubly blest with better sons
Begotten by the word.
- 7 The children of thy faith and prayer,
Thy joyful eyes shall see,
Shall see the prosperous church, and share
In her prosperity.
- 8 Sion again shall lift her head,
And flourish all thy days,
Thy soul shall see the faithful seed,
And bless the rising race.
- 9 Fill'd with abiding peace divine,
With Israel's blessing blest,
Thou then the church above shall¹⁰⁸ join,
And gain the heav'nly rest.

Psalm CXXIX.¹⁰⁹

- 1 Many a time, may Israel say,
My foes have furiously assail'd,
And vex'd me from my natal day,
But never, never yet prevail'd,
Nor could the gates of hell o'erthrow
The church on Jesus built below.
- 2 The ploughers plough'd upon my back
Till all my body was one wound,
Nor could they the foundation shake;
A seed, a remnant still was found,

¹⁰⁸“Shall” changed to “shalt” in 4th edn. (1748) and following.

¹⁰⁹This psalm, new to this edition, was deleted from the very next edition in 1744.

Preserv'd by their Almighty Lord,
Kept by his everlasting word.

3 The Lord, the righteous Lord, and true,
Turn'd our captivity again,
The cords of wickedness broke thro',
And burst the dire oppressor's chain:
And still who Sion hate shall fly,
And stumble, and forever die.

4 As grass on the house-top decays,
Nor ever fills the mower's breast,
But withers in a moment's space,
And perishes unreat'd, unblest;
So shall the foes of Sion fade,
And vanish as a fleeting shade.

Psalm CXXXI.

1 Lord, if thou the grace impart,
Poor in spirit, meek in heart,
I shall as my Master be
Rooted in humility.

2 From the time that thee I know,
Nothing shall I seek below,
Aim at nothing great or high,
Lowly both my heart and eye.

3 Simple, teachable, and mild,
Aw'd into a little child,
Quiet now without my food,
Wean'd from ev'ry creature-good.

4 Hangs my new-born soul on thee,
Kept from all idolatry,
Nothing wants beneath, above,
Happy, happy in thy love.

5 O that all might seek and find,
Every good in Jesus join'd,
Him let Israel still adore,
Trust him, praise him evermore!

Psalm CXXXII.

- 1 Remember, Lord, the pious zeal
 Of ev'ry soul that cleaves to thee,
 The troubles for thy sake they feel,
 Their eager hopes thy house to see;
 Their vows to cry, and never rest,
 Till thou art in thy church ador'd,
 And dwell¹¹⁰ in ev'ry faithful breast,
 And count¹¹¹ them worthy of their Lord.
- 2 We too the joyful sound have heard,
 That God is coming to his place
 Here in the wilderness prepar'd;
 Our Lord his ruin'd church shall raise.
 For this our willing soul shall go,
 And lowly at his footstool lie,
 Where'er his tent is pitch'd below,
 And for a glorious temple cry.
- 3 Arise, O Lord, into thy rest,
 Thou, and thy ark of perfect power,
 God over all, forever blest,
 Thee, Jesus, let our hearts adore.
 Thy priests be cloath'd with righteousness,
 Thy praise their happy lives employ,
 The saints in thee their all possess,
 And shout the sons of God for joy.
- 4 O for thy love, thy Jesu's sake,
 Us, thine anointed ones receive,
 In the belov'd accepted make,
 And bid us to thy glory live.
 The Lord hath sworn in righteousness,
 And seal'd the cov'nant with his Son,
 I will thy faithful seed increase,
 And 'stablish them on David's throne.
- 5 If in my word thy children stay,
 And in their Saviour's footsteps tread,
 The glorious gospel truth obey;
 The truth shall make them free indeed.

¹¹⁰“Dwell” changed to “dwell'st” in 4th edn. (1748) and following.

¹¹¹“Count” changed to “count'st” in 4th edn. (1748) and following.

Renew'd and sanctify'd by grace,
The pillars shall no more remove,
An holy, chosen, perfect race,
Enthron'd in everlasting love.

6 For lo! The Lord a seed hath chose,
His grace and glory to display,
His own peculiar people those
Whoe'er the gospel-call obey.
Sion, he saith, my rest shall be,
The faithful shall my presence feel,
I long for all who long for me,
And will in them forever dwell.

7 I will increase their gracious store,
My Sion every moment feed,
And satisfy the hungry poor,
And fill their souls with living bread:
With garments of salvation deck
Her priests, and cloath with robes of praise,
Her saints their joy aloud shall speak,
And shout my all-sufficient grace.

8 There shall the horn of David bud,
There I have set the lamp divine,
The wisdom, and the power of God,
In mine anointed Son shall shine.
Messias on my throne shall sit
Supream till all his foes are slain,
Till death expires beneath his feet,
The sinner's advocate shall reign.

Psalm CXXXIII.¹¹²

1 Behold how good a thing
It is to dwell in peace,
How pleasing to our King
This fruit of righteousness,

¹¹²This psalm appeared first in *HSP* (1742), 174–75.

When brethren all in one agree;
Who knows the joys of unity!

2 When all are sweetly join'd,
 (True followers of the Lamb,
 The same in heart and mind,
 And think and speak the same,
And all in love together dwell;
The comfort is unspeakable.

3 Where unity takes place,
 The joys of heaven we prove:
 This is the gospel-grace,
 The unction from above,
The Spirit on all believers shed,
Descending swift from Christ our head.

4 Where unity is found,
 The sweet anointing grace
 Extends to all around,
 And consecrates the place;
To every waiting soul it comes,
And fills it with divine perfumes.

5 Jesus, our great high-priest,
 For us the gift receiv'd,
 For us, and all the rest,
 Who have in him believ'd;
Forth from our head the blessing goes,
And all his seamless coat o'erflows.

6 On all his chosen ones
 The pretious oil comes down;
 It runs, and as it runs,
 It ever will run on,
Ev'n to his skirts—the meanest name
That longs to love the bleeding Lamb.

7 From Aaron's beard it rolls
 (Those nearest to his face)
 To humble, trembling souls
 Who feebly sue for grace;

I know the grace for all is free,
For lo! It reaches now to me.

8 Grace every morning new,
 And every night we feel,
 The soft, refreshing dew,
 That falls from Hermon's hill;
On Sion it doth sweetly fall,
The grace of One descends on all.

9 Ev'n now our Lord doth pour
 The blessing from above,
 A kindly, gracious shower
 Of heart-reviving love,
The former and the latter rain,
The love of God, and love of man.

10 In him when brethren join,
 And follow after peace,
 The fellowship divine
 He promises to bless,
His chiefest graces to bestow,
Where two or three are met below.

11 The riches of his grace
 In fellowship are given,
 To Sion's chosen race,
 The citizens of heaven;
He fills them with his choicest store,
He gives them life for evermore.

Psalm CXXXIV.

1 Ye servants of God, whose diligent care
 Is ever employ'd in watching and pray'r,
 With praises unceasing your Jesus proclaim,
 Rejoicing and blessing his excellent name.

2 'Tis Jesus commands, come all to his house,
 And lift up your hands, and pay him your vows;
 And while ye are giving your Maker his due,
 The Lord out of heaven shall sanctify you.

Psalm XXIII.¹¹³

- 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.
- 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 LXXXIV.¹¹⁴

- 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!

¹¹³Source: Joseph Addison & Richard Steele, *The Spectator* (London: Sharpe & Hailes, 1711–14), 441 (July 26, 1712). First appeared in *CPH* (1738), 4–5.

¹¹⁴Source: Isaac Watts, *The Psalms of David* (London: Clark, Ford & Cruttenden, 1719), 215–17. First appeared in *CPH* (1738), 7–8.

- 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 fill'd,
 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!

Psalm LXXXIX.¹¹⁵

- 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.

¹¹⁵Source: 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.

- 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.
- 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 C.¹¹⁶

- 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.

¹¹⁶Source: George Sandys, *A Paraphrase upon the Psalms of David* (London: A. Roper, 1676), 170. First appeared in *CPH* (1741), 74.

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.

Psalm CIII.¹¹⁷

- 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 fear'd 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.

¹¹⁷Source: Nahum Tate and Nicholas Brady, *A New Version of the Psalms of David* (London: M. Clark, 1696), 205–7. 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.¹¹⁸

[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.

¹¹⁸Source: 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.

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.

8 There hast thou fix'd the ocean's bounds,
The threatening 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 streams
Return the tribute of their song.

4 Thy rains from heaven 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 ev'ry field;
Herbs for man's use of various power,
That either food or physic 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.
- 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 sculk 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 open'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.

Psalm CXIII.¹¹⁹

- 1 Ye saints and servants of the Lord,
The triumphs of his name record,
His sacred name forever 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.

¹¹⁹Source: 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.

Psalm CXIV.

- 1 When Israel out of Egypt came,
And left the proud oppressor's land,
Conducted by the great I AM,
Safe in the hollow of his hand;
The Lord in Israel reign'd alone,
And Judah was his fav'rite throne.
- 2 The sea beheld his power, and fled,
Disparted by the wondrous rod,
Jordan ran backward to his head,
And Sinai felt th' incumbent God,
The mountains skip'd like frightened rams,
The hills leap'd after them as lambs.
- 3 What ail'd thee, O thou trembling sea,
What horror turn'd the river back?
Was nature's God displeas'd at thee?
And why should hills and mountains shake?
Ye mountains huge, who skip'd like rams,
Ye hills who leap'd as frightened lambs!
- 4 Earth tremble on, with all thy sons
In presence of thy awful Lord,
Whose power inverted nature owns,
Her only law his sovereign word:
He shakes the center with his nod,
And heaven bows down to Jacob's God.
- 5 Creation varied by his hand
Th' omnipotent Jehovah knows:
The sea is turn'd to solid land,
The rock into a fountain flows,
And all things, as they change, proclaim
Their Lord eternally the same.

Psalm CXVI.¹²⁰

- 1 O thou, who when I did complain,
Didst all my griefs remove,
O Saviour, do not now disdain
My humble praise and love.
- 2 Since thou a pitying ear didst give,
And hear me when I pray'd,
I'll call upon thee while I live,
And never doubt thy aid.
- 3 Pale death with all his ghastly train,
My soul encompass round,
Anguish and sin, and dread, and pain
On ev'ry side I found.
- 4 To thee, O Lord of life, I pray'd,
And did for succour flee:
O save (in my distress I said)
The soul that trusts in thee!
- 5 How good thou art! How large thy grace!
How easy to forgive!
The helpless thou delight'st to raise:
And by thy love I live.
- 6 Then, O my soul, be never more
With anxious thoughts distrest,
God's bounteous love doth thee restore
To ease and joy and rest.
- 7 My eyes no longer drown'd in tears,
My feet from falling free,
Redeem'd from death, and guilty fears,
O Lord, I'll live to thee!

¹²⁰Source: Samuel Wesley Sr., *The Pious Communicant Rightly Prepared* (London: Charles Harper, 1700), 257–59 (stanzas 1–7). First appeared in *CPH* (1737), 8.

Psalm CXVII.¹²¹

- 1 Ye nations, who the globe divide,
Ye num'rous nations scatter'd wide,
 To God your grateful voices raise:
To all his boundless mercies shown
His truth to endless ages known
 Require our endless love and praise.
- 2 To him who reigns enthron'd on high,
To his dear Son, who deign'd to die
 Our guilt and errors to remove;
To that blest Spirit who grace imparts,
Who rules in all believing hearts,
 Be ceaseless glory, praise, and love!

Psalm CXXXIX.¹²²

- 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 know'st what 'tis my lips would vent,
My yet unutter'd words intent.
- [3]¹²³ 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.

¹²¹Source: Samuel Wesley Sr., *The Pious Communicant Rightly Prepared* (London: Charles Harper, 1700), 259–60. First appeared in *CPH* (1737), 9.

¹²²Source: 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.

¹²³Ori., “2”; a misprint.

- 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,
Ere¹²⁴ from its dark inclosure brought.
- 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.

¹²⁴Ori., "E'er"; but clearly used in sense of "before."

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

[Part the First.]¹²⁵

- 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 chear 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.

Part the Second. Ver. 14., &c.¹²⁶

- 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.

¹²⁵Source: Isaac Watts, *The Psalms of David* (London: Clark, Ford & Cruttenden, 1719), 380–81. First appeared in *CPH* (1738), 16.

¹²⁶Source: Isaac Watts, *The Psalms of David* (London: Clark, Ford & Cruttenden, 1719), 381–82. First appeared in *CPH* (1738), 16–17.

- 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.¹²⁷

- 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.
- 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.

¹²⁷Source: 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.

- 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.¹²⁸

- 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,
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.
- 5 He makes the grass the hills adorn,
And clothes 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.

¹²⁸Source: 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.

- 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.¹²⁹

[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.
- 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.

¹²⁹Source: Isaac Watts, *The Psalms of David* (London: Clark, Ford & Cruttenden, 1719), 394–96. First appeared in *CPH* (1737), 66–69.

- 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 feeble 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].¹³⁰

- 1 Ye boundless realms of joy,
Exalt your Maker's fame;¹³¹
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,¹³²
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.
- 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.

¹³⁰Source: 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.

¹³¹Ori., “frame”; corrected in errata to the original of *CPH* (1738).

¹³²Ori., “come”; a misprint, corrected to original of *CPH* (1738).

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].¹³³

[1] Ye, who dwell above the skies,
Free from human miseries;
Ye whom highest heaven imbrow'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.

[4] Let the earth his praise resound;
Monstrous whales, and seas profound;
Vapours, lightning, hail and snow,
Storms which, where he bids you, blow:

¹³³Source: George Sandys, *A Paraphrase upon the Psalms of David* (London: A. Roper, 1676), 238–39.
First appeared in *CPH* (1741), 93–94.

[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, accustom'd 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 sov'reign grace.

The Same [Psalm CXLVIII].¹³⁴

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.

¹³⁴Source: 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 zephyrs 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.

- 1 Praise the Lord, who reigns above,
And keeps his court below,
Praise the holy God of love,
And all his greatness shew;
Praise him for his noble deeds,
Praise him for his matchless power:
Him, from whom all good proceeds
Let earth and heaven adore.

- 2 Publish, spread to all around
The great Jehovah's name,
Let the trumpet's martial sound
The Lord of hosts proclaim:
Praise him, in the sacred dance,
Harmony's full concert raise,
Let the virgin-choir advance,
And move but to his praise.

- 3 Celebrate th' eternal God
With harp and psaltery,
Timbrels soft, and cymbals loud
In his high praise agree:
Praise him every tuneful string,
All the reach of heavenly art,
All the powers¹³⁵ of music bring,
The music of the heart.

- 4 Him, in whom they move, and live,
Let every creature sing,
Glory to their Maker give,
And homage to their King:
Hallow'd be his name beneath,
As in heaven on earth ador'd:
Praise the Lord in every breath;
Let all things praise the Lord!

¹³⁵“Powers” changed to “power” in 11th edn. (1789).

Hymn to God the Father.¹³⁶

- 1 Hail, Father, whose creating call
Unnumber'd worlds attend,
Jehovah, comprehending all,
Whom none can comprehend.
- 2 In light unsearchable enthron'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.¹³⁷

- 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!

¹³⁶Source: 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.

¹³⁷Source: 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.

- 2 Let heaven and earth's stupendous frame
Display their author's power,
And each exalted seraph flame,
Creator, thee adore!
- 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 thy Father thro' the round
Of whole eternity!

Hymn to God the Holy Ghost.¹³⁸

- 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.

¹³⁸Source: 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.

- 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.
- 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.¹³⁹

- 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' angelic army sings.
- 4 To thee by mystic 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!

¹³⁹Source: 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.

- 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].¹⁴⁰

- 1 Let God the Father live
For ever on our tongues;
Sinners from his free love derive
The ground of all their songs.
- 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 pardon'd 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].¹⁴¹

- 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.

¹⁴⁰Source: 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.

¹⁴¹Source: Isaac Watts, *Hymns and Spiritual Songs*, 2nd ed. (London: John Lawrence, 1709), 309 (Book 3, no. 26). First appeared in *CPH* (1737), 36.

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.

The Divine Perfections.¹⁴²

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!

¹⁴²Source: Isaac Watts, *Hymns and Spiritual Songs*, 2nd ed. (London: John Lawrence, 1709), 279–80 (Book 2, no. 169). First appeared in *CPH* (1738), 23.

Universal Praise.¹⁴³

- 1 Hark, dull soul, how every thing
Strives t' 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,
While the grove their song applauds.
- 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 for 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,
We 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.**¹⁴⁴

- 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:

¹⁴³Source: 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 6, omitting stanza 5 (pp. 69–70). Wesley revised his *CPH* (1737) adaptation of this hymn throughout in *CPH* (1741), to restore the original meter.

¹⁴⁴Source: Isaac Watts, *Horae Lyricae* (London: Humfreys, 1709), 45–47, altered. First appeared in *CPH* (1737), 70–71.

- 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 waning honours pay;
Who had thee rule the dusky hours,
And half supply the absent day.
- 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 our 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.**¹⁴⁵

- 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.

- 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.

¹⁴⁵Source: Isaac Watts, *Horae Lyricae* (London: Humfreys, 1709), 69. First appeared in *CPH* (1738), 75–76.

**Flying Fowl, and Creeping Things,
Praise Ye the Lord.**¹⁴⁶

- 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]¹⁴⁷ 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:
In your innumerable forms
Praise him that wears th' ethereal crown;
And bends his lofty counsels down
To earth, to despicable worms.

**Thanksgiving for God's
Particular Providence.**¹⁴⁸

- 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.

¹⁴⁶Source: Isaac Watts, *Horae Lyricae* (London: Humfreys, 1709), 71. First appeared in *CPH* (1738), 76–77.

¹⁴⁷Ori., “4”; a misprint.

¹⁴⁸Source: 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.

- 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.
- 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.

God Glorious, and Sinners Saved.¹⁴⁹

- 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.

¹⁴⁹Source: Isaac Watts, *Horae Lyricae* (London: Humfreys, 1709), 18. First appeared in *CPH* (1738), 28.

- 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:
- 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.**¹⁵⁰

- 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.

¹⁵⁰Source: Isaac Watts, *Hymns and Spiritual Songs*, 2nd ed. (London: John Lawrence, 1709), 78 (Book 1, no. 97). First appeared in *CPH* (1737), 35–36.

- 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.

The Offices of Christ.¹⁵¹

- 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.

¹⁵¹Source: 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 *Conq'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.

Heaven Begun on Earth.¹⁵²

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.

¹⁵²Source: 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 tear be dry;
We're marching thro' Immanuel's ground,
To fairer worlds on high.

Christ Worshipped by All Creatures.¹⁵³

- 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 hearts reply,
For he was slain for us.

¹⁵³Source: Isaac Watts, *Hymns and Spiritual Songs*, 2nd ed. (London: John Lawrence, 1709), 46 (Book 1, no. 62). First appeared in *CPH* (1738), 34.

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.

God, Our Light in Darkness.¹⁵⁴

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:

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.¹⁵⁵

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!

¹⁵⁴Source: 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.

¹⁵⁵Source: Isaac Watts, *Horae Lyricae* (London: Humfreys, 1709), 153. First appeared in *CPH* (1738), 44–45.

- 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.
- 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-moulds our limbs of cumb'rous clay,
Quick as seraphic flames we move,
To reign with him in endless day.