

***Collection of Psalms and Hymns (1784)***<sup>1</sup>  
[Baker list, #434]

**Editorial Introduction:**

Following the successful effort of the colonists in North America to gain their political freedom from Britain, it was clear that the Methodists in North America could not continue in even a fictional relationship to the Church of England. Accordingly, in December 1784 they organized formally as the Methodist Episcopal Church. John Wesley blessed this move, even ordaining some lay preachers, in order to insure access to sacraments. Wesley also sent over the *Sunday Service*, a slight abridgement of the *Book of Common Prayer* of the Church of England, as a resource for Sunday worship. As a further resource, Wesley made an abridgement of the *Collection of Psalms and Hymns* series that he had produced to supplement Anglican worship. Specifically, he selected 118 hymns from the *CPH* format that had been in place since the 3<sup>rd</sup> edn. (1744).

**Editions:**

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**A  
COLLECTION  
OF  
PSALMS AND HYMNS.**

**[Part 1.]**

**Psalm 1.<sup>2</sup>**

- 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 show,  
Spread out his boughs, and flourish fair,  
And fruit unto perfection bear.

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<sup>2</sup>First appeared in *CPH* (1743), 1–2.

- 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,  
Scattered 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 forever die.

**Psalm 3.**<sup>3</sup>

- 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,

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<sup>3</sup>First appeared in *CPH* (1743), 3–4.

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 saved me heretofore,  
      Thou hast quelled the adverse power,  
      Plucked 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 4.**<sup>4</sup>

1       God of my righteousness,  
      Thy humble suppliant hear,  
      Thou hast relieved me in distress,  
      And thou art always near.  
      Again thy mercy show,  
      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!

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<sup>4</sup>First appeared in *CPH* (1743), 5–6.

- 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 employed,  
Be still; nor in his presence move,  
But wait upon your God.
- 5 Offer your prayer and praise,  
Which he will not despise,  
Through 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 show?  
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 bestowed  
All-gracious as thou art,

The taste divine, the sovereign good,  
And fixed 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 possessed,  
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 5.**<sup>5</sup>

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 unsaved from sin,  
Appear before thy sight.

3 Thou hatest all that evil do,  
Or speak iniquity,  
The hearts unkind, and hearts untrue  
Are both abhorred by thee.

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<sup>5</sup>First appeared in *CPH* (1743), 7–8.

- The greatest and minutest fault  
Shall find its fearful doom,  
Sinners in deed, or word, or thought  
Thou surely shalt consume.
- 4 But as for me, with humble fear  
I will approach thy gate,  
Though 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 thy righteous ways,  
Nor suffer me to slide,  
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, shalt 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 cheerful 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 covered with the shield  
Of thine almighty love.

**Psalm 6.**<sup>6</sup>

- 1 Lord, in thy wrath no more chastise,  
Nor let thy whole displeasure rise  
    Against a child of man:  
Have mercy, Lord, for I am weak,  
And heal my soul diseased 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.
- 3 Here, only here thy love must save;  
I cannot thank thee in the grave,  
    Or tell thy pard'ning grace:  
Who dies unpurged forever dies,  
The sinner, as he falls he lies  
    Shut up in his own place.
- 4 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.
- 5 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 sinless saint below.

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<sup>6</sup>First appeared in *CPH* (1743), 8–9. Stanza 4 of original deleted in this edition.

**Psalm 13.**<sup>7</sup>

- 1     How long wilt thou forget me, Lord,  
       Wilt thou forever hide thy face?  
       Leave me unchanged, and unrestored,  
       An alien from the life of grace!
- 2     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.
- 3     Thou wilt, thou wilt! My hope returns,  
       A sudden sp'rit of faith I feel,  
       My heart in fervent wishes burns,  
       And God shall there forever dwell.
- 4     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.
- 5     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.
- [6]   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.

**Psalm 38.**<sup>8</sup>

- 1     Amidst thy wrath remember love,  
       Restore thy servant, Lord!  
       Nor let a Father's chast'ning prove  
       Like an avenger's sword!

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<sup>7</sup>First appeared in *CPH* (1743), 9–10.

<sup>8</sup>Source: Isaac Watts, *The Psalms of David* (London: Clark, Ford & Cruttenden, 1719), 104–6 (omitting stanzas 2, 5, 8; several alterations). First appeared in *CPH* (1737), 40–41; stanzas 2, 3, 5, 6, & 7 of original deleted in this edition.

- 2 My sins a heavy burden are,  
And o'er my head are gone;  
Too heavy they for me to bear,  
Too great for me t' atone.
- 3 My thoughts are like a troubled sea,  
My head still bending down;  
And I go mourning all the day,  
Father, beneath thy frown.
- 4 All my desire to thee is known,  
Thine eye counts every tear,  
And every sigh, and every groan,  
Is noticed by thine ear.
- 5 Thou art my God, my only hope,  
O hearken to my cry;  
O bear my fainting spirits up,  
When Satan bids me die.
- 6 Lord, I confess my guilt to thee,  
I grieve for all my sin;  
My helpless impotence I see,  
And beg support divine.
- 7 O God, forgive my follies past;  
Be thou forever nigh!  
O Lord of my salvation haste,  
And save me, or I die!

**Psalm 51.**<sup>9</sup>

- 1 O thou that hear'st when sinners cry,  
Though all my crimes before thee lie,  
Behold me not with angry look,  
But blot their memory from thy book.
- 2 Create my nature pure within,  
And form my soul averse from sin:  
Let thy good Spirit ne'er depart,  
Nor hide thy presence from my heart.

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<sup>9</sup>Source: Isaac Watts, *The Psalms of David* (London: Clark, Ford & Cruttenden, 1719), 143–44 (omitting stanza 5). First appeared in *CPH* (1737), 41–42.

- 3 I cannot live without thy light,  
Cast out and banished from thy sight:  
Thy saving strength, O Lord, restore,  
And guard me that I fall no more.
- 4 Though I have grieved thy Spirit, Lord,  
His help and comfort still afford:  
And let a wretch come near thy throne  
To plead the merits of thy Son.
- 5 My soul lies humbled in the dust,  
And owns thy dreadful sentence just:  
Look down, O Lord, with pitying eye,  
And save the soul condemned to die.
- 6 Then will I teach the world thy ways;  
Sinners shall learn thy sovereign grace:  
I'll lead them to my Saviour's blood,  
And they shall praise a pard'ning God.
- 7 O may thy love inspire my tongue,  
Salvation shall be all my song,  
And all my powers shall join to bless  
The Lord, my strength and righteousness.

**The Same [Psalm 51].<sup>10</sup>**

**Part 1.**

- 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 show,  
Abundantly forgive!

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<sup>10</sup>First appeared in *CPH* (1743), 11–14. Stanza 5 of the original is omitted in this edition; and the hymn is divided into four parts.

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 th'roughly 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 abused thy patient grace,  
I have provoked thee to thy face,  
And dared the wrath of heaven.

5 Cast in the mould of sin I am,  
Corrupt throughout my ruined frame,  
My essence all unclean,  
My total fall from God I mourn,  
In sin I was conceived and born,  
Whate'er I am is sin.

6 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.

## **Part 2.**

1 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.

- 2    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.
- 3    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.
- 4    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.

**Part 3.**

- 1    Have patience, till by thee renewed  
      I live the sinless life of God;  
          Here let thy Spirit stay:  
      Though I have grieved the gentle dove,  
      Ah! Do not quite withdraw thy love,  
          Or take thy grace away.
- 2    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.
- 3    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.

4 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.

5 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.

#### **Part 4.**

1 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.

2 A wounded spirit, by sin distressed,  
A broken heart that pants for rest,  
This is the sacrifice  
Well pleasing in the sight of God;  
A sinner crushed beneath his load  
Thou never wilt despise.

3 Then hear the contrite sinner's prayer,  
And every ruined soul repair,  
Remember Sion's woe,  
Show forth thy justifying grace,  
And for thyself vouchsafe to raise  
A glorious church below.

- 4    When thou hast sealed 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.
- 5    Laid on the altar of thy Son,  
      Pleasing to thee through Christ alone  
          The dear peculiar race  
      Their grateful sacrifice shall bring,  
      And hymn their Father, and their King,  
          In endless songs of praise.

**Psalm 63.**<sup>11</sup>

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

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<sup>11</sup>Source: Isaac Watts, *The Psalms of David* (London: Clark, Ford & Cruttenden, 1719), 159–60. First appeared in *CPH* (1738), 46.

**Psalm 80.**  
**(Adapted to the Church of England.)<sup>12</sup>**

**Part 1.**

- 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.
- 4 Turn us again, O Lord, and show  
The brightness of thy lovely face,  
So shall we all be saints below,  
And saved, and perfected in grace.

**Part 2.**

- 1 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.
- 2 So will we not from thee go back,  
If thou our ruined church restore,  
No, never more will we forsake,  
No, never will we grieve thee more.
- 3 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.

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<sup>12</sup>First appeared in *CPH* (1743), 14–17. Stanzas 5–17, 19–24 omitted in this edition.

- 4 Turn us again, O Lord, and show  
The brightness of thy lovely face,  
So shall we all be saints below,  
And saved, and perfected in grace.

**Psalm 90.**<sup>13</sup>

- 1 O God, our help in ages past,  
Our hope for years to come,  
Our shelter from the stormy blast,  
And our eternal home:
- 2 Under the shadow of thy throne  
Still may we dwell secure;  
Sufficient is thine arm alone,  
And our defence is sure.
- 3 Before the hills in order stood,  
Or earth received her frame,  
From everlasting thou art God,  
To endless years the same.
- 4 A thousand ages in thy sight,  
Are like an evening gone;  
Short as the watch that ends the night,  
Before the rising sun.
- 5 The busy tribes of flesh and blood,  
With all their cares and fears,  
Are carried downward by the flood,  
And lost in following years.
- 6 Time, like an ever-rolling stream,  
Bears all its sons away;  
Then fly forgotten, as a dream  
Dies at the op'ning day.
- 7 O God, our help in ages past,  
Our hope for years to come,  
Be thou our guard while life shall last,  
And our perpetual home.

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<sup>13</sup>Source: Isaac Watts, *The Psalms of David* (London: Clark, Ford & Cruttenden, 1719), 229–30. First appeared in *CPH* (1738), 47–48.

**Psalm 91.**<sup>14</sup>

- 1 He that hath God his guardian made,  
Shall under the Almighty's shade  
Secure and undisturbed abide:  
Thus to my soul of him I'll say,  
He is my fortress and my stay,  
My God, in whom I will confide.
- 2 Thy tender love and watchful care  
Shall free me from the fowler's snare,  
And from the noisome pestilence:  
Thou over me thy wings shalt spread,  
And cover my unguarded head;  
Thy truth shall be my strong defence.
- 3 No terrors that surprise 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 untouched remains:  
Thou only shalt look on and see  
The wicked's dismal tragedy,  
And count the sinner's mournful gains.
- 5 Because with well-placed confidence  
Thou mak'st the Lord thy sure defence,  
And on the highest dost rely;  
Therefore no ill shall thee befall,  
Nor to thy healthful dwelling shall  
Any infectious plague draw nigh.
- 6 For he throughout thy happy days,  
To keep thee safe in all thy ways  
Shall give his angels strict commands;

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<sup>14</sup>Source: 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.

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 93.**<sup>15</sup>

- 1 With glory clad, with strength arrayed,  
The Lord that o'er all nature reigns,  
The world's foundations strongly laid,  
And the vast fabric still sustains.
- 2 How sure established is thy throne!  
Which shall no change or period see;  
For thou, O Lord, and thou alone  
Art King from all eternity.
- 3 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 121.**<sup>16</sup>

- 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.

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<sup>15</sup>Source: Nahum Tate and Nicholas Brady, *A New Version of the Psalms of David* (London: M. Clark, 1696), 190. First appeared in *CPH* (1741), 110.

<sup>16</sup>Source: Isaac Watts, *The Psalms of David* (London: Clark, Ford & Cruttenden, 1719), 332–33. First appeared in *CPH* (1738), 13–14.

- 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.

**Psalm 130.**<sup>17</sup>

- 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.

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<sup>17</sup>First appeared in *HSP* (1740), 62–63.

- 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.

**Psalm 139.**<sup>18</sup>

**Part 1.**

- 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 public walks, my private ways,  
The secrets of my breast.
- 3 My thoughts lie open to thee, Lord,  
Before they're formed within,  
And ere my lips pronounce the word,  
Thou know'st the sense I mean.
- 4 O wondrous knowledge, deep and high!  
Where can a creature hide?  
Within thy circling arms I lie  
Beset on every side.

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<sup>18</sup>Source: Isaac Watts, *The Psalms of David* (London: Clark, Ford & Cruttenden, 1719), 369–72. First appeared in *CPH* (1738), 48–50.

5 So let thy grace surround me still,  
And like a bulwark prove,  
To guard my soul from every ill,  
Secured by sov'reign love.

**Part 2.**

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 winged with beams of morning light  
I fly beyond the west,  
Thy hand, which must support my flight,  
Would soon betray my rest.

4 If o'er my sins I seek to draw  
The curtains of the night,  
Those flaming eyes that guard thy law  
Would turn the shades to light.

5 The beams of noon, the midnight hour,  
Are both alike to thee:  
O may I ne'er provoke that power  
From which I cannot flee!

**Part 3.**

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 possessed,  
Where unborn nature grew,

Thy wisdom all my features traced,  
And all my members drew.

3 Thine eye with tender care surveyed  
The growth of every part,  
Till the whole scheme thy thoughts had laid  
Was copied by thy art.

4 Heav'n, earth, and sea, and fire, and wind,  
Show me thy wondrous 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!

**The Creator and Creatures.**<sup>19</sup>

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 produced the sea and spheres,  
Bid the waves roar, and planets shine;  
But nothing like thyself appears  
Through 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 through the globes,  
Rules the bright worlds, and moves their frame;  
Broad sheets of light compose thy robes,  
Thy guards are formed of living flame.

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

- 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.**<sup>20</sup>

- 1 Thee we adore, eternal name,  
And humbly own to thee  
How feeble is our mortal frame,  
What dying worms we be!
- 2 Our wasting lives grow shorter still,  
As months and days increase!  
And every beating pulse we tell  
Leaves but the number less.
- 3 The year rolls round, and steals away  
The breath that first it gave;  
Whate'er we do, where'er we be,  
We're travelling to the grave.
- 4 Dangers stand thick through 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 every breath;

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<sup>20</sup>Source: Isaac Watts, *Hymns and Spiritual Songs*, 2<sup>nd</sup> ed. (London: John Lawrence, 1709), 178–79 (Book 2, no. 55). First appeared in *CPH* (1738), 53–54.

And yet how unconcerned 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!

**Judgment.**<sup>21</sup>

- 1 When rising from the bed of death,  
O'erwhelmed with guilt and fear,  
I view my Maker face to face,  
O how shall I appear!
- 2 If yet, while pardon may be found,  
And mercy may be sought,  
My soul with inward horror shrinks,  
And trembles at the thought!
- 3 When thou, O Lord, shalt stand disclosed  
In majesty severe,  
And sit in judgment on my soul,  
O how shall I appear!
- 4 O may my broken contrite heart  
Timely my sins lament,  
And early with repentant tears  
Eternal woe prevent!
- 5 Behold the sorrows of my heart,  
Ere yet it be too late,  
And hear my Saviour's dying groans  
To give those sorrows weight.
- 6 For never shall my soul despair  
Her pardon to secure;  
Who knows thy only Son has died  
To make that pardon sure.

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<sup>21</sup>Source: Joseph Addison & Richard Steele, *The Spectator* (London: Sharpe & Hailes, 1711–14), 513 (Oct. 18, 1712). First appeared in *CPH* (1737), 47–48.

**On the Crucifixion.**<sup>22</sup>

- 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 borne?  
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!

**Sovereignty and Grace.**<sup>23</sup>

- 1 The Lord! How fearful is his name!  
How wide is his command!  
Nature with all her moving frame  
Rests on his mighty hand.

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<sup>22</sup>Source: Samuel Wesley Jr., *Poems on Several Occasions* (London: S. Birt, 1736), 136–37 (omitting stanza 4). First appeared in *CPH* (1737), 44–45.

<sup>23</sup>Source: Isaac Watts, *Horae Lyricae* (London: Humfreys, 1709), 95–96. First appeared in *CPH* (1738), 29.

- 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 through them all,  
      And pities mortal worms.
- 5    His bowels to our worthless race  
      In sweet compassion move;  
He clothes 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.

**A Thought in Affliction.**<sup>24</sup>

- 1    Wilt thou, O Lord, regard my tears,  
      The fruit of guilt and fear?  
Me, who thy justice have provoked,  
      O will thy mercy spare?
- 2    Yes; for the broken contrite heart,  
      Saviour, thy sufferings plead;

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<sup>24</sup>Source: David Lewis, ed., *Miscellaneous Poems* (London: J. Watts, 1726), 134–36 (stanzas 5–6, 8–10).  
First appeared in *CPH* (1737), 43–44.

O quench not then the smoking flax,  
Nor break the bruised reed!

3 Thy poor, unworthy servant view,  
Resigned to thy decree;  
Ordain me, or to live, or die,  
But live or die in thee.

4 Upon thy gracious promise, Lord,  
My humbled soul is cast!  
O bear me safe, through life, through 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.**<sup>25</sup>

1 Awake, our souls (away our fears,  
Let every trembling thought be gone)  
Awake, and run the heavenly race,  
And put a cheerful 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.

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<sup>25</sup>Source: Isaac Watts, *Hymns and Spiritual Songs*, 2<sup>nd</sup> ed. (London: John Lawrence, 1709), 33–34 (Book 1, no. 48). First appeared in *CPH* (1737), 20–21.

- 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 amidst the heavenly road!

**The New Creation.**<sup>26</sup>

- 1 Attend, while God's eternal Son  
Doth his own glories show:  
"Behold, I sit upon my throne,  
Creating all things new.
- 2 "Nature and sin are passed 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 forever dwell!

**Christ's Humiliation and Exaltation.**<sup>27</sup>

- 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.

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<sup>26</sup>Source: Isaac Watts, *Hymns and Spiritual Songs*, 2<sup>nd</sup> ed. (London: John Lawrence, 1709), 240 (Book 2, no. 130). First appeared in *CPH* (1738), 33–34.

<sup>27</sup>Source: Isaac Watts, *Hymns and Spiritual Songs*, 2<sup>nd</sup> ed. (London: John Lawrence, 1709), 46–47 (Book 1, no. 63, omitting stanza 4). First appeared in *CPH* (1737), 22.

- 2 Worthy is he that once was slain,  
The Prince of Peace that groaned and died,  
Worthy to rise, and live and reign  
At his Almighty Father's side.
- 3 Power and dominion are his due,  
Who stood condemned at Pilate's bar;  
Wisdom belongs to Jesus too,  
Though he was charged 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 forever on the Lamb,  
Who bore our sin, and curse and pain;  
Let angels sound his sacred name,  
And every creature say, Amen!

**Waiting for the Spirit of Adoption.**<sup>28</sup>

- 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 renewed 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 newborn soul to sin.

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<sup>28</sup>Source: Isaac Watts, *Hymns and Spiritual Songs*, 2<sup>nd</sup> 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.

- 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 promised love abroad,  
          And make my comforts strong;  
       Then shall I say, "My Father, God!"  
          With an unwav'ring tongue.

**Hymn to the Holy Ghost.<sup>29</sup>**

- 1     Come, Holy Sp'rit, send down those beams  
       Which gently flow in silent streams  
          From thy eternal throne above:  
       Come, thou enricher of the poor,  
       Thou bounteous source of all our store,  
          Fill us with faith, with hope, and love.
- 2     Come, thou our soul's delightful guest,  
       The wearied pilgrim's sweetest rest,  
          The fainting sufferer's best relief:  
       Come, thou our passions cool allay;  
       Thy comfort wipes all tears away,  
          And turns to peace and joy all grief.
- 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 enthroned forever dwell.
- 4     All glory to the sacred Three  
       One everlasting deity,  
          All love and power, and might and praise:  
       As at the first, ere time begun,  
       May the same homage still be done  
          When earth and heaven itself decays.

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<sup>29</sup>Source: William Birchley [i.e., John Austin], *Devotions in the Ancient Way of Offices ... Reformed by a Person of Quality* [Susanna Hopton] and *Published by George Hickes* (London: for J. Jones, 1700), Hymn 35, stanzas 1, 2, 4, 6 (pp. 377–78.), much altered. First appeared in *CPH* (1737), 22–23.

**Charity.**<sup>30</sup>

- 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 cheerful feet,  
In swift obedience move;  
The devils know and tremble too,  
But Satan cannot love.
- 4 This is the grace that lives and sings,  
When faith and hope shall cease;  
'Tis this shall strike our joyful strings  
In the sweet realms of bliss.
- 5 Yea, ere we quite forsake our clay,  
Or leave this dark abode,  
The wings of love bear us away  
To see our gracious God.

**Unfruitfulness.**<sup>31</sup>

- 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!

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<sup>30</sup>Source: Isaac Watts, "Love to God," *Hymns and Spiritual Songs*, 2<sup>nd</sup> ed. (London: John Lawrence, 1709), 163 (Book 2, no. 38). First appeared in *CPH* (1738), 40.

<sup>31</sup>Source: Isaac Watts, *Hymns and Spiritual Songs*, 2<sup>nd</sup> ed. (London: John Lawrence, 1709), 274–75 (Book 2, no. 165). First appeared in *CPH* (1737), 50–51.

- 3 My gracious Saviour and my God,  
How little art thou known  
By all the judgments of thy rod,  
And blessings of thy throne?
- 4 How cold and feeble is my love!  
How negligent my fear!  
How low my hope of joys above!  
How few affections there!
- 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 Show my forgetful feet the way,  
That leads to joys on high,  
Where knowledge grows without decay,  
And love shall never die.

**Sincere Praise.**<sup>32</sup>

- 1 Almighty Maker, God,  
How glorious is thy name!  
Thy wonders how diffused abroad,  
Throughout creation's frame!
- 2 In native white and red  
The rose and lily stand,  
And free from pride their beauties spread,  
To show 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.

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

- 5 But pride, that busy sin,  
Spoils all that I perform,  
Cursed pride that creeps securely in,  
And swells a haughty worm.
- 6 Thy glories I abate,  
Or praise thee with design,  
Part of thy favours I forget,  
Or think the merit mine.
- 7 Create my soul anew,  
Else all my worship's vain:  
This wretched heart will ne'er prove true  
Till it be formed 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.**<sup>33</sup>

- 1 With joy we meditate the grace  
Of our high priest above;  
His heart is made of tenderness,  
His bowels melt with love.
- 2 Touched 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,  
Poured out his cries and tears,

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<sup>33</sup>Source: Isaac Watts, *Hymns and Spiritual Songs*, 2<sup>nd</sup> ed. (London: John Lawrence, 1709), 99–100 (Book 1, no. 125, omitting stanza 3). First appeared in *CPH* (1737), 48–49.

And in his measure feels afresh  
What every member bears.

4 He'll never quench the smoking flax,  
But raise it to a flame,  
The bruised reed he never breaks,  
Nor scorns the meanest name.

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

**The Comparison and Complaint.**<sup>34</sup>

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, enslaved to sin,  
Draw my best thoughts away.

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<sup>34</sup>Source: Isaac Watts, *Horae Lyricae* (London: Humfreys, 1709), 73–74. First appeared in *CPH* (1738), 74–75.

- 6 Shall creatures of a meaner frame,  
Pay all their dues to thee?  
Creatures that never knew thy name,  
That ne'er were lov'd like me?
- 7 Great God, create my soul anew,  
Conform my heart to thine,  
Melt down my will, and let it flow,  
And take the mould divine.
- 8 Seize my whole frame into thy hand,  
Here all my powers I bring;  
Manage the wheels by thy command,  
And govern 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.

**Breathing After the Holy Spirit.**<sup>35</sup>

- 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.
- 4 Father, shall we then ever live  
At this poor dying rate?

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<sup>35</sup>Source: Isaac Watts, *Hymns and Spiritual Songs*, 2<sup>nd</sup> ed. (London: John Lawrence, 1709), 159–60 (Book 2, no. 34). First appeared in *CPH* (1738), 42–43.

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.**<sup>36</sup>

- 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 show 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.**<sup>37</sup>

- 1 Creator Spirit, by whose aid  
The world's foundations first were laid,  
Come visit every waiting mind,  
Come pour thy joys on humankind;  
From sin and sorrow set us free,  
And make thy temples worthy thee.

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<sup>36</sup>Source: Isaac Watts, *Hymns and Spiritual Songs*, 2<sup>nd</sup> ed. (London: John Lawrence, 1709), 114–15 (Book 1, no. 144). First appeared in *CPH* (1738), 43.

<sup>37</sup>Source: John Dryden, *Miscellany Poems*, 4<sup>th</sup> edn. (London: Jacob Tonson, 1716), 5:251–52. First appeared in *CPH* (1738), 40–41.

- 2 O source of uncreated heat,  
The Father's promised 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 control;  
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 glorified,  
Who for lost man's redemption died;  
And equal adoration be,  
Eternal Comforter, to thee.

**Hymn for Sunday.**<sup>38</sup>

- 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.

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<sup>38</sup>Source: 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 displayed  
      By God, th' eternal Word, than when  
      This universe was made.
- 4    He rises, who mankind has bought  
      With grief and pain extreme;  
      'Twas great to speak the world from nought,  
      'Twas greater to redeem.

A  
COLLECTION  
OF  
PSALMS AND HYMNS.

Part 2.

Psalm 8.<sup>39</sup>

Part 1.

- 1 Sovereign, everlasting Lord,  
How excellent thy name!  
Held in being by thy word,  
Thee all thy works proclaim:  
Through this earth thy glories shine,  
Through 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.

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<sup>39</sup>First appeared in *CPH* (1743), 66–67. Divided into two parts for this edition.

- 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,  
Chant 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.

**Part 2.**

- 1 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!*\*
- 2 Him with glorious majesty  
Thy grace vouchsafed 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 obeyed,  
And bowed beneath his feet.

\*So is it in the Hebrew.

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

**Psalm 18:1ff.**<sup>40</sup>

- 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 saved me in temptation's hour,  
    Horribly caught and compassed round,  
Exposed to Satan's raging power,  
    In floods of sin and sorrow drowned,  
Condemned the second death to feel,  
Arrested by the pangs of hell.
- 4 To God my God with plaintive cry  
    I called, in agony of fear,  
My humble wailing pierced the sky,  
    My groaning reached his gracious ear,  
He heard me from his glorious throne,  
And sent the timely rescue down.

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<sup>40</sup>First appeared in *CPH* (1743), 68.

**Psalm 23.**<sup>41</sup>

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

**Psalm 24.**<sup>42</sup>

**Part 1.**

- 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.

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<sup>41</sup>Source: Joseph Addison & Richard Steele, *The Spectator* (London: Sharpe & Hailes, 1711–14), 441 (July 26, 1712). First appeared in *CPH* (1738), 4–5.

<sup>42</sup>First appeared in *CPH* (1743), 68–70. Divided into two parts for this edition.

- 2 His word did out of nothing call  
The world, and founded all that is,  
Launched on the floods this solid ball,  
And fixed it in the floating seas.
- 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 saved from sin,  
Hereafter shall in glory live.
- 5 He shall obtain the starry crown,  
And numbered 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 joined to thee.

**Part 2.**

- 1 Thou the true wrestling Jacob art,  
Whose prayers and tears, and blood inclined  
Thy Father's majesty t' impart  
His name, his love to all mankind.
- 2 Our Lord is risen from the dead,  
Our Jesus is gone up on high,  
The powers of hell are captive led,  
Dragged to the portals of the sky.
- 3 There his triumphal chariot waits,  
And angels chant the solemn lay,  
Lift up your heads, ye heavenly gates,  
Ye everlasting doors give way.

- 4    Loose all your bars of massy light,  
      And wide unfold th' ethereal scene;  
He claims these mansions as his right,  
      Receive the King of Glory in.
- 5    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.
- 6    Lo! His triumphal chariot waits,  
      And angels chant the solemn lay,  
Lift up your heads, ye heavenly gates,  
      Ye everlasting doors give way.
- 7    Who is this King of Glory, who?  
      The Lord of glorious power possessed,  
The King of saints and angels too,  
      God over all, forever blest.

**Psalm 32.**<sup>43</sup>

**Part 1.**

- 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,  
Covered 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 restored,  
      From all the guile of Satan free;  
Free from design, or selfish aim,  
      Harmless, and pure, and undefiled,  
A simple follower of the Lamb,  
      And harmless as a newborn child.

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<sup>43</sup>First appeared in *CPH* (1743), 70–72. Divided into two parts for this edition, and stanzas 3–5 & 7–8 of the original omitted.

**Part 2.**

- 1    Thou art my hiding-place; in thee  
      I rest secure from sin and hell,  
Safe in the love that ransomed me,  
      And sheltered 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.
  
- 2    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 staid,  
      And he shall keep them to the end.

**Psalm 36.<sup>44</sup>**

- 1    But thou, O Lord, art full of grace,  
      Above the clouds thy mercies rise,  
Steadfast thy truth and faithfulness,  
      Thy word of promise never dies,  
Nor earth can shake, nor hell remove  
      The base of thine eternal love.
  
- 2    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!
  
- 3    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;

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<sup>44</sup>First appeared in *CPH* (1743), 72–73. Stanzas 1–2 and stanza 8 of original omitted in this edition.

And those who haunt the hallowed place  
Shall banquet on thy richest grace.

- 4 Their souls shall drink the crystal stream  
Which ever issues from thy throne:  
Fountain of joy and bliss supreme,  
Eternal life and thou art one,  
To us, to all so freely given,  
The light of life, the heaven of heaven!
- 5 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.

**Psalm 45.**<sup>45</sup>

**Part 1.**

- 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 haste to sing  
The beauties of my heavenly King.
- 2 Fairer than all the earth-born race,  
Perfect in comeliness thou art,  
Replenished 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.
- 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,

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<sup>45</sup>First appeared in *CPH* (1743), 73–77. Divided into two parts and stanzas 9–20 omitted in this edition.

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,  
Through 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.

### **Part 2.**

1 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 thund'ring King of kings!

2 Sharp are the arrows of thy love,  
And pierce the most obdurate heart:  
Their point thine enemies shall prove,  
And strangely filled with pleasing smart,  
Fall down before thy cross subdued,  
And feel thine arrows dipped in blood.

3 O God of love, thy sway we own,  
Thy dying love doth all control;  
Justice and grace support thy throne,  
Set up in every faithful soul,  
Steadfast it stands in them, and sure,  
When pure as thou their God art pure.

- 4    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 47.**<sup>46</sup>

**Part 1.**

- 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 ransomed 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-choirs aloud,  
      Echoing to the trump of God!
- 6    Sons of earth the triumph join,  
      Praise him with the host divine,

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<sup>46</sup>First appeared in *CPH* (1743), 77–78. Divided into two parts in this edition.

Emulate the heavenly powers,  
Their victorious Lord is ours.

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

**Part 2.**

- 1 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.
- 2 Heathens he compels t' obey,  
Saints he rules with mildest sway,  
Pure and holy hearts alone  
Chooses for his quiet throne.
- 3 Peace to them and power he brings,  
Makes his subjects priests and kings,  
Guards, while in his worship joined,  
Bids them cast the world behind.
- 4 On himself he takes their care,  
Saves them not by sword or spear,  
Safely to his house they go,  
Fearless of th' invading foe.
- 5 God keeps off the hostile bands,  
God protects their happy lands,  
Stands, as keeper of their fields,  
Stands as twice ten thousand shields.
- 6 Wonderful in saving power  
Him let all our hearts adore,  
Earth and heaven repeat the cry,  
"Glory be to God most high!"

**Psalm 57.**<sup>47</sup>

- 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 lie,  
And from the den of lions cry.
- 4 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.
- 5 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.
- 6 Be thou exalted, Lord, above  
    The highest names in earth or heaven,

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<sup>47</sup>First appeared in *CPH* (1743), 80–81. Stanzas 4, 6–7 of original omitted in this edition.

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 84.**<sup>48</sup>

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

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<sup>48</sup>Source: Isaac Watts, *The Psalms of David* (London: Clark, Ford & Cruttenden, 1719), 215–17. First appeared in *CPH* (1738), 7–8.

Thrice happy he, O God of hosts,  
Whose spirit trusts alone in thee!

**Psalm 89.**<sup>49</sup>

- 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 choirs of angels sung above,  
And by assembled saints below.
- 3 What seraph of celestial birth  
To vie with Israel's God shall dare?  
Or who among the gods of earth,  
With our Almighty Lord compare?
- 4 With rev'rence and religious dread  
His servants to his house should press:  
His fear through all their hearts should spread,  
Who his almighty name confess.
- 5 Lord God of armies, who can boast  
Of strength and power, like thine renowned?  
Of such a num'rous, faithful host,  
As that which does thy throne surround?
- 6 Thou dost the lawless sea control,  
And change the prospect of the deep:  
Thou mak'st the sleeping billows roll,  
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.

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<sup>49</sup>Source: 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.

8 Thy arm is mighty, strong thy hand,  
Yet, Lord, thou dost with justice reign:  
Possessed of absolute command,  
Thou truth and mercy dost maintain!

**Psalm 100.**<sup>50</sup>

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

2 His sovereign power, without our aid,  
Made us of clay, and formed us men;  
And when like wand'ring sheep we strayed,  
He brought us to his fold again.

3 We'll crowd thy gates with thankful songs,  
High as the heavens our voices raise;  
And earth with her ten thousand tongues  
Shall fill thy courts with sounding praise.

4 Wide as the world is thy command,  
Vast as eternity thy love:  
Firm as a rock thy truth must stand,  
When rolling years shall cease to move.

**Psalm 103.**<sup>51</sup>

**Part 1.**

1 My soul inspired with sacred love,  
God's holy name forever 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;

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<sup>50</sup>Source: Isaac Watts, *The Psalms of David* (London: Clark, Ford & Cruttenden, 1719), 256–57 (stanzas 2 alt., 3, 5, 6). First appeared in *CPH* (1737), 5–6.

<sup>51</sup>Source: 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. Divided into two parts for this edition.

From danger he thy life retrieves,  
By him with grace and mercy crowned.

3 The Lord abounds with tender love,  
And unexampled acts of grace;  
His wakened 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.

**Part 2.**

1 As far as 'tis from east to west,  
So far hath he our sins removed;  
Who with a father's tender breast  
Hath such as feared him always lov'd.

2 The Lord, the universal King,  
In heaven hath fixed his lofty throne:  
To him, ye angels, praises sing,  
In whose great strength his praise is shown.

3 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.

4 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 104.<sup>52</sup> [Part 1.]**

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

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<sup>52</sup>Source: 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.

- 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-winged 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 assigned,  
All pleased to serve their sovereign's will.
- 5 Earth, on her centre fixed, he set,  
Her face with waters overspread;  
Nor proudest mountains dared as yet  
To lift above the waves their head.
- 6 But when thy awful face appeared,  
Th' insulting waves dispersed; they fled,  
When once thy thunder's voice they heard,  
And by their haste confessed their dread.
- 7 Thence up by secret tracks they creep,  
And gushing from the mountain's side,  
Through valleys travel to the deep,  
Appointed to receive their tide.
- 8 There hast thou fixed the ocean's bounds,  
The threat'ning surges to repel,  
That they no more o'erpass their mounds,  
Nor to a second deluge swell.

**Part 2.**

- 1 Yet thence in smaller parties drawn,  
The sea recovers her lost hills,  
And starting springs from every lawn  
Surprise 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 feathered throng;  
They drink, and for the bounteous streams  
Return the tribute of their song.
- 4 Thy rains from heaven parched hills recruit,  
That soon transmit the liquid store,  
'Till earth is burdened with her fruit,  
And nature's lap can hold no more.
- 5 Grass, for our cattle to devour,  
Thou mak'st the growth of every field;  
Herbs for man's use of various power,  
That either food or physic yield.
- 6 With clustered grapes he crowns the vine,  
To cheer man's heart oppressed with cares;  
Gives oil that makes his face to shine,  
And corn that wasted strength repairs.

**Part 3.**

- 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 summoned by the rising morn  
To skulk in dens, with one consent,  
The conscious ravagers return.
- 7 Forth to the tillage of the soil  
The husbandman securely goes,  
Commencing with the sun his toil,  
With him returns to his repose.
- 8 How various, Lord, thy works are found!  
For which thy wisdom we adore;  
The earth is with thy treasure crowned,  
'Till nature's hand can grasp no more.

**Part 4.**

- 1 But still the vast unfathomed main  
Of wonders a new scene supplies,  
Whose depths inhabitants contain  
Of every form and every size.
- 2 Full freighted ships from every port  
There cut their unmolested way;  
Leviathan, whom there to sport  
Thou mad'st, hath compass there to play.
- 3 These various troops of sea and land  
In sense of common want agree;  
All wait on thy dispensing hand,  
And have their daily alms of thee.

- 4 They gather what thy stores disperse,  
Without their trouble to provide;  
Thou ope'st thy hand, the universe  
The craving world is all supplied.
- 5 Thou for a moment hid'st thy face,  
The num'rous ranks of creatures mourn;  
Thou tak'st their breath, all nature's race  
Forthwith to mother-earth return.
- 6 Again thou send'st thy Spirit forth  
T' inspire the mass with vital seed;  
Nature's restored, and parent-earth  
Smiles on her new-created breed.
- 7 Thus through successive ages stands  
Firm fixed thy providential care;  
Pleased 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 hurled,  
My soul, praise thou his holy name,  
'Till with my song the list'ning world  
Join concert, and his praise proclaim.

**Psalm 113.**<sup>53</sup>

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

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<sup>53</sup>Source: 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.

Where'er the circling sun displays  
His rising beams or setting rays,  
Due praise to his great name address.

2 God through 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 Though '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.

**Psalm 114.**<sup>54</sup>

1 When Israel freed from Pharaoh's hand,  
Left the proud tyrant and his land,  
The tribes with cheerful homage own  
Their King; and Judah was his throne.

2 Across the deep their journey lay;  
The deep divides to make them way:  
Jordan beheld their march, and fled  
With backward current to his head.

3 The mountains shook like frightened sheep:  
Like lambs the little hillocks leap:

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<sup>54</sup>Source: Isaac Watts, *The Psalms of David* (London: Clark, Ford & Cruttenden, 1719), 299–300. First appeared in *CPH* (1737), 66.

Not Sinai on his base could stand,  
Conscious of sovereign power at hand.

- 4 What power could make the deep divide?  
Make Jordan backward roll his tide?  
Why did ye leap, ye little hills?  
And whence the fright that Sinai feels?
- 5 Let every mountain, every flood  
Retire, and know th' approaching God,  
The King of Israel: see him here;  
Tremble thou earth; adore and fear!
- 6 He thunders, and all nature mourns;  
The rock to standing pools he turns;  
Flints spring with fountains at his word,  
And fires and seas confess the Lord.

**The Same [Psalm 114].<sup>55</sup>**

- 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 reigned 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 skipped like frightened rams,  
The hills leaped after them as lambs.
- 3 What ailed thee, O thou trembling sea,  
What horror turned the river back?  
Was nature's God displeased at thee?  
And why should hills and mountains shake?

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<sup>55</sup>First appeared in *CPH* (1743), 109.

Ye mountains huge, who skipped like rams,  
Ye hills who leaped 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 turned to solid land,  
    The rock into a fountain flows,  
And all things, as they change, proclaim  
Their Lord eternally the same.

**Psalm 116.**<sup>56</sup>

- 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 prayed,  
I'll call upon thee while I live,  
    And never doubt thy aid.
- 3 Pale death with all his ghastly train,  
    My soul encompassed round,  
Anguish and sin, and dread, and pain  
    On every side I found.
- 4 To thee, O Lord of life, I prayed,  
    And did for succour flee:  
O save (in my distress I said)  
    The soul that trusts in thee!

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<sup>56</sup>Source: Samuel Wesley Sr., *The Pious Communicant Rightly Prepared* (London: Charles Harper, 1700), 257–59 (stanzas 1–7). First appeared in *CPH* (1737), 8.

- 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 distressed,  
God's bounteous love doth thee restore  
To ease and joy and rest.
- 7 My eyes no longer drowned in tears,  
My feet from falling free,  
Redeemed from death, and guilty fears,  
O Lord, I'll live to thee!

**Psalm 117.**<sup>57</sup>

- 1 Ye nations, who the globe divide,  
Ye num'rous nations scattered 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 enthroned on high,  
To his dear Son, who deigned 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 118.**<sup>58</sup>

**Part 1.**

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

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<sup>57</sup>Source: Samuel Wesley Sr., *The Pious Communicant Rightly Prepared* (London: Charles Harper, 1700), 259–60. First appeared in *CPH* (1737), 9.

<sup>58</sup>First appeared in *CPH* (1743), 81–85. Divided into parts and stanzas 4, 6–8 of original omitted in this edition.

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

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

3 The Lord, I now can say, is mine,  
And confident in strength divine  
Nor man, nor fiends, nor flesh I fear:  
Jesus the Saviour takes my part,  
And keeps the issues of my heart,  
My helper is forever near.

4 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.

### **Part 2.**

1 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,  
Covered with his victorious blood,  
And armed my sprinkled heart again.

[2] Righteous I am in him, and strong,  
He is become my joyful song,  
My Saviour and salvation too:

I triumph through his mighty grace,  
And pure in heart shall see his face,  
And rise in Christ a creature new.

[3]<sup>59</sup> 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.

[4] 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 stretched out to save,  
The power of God in Christ we have,  
And Jesus is the Prince of Peace.

### Part 3.

1 I shall not die in sin, but live,  
To Christ my Lord the glory give,  
His miracles of grace declare,  
When he the work of faith hath done,  
When I have put his image on,  
And fruit unto perfection bear.

[2] The Lord hath sorely chastened me,  
And bruised for mine iniquity,  
Yet mercy would not give me up,  
Caught from the jaws of second death,  
Plucked out of the devourer's teeth,  
He bids me now rejoice in hope.

[3] Open the gates of righteousness,  
Receive me into Christ my peace,  
That I his praises may record;

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<sup>59</sup>Ori., "2"; a misprint.

He is the truth, the life, the way,  
The portal of eternal day,  
The gate of heaven is Christ my Lord.

- [4] Through him the just shall enter in,  
Saved to the uttermost from sin:  
Already saved from all its power:  
The Lord my righteousness I praise,  
And calmly wait the perfect grace,  
When born of God I sin no more.

**Part 4.**

- 1 Jesus is lifted up on high,  
Whom man refused and doomed to die,  
He is become the cornerstone,  
Head of his church he lives and reigns,  
His kingdom over all maintains,  
High on his everlasting throne.
- [2] The Lord th' amazing work hath wrought,  
Hath from the dead our shepherd brought,  
Revived 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.
- [3]<sup>60</sup> Thee, Lord, with joyful lips we praise,  
Now, send us now thy saving grace,  
Make this the acceptable hour:  
Our hearts would now receive thee in;  
Enter, and make an end of sin,  
And bless us with the perfect power.
- [4] 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.

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<sup>60</sup>Ori., "2"; a misprint.

[5]<sup>61</sup> God is the Lord that shows 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.

[6] 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 praised, his love adored  
    Through all eternity the same.

**Psalm 121.**<sup>62</sup>

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 the Redeemer's breast,  
    He thy quiet spirit keeps,  
Rest in him, securely rest;  
    Thy watchman never sleeps.

[3]<sup>63</sup> Neither sin, nor earth, nor hell  
    Thy keeper can surprise,  
Careless slumber cannot steal  
    On his all-seeing eyes:

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<sup>61</sup>Ori., "3"; a misprint.

<sup>62</sup>First appeared in *CPH* (1743), 86–87. Stanza 5 omitted in this edition.

<sup>63</sup>Ori., "2"; a misprint.

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.

[5]<sup>64</sup> Christ shall bless thy going out,  
Shall bless thy coming in,  
Kindly compass thee about,  
Till thou art saved from sin,  
Like thy spotless Master thou,  
Filled with wisdom, love, and power,  
Holy, pure, and perfect now,  
Henceforth, and evermore.

**Psalm 125.**<sup>65</sup>

1 Who in the Lord confide,  
And feel his sprinkled blood,  
In storms and hurricanes abide  
Firm as the mount of God:  
Steadfast, and fixed, 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:

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<sup>64</sup>Ori., "6"; a misprint.

<sup>65</sup>First appeared in *CPH* (1743), 90–91. Stanzas 5–6 omitted in this edition.

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 cleansed by pard'ning grace.

4 But let them still abide  
In thee, all-gracious Lord,  
Till every soul is sanctified,  
And perfectly restored.  
The men of heart sincere  
Continue to defend,  
And do them good, and save them here,  
And love them to the end.

**Psalm 126.**<sup>66</sup>

1 When our redeeming Lord  
Pronounced the pard'ning word,  
Turned our soul's captivity,  
O what sweet surprise we found!  
Wonder asked, "And can it be!"  
Scarce believed the welcome sound.

2 And is it not a dream?  
And are we saved through him?  
Yes, our bounding heart replied,  
Yes, broke out our joyful tongue,  
Freely we are justified;  
This the new, the gospel song!

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<sup>66</sup>First appeared in *CPH* (1743), 91–92.

- 3           The heathen too could see  
              Our glorious liberty:  
All our foes were forced 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 showed,  
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 swallowed 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 128.**<sup>67</sup>

- 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 show,  
      Thy children shall be God's, not thine,  
      His pleasant plants below.
- 5    Around thy plenteous table spread  
      Like olive-branches fair,  
      Heav'nward 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,

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<sup>67</sup>First appeared in *CPH* (1743), 93–94.

Thy soul shall see the faithful seed,  
And bless the rising race.

- 9 Filled with abiding peace divine,  
With Israel's blessing blest,  
Thou then the church above shalt join,  
And gain the heav'nly rest.

**Psalm 131.**<sup>68</sup>

- 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,  
Awed into a little child,  
Quiet now without my food,  
Weaned from every creature-good.
- 4 Hangs my newborn 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 joined,  
Him let Israel still adore,  
Trust him, praise him evermore!

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<sup>68</sup>First appeared in *CPH* (1743), 95.

**Psalm 132.**<sup>69</sup>

- 1 Remember, Lord, the pious zeal  
Of every 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 adored,  
And dwell'st in every faithful breast,  
And count'st them worthy of their Lord.
  
- 2 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 clothed with righteousness,  
Thy praise their happy lives employ,  
The saints in thee their all possess,  
And shout the sons of God for joy.

**Psalm 133.**<sup>70</sup>

**Part 1.**

- 1 Behold how good a thing  
It is to dwell in peace,  
How pleasing to our King  
This fruit of righteousness,  
When brethren all in one agree;  
Who knows the joys of unity!
  
- 2 When all are sweetly joined,  
(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.

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<sup>69</sup>First appeared in *CPH* (1743), 96–97. Stanzas 2, 4–8 of the original omitted in this edition.

<sup>70</sup>First appeared in *HSP* (1742), 174–75. Divided into parts and stanzas 5–7 of the original omitted in this edition.

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.

**Part 2.**

1           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.

2           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.

3           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.

4           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 134.**<sup>71</sup>

- 1 Ye servants of God, whose diligent care  
Is ever employed 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 139.**<sup>72</sup>

**Part 1.**

- 1 Thou, Lord, by strictest search hast known,  
My rising up and lying down;  
My secret thoughts are known to thee,  
Known long before conceived 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 unuttered words intent.
- 3 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?

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<sup>71</sup>First appeared in *CPH* (1743), 99.

<sup>72</sup>Source: 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. Divided into parts for this edition.

- 5 If up to heaven I take my flight,  
'Tis there thou dwell'st, enthroned in light:  
If down to hell's infernal plains,  
'Tis there almighty vengeance reigns.
- 6 If I the morning's wings could gain,  
And fly beyond the western main;  
Thy swifter hand would first arrive,  
And there arrest thy fugitive.
- 7 Or should I try to shun thy sight,  
Beneath the sable wings of night;  
One glance from thee, one piercing ray  
Would kindle darkness into day.
- 8 The veil of night is no disguise,  
No screen from thy all-searching eyes:  
Through midnight shades thou find'st the way,  
As in the blazing noon of day.

**Part 2.**

- 1 Thou know'st the texture of my heart,  
My reins, and every vital part:  
Each single thread in nature's loom  
By thee was covered in the womb.
- 2 I'll praise thee, from whose hands I came,  
A work of such a curious frame;  
The wonders thou in me hast shown,  
My soul with grateful joy shall own.
- 3 Thine eye my substance did survey,  
While yet a lifeless mass it lay;  
In secret how exactly wrought,  
Ere from its dark inclosure brought.
- 4 Thou didst the shapeless embryo see,  
Its parts were registered by thee;

Thou saw'st the daily growth they took,  
Formed by the model of thy book.

- 5 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.
- 6 Search, try, O Lord, my reins and heart,  
If evil lurk in any part;  
Correct me where I go astray,  
And guide me in thy perfect way.

**Psalm 145:7ff.**

**Part 1.**<sup>73</sup>

- 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;  
Through the whole earth his goodness shines,  
And every want supplies.
- 3 With longing eye thy creatures wait  
On thee, for daily food;  
Thy lib'ral hand provides them meat,  
And fills their mouths with good.
- 4 How kind are thy compassions, Lord!  
How slow thine anger moves!  
But soon he sends his pard'ning word,  
To cheer the soul he loves.
- 5 Creatures, with all their endless race,  
Thy pow'r and praise proclaim:  
But we, who taste thy richer grace,  
Delight to bless thy name.

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<sup>73</sup>Source: Isaac Watts, *The Psalms of David* (London: Clark, Ford & Cruttenden, 1719), 380–81. First appeared in *CPH* (1738), 16.

**Part 2. Ver. 14ff.**<sup>74</sup>

- 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 distressed,  
Beneath the proud oppressor's frown,  
Thou giv'st the mourner rest.
- 3 The Lord supports our infant days,  
And guides our giddy youth;  
Holy and just are all thy ways,  
And all thy words are truth.
- 4 Thou know'st the pains thy servants feel,  
Thou hear'st thy children cry,  
And their best wishes to fulfil  
Thy grace is ever nigh.
- 5 Thy mercy never shall remove  
From men of heart sincere:  
Thou sav'st the souls, whose humble love  
Is joined with holy fear.
- 6 My lips shall dwell upon thy praise,  
And spread thy fame abroad:  
Let all the sons of Adam raise  
The honours of their God!

**Psalm 146.**<sup>75</sup>

- 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.

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<sup>74</sup>Source: Isaac Watts, *The Psalms of David* (London: Clark, Ford & Cruttenden, 1719), 381–82. First appeared in *CPH* (1738), 16–17.

<sup>75</sup>Source: Isaac Watts, *The Psalms of David* (London: Clark, Ford & Cruttenden, 1719), 384–85 (stanzas 1, 3, 4 alt., 6). First appeared in *CPH* (1737), 9–10.

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

**Psalm 147.**<sup>76</sup>

- 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 formed 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 drowned.
- 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;

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<sup>76</sup>Source: 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.

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.
- 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 148.**<sup>77</sup>

**Part 1.**

- 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 fixed their wondrous frame,

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<sup>77</sup>Source: Isaac Watts, *The Psalms of David* (London: Clark, Ford & Cruttenden, 1719), 394–96. First appeared in *CPH* (1737), 66–69.

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 show.

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 expressed:  
But those who taste his saving love  
Should sing his praises best.

### **Part 2.**

1 Let earth and ocean know,  
They owe their Maker praise:  
Praise him, ye wat'ry worlds below,  
And monsters of the seas.

2 From mountains near the sky,  
Let his loud praise resound;  
From humble shrubs and cedars high,  
And vales and fields around.

3 Ye lions of the wood,  
And tamer beasts that graze,  
Ye live upon his daily food,  
And he expects your praise.

4 Ye birds of lofty wing,  
On high his praises bear;  
Or sit on flow'ry boughs and sing  
Your Maker's glory there.

- 5 Ye creeping ants and worms,  
His various wisdom show;  
And flies in all your shining forms,  
Praise him that dressed you so.
- 6 By all the earth-born race  
His honours be expressed:  
But those that know his heavenly grace  
Should learn to praise him best.

**Part 3.**

- 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 shown,  
His wondrous 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 148].<sup>78</sup>**

- 1 Ye boundless realms of joy,  
Exalt your Maker's fame;  
His praise your song employ,  
Above the starry frame.

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<sup>78</sup>Source: 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.

Your voices raise, ye cherubim  
And seraphim, to sing his praise.

2       Thou moon that rul'st the night,  
          And sun that guid'st the day;  
          Ye glitt'ring stars of light,  
          To him your homage pay.  
His praise declare, ye heavens above,  
And clouds that move in liquid air.

3       Let them adore the Lord,  
          And praise his holy name,  
          By whose almighty word,  
          They all from nothing came,  
And all shall last from changes free;  
His firm decree stands ever fast.

4       Let earth her tribute pay;  
          Praise him, ye dreadful whales,  
          And fish that through 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 joined;)   
          By cedars stately tall,  
          And trees for fruit designed:  
By every beast, and creeping thing,  
And fowl of wing, his name be blest.

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

7       United zeal be shown,  
          His wondrous 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 148].<sup>79</sup>**

- [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 borrowed light,  
       All ye sparkling eyes of night.
- [3]    Let the earth his praise resound;  
       Monstrous whales, and seas profound;  
       Vapours, lightning, hail and snow,  
       Storms which, where he bids you, blow:
- [4]    Flow'ry hills and mountains high;  
       Cedars, neighbours to the sky:  
       Trees and cattle, creeping things;  
       All that cut the air with wings.
- [5]    You, who awful scepters sway,  
       You, accustomed to obey,  
       Princes, judges of the earth,  
       All of high and humble birth:

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<sup>79</sup>Source: George Sandys, *A Paraphrase upon the Psalms of David* (London: A. Roper, 1676), 238–39. First appeared in *CPH* (1741), 93–94. Stanza [3] of the original is omitted in this edition.

- [6] Youths and virgins flourishing  
In the beauty of your spring;  
Ye, who were but born of late,  
Ye, who bow with age's weight:
- [7] Praise his name with one consent:  
O how great! How excellent!  
Than the earth profounder far;  
Higher than the highest star.
- [8] 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 148].<sup>80</sup>**

- 1 Praise ye the Lord, y' immortal choir,  
That fills the realms above;  
Praise him who formed 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 borrowed rays.
- 4 Winds, ye shall bear his name aloud,  
Through the ethereal 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,

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<sup>80</sup>Source: Isaac Watts, *Horae Lyricae* (London: Humfreys, 1709), 32–34. First appeared in *CPH* (1738), 70–71.

- 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 through 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,  
Through all the nations round.

**Psalm 150.**<sup>81</sup>

- 1 Praise the Lord, who reigns above,  
And keeps his court below,  
Praise the holy God of love,  
And all his greatness show;

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<sup>81</sup>First appeared in *CPH* (1743), 122. Last half of stanza 2 and first half of stanza 3 in the original is omitted in this edition.

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 every tuneful string,  
All the reach of heavenly art,  
All the powers of music bring,  
The music of the heart.
- 3 Him, in whom they move, and live,  
Let every creature sing,  
Glory to their Maker give,  
And homage to their King:  
Hallowed be his name beneath,  
As in heaven on earth adored:  
Praise the Lord in every breath;  
Let all things praise the Lord!

**Hymn to God the Father.**<sup>82</sup>

- 1 Hail, Father, whose creating call  
Unnumbered worlds attend,  
Jehovah, comprehending all,  
Whom none can comprehend.
- 2 In light unsearchable enthroned,  
Which angels dimly see;  
The fountain of the Godhead owned,  
And foremost of the Three.
- 3 From thee through an eternal now,  
The Son, thine offspring, flowed;  
An everlasting Father thou,  
As everlasting God.

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<sup>82</sup>Source: 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.

- 4 Nor quite displayed to worlds above,  
Nor quite on earth concealed;  
By wondrous, unexhausted love  
To mortal man revealed.
- 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 adored  
By creatures without end,  
Whom none but thy essential word  
And Spirit comprehend.

**Hymn to God the Son.**<sup>83</sup>

- 1 Hail, God the Son, in glory crowned  
Ere time began to be,  
Throned with thy Sire through half the round  
Of wide eternity!
- 2 Let heaven and earth's stupendous frame  
Display their author's power,  
And each exalted seraph flame,  
Creator, thee adore!
- 3 Thy wondrous love the Godhead showed  
Contracted to a span,  
The coeternal 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 Godlike sway,  
His church beneath sustains;

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<sup>83</sup>Source: 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.

Till nature shall her judge survey,  
The King Messiah reigns.

- 6 Hail, with essential glory crowned,  
When time shall cease to be,  
Throned with thy Father through the round  
Of whole eternity!

**Hymn to God the Holy Ghost.**<sup>84</sup>

- 1 Hail, Holy Ghost, Jehovah, third  
In order of the Three;  
Sprung from the Father and the Word  
From all eternity.
- 2 Thy Spirit brooding o'er th' abyss  
Of formless waters lay;  
Spoke into order all that is,  
And darkness into day.
- 3 In deepest hell, or heaven's height,  
Thy presence who can fly?  
Known is the Father to thy sight,  
Th' abyss of deity.
- 4 Thy power through Jesus' life displayed,  
Quite from the virgin's womb,  
Dying, his soul an offering made,  
And raised 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!

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<sup>84</sup>Source: 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.

**Hymn to the Trinity.**<sup>85</sup>

- 1 Hail, holy, holy, holy Lord!  
Be endless praise to thee!  
Supreme, essential One, adored  
In coeternal Three.
- 2 Enthroned in everlasting state  
Ere time its round began,  
Who joined in council to create  
The dignity of man.
- 3 To whom Isaiah's vision showed,  
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 favoured 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  
Forever join the choir!
- 6 Hail, holy, holy, holy Lord!  
Be endless praise to thee;  
Supreme, essential One, adored  
In coeternal Three.

**Another [Hymn to the Trinity].**<sup>86</sup>

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

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<sup>85</sup>Source: 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.

<sup>86</sup>Source: Isaac Watts, *Hymns and Spiritual Songs*, 2<sup>nd</sup> ed. (London: John Lawrence, 1709), 310–11 (Book 3, no. 28). First appeared in *CPH* (1738), 20–21.

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

**Another [Hymn to the Trinity].<sup>87</sup>**

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

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<sup>87</sup>Source: Isaac Watts, *Hymns and Spiritual Songs*, 2<sup>nd</sup> ed. (London: John Lawrence, 1709), 309 (Book 3, no. 26). First appeared in *CPH* (1737), 36.

**The Divine Perfections.**<sup>88</sup>

- 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       Through 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!

**Sun, Moon and Stars,  
Praise Ye the Lord.**<sup>89</sup>

**Part 1.**

- 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:

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<sup>88</sup>Source: Isaac Watts, *Hymns and Spiritual Songs*, 2<sup>nd</sup> ed. (London: John Lawrence, 1709), 279–80 (Book 2, no. 169). First appeared in *CPH* (1738), 23.

<sup>89</sup>Source: Isaac Watts, *Horae Lyricae* (London: Humfreys, 1709), 45–47, altered. First appeared in *CPH* (1737), 70–71. Divided in parts for this edition.

- 2 Praise the Creator of the skies,  
Who decks thy orb with borrowed 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 bade thee rule the dusky hours,  
And half supply the absent day.

**Part 2.**

- 1 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:
- 2 Proclaim the glories of our Lord,  
Dispersed through all the heav'nly street,  
Whose boundless treasures can afford  
So rich a pavement for his feet.
- 3 Thou heav'n of heav'ns, supremely bright,  
Fair palace of the court divine,  
Where with inimitable light  
The Godhead condescends to shine:
- 4 Praise thou thy great inhabitant,  
Who scatters lovely beams of grace  
On every angel, every saint,  
Nor veils the lustre of his face.
- 5 O God of glory, God of love,  
Thou art the sun that mak'st our days;  
Midst all thy wondrous works above  
Let earth and dust attempt thy praise!

**Song to Creating Wisdom.**<sup>90</sup>

**Part 1.**

- 1 Eternal wisdom, thee we praise,  
Thee the creation sings;  
With thy loud name, rocks, hills and seas,  
And heaven's high palace rings.
- 2 Thy hand how wide it spreads the sky!  
How glorious to behold!  
Tinged with a blue of heav'nly dye,  
And starred with sparkling gold.
- 3 There thou hast bid the globes of light  
Their endless circles run;  
There the pale planet rules the night,  
The day obeys the sun.
- 4 If down I turn my wond'ring eyes  
On clouds and storms below,  
Those under-regions of the skies  
Thy num'rous glories show.
- 5 The noisy winds stand ready there  
Thy orders to obey,  
With sounding wings they sweep the air,  
To make thy chariot way.
- 6 There, like a trumpet loud and strong,  
Thy thunder shakes our coast,  
While the red lightnings wave along  
The banners of thine host.

**Part 2.**

- 1 On the thin air without a prop  
Hang fruitful show'rs around;  
At thy command they sink and drop  
Their fatness on the ground.

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<sup>90</sup>Source: Isaac Watts, *Horae Lyricae* (London: Humfreys, 1709), 56–60 (abridged). First appeared in *CPH* (1738), 73–74. Divided in parts for this edition.

- 2    Lo here thy wondrous skill array  
      The fields in cheerful green!  
A thousand herbs thy art display,  
      A thousand flow'rs between.
- 3    There the rough mountains of the deep  
      Obey thy strong command;  
Thy breath can raise the billows steep,  
      Or sink them to the sand.
- 4    Thy glories blaze all nature round,  
      And strike the wond'ring sight,  
Through skies, and seas, and solid ground,  
      With terror and delight.
- 5    Infinite strength, and equal skill,  
      Shine through the world abroad,  
Our souls with vast amazement fill,  
      And speak the builder God.
- 6    But the mild glories of thy grace  
      Our softer passions move;  
Pity divine in Jesus' face  
      We see, adore, and love!

**Thanksgiving for God's  
Particular Providence.<sup>91</sup>**

**Part 1.**

- 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 sustained,  
      And all my wants redressed,  
While in the silent womb I lay,  
      And hung upon the breast.

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<sup>91</sup>Source: 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. Divided into parts in this edition.

- 3 To all my weak complaints and cries  
Thy mercy lent an ear,  
Ere yet my feeble thoughts had learned  
To form themselves in prayer.
- 4 Unnumbered comforts on my soul  
Thy tender care bestowed,  
Before my infant heart conceived  
From whom those comforts flowed.

**Part 2.**

- 1 When in the slippery paths of youth  
With heedless steps I ran,  
Thine arm unseen conveyed me safe,  
And led me up to man.
- 2 Through hidden dangers, toils and deaths,  
It gently cleared my way,  
And through the pleasing snares of vice  
More to be feared than they.
- 3 Ten thousand thousand precious gifts  
My daily thanks employ;  
Nor is the least a cheerful heart  
That tastes those gifts with joy.
- 4 Through every period of my life  
Thy goodness I'll pursue;  
And after death in distant worlds  
The pleasing theme renew.
- 5 Through 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.**<sup>92</sup>

- 1     Father, how wide thy glory shines!  
       How high thy wonders rise!  
       Known through the earth by thousand signs;  
       By thousand through the skies.
- 2     Those mighty orbs proclaim thy pow'r,  
       Their motions speak thy skill:  
       And on the wings of every hour,  
       We read thy patience still.
- 3     Part of thy name divinely stands  
       On all thy creatures writ,  
       They show 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.

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<sup>92</sup>Source: Isaac Watts, *Horae Lyricae* (London: Humfreys, 1709), 18. First appeared in *CPH* (1738), 28.

**Christ Our Wisdom, Righteousness,  
Sanctification and Redemption.<sup>93</sup>**

- 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 drowned in tears,  
'Till thy atoning blood appears;  
Then we awake from deep distress,  
And sing, "The Lord our righteousness."
- 3 Jesus beholds where Satan reigns,  
Binding his slaves in heavy chains,  
He sets the pris'ners free, and breaks  
The iron bondage from our necks.
- 4 Poor helpless worms in thee possess  
Grace, wisdom, pow'r and righteousness;  
Thou art our mighty all, and we  
Give our whole selves, O Lord, to thee.

**The Offices of Christ.<sup>94</sup>**

**Part 1.**

- 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!

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<sup>93</sup>Source: Isaac Watts, *Hymns and Spiritual Songs*, 2<sup>nd</sup> ed. (London: John Lawrence, 1709), 78 (Book 1, no. 97). First appeared in *CPH* (1737), 35–36.

<sup>94</sup>Source: Isaac Watts, *Hymns and Spiritual Songs*, 2<sup>nd</sup> ed. (London: John Lawrence, 1709), 124–27 (Book 1, no. 150). First appeared in *CPH* (1738), 31–32. Divided into parts for this edition.

Mine eyes with joy and wonder see  
What forms of love he bears for me.

3        Arrayed in mortal flesh  
          Lo the *great Angel* stands,  
          And holds the promises  
          And pardons in his hands:  
Commissioned 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 subdued, and peace with heaven.

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

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.

## **Part 2.**

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

- 2 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.
- 3 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,  
Though death and hell obstruct the way.
- 4 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.

**Triumph Over Death.**<sup>95</sup>

- 1 And must this body die?  
This well-wrought frame decay?  
And must these active limbs of mine  
Lie mould'ring in the clay?
- 2 Corruption, earth and worms  
Shall but refine this flesh,  
'Till my triumphant spirit comes,  
To put it on afresh.
- 3 God, my Redeemer, lives,  
And often from the skies  
Looks down, and watches all my dust,  
'Till he shall bid it rise.
- 4 Arrayed in glorious grace  
Shall these vile bodies shine,

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<sup>95</sup>Source: Isaac Watts, *Hymns and Spiritual Songs*, 2<sup>nd</sup> ed. (London: John Lawrence, 1709), 230–31 (Book 2, no. 110). First appeared in *CPH* (1737), 25.

And every shape, and every face  
Be heavenly and divine.

5 These lively hopes we owe,  
Lord, to thy dying love:  
O may we bless thy grace below,  
And sing thy power above.

6 Saviour, accept the praise  
Of these our humble songs,  
'Till tunes of nobler sound we raise  
With our immortal tongues.

**Christ Worshipped by All Creatures.**<sup>96</sup>

1 Come let us join our cheerful songs  
With angels round the throne;  
Ten thousand thousand are their tongues,  
But all their joys are one.

2 Worthy the Lamb that died, they cry,  
To be exalted thus;  
Worthy the Lamb, our hearts reply,  
For he was slain for us.

3 Jesus is worthy to receive  
Honour and pow'r divine;  
And blessings, more than we can give,  
Be, Lord, forever 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.

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<sup>96</sup>Source: Isaac Watts, *Hymns and Spiritual Songs*, 2<sup>nd</sup> ed. (London: John Lawrence, 1709), 46 (Book 1, no. 62). First appeared in *CPH* (1738), 34.

**God, Our Light in Darkness.**<sup>97</sup>

- 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 shows 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 through every foe:  
The wings of love, and arms of faith  
Would bear me conqu'ror through.

**Come, Lord Jesus.**<sup>98</sup>

- 1 When shall thy lovely face be seen?  
When shall our eyes behold our God?  
What lengths of distance lie between?  
And hills of guilt? A heavy load!
- 2 Ye heav'nly gates, loose all your chains,  
Let th' eternal pillars bow,  
Blest Saviour, cleave the starry plains,  
And make the crystal mountains flow.

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<sup>97</sup>Source: Isaac Watts, *Hymns and Spiritual Songs*, 2<sup>nd</sup> ed. (London: John Lawrence, 1709), 177–78 (Book 2, no. 54). First appeared in *CPH* (1738), 35–36.

<sup>98</sup>Source: Isaac Watts, *Horae Lyricae* (London: Humfreys, 1709), 153. First appeared in *CPH* (1738), 44–45.

- 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 cheerful 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 every 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.