

*Collection of Psalms and Hymns (1738)*¹

[Baker List, #9]

Editorial Introduction:

Wesley's diary makes clear that he continued to collect psalms and hymns to supplement the worship of his Anglican community and small groups in Georgia after the publication of *CPH* (1737). He published the result of this work shortly after his return to England. The charge for printing the volume was entered in William Bowyer's ledgers on May 24, 1738.

Once again Wesley published the volume anonymously. Only two copies are known to remain extant: one in the library at Lambeth Palace and the other at Wesley College, Bristol (the latter was generously made accessible for this production).

While there is no overlap in actual selections, this collection resembles *CPH* (1737) in being composed entirely of items selected from other authors. Like the earlier collection, Wesley adapted or altered nearly every item (a few dramatically), including the translation of five items from German and one from Spanish.

Wesley never reprinted this collection in its current form. However, he included over two thirds of the items (50/71) in the enlarged *Collection of Psalms and Hymns* (1741), ten items in the alternative *Hymns and Sacred Poems* (1739), and two items in *Hymns and Sacred Poems* (1740).

Editions:

[John Wesley, editor.] *A Collection of Psalms and Hymns*. London: [Bowyer for Hutton,] 1738.

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**A
COLLECTION
of
PSALMS AND HYMNS.**

**Psalms and Hymns
For Sunday.**

**1.
Psalm 18.**

Part 1.²

- 1 No change of times shall ever shock
My firm affection, Lord, to thee:
For thou hast always been my rock,
A fortress and defence to me.
- 2 Thou my deliverer art, my God,
My trust is in thy mighty power;
Thou art my shield from foes abroad,
At home my safeguard and my tower.
- 3 To thee will I address my prayer,
(To whom all praise we justly owe)
So shall I, by thy watchful care,
Be guarded from my treach'rous foe.

²Source: Nahum Tate and Nicholas Brady, *A New Version of the Psalms of David*, 2nd ed. (London: M. Clark, 1698), 28–29.

- 4 By floods of pain and fear distressed,
With seas of sorrow compassed round,
With sin's infernal pangs oppressed,
In death's unwieldy fetters bound:
- 5 To heav'n I made my mournful prayer,
To God addressed my humble moan;
Who graciously inclined his ear
And heard me from his lofty throne.

Part 2.³

- 1 Thou suit'st, O Lord, thy righteous ways
To various paths of humankind;
They who for mercy merit⁴ praise
With thee shall wondrous mercy find.
- 2 Thou to the just shall justice show,
The pure thy purity shall see:
Such as perversely choose to go
Shall meet with due returns from thee.
- 3 For God's designs shall still succeed;
His word will bear the utmost test,
He's a strong shield to all that need,
And on his sure protection rest.
- 4 Who then deserves to be adored,
But God on whom my hopes depend?
Or who, except the mighty Lord,
Can with resistless power defend?

2.
Psalm 23.⁵

- 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.

³Source: Nahum Tate and Nicholas Brady, *A New Version of the Psalms of David*, 2nd ed. (London: M. Clark, 1698), 30–31.

⁴“Merit” changed to “seek thy” in *CPH* (1741), 63.

⁵Source: Joseph Addison & Richard Steele, *The Spectator* (London: Sharpe & Hailes, 1711–14), 441 (July 26, 1712). This hymn also appeared (earlier in 1738) in George Whitefield's *Journal of a Voyage from London to Savannah* (London: Hutton, 1738), 58 (the 1st installment of Whitefield's *Journal*).

- 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.

3.
Psalm 36.⁶

- 1 Thy justice shall maintain its throne,
 Though mountains melt away;
 Thy judgments are a world unknown,
 A deep, unfathomed sea.
- 2 Above these heaven's created rounds,
 Thy mercies, Lord, extend:
 Thy truth outlives the narrow bounds,
 Where time and nature end.
- 3 Safety to man thy goodness brings
 Nor overlooks the beast:
 Beneath the shadow of thy wings
 Thy children love to rest.

⁶Source: Isaac Watts, *The Psalms of David* (London: Clark, Ford & Cruttenden, 1719), 98–99.

- 4 From thee when creature-streams run low;
And mortal comforts die,
Perpetual springs of life shall flow
And raise our pleasures high.
- 5 Though all created light decay,
And death close up our eyes,
Thy presence makes eternal day
Where clouds can never rise.

4.

Psalm 63.

From the Spanish.⁷

- 1 O God, my God, my all thou art,
Ere shines the dawn of rising day
Thy sovereign light within my heart
Thy all-enliv'ning pow'r display.
- 2 For thee my thirsty soul does pant
While in this desert land I live:
And hungry as I am and faint
Thy love alone can comfort give.
- 3 In a dry land behold I place
My whole desire on thee, O Lord:
And more I joy to gain thy grace
Than all earth's treasures can afford.
- 4 In holiness within thy gates
Of old oft have I sought for thee!
Again my longing spirit waits
That fullness of delight to see.
- 5 More dear than life itself thy love
My heart and tongue shall still employ,
And to declare thy praise will prove
My peace, my glory, and my joy.

⁷Source: Daniel Israel Lopez Laguna, ed., *Espejo fiel de vidas que contiene los Psalmos de David en verso obra devota* (London: Con licencia de los Señores del Mahamad, y aprovacion del Señor Haham, 1720), 116.
Translation by John Wesley.

- 6 In blessing thee with grateful songs
My happy life shall glide away;
The praise that to thy name belongs
Hourly with lifted hands I'll pay.
- 7 Abundant sweetness, while I sing
Thy love, my ravished soul o'erflows,
Secure in thee, my God and King,
Of glory that no period knows.
- 8 Thy name, O Lord, upon my bed
Dwells on my lips and fires my thought,
With trembling awe in midnight shade,
I muse on all thy hands have wrought.
- 9 In all I do I feel thy aid;
Therefore thy greatness will I sing,
O God, who bidd'st my heart be glad
Beneath the shadow of thy wing.
- 10 My soul draws nigh and cleaves to thee:
Then let or earth or hell assail,
Thy mighty hand shall set me free;
For whom thou sav'st, he ne'er shall fail.

5.
Psalm 84.⁸

- 1 Lord of the worlds above,
How pleasant and how fair
The⁹ 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.

⁸Source: Isaac Watts, *The Psalms of David* (London: Clark, Ford & Cruttenden, 1719), 215–17.

⁹Ori., “Thy”; a misprint, corrected in *CPH* (1741), 70.

- 3 They go from strength to strength
 Through this dark vale of tears,
 Till each o'ercomes at length,
 Till each in heav'n appears.
O glorious seat! Thou God our King
Shalt¹⁰ thither bring our willing feet.
- 4 God is our sun and shield,
 Our light and our defence;
 With gifts his hands are filled,
 We draw our blessings thence.
He shall bestow upon our race
His saving grace and glory too.
- 5 The Lord his people loves,
 His hands no good withholds
 From those his heart approves,
 From holy, humble souls.
Thrice happy he, O God of hosts;
Whose spirit trusts alone in thee!

6.
Psalm 89.¹¹

- 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 reverence and religious dread
 His servants to his house should press:

¹⁰“Shalt” changed to “Shall” in *CPH* (1741), 70.

¹¹Source: Nahum Tate and Nicholas Brady, *A New Version of the Psalms of David*, 2nd ed. (London: M. Clark, 1698), 179–80.

His fear through all their hearts should spread
Who his almighty name confess.

- 5 Lord God of armies, who can boast?
Of strength or¹² power like thine renowned,
Of such a numerous, 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,¹³
Thou mak'st the rolling billows sleep.
- 7 In thee the sovereign right remains
Of earth and heaven: thee, Lord, alone
The world and all that it contains
Their Maker and Preserver own.
- 8 Thy arm is mighty! Strong thy hand!
Yet, Lord, thou dost with justice reign:
Possessed of absolute command
Thou truth and mercy dost maintain!

7.
Psalm 91.¹⁴

- 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 cover¹⁵ my unguarded head,
Thy truth shall be my strong defence.

¹²“Or” changed to “and” in *CPH* (1741), 72.

¹³“Roll” changed to “rowl” in *CPH* (1741), 72.

¹⁴Source: Nahum Tate and Nicholas Brady, *A New Version of the Psalms of David*, 2nd ed. (London: M. Clark, 1698), 186–87.

¹⁵Ori., “over”; a misprint, corrected in *CPH* (1741), 9.

- 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 dost¹⁶ rely,
Therefore no ill shall thee befall,
Nor to thy healthful dwelling shall
Any infectious plague draw nigh.
- 6 For he throughout thy happy days
To keep thee safe in all thy ways
Shall give his angels strict commands;
And they, lest thou should'st chance to meet
With some rough stone to wound thy feet
Shall bear thee safely in their hands.

8.

Psalm 103.¹⁷

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

¹⁶Ori., "does"; corrected in *CPH* (1741), 9.

¹⁷Source: Nahum Tate and Nicholas Brady, *A New Version of the Psalms of David*, 2nd ed. (London: M. Clark, 1698), 205–7.

- 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 heav'n its arch extends
Above this little spot of clay,
So much his boundless love transcends
The small regards that we can pay.
- 5 As far as 'tis from east to west,
So far hath he our sins removed;
Who with a father's tender breast,
Hath such as feared him always lov'd.
- 6 The Lord, the universal King,
In heav'n hath fixed his lofty throne:
To him, ye angels, praises sing,¹⁸
In whose great strength his praise is shown.
- 7 Ye that his just commands obey,
And hear and do his sacred will;
Ye hosts of his, this tribute pay,
Who still what he ordains fulfil.
- 8 Let every creature jointly bless
The mighty Lord: and thou, my heart,
With grateful joy thy thanks express;
And in this consort¹⁹ bear thy part.

9.
Psalm 113.²⁰

- 1 Ye saints and servants of the Lord,
The triumphs of his name record,
His sacred name forever bless;
Where'er the circling sun displays
His rising beams or setting rays,
Due praise to his great name address.

¹⁸Ori., "bring"; a misprint, corrected in *CPH* (1741), 75.

¹⁹Wesley reproduces "consort" from Tate & Brady, but changed to "concert" in *CPH* (1741), 76.

²⁰Source: Nahum Tate and Nicholas Brady, *A New Version of the Psalms of David*, 2nd ed. (London: M. Clark, 1698), 237.

- 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,²¹
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.

10.
Psalm 114.²²

- 1 When Israel by the Almighty led,
Enriched with their oppressor's spoil,
From Egypt marched, and Jacob's seed
From bondage in a foreign soil:
- 2 Jehovah for his residence
Chose out imperial Judah's tent
His mansion royal, and from thence
Through Israel's camp his orders sent.
- 3 The distant sea with terror saw,
And from the Almighty's presence fled;
Old Jordan's streams, surprised with awe,
Retreated to their fountain's head.

²¹Ori. "call"; a misprint, corrected in *CPH* (1741), 83.

²²Source: Nahum Tate and Nicholas Brady, *A New Version of the Psalms of David*, 2nd ed. (London: M. Clark, 1698), 238–39.

- 4 The taller mountains skipped, like rams
When danger near the fold they hear:
The hills skipped after them, like lambs
Affrighted by their leader's fear.
- 5 O sea, what made your tide withdraw,
And naked leave your oozy bed?
Why Jordan, against nature's law,
Recoiledst thou to thy fountain's head?
- 6 Why, mountains, did ye skip, like rams
When danger does approach the fold?
Why after them, ye hills, like lambs
When they their leader's flight behold.
- 7 Earth, tremble on: well may'st thou fear
Thy Lord and Maker's face to see;
When Jacob's awful God draws near,
'Tis time for earth and sea to flee:
- 8 To flee from God, who nature's law
Confirms and cancels at his will;
Who springs from flinty rocks can draw,
And thirsty vales with water fill.

11.
Psalm 121.²³

- 1 To heav'n I lift my waiting eyes,
There all my hopes are laid:
The Lord that built the earth and skies
Is my perpetual aid.
- 2 Their feet, O Lord, shall never fall,
Whom thou vouchsaf'st to keep:
Thy ear attends the softest call,
Thy eyes can never sleep.
- 3 Thou wilt sustain our feeble pow'rs
With thy almighty arm:

²³Source: Isaac Watts, *The Psalms of David* (London: Clark, Ford & Cruttenden, 1719), 332–33.

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.

12.
Psalm 139.²⁴

- 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 pow'r I stand,
On every side I find thy hand.
O skill, for human reach too high!
Too dazzling bright for mortal eye!
- 4 O could I so perfidious be
To think of once deserting thee,
Where, Lord, could I thy influence shun,
Or whither from thy presence run?
- 5 If up to heav'n I take my flight,
'Tis there thou dwell'st, enthroned in light:
If down to hell's infernal plains,
'Tis there almighty vengeance reigns.

²⁴Source: Nahum Tate and Nicholas Brady, *A New Version of the Psalms of David*, 2nd ed. (London: M. Clark, 1698), 293–95.

- 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 thy²⁵ way,
As in the blazing noon of day.
- 9 Thou know'st the texture of my heart,
My reins and every vital part:
Each single thread in nature's loom
By thee was covered in the womb.
- 10 I'll praise thee, from whose hands I came
A work of such a curious frame;
The wonders thou in me hast shown
My soul with grateful joy shall own.
- 11 Thine eye my substance did survey,
While yet a lifeless mass it lay;
In secret how exactly wrought,
Ere from its dark inclosure brought.
- 12 Thou did'st 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.
- 13 Let me acknowledge too, O God,
That since the maze of life I trod,
Thy thoughts of love to me surmount
The pow'r of numbers to recount.
- 14 Search, try, O Lord, my reins and heart,
If evil lurk in any part;
Correct me where I go astray,
And guide me in thy perfect way.

²⁵“Thy” changed to “the” in *CPH* (1741), 86.

13.
Psalm 145:7ff.

Part 1.²⁶

- 1 Sweet is the mem'ry of thy grace,
My God, my heav'nly 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.

Part 2.
Verse 14ff.²⁷

- 1 Let every tongue thy goodness speak,
Thou sov'reign Lord of all!
Thy strength'ning hands uphold the weak,
And raise the poor that fall.

²⁶Source: Isaac Watts, *The Psalms of David* (London: Clark, Ford & Cruttenden, 1719), 380–81.

²⁷Source: Isaac Watts, *The Psalms of David* (London: Clark, Ford & Cruttenden, 1719), 381–82.

- 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!

14.
Psalm 148.²⁸

- 1 O azure vaults! O crystal sky!
 The world's transparent canopy,
 Break your long silence, and let mortals know,
 With what contempt you look on things below.
- 2 Winged squadrons of the God of war,
 Who conquer wheresoe'er you are;
 Let echoing anthems make his praises known
 On earth his footstool, as in heav'n his throne.
- 3 Great eye of all, whose glorious ray
 Rules the bright empire of the day;
 O praise his name, without whose purer light,
 Thou hadst been hid in an abyss of night.

²⁸Wentworth Dillon, Earl of Roscommon (c. 1633–85), "A Paraphrase of the 148th Psalm," in John Dryden, ed. *Examen Poeticum* (London: Jacob Tonson, 1706), 32–36.

- 4 Ye moon and planets, who dispense,
By God's command your influence;
Resign to him as your Creator due,
That veneration which men pay to you.
- 5 Fairest, as well as first of things,
From whom all joy, all beauty springs;
O praise th' Almighty Ruler of the globe,
Who useth thee for his imperial robe.
- 6 Praise him, ye loud harmonious spheres,
Whose sacred stamp all nature bears;
Who did all forms from the rude chaos draw,
And whose commands is th' universal law.
- 7 Ye wat'ry mountains of the sky,
And you so far above our eye,
Vast ever-moving orbs, exalt his name,
Who gave its being to your glorious frame.
- 8 Ye dragons, whose contagious breath
Peoples the dark retreats of death,
Change your fierce hissing into joyful song,
And praise your Maker with your forked tongue.
- 9 Praise him, ye monsters of the deep,
That in the sea's vast bosom sleep,
At whose command the foaming billows roar,
Yet know their limits, tremble and adore.
- 10 Ye mists and vapours, hail and snow,
And you, who through the concave blow,
Swift executors of his holy word,
Whirlwinds and tempests, praise th' Almighty Lord.
- 11 Mountains, who to your Maker's view
Seem less than molehills do to you,
Remember how when first Jehovah spoke,
All heav'n was fire, and Sinai hid in smoke.

- 12 Praise him, sweet offspring of the ground
With heav'nly nectar yearly crowned;
And ye tall cedars celebrate his praise,
That in his temple sacred altars raise.
- 13 Idle musicians of the spring,
Whose only care's to love and sing,
Fly through the world, and let your trembling throat
Praise your Creator with the sweetest note.
- 14 Praise him each savage furious beast
That on his stores do daily feast:
And you tame slaves of the laborious plow,
Your weary knees to your Creator bow.
- 15 Majestic monarchs, mortal gods,
Whose pow'r hath here no periods,
May all attempts against your crowns be vain;
But still remember by whose pow'r you reign.
- 16 Let the wide world his praises sing,
Where Tagus and Euphrates spring;
And from the Danube's frosty banks, to those
Where from an unknown head great Nilus flows.
- 17 You that dispose of all our lives,
Praise him from whom your pow'r derives:
Be true and just, like him, and fear his word,
As much as malefactors do your sword.
- 18 Praise him, old monuments of time;
O praise him in your youthful prime:
Praise him, fair idols of our greedy sense;
Exalt his name, sweet age of innocence.
- 19 Jehovah's name shall only last,
When heav'n, and earth, and all is past:
Nothing, great God, is to be found in thee,
But unconceivable eternity.

- 20 Exalt, O Jacob's sacred race,
The God of gods, the God of grace;
Who will above the stars your empire raise,
And with his glory recompense your praise.

15.
Psalm 150.²⁹

- 1 O praise the Lord in that blest place
From whence his goodness largely flows:
Praise him in heav'n, where he his face
Unveiled in perfect glory shows.
- 2 Praise him for all his mighty acts,
Which he on our behalf hath done;
His kindness this return exacts,
With which your praise should equal run.
- 3 Let the shrill trumpet's warlike voice
Make rocks and hills his praise rebound;
Praise him with harp's melodious noise,
And gentle psaltery's silver sound.
- 4 Let all, that vital breath enjoy,
That breath he doth to them afford
In just returns of praise employ;
Let every creature praise the Lord.

16.
Hymn to the Trinity.³⁰

- 1 Let God the Father live
Forever on our tongues;
Sinners from his free love derive
The ground of all their songs.
- 2 Ye saints, employ your breath
In honour to the Son,
Who bought your souls from hell and death,
By offering up his own.

²⁹Source: Nahum Tate and Nicholas Brady, *A New Version of the Psalms of David*, 2nd ed. (London: M. Clark, 1698), 313–14.

³⁰Source: Isaac Watts, *Hymns and Spiritual Songs*, 2nd ed. (London: John Lawrence, 1709), 310–11 (Book 3, no. 28).

- 3 Give to the Spirit praise
 Of an immortal strain,
 Whose light and pow'r 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.

17.
God's Eternal Dominion.³¹

- 1 Great God, how infinite art thou,
 What worthless worms are we?
 Let the whole race of creatures bow,
 And pay their praise to thee.
- 2 Thy throne eternal ages stood,
 Ere seas or stars were made:
 Thou art the everlasting God,
 Were all the nations dead.
- 3 Nature and time quite naked lie
 To thine immense survey,
 From the formation of the sky,
 To the great burning-day.
- 4 Eternity with all its years
 Stands present to thy view;
 To thee there's nothing old appears,
 Great God, there's nothing new.
- 5 Our lives through various scenes are drawn,
 And vexed with trifling cares,
 While thine eternal thought moves on
 Thine undisturbed affairs.
- 6 Great God, how infinite ...³²

³¹Source: Isaac Watts, *Hymns and Spiritual Songs*, 2nd ed. (London: John Lawrence, 1709), 190 (Book 2, no. 67).

³²I.e., stanza 1 repeated.

18.
The Creator and Creatures.³³

- 1 God is a name my soul adores,
Th' almighty Three, the 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.
- 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.

³³Source: Isaac Watts, *Horae Lyricae* (London: Humfreys, 1709), 14–16.

19.
The Divine Perfections.³⁴

- 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 pow'rs of hell,
 And breaks their dark designs.
Strong is his arm, and shall fulfill
His great decrees and sov'reign 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!

20.
Seraphic Love.³⁵

- 1 Away, vain world! My heart resign:
 For I can be no longer thine:
 A nobler, a diviner guest
 Has took possession of my breast.

³⁴Source: Isaac Watts, *Hymns and Spiritual Songs*, 2nd ed. (London: John Lawrence, 1709), 279–80 (Book 2, no. 169).

³⁵Source: John Norris, *A Collection of Miscellanies* (Oxford: J. Crosely, 1687), 22–24.

He has, and must engross it all;
And yet the room is still too small.
In vain you tempt my heart to rove;
A fairer object claims my love.

- 2 At last (alas, how late!) I've seen
One lovelier than the sons of men:
The fairest of ten thousand he,
Proportion all and harmony.
All mortal beauty's but a ray
Of his bright, ever shining day:
All before thee must disappear,
Thou only good, thou only fair.
- 3 To thee my longing soul aspires
With holy breathings, warm desires:
To thee my panting heart does move!
O pierce, fill, melt it with thy love!
How do thy glorious streams of light
Ev'n through this veil refresh my sight!
When shall m' imprisoned³⁶ soul be free,
And find light, life, love, heav'n in thee.

21.

Part of the 63rd Chap. of Isaiah.³⁷

- 1 No common vision this I see,
In more than human majesty!
Who is this mighty hero, who,
With glorious terror on his brow?
His deep dyed crimson robes outvie
The blushes of the morning sky:
Lo, how triumphant he appears,
And vict'ry in his visage bears!
- 2 How strong, how stately does he go!
Pompous and solemn is his pace,
And full of majesty his face.
Who is this mighty hero, who?

³⁶“M' imprisoned” changed to “my prisoned” in *HSP* (1740), 172.

³⁷Source: John Norris, *A Collection of Miscellanies* (Oxford: J. Crosely, 1687), 51–53.

'Tis I, who to my promise stand:
 I, who sin, death, hell, and the grave
 Have foiled with this all conquering hand:
 'Tis I, the Lord, mighty to save.

- 3 Why wear'st thou then this crimson dye;³⁸
 Say, thou all conqu'ring hero, why?
 Why do thy garments look all red,
 Like them that in the wine-vat tread?
 The wine-press I alone have trod,
 That pond'rous mass applied³⁹ alone;
 And with me to assist was none:
 A task, worthy the Son of God.
- 4 Angels stood trembling at the sight,
 Enraged I put forth all my might,
 And down the engine pressed; the force
 Put frightened nature out of course;
 The blood gushed out, and chequered o'er
 My garments with its deepest gore.
 With glorious stains bedecked I stood,
 And writ my victory in blood.
- 5 The day, the signal day is come,
 Vengeance of all my foes to take;
 The day, when death shall have its doom,
 And the dark kingdom's pow'rs shall shake;
 I looked, who to assist stood by:
 Trembled heav'n's hosts nor ventured nigh:
 Ev'n to my Father did I look
 In pain: my Father me forsook!
- 6 A while amazed I was to see
 None to uphold or comfort me:
 Then I arose in might arrayed,
 And called my fury to my aid;
 My single arm the battle won,
 And strait th' acclaiming hosts above
 Hymned, in new songs of joy and love,
 Jehovah and his conqu'ring Son.

³⁸Ori. "die"; corrected in *HSP* (1739), 132.

³⁹"Applied"; changed to "I plied" in *HSP* (1739), 133.

[22.]⁴⁰
The Resignation.⁴¹

- 1 Long have I viewed, long have I thought,
 And trembling held this bitter draught;
 'Twas now just to my lips applied;
 Nature shrank in, my courage died.
 But now resolved and firm I'll be,
 Since, Lord, 'tis mixed and giv'n by thee.
- 2 I'll trust my Great Physician's skill,
 What he prescribes can ne'er be ill:
 For each disease he knows what's fit,
 He's wise and good, and I submit.
 No longer will I grieve or pine:
 Thy pleasure 'tis; it shall be mine.
- 3 Thy med'cine puts me to great smart,
 Thou wound'st me in the tender'st part,
 But 'tis with a design to cure;
 I must and will thy touch endure.
 All that I prized below is gone;
 Yet still, Father, thy will be done.
- 4 Since 'tis thy sentence I should part
 With what was nearest to my heart,
 I freely that and more resign,
 Behold, my heart itself is thine.
 My little all I give to thee:
 Thou hast giv'n more, thy Son, to me.⁴²
- 5 He left true bliss and joy above,
 Emptied himself of all, but love:
 For me he freely did forsake
 More than from me he e'er can take.
 A mortal life for a divine
 He took, and did ev'n that resign.
- 6 Take all, great God, I will not grieve,
 But still wish I had still to give.

⁴⁰Ori., "21"; a misprint.

⁴¹Source: John Norris, *A Collection of Miscellanies* (Oxford: J. Crosely, 1687), 106–7.

⁴²This line changed in *CPH* (1743), 41 to: "Thou hast bestowed thy Son on me."

I hear thy voice, thou bidd'st me quit
My paradise, and I submit.
I will not murmur at thy word,
Nor beg thee to sheath up thy sword.

[23.]⁴³
The Aspiration.⁴⁴

- 1 How long, great God, how long must I
Immured in this dark prison lie!
Where from the avenues of sense
My soul has dim intelligence:
Where but faint gleams salute my sight,
Like moonshine in a cloudy night.
When shall I leave this dusky sphere,
And be all mind, all eye, all ear!
- 2 How cold this clime! And yet my sense
Perceives ev'n here thy influence.
Ev'n here the magnet's pow'r I feel,
And tremble like th' attracted steel.
And though to beauties less divine
Sometimes my erring heart decline,
Yet soon (so strong the sympathy)
It turns and points⁴⁵ again to thee.
- 3 I long to see this excellence,
Which at such distance strikes my sense.
My soul struggles to disengage
Her wings from this her earthly cage:
Would'st thou, great love, once set her free,
How would she haste t' unite with thee!
She'd for no angel's conduct stay,
But fly and love on all the way.

⁴³Ori. "22"; a misprint.

⁴⁴Source: John Norris, *A Collection of Miscellanies* (Oxford: J. Crosely, 1687), 117.

⁴⁵Ori., "pants"; corrected to Norris's wording in *HSP* (1740), 172.

[24.]⁴⁶
God Glorious, and Sinners Saved.⁴⁷

- 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 heav'nly 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.

⁴⁶Ori. "23"; a misprint.

⁴⁷Source: Isaac Watts, *Horae Lyricae* (London: Humfreys, 1709), 18.

[25.]⁴⁸
Sovereignty and Grace.⁴⁹

- 1 The Lord! How fearful is his name!
How wide is his command!
Nature with all her moving frame
Rests on his mighty hand.
- 2 Immortal glory forms his throne
And light his awful robe,
While with a smile or with a frown
He manages the globe.
- 3 A word of his almighty breath
Can swell or sink the seas,
Build the vast empires of the earth
Or break them as he please.
- 4 Adoring angels round him fall
In all their shining forms;
His sov'reign eye looks 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 passion⁵⁰ rise,
The⁵¹ tongue no more complain:
'Tis sov'reign love that lends our joys,
And love resumes again.

⁴⁸Ori. "24"; a misprint.

⁴⁹Source: Isaac Watts, *Horae Lyricae* (London: Humfreys, 1709), 95–96.

⁵⁰Changed from "passion" (Watts' wording) to "passions" in *CPH* (1741), 18.

⁵¹"The" is changed to "Our" in *CPH* (1743), 29.

[26.]⁵²
The Names of Christ.⁵³

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

- 2 In *Jesus* we behold
 His Father's glorious face,
 Shining forever bright
 With undiminished rays:
Th' eternal God's eternal Son
Inherits and partakes the throne.

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

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

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

- 6 Immense compassion reigns
 In our *Immanuel's* heart

⁵²Ori., "25"; a misprint.

⁵³Source: Isaac Watts, *Hymns and Spiritual Songs*, 2nd ed. (London: John Lawrence, 1709), 120–22 (Book 1, no. 148).

When he descends to act
The *Mediator's* part.
He is a *Friend* and *Brother* too,
Divinely kind, divinely true.

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

[27.]⁵⁴

The Offices of Christ.⁵⁵

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

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

3 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.

⁵⁴Ori. "26"; a misprint.

⁵⁵Source: Isaac Watts, *Hymns and Spiritual Songs*, 2nd ed. (London: John Lawrence, 1709), 124–27 (Book 1, no. 150).

- 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.
- 7 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.
- 8 O thou, Almighty *Lord*,
 My *Conqu'ror* and my *King*,
 Thy scepter and thy sword,
 Thy reigning grace I sing.
Thine is the pow'r, behold I sit
In willing bonds before thy feet.
- 9 Now let my soul arise
 And tread the tempter down,
 My *Captain* leads me forth
 To conquest and a crown.
March on, nor fear to win the day,
Though death and hell obstruct the way.
- 10 Should all the hosts of death
 And pow'rs of hell unknown
 Put their⁵⁶ most dreadful forms
 Of rage and mischief on;
I shall be safe, for Christ displays
Superior pow'r and guardian grace.

⁵⁶“Their” is changed to “the” in *CPH* (1741), 114.

[28.]⁵⁷

Christ Our Priest and King.⁵⁸

- 1 Now to the Lord, who makes us know
The wonders of his dying love,
Be humble honours paid below,
And strains of nobler praise above.
- 2 'Twas he, that cleansed our foulest sins,
And washed us in his richest blood:
'Tis he, that makes us priests and kings,
And brings us rebels near to God.
- 3 To Jesus, our atoning Priest,
To Jesus, our Almighty King,
Be everlasting pow'r confessed,
And every tongue his glory sing.
- 4 Behold, on flying clouds he comes
And every eye shall see him move:
Though with our sins we pierced him once,
Lo,⁵⁹ he displays his pard'ning love.
- 5 The unbelieving world shall wail,
While we rejoice to see the day:
Come, Lord, nor let thy promise fail,
Nor let thy chariots long delay!

[29.]⁶⁰

The New Creation.⁶¹

- 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!"

⁵⁷Ori., "27"; a misprint.

⁵⁸Source: Isaac Watts, *Hymns and Spiritual Songs*, 2nd ed. (London: John Lawrence, 1709), 45 (Book 1, no. 61).

⁵⁹"Lo" changed to "now" in *CPH* (1741), 116.

⁶⁰Ori., "28"; a misprint.

⁶¹Source: Isaac Watts, *Hymns and Spiritual Songs*, 2nd ed. (London: John Lawrence, 1709), 240 (Book 2, no. 130).

- 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 mold 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!

[30.]⁶²

Christ Worshiped by All Creatures.⁶³

- 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 lips⁶⁴ 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.

⁶²Ori., "29"; a misprint.

⁶³Source: Isaac Watts, *Hymns and Spiritual Songs*, 2nd ed. (London: John Lawrence, 1709), 46 (Book 1, no. 62).

⁶⁴"Lips" (Watts' original wording) changed to "hearts" in *CPH* (1743), 136.

[31.]⁶⁵

The New Covenant Sealed.⁶⁶

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

[32.]

God Our Light in Darkness.⁶⁷

- 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.

⁶⁵Ori. “30”; a misprint.

⁶⁶Source: Isaac Watts, *Hymns and Spiritual Songs*, 2nd ed. (London: John Lawrence, 1709), 285 (verses 1–3 are Book 3, no. 3:1–3) and 299 (verses 4–5 are Book 3, no. 16:6–7).

⁶⁷Source: Isaac Watts, *Hymns and Spiritual Songs*, 2nd ed. (London: John Lawrence, 1709), 177–78 (Book 2, no. 54).

- 3 The op'ning heav'ns 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.

[33.]

From the German:

*Dich, Jesu, loben wir.*⁶⁸

- 1 Thou, Jesu, art our King,
Thy ceaseless praise we sing:
Praise shall our glad tongue employ,
Praise o'erflow our grateful soul,
While we vital breath enjoy,
While eternal ages roll.
- 2 Thou art th' eternal light,
That shin'st in deepest night
Wond'ring gazed th' angelic train,
While thou bowedst the heav'ns beneath,
God with God wert man with man,
Man to save from endless death.
- 3 Thou for our pain didst mourn,
Thou hast our sickness borne:
All our sins on thee were laid:
Thou with unexampled grace
All the mighty debt hast paid
Due from Adam's helpless race.
- 4 Thou hast o'erthrown the foe,
God's kingdom fixed below.

⁶⁸Source: Nikolaus Ludwig von Zinzendorf, ed. *Das Gesang-Buch der Gemeinde in Herrn-Huth* (Halle: Wäysenhaus, 1737), 68–69 (#68, by Johann Scheffler).

Conqu'ror of all adverse pow'r,
Thou heav'n's gates hast opened wide:
Thou thine own dost lead secure
In thy cross, and by thy side.

5 Enthroned above yon sky
 Thou reign'st with God most high.
Prostrate at thy feet we fall:
Pow'r supreme to thee is giv'n;
Thee, the righteous judge of all,
Sons of earth and hosts of heav'n.

6 Cherubs with seraphs join
 And in thy praise combine:
All their choirs thy glories sing.
Who shall dare with thee to vie,
Mighty Lord, eternal King,
Sov'reign both of earth and sky!

7 Hail venerable train,
 Patriarchs, first-born of men!
Hail, apostles of the Lamb,
By whose strength ye faithful proved:
Join t' extol his sacred name
Whom in life and death ye lov'd.

8 The church through all her bounds
 With thy high praise resounds.
Confessors undaunted here
Unashamed proclaim their King;
Children's feebler voices there
To thy name hosannas sing.

9 'Midst danger's blackest frown
 Thee hosts of martyrs own.
Pain and shame alike they dare,
Firmly, singularly good;
Glorying thy cross to bear,
'Till they seal their faith with blood.

10 Ev'n heathens feel thy power,
 Thou suff'ring Conqueror!

Thousand virgins, chaste and clean,
From love's pleasing witchcraft free,
Fairer than the sons of men,
Consecrate their hearts to thee.

11 Wide earth's remotest bound
 Full of thy praise is found:
And all heav'n's eternal day
With thy streaming glory flames:
All thy foes shall melt away
From th' insufferable beams.

12 O Lord, O God of love,
 Let us thy mercy prove!
King of all, with pitying eye
Mark the toil, the pains we feel:
'Midst the snares of death we lie,
'Midst the banded pow'rs of hell.

13 Arise, stir up thy pow'r
 Thou deathless Conqueror!
Help us to obtain the prize,
Help us well to close our race;
That with thee above the skies,
Endless joys we may possess!

[34.]⁶⁹
A Single Eye.⁷⁰

1 Teach me, my God and King,
 In all things thee to see!
And what I do in any thing
To do it, as for thee.

2 To scorn the senses' sway
 While still to thee I tend,
In all I do, be thou the way,
In all, be thou the end.

⁶⁹Ori., "31"; a misprint.

⁷⁰Source: George Herbert, "The Elixer," *The Temple* (Cambridge: Buck & Daniel, 1633), 178–79 (#156).

- 3⁷¹ All may of thee partake,
Nothing so mean⁷² can be,
But draws, when acted for thy sake,
Greatness and worth from thee.
- 4 If done t' obey thy laws,
Even servile labours shine:
Hallowed all⁷³ toil, if this the cause,
The meanest work divine.
- 5 This is the long-sought stone⁷⁴
That all converts to gold;
For that which God for his doth own
Cannot for less be told.

[35.]⁷⁵
Crucifixion to the World.⁷⁶

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

⁷¹In *HSP* (1739), 33, Wesley adds an additional stanza, rendering this as stanza 4.

⁷²“Mean” changed to “small” in *HSP* (1739), 33.

⁷³“All” changed to “is” in *HSP* (1739), 33.

⁷⁴Wesley changed to “Th’ elixir this, the stone” in *HSP* (1739), 34; then reverted to original wording in the 2nd edition.

⁷⁵Ori., “32”; a misprint.

⁷⁶Source: Isaac Watts, *Hymns and Spiritual Songs*, 2nd ed. (London: John Lawrence, 1709), 289 (Book 3, no. 7).

[36.]⁷⁷
Charity.⁷⁸

- 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!

[37.]⁷⁹
Veni Creator.⁸⁰

- 1 Creator Spirit, by whose aid
The world's foundations first were laid,
Come, visit every pious⁸¹ mind,
Come, pour thy joys on humankind;
From sin and sorrow set us free,
And make thy temples worthy thee.

⁷⁷Ori., "33"; a misprint.

⁷⁸Source: Isaac Watts, "Love to God," *Hymns and Spiritual Songs*, 2nd ed. (London: John Lawrence, 1709), 163 (Book 2, no. 38).

⁷⁹Ori., "34"; a misprint.

⁸⁰Source: John Dryden, *Miscellany Poems*, 4th edition (London: Jacob Tonson, 1716), 5:251–52.

⁸¹"Pious" changed to "waiting" in *CPH* (1741), 35.

- 2 O source of uncreated heat,
The Father's promised Paraclete!
Thrice holy fount, immortal fire,
Our hearts with heav'nly love inspire:
Come, and thy sacred unction bring
To sanctify us while we sing.
- 3 Plenteous of grace descend from high,
Rich in thy sevenfold energy!
Thou strength of his almighty hand,
Whose pow'r does heav'n and earth command;
Refine and purge our earthy parts,
And stamp thine image on our hearts.
- 4 Create all new; our wills control;
Subdue the rebel in our soul;
Chase from our minds th' infernal foe,
And peace the fruit of love⁸² 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 Savior Son be glorified,
Who for lost man's redemption died;
And equal adoration be,
Eternal Paraclete,⁸³ to thee.

[38.]⁸⁴

The Thanksgiving.⁸⁵

- 1 O King of grief, (name strange, yet true,
To thee of all kings only due)
How, Saviour, shall I grieve for thee,
Who in all griefs preventest me?
- 2 Shall I weep blood? Thou'st wept such store
That all thy body was one door:
"My God, why dost thou part from me,"
Was such a grief as cannot be.

⁸²"Love" changed to "faith" in *CPH* (1741), 35.

⁸³"Paraclete" changed to "Comforter" in *CPH* (1745), 35.

⁸⁴Ori., "35"; a misprint.

⁸⁵Source: George Herbert, *The Temple* (Cambridge: Buck & Daniel, 1633), 27–28 (#5), much shortened and revised.

- 3 Then let me vie with thee in love,
And try who there shall conqu'ror prove
Giv'st thou me wealth? I will restore
All back unto thee by the poor.
- 4 Giv'st thou me honour? All shall see
The honour doth belong to thee:
A bosom friend? If false he prove,
To thee, I will tear thence his love.
- 5 My music shall find thee: each string
Shall have his attribute to sing,
And every note accord in thee,
And prove one God, one harmony.
- 6 Giv'st thou me knowledge? It shall still
Search out thy ways, thy works, thy will;
Yea, I will search thy book, nor move
'Till I have found therein thy love.
- 7 Thy love, I will turn back on thee,
O my dear Saviour, victory!
Then for thy passion—I for that
Will do—Alas; I know not what.

[39.]⁸⁶

Breathing after the Holy Spirit.⁸⁷

- 1 Come, Holy Spirit, heav'nly dove,
With all thy quick'ning pow'rs:
Kindle a flame of sacred love
In these cold hearts of ours.
- 2 Look, how we grovel here below
Fond of these earthly toys:
Our souls, how heavily they go
To reach eternal joys.

⁸⁶Ori., "36"; a misprint.

⁸⁷Source: Isaac Watts, *Hymns and Spiritual Songs*, 2nd ed. (London: John Lawrence, 1709), 159–60 (Book 2, no. 34).

- 3 In vain we tune our formal songs,
In vain we strive to rise;
Hosannas languish on our tongues,
And our devotion dies.
- 4 Father, shall we then ever live
At this poor, dying rate?
Our love so faint, so cold to thee,
And thine to us so great?
- 5 Come, Holy Spirit, heav'nly dove,
With all thy quick'ning pow'rs:
Come, shed abroad a Saviour's love;
And that shall kindle ours.

[40.]⁸⁸
The Witnessing Spirit.⁸⁹

- 1 Why should the children of a king
Go mourning all their days?
Great Comforter descend and bring
Some⁹⁰ tokens of thy grace!
- 2 Dost thou not dwell in all thy saints
And seal the heirs of heav'en?
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.

⁸⁸Ori., "37"; a misprint.

⁸⁹Source: Isaac Watts, *Hymns and Spiritual Songs*, 2nd ed. (London: John Lawrence, 1709), 114–15 (Book 1, no. 144).

⁹⁰"Some" changed to "The" in *CPH* (1741), 34.

[41.]⁹¹
Come, Lord Jesus!⁹²

- 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 the eternal pillars bow,
Blest Saviour, cleave the starry plains,
And make the crystal mountains flow.
- 3 Hark, how thy saints unite their cries,
And pray and wait the general doom;
Come thou, the soul of all our joys,
Thou, the desire of nations come.
- 4 Our heart-strings groan with deep complaint,
Our flesh lies panting, Lord, for thee:
And every limb and every joint
Stretches for immortality.
- 5 Now let our 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 vi'lent 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.

⁹¹Ori. "38"; a misprint.

⁹²Source: Isaac Watts, *Horae Lyricae* (London: Humfreys, 1709), 153.

- 8 Jesus, the God of might and love
New-molds our limbs of cumbrous clay,
Quick as seraphic flames we move,
To reign with him in endless day.

[42.]⁹³

God Exalted Above All Praise.⁹⁴

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

⁹³Ori., "40"; a misprint.

⁹⁴Source: Isaac Watts, *Horae Lyricae* (London: Humfreys, 1709), 159.

**Psalms and Hymns
For Wednesday or Friday.**

**1.
Psalm 63.⁹⁵**

- 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 Ev'n life itself without thy love
No lasting pleasure can afford;
Yea, 'twould 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.

⁹⁵Source: Isaac Watts, *The Psalms of David* (London: Clark, Ford & Cruttenden, 1719), 159–60.

2.
Psalm 88.⁹⁶

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

3.
Psalm 90.⁹⁷

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

⁹⁶Source: Matthew Prior, "Considerations on the 88th Psalm," in John Dryden, ed. *Examen Poeticum* (London: Jacob Tonson, 1706), 171–72.

⁹⁷Source: Isaac Watts, *The Psalms of David* (London: Clark, Ford & Cruttenden, 1719), 229–30.

- 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 ev'ning 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 tears,⁹⁸
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 eternal⁹⁹ home.

4.
Psalm 139.¹⁰⁰

Part 1.

- 1 Lord, all I am is known¹⁰¹ to thee,
In vain my soul would try
To shun thy presence, or to flee
The notice of thine eye.

⁹⁸“Tears” changed to “fears” in *CPH* (1741), 8.

⁹⁹“Eternal” changed to “perpetual” in *CPH* (1741), 8.

¹⁰⁰Source: Isaac Watts, *The Psalms of David* (London: Clark, Ford & Cruttenden, 1719), 369–72.

¹⁰¹Ori., “am known is”; a misprint, corrected in *CPH* (1743), 23.

- 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.
- 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 pow'r
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!

5.

Veni Creator.¹⁰²

- 1 Come, Holy Ghost, our souls inspire,
And lighten with celestial fire.

¹⁰²Source: William Birchley [i.e., John Austin], *Devotions in the Ancient Way of Offices ... Reformed by a Person of Quality* [Susanna Hopton] and Published by George Hickee (London: for J. Jones, 1700), Hymn #36 (pp. 455–56), with doxology added at end.

Thou the anointing Spirit art,
Who dost thy sevenfold gifts impart.

- 2 Thy sacred unction from above,
Is comfort, life, and fire of love.
Dispel with thy perpetual light
The darkness of our blinded sight.
- 3 Anoint and cheer our sullied face,
With the abundance of thy grace.
Keep far our foes, give peace at home:
Where thou art guide, no ill can come.
- 4 Teach us to know the Father, Son,
And thee, of both, to be but One.
That, through the ages all along,
This, this may be our endless song;
- 5 Praise God, from whom all blessings flow,
Praise him, all creatures here below;
Praise him above, ye heav'nly host,
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.¹⁰³

6.

From the German:

*Verborgne Gottes Liebe du.*¹⁰⁴

- 1 Thou hidden love of God; whose height,
Whose depth unfathomed no man knows,
I see from far thy beauteous light,
Inly I sigh for thy repose.
My heart is pained, nor can it be
At rest, till it finds rest in thee.
- 2 Thy secret voice invites me still
The sweetness of thy yoke to prove;

¹⁰³This closing doxology was crafted by Thomas Ken, originally as st. 14 of “A Morning Hymn” in *A Manual of Prayers*, revised edition (London: Charles Brome, 1695), 145, etc. (see p. 58 below).

¹⁰⁴Source: Nikolaus Ludwig von Zinzendorf, ed. *Das Gesang-Buch der Gemeine in Herrn-Huth* (Halle: Wäysenhaus, 1737), 483–84 (#542, by Gerhard Tersteegen).

- And fain I would: but though my will
 Be fixed, yet wide my passions rove.
 Yet hindrances strew all the way;
 I aim at thee; yet from thee stray.
- 3 'Tis mercy all, that thou hast brought
 My mind to seek her peace in thee!
 Yet while I seek, but find thee not,
 No peace my wand'ring soul shall see.
 O when shall all my wand'rings end,
 And all my steps to theeward tend?
- 4 Is there a thing beneath the sun,
 That strives with thee my heart to share?
 Ah tear it thence, that thou alone
 May'st reign unrivaled monarch there.
 From earthly loves I must be free,
 Ere I can find repose in thee.¹⁰⁵
- 5 O hide this self from me, that I
 No more, but Christ may in me¹⁰⁶ live!
 My vile affections crucify,
 Nor let one darling lust survive.
 In all things nothing may I see,
 Nothing desire or seek but thee!
- 6 O love, thy sov'reign aid impart,
 To save me from low-thoughted care!
 Chase this self-will through all my heart,
 Through all its latent mazes there.
 Make me thy duteous child, that I
 Ceaseless may Abba Father cry.
- 7 Ah, no! Ne'er will I backward turn:
 Thine wholly, thine alone I am!
 Thrice happy he, who views with scorn
 Earth's toys for thee his constant flame.
 O help, that I may never move
 From the blest footsteps of thy love!

¹⁰⁵Wesley revises the last four lines as follows in *HSP* (1739), 79:

Ah, tear it thence, and reign alone,
 The Lord of every motion there:
 Then shall my heart from earth be free,
 When it has found repose in thee.

¹⁰⁶“May in me” changed to “in me may” in *HSP* (1739), 79.

8 Each moment draw my heart away
From earth,¹⁰⁷ that lowly waits thy call:
Speak to my inmost soul, and say
I am thy love, thy God, thy all!
To feel thy pow'r, to hear thy voice,
To taste thy love is all my choice!

7.

Life and Eternity.¹⁰⁸

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 Or endless joy, or endless woe,¹⁰⁹
Attend on every breath;
And yet how unconcerned we go
Upon the brink of death!

¹⁰⁷Changed to read "... draw from earth away / My heart" in *HSP* (1739), 80.

¹⁰⁸Source: Isaac Watts, *Hymns and Spiritual Songs*, 2nd ed. (London: John Lawrence, 1709), 178–79 (Book 2, no. 55).

¹⁰⁹This line revised to read "Infinite joy, and endless woe" in *CPH* (1741), 15.

- 7 Waken, O Lord, our drowsy sense,
To walk this dang'rous road;
And if our souls are hurried hence,
May we¹¹⁰ be found with God.

8.
A Sinner's Sighs.¹¹¹

- 1 O look not, Lord, on my desert,
But on thy glory; for thou art
The mighty God, I a weak worm!
Destroy me not, but O reform.
- 2 Put me not to eternal shame,
Unfaithful steward as I am;
I have consumed thy goods, yet O!
Thy mercy, not thy vengeance show.
- 3 Suffer not an Egyptian night
To cover me; though long thy light
I have despised, yet 'gainst vile clay
Do not almighty pow'r display.
- 4 God of compassions! Lord of love,
The vials of thy wrath remove!
Look where th' atoning blood doth stand,
And quench thy wrath, and stay thy hand!
- 5 Thou art both judge and saviour, Lord!
Both life and death attend thy word:
O hear, O spare me! O forgive
Once more, and yet my soul shall live!

9.
Complaining of Spiritual Sloth.¹¹²

- 1 My drowsy powers, why sleep ye so?
Awake, my sluggish soul:

¹¹⁰“We” changed to “they” in *CPH* (1741), 15.

¹¹¹Source: George Herbert, *The Temple* (Cambridge: Buck & Daniel, 1633), 75 (#58).

¹¹²Source: Isaac Watts, *Hymns and Spiritual Songs*, 2nd ed. (London: John Lawrence, 1709), 151 (Book 2, no. 25).

- Nothing has half thy work to do;
Yet nothing's half so dull.
- 2 Go to the ants: for one poor grain,
See how they toil and strive!
Yet we who have a heav'n t' obtain
How negligent we live!
- 3 We for whose sake all nature stands,
And stars their courses move,
We for whose guards the angel bands
Come flying from above:
- 4 We for whom God the Son came down,
And laboured for our good,
How careless to secure that crown
He purchased with his blood!
- 5 Lord, shall we lie so sluggish still,
And never act our parts?
Come, Holy Dove, from th' heavenly hill,
And warm our frozen hearts.
- 6 Give us with active warmth to move,
With vig'rous souls to rise!
With hands of faith and wings of love
To fly and take the prize.

10.

From the German: *Seelen-Brautigam*.¹¹³

- 1 O thou, to whose all searching sight
The darkness shineth as the light,
Search, prove my heart; it pants for thee:
O burst these bands and set it free.
- 2 Wash out its stains, refine its dross,
Nail my affections to thy¹¹⁴ cross!
Hallow each thought: let all within
Be clean, as thou, my Lord, art clean.

¹¹³Source: Nikolaus Ludwig von Zinzendorf, ed. *Das Gesang-Buch der Gemeinde in Herrn-Huth* (Halle: Wäysenhaus, 1737), 375 (#415, by Zinzendorf).

¹¹⁴“Thy” changed to “the” in *HSP* (1739), 155.

- 3 If in this darksome wild I stray,
Be thou my light; be thou my way:
No foes, no violence I fear,
No fraud, while thou, my God, art near.
- 4 When rising floods my head o'erflow,
When sinks my heart in waves of woe,
Jesu, thy timely aid impart,
And raise my head, and cheer my heart.
- 5 Saviour, where'er thy steps I see,
Dauntless, untired I follow thee:
O let thy hand support me still,
And lead me to thy holy hill.
- 6 If rough and thorny be my way,
My strength proportion to my day:
'Till toil, and grief, and pain shall cease,
Where all is calm, and joy, and peace.

[11.]¹¹⁵
A Morning Hymn.¹¹⁶

- 1 Awake, my soul, and with the sun,
Thy daily stage of duty run;
Shake off dull sloth, and joyful rise,
To pay thy morning sacrifice.
- 2 Thy precious time, misspent, redeem;
Each present day thy last esteem;
Improve thy talent with due care,
For the great day thyself prepare.
- 3 In conversation be sincere,
Keep conscience, as the noontide, clear;
Think how all-seeing God thy ways,
And all thy secret thoughts surveys.
- 4 By influence of the light divine,
Let thy own light to others shine;

¹¹⁵Ori., "13"; a misprint.

¹¹⁶Source: Thomas Ken, *A Manual of Prayers... To which are added, Three hymns, for morning, evening and midnight*, revised edition (London: Charles Brome, 1695), 141–45.

Reflect all heav'n's propitious rays,
In ardent love, and cheerful praise.

- 5 Wake, and lift up thyself, my heart,
And with the angels bear thy part;
Who all night long unwearied sing,
High praise to the eternal King.
- 6 Awake, awake, ye heav'nly choir,
May your devotion me inspire,
That I, like you, my age may spend,
Like you, may on my God attend.
- 7 May I, like you, in God delight,
Have all day long my God in sight;
Perform, like you, my Maker's will;
O may I never more do ill!
- 8 Had I your wings, to heav'n I'd fly;
But God shall that defect supply,
And my soul, winged with warm desire,
Shall all day long to heav'n aspire.
- 9 All praise to thee, who safe hast kept,
And hast refreshed me, whilst I slept;
Grant, Lord, when I from death shall wake,
I may of endless light partake.
- 10 I would not wake, nor rise again,
Ev'n heav'n itself I would disdain,
Wer't not thou there to be enjoyed,
And I in hymns to be employed.
- 11 Heav'n is, dear Lord, where'er thou art,
O never then from me depart;
For to my soul 'tis hell to be
But for one moment void of thee.
- 12 Lord, I my vows to thee renew,
Disperse my sins, as morning dew;
Guard my first springs of thought and will,
And with thyself my spirit fill.

- 13 Direct, control, suggest, this day,
All I design, or do, or say,
That all my pow'rs, with all their might,
In thy sole glory may unite.
- 14 Praise God, from whom all blessings flow,
Praise him, all creatures here below;
Praise him above, ye heav'nly host,
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

12.
An Evening Hymn.¹¹⁷

- 1 All praise to thee, my God, this night,
For all the blessings of the light:
Keep me, O keep me, King of kings,
Beneath thy own almighty wings.
- 2 Forgive me, Lord, for thy dear Son,
The ill that I this day have done;
That with the world, myself, and thee,
I, ere I sleep, at peace may be.
- 3 Teach me to live, that I may dread,
The grave as little as my bed;
To die, that this vile body may
Rise glorious at the awful day.
- 4 O may my soul on thee repose,
And may sweet sleep mine eyelids close;
Sleep, that may me more vig'rous make,
To serve my God, when I awake.
- 5 When in the night I sleepless lie,
My soul with heav'nly thoughts supply;
Let no ill dreams disturb my rest,
No pow'rs of darkness me molest.
- 6 Dull sleep! Of sense me to deprive,
I am but half my time alive;
Thy faithful lovers, Lord, are grieved,
To lie so long of thee bereaved.

¹¹⁷Source: Thomas Ken, *A Manual of Prayers... To which are added, Three hymns, for morning, evening and midnight*, revised edition (London: Charles Brome, 1695), 145–48.

- 7 But though sleep o'er my frailty reigns,
Let it not hold me long in chains;
And now and then let loose my heart,
'Till it an hallelujah dart.
- 8 The faster sleep the senses binds,
The more unfettered are our minds;
O may my soul, from matter free,
Thy loveliness unclouded see!
- 9 O when shall I, in endless day,
Forever chase dark sleep away,
And hymns, with the supernal choir,
Incessant sing, and never tire!
- 10 O may my guardian, while I sleep,
Close to my bed his vigils keep;
His love angelical instil,
Stop all the avenues of ill:
- 11 May he celestial joys rehearse,
And thought to thought with me converse;
Or, in my stead, all the night long,
Sing to my God a grateful song.
- 12 Praise God, from whom all blessings flow,
Praise him, all creatures here below;
Praise him above, ye heav'nly host,
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

13.

A Midnight Hymn.¹¹⁸

- 1 My God, now I from sleep awake,
The sole possession of me take;
From midnight terrors me secure,
And guard my heart from thoughts impure.
- 2 Bless'd angels, while we silent lie,
You hallelujahs sing on high;

¹¹⁸Source: Thomas Ken, *A Manual of Prayers... To which are added, Three hymns, for morning, evening and midnight*, revised edition (London: Charles Brome, 1695), 148–51.

You joyful hymn the ever-blest,
Before the throne, and never rest.

- 3 I with your choir celestial join,
In offering up a hymn divine;
With you in heav'n I hope to dwell,
And bid the night and world farewell.
- 4 My soul, when I shake off this dust,
Lord, in thy arms I will intrust:
O make me thy peculiar care,
Some mansion for my soul prepare!
- 5 Give me a place at thy saints' feet,
Or some fall'n angel's vacant seat;
I'll strive to sing as loud as they
Who sit above in brighter day.
- 6 O may I always ready stand
With my lamp burning in my hand;
May I in sight of heav'n rejoice,
Whene'er I hear the Bridegroom's voice.
- 7 All praise to thee, in light arrayed,
Who light thy dwelling-place hast made:
A boundless ocean of bright beams
From thy all-glorious Godhead streams.
- 8 The sun, in its meridian height,
Is very darkness in thy sight:
My soul, O lighten, and inflame,
With thought and love of thy great name!
- 9 Bless'd Jesu, thou on heav'n intent,
Whole nights hast in devotion spent,
But I, frail creature, soon am tired,
And all my zeal is soon expired.
- 10 My soul, how can'st thou weary grow,
Of antedating bliss below,
In sacred hymns, and heav'nly love,
Which will eternal be above?

- 11 Shine on me, Lord! New life impart,
Fresh ardors kindle in my heart;
One ray of thy all-quick'ning light,
Dispels the sloth and clouds of night.
- 12 Lord, lest the tempter me surprise,
Watch over thine own sacrifice;
All loose, all idle thoughts, cast out,
And make my very dreams devout.
- 13 Praise God, from whom all blessings flow,
Praise him, all creatures here below;
Praise him above, ye heav'nly host,
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

[14.]¹¹⁹
Repentance.¹²⁰

- 1 Lord, I confess my sin is great,
Great is my sin, O gently treat
Thy tender flow'r, thy fading bloom,
Whose life's still aiming at a tomb.
- 2 Have mercy, Lord! Lo I confess,
I feel, I mourn my foolishness.
O spare me, whom thy hands have made
A with'ring leaf, a fleeting shade.
- 3 Sweeten, at length, this bitter bowl
Which thou hast poured into my soul!
O tarry not! If still thou stay,
Here sets in death my short-lived day.
- 4 When thou for sin rebukest man,
His drooping heart is filled with pain,
Blasted his strength: his beauty too
Consumes away as morning dew.

¹¹⁹Ori., "16"; a misprint.

¹²⁰Source: George Herbert, *The Temple* (Cambridge: Buck & Daniel, 1633), 40–41 (#19), much revised.

- 5 When wilt thou sin and grief destroy?
 That all the broken bones may joy,
 And at thy all-reviving word
 Dead sinners rise, and praise the Lord.

[15.]¹²¹

From the German.¹²²

- 1 All glory to th' eternal Three
 Of light and love th' unfathomed sea!
 Whose boundless pow'r, whose saving grace,
 Relieved me in my deep distress.
- 2 Still, Lord, from thy exhaustless store,
 Pure blessing and salvation show'r;
 'Till earth I leave, and soar away
 To regions of unclouded day.
- 3 My heart from all pollution clean,
 O purge it, though with grief and pain:
 To thee, lo! I my all resign;
 Thine be my soul, my will be thine!¹²³
- 4 O guide me, lead me in thy ways:
 'Tis thine the sinking hand to raise.
 Dead to all creatures may I be:¹²⁴
 Do thou support the feeble knee.¹²⁵
- 5 O Father, sanctify this pain,
 Nor let one tear be shed in vain!
 Soften, yet arm my breast: no fear,
 No wrath, but love alone be there.
- 6 O leave not, cast me not away,
 In fierce temptation's dreadful day:
 Speak but the word; instant shall cease
 The storm, and all my soul be peace!

¹²¹Ori., "17"; a misprint.

¹²²Source: Nikolaus Ludwig von Zinzendorf, ed. *Das Gesang-Buch der Gemeine in Herrn-Huth* (Halle: Wäysenhaus, 1737), 267–69 (#275, by Zinzendorf).

¹²³Line reversed in *HSP* (1739), 147, to: "Thine be my will, my soul be thine."

¹²⁴Line revised in *HSP* (1739), 147, to: "O may I ever lean on thee."

¹²⁵Line revised in *HSP* (1739), 147, to: "'Tis thine to prop the feeble knee."

[16.]¹²⁶
Submission.¹²⁷

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

[17.]¹²⁸
Home.¹²⁹

- 1 Lord, my head burns, my heart is sick,
While thou dost ever, ever stay!
Thy slowness wounds me to the quick,
My spirit gaspeth night and day.
- 2 How canst thou stay? Think on the pace,
The blood did make which thou didst waste.

¹²⁶Ori., "18"; a misprint.

¹²⁷Source: George Herbert, *The Temple* (Cambridge: Buck & Daniel, 1633), 87–88 (#70).

¹²⁸Ori., "19"; a misprint.

¹²⁹Source: George Herbert, *The Temple* (Cambridge: Buck & Daniel, 1633), 99–101 (#82). Compare Wesley's very different adaptation of this hymn in *HSP* (1739), 70–72.

When I beheld it down thy face
Trickling, I never saw such haste.

- 3 Yet if thou stay'st, why must I stay?
What is this weary world to me,
This world of woe? Ye clouds, away,
Away! I must get up and see.
- 4 What is this world, this meat and drink,
Which chains us by the teeth so fast?
This womankind, which I can wink
Into a blackness and distaste?
- 5 Nothing but drought, and thorn, and brake,
Which way so'er I look, I see:
Some dream of joys, but when they wake,
Hungry and faint, they fly to thee.
- 6 We talk of harvests: no such things,
There are, while in this wild we stray;
No fruitful year, but that which brings
The last and lov'd, though dreadful day.
- 7 O loose this frame! This knot untie!
That my free soul may use her wing,
Now pinioned with mortality,
As an entangled, hampered thing.
- 8 What have I left, to stay or groan?
The most of me to heav'n is fled;
My thoughts, my hopes, my joys are gone,
And for their old companion plead.
- 9 Come, dearest Lord, no longer stay;
My heart, my flesh and bones do pray:
Come, Lord, O show thyself to me,
Or take my longing soul to thee!

[18.]¹³⁰
From the German.¹³¹

- 1 Shall I, for fear of feeble man,
 Thy Spirit's course in me restrain?
 Or undismayed, in deed and word
 Be a true witness to my Lord?

- 2 Awed by a mortal's frown, shall I
 Conceal the word of God most high?
 How then before thee shall I dare
 To stand, or how thy anger bear?

- 3 Shall I, to soothe th' unholy throng
 Soften thy truths, and smooth my tongue?
 To gain earth's gilded toys, or flee,
 The cross endured, my God, by thee?

- 4 What then is he, whose scorn I dread?
 Whose wrath or hate makes me afraid?
 A man! An heir of death! A slave
 To sin! A bubble on the wave!

- 5 Yea let man rage! Since thou wilt spread
 Thy shadowing wings around my head:
 Since in all pain thy tender love
 Will still my sweet refreshment prove.

- 6 Saviour of men! Thy searching eye
 Does all my inmost thoughts descry:
 Doth ought on earth my wishes raise,
 Or the world's favour, or its praise?

- 7 The love of Christ does me constrain,
 To seek the wand'ring souls of men:
 With cries, entreaties, tears to save,
 To snatch them from the gaping grave.

- 8 For this let men revile my name,
 No cross I shun, I fear no shame:

¹³⁰Ori., "20"; a misprint.

¹³¹Source: Nikolaus Ludwig von Zinzendorf, ed. *Das Gesang-Buch der Gemeine in Herrn-Huth* (Halle: Wäysenhaus, 1737), 152–53 (#162, by Johann Joseph Winckler). This translation by Wesley also appeared (in same month) in George Whitefield's *Continuation of the Reverend Mr. Whitefield's Journal, from his Arrival at Savannah to his Return to London* (London: James Hutton, [May 7,] 1738), 44; omitting stanzas 3–4.

All hail, reproach, and welcome pain!
Only thy terrors, Lord, restrain.

- 9 My life, my blood I here present;
If for thy truth they may be spent,
Fulfil thy sov'reign counsel, Lord!
Thy will be done! Thy name adored!
- 10 Give me thy strength, O God of power!
Then let winds blow or thunders roar,
Thy faithful witness will I be —
'Tis fixed! I can do all through thee!

**Psalms and Hymns
For Saturday.**

**1.
Psalm 8.**¹³²

- 1 O thou, to whom all creatures bow,
Within this earthly frame,
Through all the world how great art thou!
How glorious is thy name.
- 2 In heav'n thy wondrous acts are sung,
Nor fully reckoned there;
And yet thou mak'st the infant tongue
Thy boundless praise declare.
- 3 Through thee the weak confound the strong,
And crush their haughty foes:
And so thou quell'st the wicked throng
That thee and thine oppose.

¹³²Source: Nahum Tate and Nicholas Brady, *A New Version of the Psalms of David*, 2nd ed. (London: M. Clark, 1698), 11–12.

- 4 When heav'n thy beauteous, work on high,
 Employs my wond'ring sight,
 The moon that nightly rules the sky,
 And stars of feebler light.
- 5 What's man, say I, that Lord thou lov'st
 To keep him in thy mind?
 Or what his offspring, that thou prov'st
 To him¹³³ so wondrous kind?
- 6 Him next in pow'r thou didst create
 To thy celestial train,
 Ordained with¹³⁴ dignity and state
 O'er all thy works to reign.
- 7 These jointly own his pow'rful¹³⁵ sway;
 The beasts that prey or graze,
 The bird that wings her airy way,
 The fish that cuts the seas.
- 8 O thou, to whom all creatures bow,
 Within this earthly frame,
 Through all the world how great art thou!
 How glorious is thy name.

2.

Psalm 29.¹³⁶

- 1 'Tis God that with amazing noise
 The wat'ry clouds in sunder breaks:
 The ocean trembles at his voice,
 When he from heaven in thunder speaks.
- 2 How full of pow'r his voice appears,
 With what majestic terror crowned!
 Which from their roots tall cedars tears,
 And strews their scattered branches round.
- 3 They and the hills on which they grow,
 Are sometimes hurried far away;

¹³³“Him” changed to “them” in *CPH* (1741), 60.

¹³⁴“With” changed to “in” in *CPH* (1741), 60.

¹³⁵“Pow'rful” changed to “sovereign” in *CPH* (1741), 60.

¹³⁶Source: Nahum Tate and Nicholas Brady, *A New Version of the Psalms of David*, 2nd ed. (London: M. Clark, 1698), 51–52.

And leap, like hinds that bounding go,
Or unicorns in youthful play.

4 When God in thunder loudly speaks,
And scattered flames of lightning sends,
The forest nods, the desert quakes,
And stubborn Kadesh lowly bends.

5 He makes the hinds to cast their young,
And lays the beasts dark coverts bare,
While those that to his courts belong
Securely sing his praises there.

6 God rules the angry floods on high,
His boundless sway shall never cease:
His saints with strength he will supply,
And bless his own with constant peace.

3.

Psalm 65.¹³⁷

Part 1.

1 For thee, O Lord, our constant praise,
In Sion waits our chosen seat:
Our thankful voices we will raise,
And there our zealous vows complete.

2 O thou, who to my humble prayer
Didst always bend thy list'ning¹³⁸ ear,
To thee shall all mankind repair,
And at thy gracious throne appear.

3 Our sins, though numberless, in vain
To stop thy flowing mercy try:
Thou overlook'st the guilty stain,¹³⁹
And washest out the crimson dye.

4 Blest is the man who near thee placed
Within thy sacred dwelling lives:

¹³⁷Source: Nahum Tate and Nicholas Brady, *A New Version of the Psalms of David*, 2nd ed. (London: M. Clark, 1698), 120–22.

¹³⁸Ori., “lightning”; a misprint when compared to Tate and Brady.

¹³⁹Ori., “strain”; a misprint when compared to Tate and Brady.

While we, at humbler distance taste
The vast delights thy temple gives.

- 5 By wondrous acts, O God most just,
Have we thy gracious answer found;
In thee remotest nations trust,
And those whom stormy waves surround.
- 6 God by his strength sets fast the hills,
And does his matchless power engage,
With which the sea's loud waves he stilled
And the mad crowds tumultuous rage.

Part 2.

- 1 Thou, Lord, dost barb'rous lands dismay
When they thy dreadful tokens view:
With joy they see the night and day,
Each other's track by turns pursue.
- 2 From out thy unexhausted store
Thy rain relieves the thirsty ground,
Makes lands that barren were before
With corn and useful fruits abound.
- 3 On rising ridges down it pours,
And every furrowed valley fills:
Thou mak'st them soft with gentle show'rs,
In which a blest increase distills.
- 4 Thy goodness does the circling year
With fresh returns of plenty crown,
And where thy glorious paths appear
Thy fruitful clouds drop fatness down.
- 5 They drop on barren forests, changed
By them, to pastures fresh and green:
The hills about in order ranged,
In beauteous robes of joy are seen.
- 6 Large flocks with fleecy wool adorn
The cheerful downs: ye valleys bring

A plenteous crop of full-eared corn,
And seem for joy to shout and sing.

4.
Psalm 148.¹⁴⁰

- 1 Praise ye the Lord, ye 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,
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.

¹⁴⁰Source: Isaac Watts, *Horae Lyricae* (London: Humfreys, 1709), 32–34.

- 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.

5.

The Same [Psalm 148].¹⁴¹

- 1 Ye boundless realms of joy,
Exalt your Maker's fame:
His praise your song employ
Above the starry frame.
Your voices raise, ye cherubim,
And seraphim, to sing his praise:
- 2 Thou moon that rul'st the night,
And sun that guid'st the day,
Ye glitt'ring stars of light,
To him your homage pay.
His praise declare ye heavens above,
And clouds that move in liquid air.
- 3 Let them adore the Lord,
And praise his holy name,
By whose almighty word
They all from nothing came,

¹⁴¹Source: Nahum Tate and Nicholas Brady, *A New Version of the Psalms of David*, 2nd ed. (London: M. Clark, 1698), 309–11.

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.

6.
Song to Creating Wisdom.¹⁴²

- 1 Eternal wisdom! Thee we praise,
 Thee the creation sings:
 With thy loud name, rocks, hills and seas,
 And heav'n'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 numerous glories show.
- 5 The noisy winds stand ready there
 Thy orders to obey;
 With sounding wings they sweep the air,
 To make thy chariot way.
- 6 There, like a trumpet loud and strong,
 Thy thunder shakes our coast;
 While the red lightnings wave along,
 The banners of thine host.
- 7 On the thin air, without a prop,
 Hang fruitful show'rs around:
 At thy command they sink and drop
 Their fatness on the ground.
- 8 Lo! Here thy wondrous skill array
 The earth¹⁴³ in cheerful green:

¹⁴²Source: Isaac Watts, *Horae Lyricae* (London: Humfreys, 1709), 56–60 (abridged).

¹⁴³“Earth” restored to Watts’ original “fields” in *CPH* (1741), 105.

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

7.

The Comparison & Complaint.¹⁴⁴

- 1 Infinite pow'r, eternal Lord!
How sovereign is thy hand!
All nature rose t' obey thy word
And moves at thy command.
- 2 With steady course thy shining sun
Keeps his appointed way;
And all the hours obedient run
The circle of the day.
- 3 But, ah! How wide my spirit flies,
And wanders from her God!
My soul forgets the heav'nly prize
And treads the downward road.

¹⁴⁴Source: Isaac Watts, *Horae Lyricae* (London: Humfreys, 1709), 73–74.

- 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.
- 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 mold divine.
- 8 Seize my whole frame into thy hand,
Here all my pow'rs 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.

8.

**Young Men and Maidens, Old Men
and Children, Praise Ye the Lord.**¹⁴⁵

- 1 Ye sons of Adam, bold and young,
In the wild mazes of whose veins
A flood of fiery vigour reigns,
Through limbs with hardy sinews strung;¹⁴⁶

¹⁴⁵Source: Isaac Watts, *Horae Lyricae* (London: Humfreys, 1709), 69–71.

¹⁴⁶Ori. “strong”; a misprint, corrected in *CPH* (1741), 103.

Fall prostrate¹⁴⁷ at th' eternal throne,
Whence your precarious pow'rs depend;
Nor vainly think your lives your own,
But choose your Maker for your friend.

2 Ye virgins, boast not of those charms,
That soon must yield their youthful grace
To age and wrinkles, earth and worms;
Love him who gave your smiling face:
That bridegroom claims your blooming hours,
O make it your perpetual care
To please that everlasting fair,
His beauty's shade alone is yours.

3 Infants, whose diff'rent destinies
Are wove with threads of diff'rent size,
But from the same spring-tide of tears
Commence your hopes and joys and fears;
With sounds of tend'rest accent raise
Young honours to his glorious name,
And consecrate your early days
To know and love the pow'r supreme.

4 Ye heads of venerable age
Just marching off the mortal stage,
Fathers, whose vital threads are spun
Long as the glass of life would run;
Adore the hand that led your way
Safe through a fair long summer's day;
Gasp out your soul, to praise that pow'r
By whom ye rise, and die no more.

9.

**Flying Fowl and Creeping Things,
Praise Ye the Lord.**¹⁴⁸

1 Sweet flocks, whose soft enameled wing
Swiftly and gently cleaves the sky,

¹⁴⁷Ori., "prostate"; a misprint, corrected in *CPH* (1741), 103.

¹⁴⁸Source: Isaac Watts, *Horae Lyricae* (London: Humfreys, 1709), 71–72.

Whose tuneful notes address the spring
With artless, melting harmony:
In leafy shadows as ye sit,
Awake, and with the dawning light
To nature's God your matins pay,
Who gives the sun his every ray.

- 2 Serpents, who o'er the meadows slide,
And wear upon your shining back
Those num'rous ranks of gaudy pride,
Which thousand mingling colours make:
In harmless play twist and unfold
The volumes of your scaly gold;
Let softened fires glance from your eyes
And speak your Maker kind and wise.
- 3 Insects and mites of mean degree,
That swarm in myriads o'er the land,
Moulded by wisdom's artful hand,
And painted with a various dye:
In your innumerable forms
Praise him that wears th' ethereal crown;
And bends his lofty counsels down
To earth, to despicable worms.

10.

David's Hymn to the Creator.¹⁴⁹

[Part 1.]

- 1 Bless God, my soul: thou, Lord, alone
Possessest empire without bounds!
With honour thou art crowned: thy throne
Eternal majesty surrounds.
- 2 With light thou dost thyself enrobe,
And glory for a garment take;
Heav'n's curtains stretch beyond the globe
Thy canopy of state to make.
- 3 God builds on liquid air, and forms
His palace-chambers in the skies,

¹⁴⁹Source: Nahum Tate and Nicholas Brady, *A New Version of the Psalms of David*, 2nd ed. (London: M. Clark, 1698), 207–12.

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 sov'reign's will.
- 5 Earth on her center 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 heav'n 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 the¹⁵⁰ 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:

¹⁵⁰“The” changed to “a” in *CPH* (1741), 78.

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 from¹⁵¹ 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,

¹⁵¹“From” changed to “of” in *CPH* (1741), 79.

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.