

CPH (1743) – Charles Wesley Psalms¹

[Baker list, #44]

Editorial Introduction:

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

The text below contains only the psalms added to this second edition, including two that had been published previously in other collections (shown in [blue font](#)).

Editions:

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

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

3rd London: Strahan, 1744.

4th Bristol: Farley, 1748.

5th London: Cock, 1751.

6th London, 1756.

5th Bristol: Grabham, 1760.

6th Bristol: Pine, 1762.

7th Bristol: Pine, 1765.

8th Bristol: Pine, 1771.

8th Bristol: Pine, 1773.

9th London: Hawes, 1776.

10th London: Hawes, 1779.

11th London: New Chapel, 1789.

Note:

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

¹This document was produced by the Duke Center for Studies in the Wesleyan Tradition under editorial direction of Randy L. Maddox, with the diligent assistance of Aileen F. Maddox. Last updated: July 12, 2010.

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A
COLLECTION
OF
PSALMS AND HYMNS.

[Part the First.]

Psalm I.²

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

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

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

²A manuscript version appears in MS Psalms, 1–2.

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

Psalm II.³

- 1 Why do the Jews and Gentiles join
To execute a vain design,
Idly their utmost powers engage,
And storm with unavailing rage?
- 2 Earth's haughty kings their Lord oppose,
The rulers list themselves his foes,
To fight against⁴ their God agree,
And slay th' incarnate deity.
- 3 As sworn their Maker to dethrone,
And Jesus his anointed Son,
To rise from all subjection freed,
And reign almighty in his stead.
- 4 The Lord that calmly sits above
Enthron'd in everlasting love,
Shall all their feeble threats deride,
And laugh to scorn their furious pride.
- 5 Then shall he in his wrath address,
And vex his baffled enemies,
Yet I have glorified my Son,
And plac'd him on his Father's throne.
- 6 Conqueror of sin and death and hell
He reigns a prince invincible,

³A manuscript version appears in MS Psalms, 2–3.

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

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

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

Psalm III.⁵

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

⁵A manuscript version appears in MS Psalms, 4-5.

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

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

Psalm IV.⁶

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

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

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

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

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

⁶A manuscript version appears in MS Psalms, 5–7.

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

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

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

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

Psalm V.⁷

- 1 O Lord, incline thy gracious ear,
My plaintive sorrows weigh,
To thee for succour I draw near,
To thee I humbly pray.
Still will I call with lifted eyes,
Come, O my God, and King,
Till thou regard my ceaseless cries,
And full deliverance bring.
- 2 On thee, O God of purity,
I wait for hallowing grace;
None without holiness shall see
The glories of thy face:
In souls unholy and unclean
Thou never canst delight;
Nor shall they, while unsav'd from sin,
Appear before thy sight.
- 3 Thou hatest all that evil do,
Or speak iniquity,
The hearts unkind, and hearts untrue
Are both abhor'd by thee.
The greatest and minutest fault
Shall find its fearful doom,
Sinners in deed, or word, or thought
Thou surely shall⁸ consume.
- 4 But as for me, with humble fear
I will approach thy gate,
Tho' most unworthy to draw near,
Or in thy courts to wait:
I trust in thy unbounded grace
To all so freely given,
And worship t'ward thy holy place,
And lift my soul to heaven.
- 5 Lead me in all thy⁹ righteous ways,
Nor suffer me to slide,

⁷A manuscript version appears in MS Psalms, 7–9.

⁸“Shall” changed to “shalt” in 4th edn. (1748) and following.

⁹Ori., “in thy”; corrected in errata.

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

6 Thou, Lord, shall¹⁰ drive them from thy face,
And finally consume,
Thy wrath on the rebellious race
Shall to the utmost come.
But all who put their trust in thee,
Thy mercy shall proclaim,
And sing with chearful melody,
Their dear Redeemer's name.

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

Psalm VI.¹¹

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

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

¹⁰“Shall” changed to “shalt” in 9th edn. (1776) and following.

¹¹A manuscript version appears in MS Psalms, 9–10.

- 3 Here, only here thy love must save;
I cannot thank thee in the grave,
Or tell thy pard'ning grace:
Who dies unpurg'd for ever dies,
The sinner, as he falls he lies
Shut up in his own place.
- 4 Weary of my unanswer'd groans;
Yet still with never-ceasing moans
I languish for relief,
With tears I wash my couch and bed,
My strength is spent, my beauty fled,
My life worn out with grief.
- 5 But shall I to my foes give place?
Or in the name of Jesus, chase
My troublers all away?
In Jesu's name, I say, depart
Devils and sins; nor vex my heart,
For God hath heard me pray.
- 6 The Lord hath heard my groans and tears,
The Lord shall still accept my prayers,
And all my foes o'erthrow,
Shall conquer, and destroy them too,
And make ev'n me a creature new,
A sinless¹² saint below.

Psalm XIII.¹³

- 1 How long wilt thou forget me, Lord,
Wilt thou forever hide thy face?
Leave me unchang'd, and unrestor'd,
An alien from thy¹⁴ life of grace!
- 2 How long shall I inquire within,
And seek thee in my heart in vain,
Vex'd with the dire remains of sin,
Gaul'd with the tyrant's iron chain.
- 3 How long shall Satan's rage prevail?
(I ask thee with a fault'ring tongue)

¹²John Wesley substituted "spotless" for "sinless" by hand in his personal copy of the 5th edn. (1751).

¹³A manuscript version appears in MS Psalms, 21–23; and MS Thirty, 40–41.

¹⁴"Thy" changed to "the" in 4th edn. (1748) and following.

- See at thy feet my Spirit fail,
And hear me feebly groan, How long!
- 4 Hear me, O Lord, my God, and weigh
My sorrows in the scale of love,
Lighten mine eyes, restore the day,
The darkness from my soul remove.
- 5 Open my faith's inlighten'd eyes,
O snatch me from the gulph beneath,
Save, or my gasping spirit dies,
Dies with an everlasting death.
- 6 Ah! Suffer not my foe to boast
His vict'ry o'er a child of thine,
Nor let the proud Philistine's host
In Satan's hellish triumph join.
- 7 Will they not charge my fall on thee,
Will they not dare my God to blame?
My God, forbid the blasphemy,
Be jealous for thy glorious name.
- 8 Thou wilt, thou wilt! My hope returns,
A sudden spirit¹⁵ of faith I feel,
My heart in fervent wishes burns,
And God shall there forever dwell.
- 9 My trust is in thy gracious power,
I glory in salvation near,
Rejoice in hope of that glad hour
When perfect love shall cast out fear.
- 10 I sing the goodness of the Lord,
The goodness I experience now,
And still I hang upon thy word,
My Saviour to the utmost thou.
- 11 Thy love I ever shall proclaim
A mon'ment of thy mercy I,
And praise the mighty Jesu's name,
Jesus the Lord, the Lord most high.

¹⁵Ori., "spark"; corrected in errata.

Psalm LI.¹⁶

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

¹⁶A manuscript version appears in MS Psalms, 135–39; and MS Thirty, 136–41.

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

- 7 But thou requirest all our hearts,
Truth rooted in the inward parts,
Unspotted purity;
And by thy grace I humbly trust,
To learn the wisdom of the just,
In secret taught by thee.
- 8 Surely thou wilt the grace impart,
Sprinkle the blood upon my heart,
Which did for sinners flow,
The blood that purges every sin,
The blood that soon shall wash me clean,
And make me white as snow.
- 9 Thou wilt my mournful spirit cheer,
And grant me once again to hear
Thy sweet forgiving voice,
That all my bones and inmost soul,
Broken by thee, by thee made whole
May in thy strength rejoice.
- 10 From my misdeeds avert thy face,
The strength of sin by pard'ning grace
Of all my sin remove,
Forgive, O Lord, but change me too,
But perfectly my soul renew
By sanctifying love.
- 11 My wretchedness to thee convert,
Give me an humble contrite heart,
My fallen soul restore,
Let me the life divine attain,
The image of my God regain,
And never lose it more.
- 12 Have patience, till by thee renew'd
I live the sinless¹⁷ life of God;
Here let thy Spirit stay:

¹⁷John Wesley substituted "spotless" for "sinless" by hand in his personal copy of the 5th edn. (1751).

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

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

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

- 19 Then hear a¹⁸ contrite sinner's prayer,
And every ruin'd soul repair,
Remember Sion's woe,
Shew forth thy justifying grace,
And for thyself vouchsafe to raise
A glorious church below.
- 20 When thou hast seal'd thy people's peace,
Their sacrifice of righteousness,
Their gifts thou wilt approve,
Their every thought, and word, and deed,
That from a living faith proceed,
And all are wrought in love.
- 21 Laid on the altar of thy Son,
Pleasing to thee thro' Christ alone
The dear peculiar race
Their grateful sacrifice shall bring,
And hymn their Father, and their King,
In endless songs of praise.

Psalm LXXX.¹⁹

(Adapted to the Church of England.)

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

¹⁸“A” changed to “the” in 4th edn. (1748) and following.

¹⁹A manuscript version appears in MS Cheshunt, 72–75; MS Clarke, 80–84; and MS Psalms, 203–6.

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

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

²⁰This stanza is deleted starting with 4th edn. (1748); and later stanzas renumbered accordingly.

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

Psalm CXXX.²¹

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

²¹First published in *HSP* (1740), 62–63. Manuscript version in *MS Psalms*, 322–23.

Psalm CXXXVII.²²

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

²²A manuscript version appears in MS Cheshunt, 101–3; MS Clarke, 116–18; and MS Psalms, 334–36.

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

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

A
COLLECTION
OF
PSALMS AND HYMNS.

Part the Second.

Psalm VIII.²³

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

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

²³A manuscript version appears in MS Psalms, 13–15.

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

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

Psalm XVIII, Ver. 1, &c.²⁴

- 1 Thee will I love, O Lord my power:
My rock and fortress is the Lord,
My God, my Saviour, and my tower,
My horn and strength, my shield and sword;
Secure I trust in his defence,
I stand in his omnipotence.
- 2 Still will I invoke his name,
And spend my life in prayer and praise,
His goodness own, his promise claim,
And look for all his saving grace,
Till all his saving grace I see,
From sin and hell forever free.
- 3 He sav'd me in temptation's hour,
Horribly caught and compass'd round,
Expos'd to Satan's raging power,
In floods of sin and sorrow drown'd,
Condemn'd the second death to feel,
Arrested by the pains²⁵ of hell.
- 4 To God my God with plaintive cry
I call'd, in agony of fear,
My humble wailing pierc'd the sky,
My groaning reach'd his gracious ear,
He heard me from his glorious throne,
And sent the timely rescue down.

Psalm XXIV.²⁶

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

²⁴A manuscript version appears in MS Psalms, 32.

²⁵“Pains” changed to “pangs” in 7th edn. (1765) and following.

²⁶A manuscript version appears in MS Psalms, 52–53.

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

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

Psalm XXXII.²⁷

- 1 Blest is the man, supremely blest,
Whose wickedness is all forgiven,
Who finds in Jesus' wounds his rest,
And sees the smiling face of heaven.
The guilt and power of sin is gone
From him that doth in Christ believe,
Cover'd it lies, and still kept down,
And buried in his Saviour's grave.
- 2 Blest is the man, to whom his Lord
No more imputes iniquity,
Whose spirit is by grace restor'd,
From all the guile of Satan free;
Free from design, or selfish aim,
Harmless,²⁸ and pure, and undefil'd,
A simple follower of the Lamb,
And harmless as a newborn child.
- 3 But while thro' pride I held my tongue,
Nor own'd my helpless unbelief,
My bones were wasted all day long,
My strength consum'd with pining grief.
Crush'd by thine anger's heavy hand,
Burnt up as a dry barren ground,
I ever of my sin complain'd,
But no relief, or mercy found.
- 4 Resolv'd at last, to God (I cried)
My sins I will at large confess,
My shame I will no longer hide,
My depth of desp'rate wickedness.

²⁷A manuscript version appears in MS Psalms, 74–76.

²⁸John Wesley substituted “Blameless” for “Harmless” by hand in his personal copy of the 5th edn. (1751).

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

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

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

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

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

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

Psalm XXXVI.²⁹

- 1 My heart to every vice inclin'd,
The sinner's closest sin bewrays³⁰
The fear of God he casts behind,
He hides himself among the trees,
Self-soothing in his lost estate
Sleeps on secure, and wakes too late.
- 2 His words are all deceit and lies,
He hatches mischief on his bed;
No longer to salvation wise:
In every thought and word and deed
He cleaves to sin and sin alone;
Evil and he I find are one.
- 3 But thou, O Lord, art full of grace,
Above the clouds thy mercies rise,
Stedfast thy truth and faithfulness,
Thy word of promise never dies,
Nor earth can shake, nor hell remove
The base of thine eternal love.
- 4 Unsearchable thy judgments are,
A boundless bottomless abyss:
But, lo! Thy providential care
O'er all thy works extended is;
In thee the creatures live and move,
And are: All glory to thy love!
- 5 Thy love sustains the world it made,
Thy love preserves both man and beast,
Beneath thy wing's almighty shade
The sons of men securely rest;

²⁹A manuscript version appears in MS Psalms, 90–91.

³⁰Ori., “bewray”; corrected in errata.

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

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

Psalm XLV.³¹

- 1 My heart is full of Christ, and longs
Its glorious matter to declare!
Of him I make my loftiest songs,
I cannot from his praise forbear;
My ready tongue makes haste³² to sing
The beauties of my heavenly King.
- 2 Fairer than all the earth-born race,
Perfect in comeliness³³ thou art,
Replenish'd are thy lips with grace,
And full of love thy tender heart:
God ever blest, we bow the knee,
And own all fulness dwells in thee.

³¹A manuscript version appears in MS Psalms, 118–32; and MS Thirty, 44–49.

³²Ori., “hast.”

³³Ori., “comliness.”

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

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

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

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

Psalm XLVII.³⁴

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

³⁴A manuscript version appears in MS Psalms, 126–27.

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

Psalm LVI.³⁵

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

³⁵A manuscript version appears in MS Psalms, 148–49.

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

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

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

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

Psalm LVII.³⁶

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

³⁶A manuscript version appears in MS Psalms, 150–51.

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

Psalm CXVIII.³⁷

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

³⁷A manuscript version appears in MS Psalms, 278–82.

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

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

- 2 The Lord, I now can say, is mine,
And confident in strength divine
Nor men,³⁸ nor fiends, nor flesh I fear:
Jesus the Saviour takes³⁹ my part,
And keeps⁴⁰ the issues of my heart,
My helper is forever near.

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

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

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

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

³⁸“Nor men” changed to “Nor man” in 7th edn. (1765) and following.

³⁹Ori., “take”; corrected in errata.

⁴⁰Ori., “keep”; corrected in errata.

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

Begirt with hosts of enemies
Vexations⁴¹ as thick-swarmling bees,
Quench'd as a blaze of thorns I see
Their fury's momentary flame;
I all destroy thro' Jesus' name,
And live from sin forever free.

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

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

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

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

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

⁴¹“Vexations” changed to “Vexatious” in 4th edn. (1748) and following.

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

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

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

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

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

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

- 10 Thee, Lord, with joyful lips we praise,
Now,⁴² send us now thy saving grace,
Make this the acceptable hour:

⁴²“Now” changed to “O” in 11th edn. (1789) and following.

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

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

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

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

Psalm CXX.⁴³

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

⁴³This psalm, new to this edition, was deleted from the very next edition in 1744. But Charles retained it in MS Psalms, 308.

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

Psalm CXXI.⁴⁴

- 1 To the hills I lift mine eyes
The everlasting hills,
Streaming thence in fresh supplies,
My soul the Spirit feels:
Will he not his help afford?
Help, while yet I ask, is given:
God comes down: the God and Lord
That made both earth and heaven.
- 2 Faithful soul, pray always; pray,
And still in God confide;
He thy feeble steps shall stay,
Nor suffer thee to slide:
Lean on the⁴⁵ Redeemer's breast,
He thy quiet spirit keeps,
Rest in him, securely rest;
Thy watchman never sleeps.
- 3 Neither sin, nor earth, nor hell
Thy keeper can surprize,
Careless slumber cannot steal
On his all-seeing eyes:
He is Israel's sure defence;
Israel all his care shall prove
Kept by watchful providence,
And ever-waking love.
- 4 See the Lord thy keeper stand
Omnipotently near:
Lo! He holds thee by thy hand,
And banishes thy fear;
Shadows with his wings thy head,
Guards from all impending harms;
Round thee and beneath are spread
The everlasting arms.

⁴⁴A manuscript version appears in MS Psalms, 308–10.

⁴⁵“The” changed to “thy” in 11th edn. (1789).

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

Psalm CXXII.⁴⁶

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

⁴⁶A manuscript version appears in MS Psalms, 310–11.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Psalm CXXIII.⁴⁷

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

⁴⁷A manuscript version appears in MS Psalms, 312.

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

- 2 As servants whom their Lord⁴⁸ chastise,
 Beneath the scourge impatient stand,
So on the Lord we turn our eyes,
 And wait till mercy stops his hand;
Till all his grievous plagues remove,
And angry justice yields to love.
- 3 Have mercy, Lord, the world restrain:
 The wicked is a scourge of thine:
Crush'd by the pride of carnal man,
 Dire instrument of wrath divine.
Our soul in helpless mis'ry lies,
And only thou can'st bid us rise.
- 4 Contemn'd and hated for thy cause,
 Thy only favour we implore;
Strengthen us to endure the cross,
 Till all their tyranny is o'er,
Till Christ with our reward comes⁴⁹ down
And ev'ry sufferer takes his crown.

Psalm CXXIV.⁵⁰

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

⁴⁸“Lord” changed to “lords” in 11th edn. (1789).

⁴⁹“Comes” changed to “come” in 7th edn. (1765) and following.

⁵⁰A manuscript version appears in MS Psalms, 312–13.

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

Psalm CXXV.⁵¹

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

⁵¹A manuscript version appears in MS Psalms, 314–15.

- 4 But let them still abide
 In thee, all-gracious Lord,
 Till ev'ry soul is sanctify'd,
 And perfectly restor'd.
 The men of heart sincere
 Continue to defend,
 And do them good, and save them here,
 And love them to the end.
- 5 Who to their sins draw back,
 And love again to stray,
 The narrow path of life forsake,
 And throng the spacious way,
 Back to their vomit turn,
 And fall from pard'ning grace;
 The Lord to punish them hath sworn,
 And drive them from his face.
- 6 But peace, and pow'r, and love
 Shall Israel's portion be,
 They all his promises shall prove,
 And all his goodness see,
 Holy and pure in heart
 Obtain the perfect pow'r:
 They can no more from God depart
 When they can sin no more.

Psalm CXXVI.⁵²

- 1 When our redeeming Lord
 Pronounc'd the pard'ning word,
 Turn'd our soul's captivity,
 O what sweet surprize we found!
 Wonder ask'd, "And can it be!"
 Scarce believ'd the welcome sound.
- 2 And is it not a dream?
 And are we sav'd thro' him?
 Yes, our bounding heart replied,
 Yes, broke out our joyful tongue,
 Freely we are justify'd;
 This the new, the gospel song!

⁵²A manuscript version appears in MS Psalms, 316–17.

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

Psalm CXXVII.⁵³

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

⁵³This psalm, new to this edition, was deleted from the very next edition in 1744. But Charles retained it in MS Psalms, 318–19.

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

Psalm CXXVIII.⁵⁴

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

⁵⁴A manuscript version appears in MS Psalms, 320–21.

- 4 Thy wife shall as the fruitful vine
Her blooming offspring shew,
Thy children shall be God's, not thine,
His pleasant plants below.
- 5 Around thy plenteous table spread
Like olive-branches fair,
Heav'n-ward they in thy steps shall tread,
And meet their parents there.
- 6 Thus shall the man be blest who owns
His Maker for his Lord:
Or doubly blest with better sons
Begotten by the word.
- 7 The children of thy faith and prayer,
Thy joyful eyes shall see,
Shall see the prosperous church, and share
In her prosperity.
- 8 Sion again shall lift her head,
And flourish all thy days,
Thy soul shall see the faithful seed,
And bless the rising race.
- 9 Fill'd with abiding peace divine,
With Israel's blessing blest,
Thou then the church above shall⁵⁵ join,
And gain the heav'nly rest.

Psalm CXXIX.⁵⁶

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

⁵⁵“Shall” changed to “shalt” in 4th edn. (1748) and following.

⁵⁶This psalm, new to this edition, was deleted from the very next edition in 1744. But Charles retained it in MS Psalms, 322.

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

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

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

Psalm CXXXI.⁵⁷

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

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

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

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

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

⁵⁷A manuscript version appears in MS Psalms, 324.

Psalm CXXXII.⁵⁸

- 1 Remember, Lord, the pious zeal
 Of ev'ry soul that cleaves to thee,
 The troubles for thy sake they feel,
 Their eager hopes thy house to see;
 Their vows to cry, and never rest,
 Till thou art in thy church ador'd,
 And dwell⁵⁹ in ev'ry faithful breast,
 And count⁶⁰ them worthy of their Lord.
- 2 We too the joyful sound have heard,
 That God is coming to his place
 Here in the wilderness prepar'd;
 Our Lord his ruin'd church shall raise.
 For this our willing soul shall go,
 And lowly at his footstool lie,
 Where'er his tent is pitch'd below,
 And for a glorious temple cry.
- 3 Arise, O Lord, into thy rest,
 Thou, and thy ark of perfect power,
 God over all, forever blest,
 Thee, Jesus, let our hearts adore.
 Thy priests be cloath'd with righteousness,
 Thy praise their happy lives employ,
 The saints in thee their all possess,
 And shout the sons of God for joy.
- 4 O for thy love, thy Jesu's sake,
 Us, thine anointed ones receive,
 In the belov'd accepted make,
 And bid us to thy glory live.
 The Lord hath sworn in righteousness,
 And seal'd the cov'nant with his Son,
 I will thy faithful seed increase,
 And 'stablish them on David's throne.
- 5 If in my word thy children stay,
 And in their Saviour's footsteps tread,
 The glorious gospel truth obey;
 The truth shall make them free indeed.

⁵⁸A manuscript version appears in MS Psalms, 324–26.

⁵⁹“Dwell” changed to “dwell'st” in 4th edn. (1748) and following.

⁶⁰“Count” changed to “count'st” in 4th edn. (1748) and following.

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

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

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

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

Psalm CXXXIII.⁶¹

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

⁶¹This psalm published first in *HSP* (1742), 174–75. Manuscript copy in *MS Psalms*, 326–28.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Psalm CXXXIV.⁶²

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

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

⁶²A manuscript version appears in MS Psalms, 328–29.

Psalm CXIV.⁶³

- 1 When Israel out of Egypt came,
 And left the proud oppressor's land,
Conducted by the great I AM,
 Safe in the hollow of his hand;
The Lord in Israel reign'd alone,
And Judah was his fav'rite throne.

- 2 The sea beheld his power, and fled,
 Disparted by the wondrous rod,
Jordan ran backward to his head,
 And Sinai felt th' incumbent God,
The mountains skip'd like frightened rams,
The hills leap'd after them as lambs.

- 3 What ail'd thee, O thou trembling sea,
 What horror turn'd the river back?
Was nature's God displeas'd at thee?
 And why should hills and mountains shake?
Ye mountains huge, who skip'd like rams,
Ye hills who leap'd as frightened lambs!

- 4 Earth tremble on, with all thy sons
 In presence of thy awful Lord,
Whose power inverted nature owns,
 Her only law his sovereign word:
He shakes the center with his nod,
And heaven bows down to Jacob's God.

- 5 Creation varied by his hand
 Th' omnipotent Jehovah knows:
The sea is turn'd to solid land,
 The rock into a fountain flows,
And all things, as they change, proclaim
Their Lord eternally the same.

⁶³A manuscript version appears in MS Psalms, 270–71.

Psalm CL.⁶⁴

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

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

- 3 Celebrate th' eternal God
With harp and psaltery,
Timbrels soft, and cymbals loud
In his high praise agree:
Praise him every tuneful string,
All the reach of heavenly art,
All the powers⁶⁵ of music bring,
The music of the heart.

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

⁶⁴A manuscript version appears in MS Psalms, 361–62.

⁶⁵“Powers” changed to “power” in 11th edn. (1789).