

POEMS ON
SUBJECTS
CHIEFLY DEVOTIONAL

VOLUME 2

By Anne Steele

Edited by Caleb Evans

1780

A NEW EDITION
Reset from the
1780 Edition, with Indices

2020

POEMS ON
SUBJECTS
CHIEFLY DEVOTIONAL.

[VOLUME 2]

A NEW EDITION.

To which is added, A Third Volume,
consisting of Miscellaneous Pieces,

By THEODOSIA.
[Anne Steele]

[Edited by CALEB EVANS]

... He tunes
My voice (if tuned); the nerve that writes, sustains,
Night Thoughts.

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POEMS
ON
SUBJECTS
CHIEFLY
DEVOTIONAL.

Vol. II.

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OCCASIONAL POEMS

1. The Invocation.

[Irreg.]

1 Say, gentle muse, who oft has deigned
 With humble solitude to dwell;
Whose cheering visits, in the lonely cell,
 With tuneful numbers soothed my pain,
And bade the sadly pleasing strain,
 To ease my woe,
 Harmonious flow;
And pensive care sat listening while my song complained.

2 Say, wilt thou ne'er return?
 And must I ever mourn?
 And must I ever tune in vain
 The dull unanimated strain?
 O come, the languid notes inspire,
 Once more awake the sacred lyre,
And teach my song on stronger wings to rise.
 Unmindful of her heavenly birth,
 My groveling soul sinks down to earth;
 And while she tries
 In vain to rise,
 Clouds interpose, and veil the distant skies.

3 Come, sweet Urania, come, thy cheering power
 Once more impart,
 To warm my heart:
To thee, I would devote this solemn, silent hour.
 Retired from company and noise,
 Amusement flies; her idle fluttering train
Reflection, sighing, owns are empty, light and vain,
 And bids my heart aspire to nobler joys.

4 To nobler joys than earth bestows,
 Were earth, in all her fairest charm
 To lure my eyes, and tempt my arms,
 And try to gain my heart.
 My heart replies
 In painful sighs,
 Vain world, depart!
 Thy soft allurements all are vain;
 Thy sweetest pleasures are but gilded woes,
Thy brightest scenes are clouded soon,
 and darkening end in pain.

5 Come heaven born faith, fair seraph come;
How weak the muse's power without thy aid!
 Thy radiant eye can pierce the gloom,
 Can guide her doubtful flight,
 Beyond the seats of night,
 And point afar
 The morning star,
Which cheers with heaven's sweet dawn this mortal shade!

6 Here let my invocation end;
 Or rather here begin!
 Bright morning-star, thy blissful ray
 Can chase this mortal shade away,
 This night of death and sin.
 Before thy all-enlivening eye,
 Death, sin, and fear, and terror fly,
 And hope looks up and hails the rising day.
 Then comfort smiles, desire and faith ascend,
 Kind messenger of life, on thee my hopes depend.

7 Bright morning star, when wilt thou rise
 On this benighted heart?
 Thou art my light, and thou my guide:
 O come, and bless my longing eyes,
 Dispel these gloomy clouds which hide
 Thy soul reviving-light;
 Break with immortal radiance, through the night,
 And in thy healing beams, the dawn of heaven impart.

8 Thy beams alone can bring my day;
 O shine with soul-attracting ray,
 Till darkness, sin, and doubt retire,
And raise my languid heart, and bid my hope aspire
 To bliss unmingled and refined;
 Bright scenes unknown below,
 Without a shade of woe,
 Immortal pleasures, worthy of the mind!
Then shall the muse awake the sacred lyre;
 Then shall her sweetest notes harmonious rise,
 And bear my thoughts enraptured to the skies,
While love and thankful joy the votive song inspire.

2. To Florio.

[10 10. 10 10.]

1 For blooming happiness young Florio sighs;
 And yonder, see, the lovely stranger wait!
 Desire, impatient, sparkles in his eyes,
 Till wealth conduct her smiling to his gate.

2 Here, Florio, take this glass, and look again;
 You'll find tis distance makes her seem so fair.
 She must be yours—nor shall you sigh in vain—
 Not blooming happiness, but wrinkled care;

- 3 Companion of your life, for heaven ordains
 That care, with riches is a constant guest;
 Yet fond, mistaking mortals court her chains,
 And think her tyrant sway will make them blest.
- 4 But upward point that glass of truth, and see
 A fairer guest, descending from the sky,
 Celestial hope! tis she, my friend, tis she
 Who never pains the heart, or cheats the eye.
- 5 Kind hope, she rules the mind with sweet control,
 Her voice is harmony! propitious fair!
 She calms, inspires, and animates the soul,
 And wins a smile from gloomy frowning care.
- 6 Care plants a thorny forest on the plain,
 And teasing, bids you trace that forest o'er
 In search of happiness, but still in vain
 Your weary steps the mazy wild explore.

- 7 Celestial hope relieves your anxious mind,
While through the gloom the dear supporter guides
Your doubtful way, and whispers, You shall find
(Though distant far) where happiness resides.
- 8 See the shades open!—now direct your eye,
A beam of glory points her bright abode,
Beyond the reach of care above the sky:
This glass, this faithful glass will show the road.

3. To Belinda.

[10 10. 10 10.]

- 1 Belinda to her utmost wish is well!
But stay, my friend—that hasty thought review—
New wishes yet will rise to break your rest;
And if not lasting, can your bliss be true?
- 2 True happiness is not the growth of earth,
The toil is fruitless if you seek it there!
Tis an exotic of celestial birth,
And never blooms, but in celestial air.

- 3 Sweet plant of paradise, its seeds are sown
In here and there a mind of heavenly mold;
It rises slow, and buds, but ne'er is known
To blossom fair, the climate is too cold.
- 4 Ah no, Belinda, you have only found
Some flower that charms your fancy, gaily dressed
In shining dyes, a native of the ground,
And think you are of happiness possessed.
- 5 But mark its date, tomorrow you may find
The colours fade, the lovely form decay:
And can that pleasure satisfy the mind,
Which blooms, and fades, the solace of a day?
- 6 O may your erring wishes learn to rise
Beyond the transient bliss which fancy knows!
Search not on earth, explore its native skies;
There happiness in full perfection grows.

4. Resignation.

[L. M.]

- 1 Weary of these low scenes of night,
 My fainting heart grows sick of time;
 Sighs for the dawn of sweet delight,
 Sighs for a distant, happier clime!

- 2 Ah why that sigh?—peace, coward heart,
 And learn to bear thy lot of woe:
 Look round—how easy is thy part,
 To what thy fellow-sufferers know.

- 3 Are not the sorrows of the mind
 Entailed on every mortal birth?
 Convinced, hast thou not long resigned
 The flattering hope of bliss on earth?

- 4 Tis just, tis right; thus he ordains,
 Who formed this animated clod;
 That needful cares, instructive pains,
 May bring the restless heart to God.

- 5 In him, my soul, behold thy rest,
Nor hope for bliss below the sky:
Come resignation to my breast,
And silence every plaintive sigh.
- 6 Come faith, and hope, celestial pair!
Calm resignation waits on you;
Beyond these gloomy scenes of care,
Point out a soul-enlivening view.
- 7 Parent of good, tis thine to give
These cheerful graces to the mind:
Smile on my soul, and bid me live
Desiring, hoping, yet resigned!
- 8 Thy smile—sweet dawn of endless day!
Can make my weary spirit blest;
While on my Father's hand I stay,
And in his love securely rest.
- 9 My Father, dear, delightful name!
Replete with life, and joy sincere!
O wilt thou gracious, seal my claim,
And banish every anxious fear!

- 10 Then, cheerful shall my heart survey
The toils and dangers of the road;
And patient keep the heavenly way,
Which leads me homewards to my God.

5. An Evening Walk.

[77 10. 77 10.]

- 1 From the philosophic grove,
Where enlarged ideas rove,
In earth, or air, collecting sweets divine:
The lonely rural cell,
Where the humble virtues dwell,
Unenvied dwell! and yet how fair they shine!
- 2 Meditation, pleasing guest!
Come to this desiring breast,
And make it, like the evening air, serene!
See, what cheerful verdure spreads
O'er the fields and o'er the meads,
And trace the beauties of the vernal scene.

- 3 Beauties, ah how short their boast!
 Now they bloom—and now they're lost,
And all that looks so gay, shall cease to charm!
 Melancholy thought—away—
 Not in vain is nature gay,
She bids expectant hope the bosom warm.
- 4 Hope with ever-cheerful eye,
 O'er yon verdant fields can spy
Fair plenty pour profuse the future bread:
 On the rosy-blossomed trees,
 Smiling—fading—now she sees
Autumnal fruits, their richer beauties spread,
- 5 Meditation, come away,
 Hope attends thee, ever gay;
Come sweet companions, tune my artless lays!
 Nature's every various grace,
 While my thoughts with wonder trace,
O may that wonder, wake my heart to praise!
- 6 Can I view with languid thought,
 All the scene with blessings fraught,
Nor own the bounteous hand from whence they flow?
 See, how wisdom, goodness, power,
 Join to bid my heart adore,
And pay the debt of praise I hourly owe!

7 Praise, a tribute ah how poor!
 Language, what is all thy store,
My boundless obligations to display?
 Bid the earth-born reptile try,
 Looking upward to the sky,
To count the blessings of the source of day.

8 Faint are all the notes I raise,
 Lord, accept my wish to praise;
To thee my heart, to thee my all belongs;
 Thy inspiring grace impart,
 Teach the breathings of my heart
To praise thee better than my feeble songs.

6. The Humble Claim.

[Irreg.]

My God—important, glorious, blissful name!
Can I without a fear, assert my claim?
I fear, yet hope, I doubt, and yet desire,
Now tremble low on earth, and now aspire,
Aspire to love—ah vile, ungrateful heart!
Canst thou sincerely love, and yet depart,
So oft depart, enticed by earthly toys,
In chase of dreams forsake substantial joys?

His word recalls my heart, invites my trust;
That word reveals him, merciful and just:
Kind mercy, smiling power, forbids despair;
But who, O justice, who thy frown can bear?
He bore the frown, the stroke of justice, He
Who died for man—O may I say, for me!
Then justice sheathed her sword, and reconciled,
Owned the full ransom paid—and mercy smiled,
Triumphant mercy! —how divinely bright!
How angels gazed, and wondered at the sight!

Had angels cause of wonder? Man has more;
Yes, dearest Lord, I wonder, love, adore!
My Saviour, O permit my humble trust,
Permit my soul, though mourning in the dust,
To look to thee, my hope, my only stay?
And sure, thou wilt not frown my soul away,
For thou art love; thou wilt not say, Depart,
But, Give me, trembling sinner, all thy heart.
To thee, my heart, dear Saviour, I resign,
Thy grace, with sweet constraint can make it thine!
Vile wretched heart! thy powerful grace alone
Can cleanse, renew, and make it all thy own.
O let thy love, thy all prevailing love,
Possess my heart, and every fear remove?
Then shall my soul assert her joyful claim,
Great Mediator, in thy worthy name!
Then shall I say, my God, with full delight,
While all his promises my trust invite!
My God, transporting accents! bliss divine!
Indulge the claim, O let me call thee mine!
O may my panting heart to thee aspire,
With restless wishes, with intense desire,
Till full assurance of thy love impart
The dawn of heaven to my enraptured heart!

Ah what is earth, with all her flattering toys?
Ye dreams begone—I seek substantial joys!
Substantial joys those glorious words contain,
My God!—let not my heart repeat in vain,
My God! O seal my claim, and I am blest,
Here my hope terminates, my wishes rest,
Of full, unbounded happiness possessed.

7. The Prospect.

[Irreg.]

To melancholy, softly-pensive power,
As late I gave the solitary hour;
Before my thoughts, in long succession, rose
The sadly-varied train of human woes.
To contemplation's mount, (serene retreat!)
The muse indulgent led my willing feet;
And while I viewed the extended prospect round,
She bade the soothing, plaintive lyre resound.

Here, on a verdant plain bespread with flowers,
The sons of mirth indulge their sprightly powers;
With roses crowned, how blithesome. light, and gay,
They dance and sing the flying hours away!

Reflection, care, and foresight, all retreat
For here hath pleasure only fixed her seat:
Her wretched votaries court her silken chains
For present joy, nor dream of future pains.
Death ready armed attends, and marks unseen,
His fated victims in the mirthful scene.
Ha!—whence that groan?—from yonder gloomy cell:
So near the seats of joy, can anguish dwell?
Yes keenest anguish there and terror reign:
Oh, would the thoughtless, laughing, frolic train
Attend, nor let that warning groan be vain!

Unlike to these, yon restless tribe behold!
Their lives, incessant toil; their idol, gold:
Close at their heels attends corroding care,
On either side, distrust and anxious fear.
To friendship strangers, and to social joys;
The wish of wealth their sordid souls employs.
Their hopes, their cares, are lost in glittering dust:
The toil how fruitless! and how vain the trust!
Insidious death prepares his ruthless dart,
To rend the idol from the bleeding heart,

And now a different scene my eye surveys,
An eager throng, the candidates for praise.
To gain the envied height, where fame bestows
Her fairest wreath, each panting bosom glows.
The glorious prize inspires their ardent toils,
Till on their brow the dear-bought laurel smiles.
Behold the sons of valour, learning, wit;
High on an eminence sublime they sit,
With crowds of flatterers fawning at their feet.
But see, malignant envy stealing nigh!
She breathes—the tainted laurels droop and die,
The changeful many mark the dire disgrace,
And pluck the little pageants from their place;
Surprising change! almost adored before,
Now named with infamy, or named no more.

Such mournful scenes,
 what heart unmoved could bear?
Soft pity dropped the unavailing tear.
Ah, wretched mortals! a deluded train!
Their hopes, their joys, their busy cares, how vain;
Are gifts like these, O earth, thy proudest boast?
Thy favourites prove their value to their cost.

Tis then their real estimate we know,
When fame, wealth, pleasure, end in death or woe.
The view how doleful, did there not appear
A few of mien sedate, and cheerful air.
A happy few, whom true religion guides,
Points out their path, and o'er their steps presides!
When griefs oppress, her gentle hand sustains;
Her cheering voice can soften all their pains.
Though arrows winged with danger, fly around,
She wards the stroke, or heals the smarting wound.
Her sacred dictates they with joy obey,
Nor wish to leave the heaven-directed way.
Nor fame allures, nor pleasure's silken chain,
Nor glittering dust, their nobler thoughts detain:
Desire and hope sit smiling in their eyes,
With patience tempered; while the distant skies
Attract their upward glance, and speak their care,
And speak their joy and expectation there.
Hail heaven-taught minds! my heart your friendship claims;
Be mine your cares, and hopes, your joys and aims.

O for a beam of glory from above,
To bid the intervening clouds remove;

From earth's low dregs to purge the visual ray,
And clear my prospect to the realms of day.
Dim is the eye of sense; but faith supplies
(Inspired by heaven) what feeble sense denies.
In revelation's glass, celestial aid
Applied by faith, what wonders are displayed!
What boundless glories open to the view!
And joys forever bright! forever new!
Unfading honours! pleasures all refined!
And riches lasting as the immortal mind!
There full delight, a boundless river, flows!
There unforbid, the tree of knowledge grows!
And there the tree of life invites the taste
To fruits celestial, an immortal feast!
There an unfading verdure clothes the plains,
And constant spring in perfect beauty reigns,
A paradise with every joy replete!
Nor pain, nor care invade the safe retreat:
For there the living source of bliss displays,
Without a cloud, his life-inspiring rays.
No mortal ear has known, no mortal eye,
No stretch of human thought can e'er descry,
Nor faith with heaven imparted ardour trace
The endless glories of the blissful place.

Oh, happy favourites of almighty love,
Whose hopes, and cares, and hearts, are fixed above!
Stern death, to these, no frown of terror wears!
Kind envoy from their Father's court, he bears
His blest commission, to dissolve the tie
Which holds their longing spirits from the sky.

Now rise my wishes high to joys divine;
O may this state, this blissful state, be mine!
Great spring of life, to thee my heart aspires,
Forgive and animate these faint desires.
Thou ever-gracious, potent, wise and just,
Whose promised aid invites my humble trust;
Instruct my feet to shun, with constant care,
The path where pleasure spreads the tempting snare:
Teach me to scorn the joys of treasured earth:
Ignoble aim, unworthy of my birth,
Beneath my hopes; nor let deluding fame
Allure me with the empty sound, a name.
Thy favour is my wish; for this alone,
Is honour, boundless pleasure, wealth unknown.
My God, my guide, thy guardian care display,
And let thy blissful presence cheer my way,

Through life's bewildered maze, in every scene,
My light in darkness, my support in pain.
At death's approach, O let thy smile impart
Celestial consolation to my heart;
Thy gracious smile shall banish every fear,
And gentle death without a frown appear:
Kind messenger, to bear me to my God,
To dwell forever in thy bright abode!

8. Desiring to Bid Adieu to the World.

[88. 84.]

- 1 Vexatious world, thy flattering snares
Too long have held my easy heart;
And shalt thou still engross my cares?
 Vain world, depart.

- 2 I want delights thou canst not give,
Thy joys are bitterness and woe;
My pining spirit cannot live
 On ought below.

- 3 Enchanting prospects court the eye,
 And gay alluring pleasures smile;
 But in the fond pursuit they die:
 Ah fruitless toil!
- 4 But grief, substantial grief is here,
 As gloomy as Egyptian night;
 When will the smiling dawn appear
 Of true delight?
- 5 How oft convinced shall I complain.
 That happiness can not be found?
 Yet sighing, mourning, still in vain,
 Cleave to the ground.
- 6 Look, Sovereign Goodness from the skies,
 Look down with gently-pitying eye;
 O bid my fainting spirit rise:
 To thee I sigh.
- 7 With beams of sweet celestial light,
 Dispel the dark oppressive gloom;
 Display the mansions of delight,
 And bid me come.

- 8 Those shining realms of endless day
Could I one happy moment view,
Then should my soul with transport say,
Vain world, adieu.

9. Occasioned by Reading
Mr. Gray's Hymn to Adversity.¹ [10 10. 10 10.]

- 1 Kind adversity, thou friend to truth,
By thee to virtue formed, the human mind
Disdains the vanities of heedless youth;
How roving else, and ignorant and blind!
- 2 When flattering fortune shines with gaudy blaze.
In fascinating chains she holds the eye;
The mind is lost in error's fatal maze,
And dreams of lasting bliss below the sky.
- 3 Thy friendly admonitions rouse the soul,
Conviction rises strong to break the snare;
Truth, (heavenly guide!) appears with kind control,
And fortune's painted scenes are lost in air.

¹ Thomas Gray, Hymn to Adversity, 1742.

- 4 Though rough thy aspect, and thy frown severe,
 Tis but to bend the proud, the stubborn heart;
 A soft emollient, is thy briny tear,
 And thy corrosives pain with healing smart.
- 5 The kindest, gentled virtues form thy train;
 Reflection comes with pensive musing eye,
 And humble penitence, that not in vain
 Presents to heaven the supplicating sigh.
- 6 Meek patience looks unmoved on pain and care:
 While cheerful hope with peace-inspiring smile,
 Points forward through the gloom, celestial fair!
 The woes of life, her whisper can beguile.
- 7 Beyond the woes of life, she lifts her eyes,
 And often meditates a joyful flight;
 By faith, her radiant sister, taught to rise,
 To distant prospects of immense delight.
- 8 O kind adversity, without thy aid,
 How faintly would these virtues warm the breast!
 Why should I tremble at thy darksome shade?
 For who without adversity is blest?

- 9 Thy wholesome cold, like winter, kills the weeds
Which in the uncultured mind luxuriant rise;
Then heavenly wisdom sows her precious seeds,
Nor shall they want the blessing of the skies.
- 10 But O may heaven thy rigorous hand restrain,
Mayest thou correct and teach, but not destroy!
Thy needful lessons then shall not be vain,
And thy short sorrows work my lasting joy.

10. To a Friend, on the Death of a Child.

[C. M.]

- 1 Life is a span, a fleeting hour,
How soon the vapour flies!
Man is a tender transient flower,
That e'en in blooming dies!
- 2 Death spreads like winter's frozen arms,
And beauty smiles no more:
Ah! where are now those rising charms
Which pleased our eyes before?

- 3 The once loved form now cold and dead,
 Each mournful thought employs;
And nature weeps her comforts fled,
 And withered all her joys.
- 4 But wait the interposing gloom,
 And lo, stern winter flies!
And dressed in beauty's fairest bloom,
 The flowery tribes arise.
- 5 Hope looks beyond the bounds of time;
 When what we now deplore,
Shall rise in full immortal prime,
 And bloom to fade no more.
- 6 Then cease fond nature, cease thy tears,
 Religion points on high;
There everlasting spring appears,
 And joys that cannot die.

11. To Delia Pensive.

[L. M.]

- 1 Say, Delia, whence these cares arise,
These anxious cares which rack your breast?
If heaven is infinitely wise,
What heaven ordains, is right, is best.
- 2 Tis wisdom, mercy, love divine,
Which mingles blessings with our cares;
And shall our thankless hearts repine
That we obtain not all our prayers?
- 3 From diffidence our sorrows flow;
Short-sighted mortals, weak and blind,
Bend down their eyes to earth and woe.
And doubt if providence is kind,
- 4 Should heaven with every wish comply,
Say would the grant relieve the care?
Perhaps the good for which we sigh,
Might change its name, and prove a snare.

- 5 Were once our vain desires subdued,
 The will resigned, the heart at rest;
 In every scene we should conclude,
 The will of heaven is right, is best.

12. Spring and Autumn.

[L. M.]

- 1 When spring displays her various sweets,
 And opening blossoms cheer the eyes,
 And fancy every beauty meets,
 Whence does the pleasing transport rise?
- 2 Soon will their transient date expire,
 They fly and mock the fond pursuit;
 New pleasures then the thought inspire,
 And bounteous autumn yields her fruit.
- 3 Where smiling beauties charmed the sight,
 Whose fragrance blessed the vernal hours;
 Nectarious fruits the taste invite,
 And compensate for faded flowers.

- 4 Thus, when the spring of youth decays,
Though decked with blossoms sweet and fair,
Autumn a nobler scene displays,
If fruits of virtue flourish there.
- 5 For this, the vernal buds arise;
But if no useful virtues grow,
Their worthless beauty quickly flies,
And blossoms only served for show.

13. To Vario.

[10 10. 10 10.]

- 1 Go, Vario, trace creation's ample round,
In search of happiness your cares employ;
And when the dear, important good is found,
Say is it permanent, or real joy?
- 2 If real, why when distant pleasures rise,
Does glad expectance sparkle in your eye?
Say, why when near, the satisfaction flies,
And disappointment heaves the painful sigh?

- 3 Or grant your heart should all its wish possess,
How keen the fears of deprivation sting!
How can the present good have power to bless,
Which hangs precarious on a moment's wing?
- 4 Be happy—what on earth! the thought how vain!
Earth cannot give a permanent delight;
As sure must fleeting pleasure yield to pain,
As day retreats before approaching night.
- 5 Yet is not heaven unkind which shades with woe
The chequered scene, to bid our wishes rise;
Could real, lasting bliss be found below,
Why should we seek for mansions in the skies?

14. To Amira on her Recovery.

[Irreg.]

Once more has heaven indulgent heard our prayers,
And spared your life! O be the mercy wrote,
In lasting characters of duteous love,
On every heart; and may Amira be

A living monument of grateful praise.
New mercies call for new returns of love
And glad obedience, to the bounteous hand
From whence they flow, through all our future lives.
When sorrows rise, let sweet reflection call
Past favours o'er; and while we wondering trace
The steps of providence, adoring own
Power, wisdom, love and truth, displayed in all.

And these can never change; here let our souls
With humble trust, and cheerful hope recline.
May every pain be sweetened by content,
And calm submission to a Father's hand.
A father! O endearing, tender name!
And will the Lord of angels condescend
To call us children? Yes, almighty love
With more than tenderness paternal, deigns
To soothe our cares: how kind his gentle hand,
Who while he chastens, pities, and supports
Our fainting spirits! though an angry frown
Becloud his face, how soon the gloom withdraws!

How soon divine forgiveness smiles serene!
O may his mercies be our constant theme,
And warm our hearts, and tune our lips to praise,
And heighten joy to transport, while we view

The boundless spring of bliss from whence they flow;
Who bids our hope aspire to greater joys:
To joys beyond the reach of time or care,
Reserved for those who love him! may our hearts
Rise often on the wings of faith and love
To those divine abodes, where not a cloud
Of pain or sorrow spreads a moment's gloom,
To shade the blissful scene, for God unveils
His radiant face, and spreads eternal day.

15. To Amira on the Death of her Child. [L. M.]

- 1 So fades the lovely, blooming flower
Frail, smiling solace of an hour!
So soon our transient comforts fly,
And pleasure only blooms to die!
- 2 To certain trouble we are born,
Hope to rejoice, but sure to mourn. —
All wretched effort! sad relief,
To plead necessity of grief!
- 3 Is there no kind, no lenient art,
To heal the anguish of the heart?
To ease the heavy load of care,
Which nature must, but cannot bear?

- 4 Can reason's dictates be obeyed?
Too weak, alas, her strongest aid!
O let religion then be nigh,
Her comforts were not made to die;
- 5 Her powerful aid supports the soul,
And nature owns her kind control;
While she unfolds the sacred page,
Our fiercest griefs resign their rage.
- 6 Then gentle patience smiles on pain,
And dying hope revives again;
Hope wipes the tear from sorrows eye,
And faith points upward to the sky;
- 7 The promise guides her ardent flight.
And joys unknown to sense invite,
Those blissful regions to explore,
Where pleasure blooms, to fade no more.

16. The Comforts of Religion.

[C. M.]

- 1 O blest religion, heavenly fair!
Thy kind, thy healing power,
Can sweeten pain, alleviate care,
And gild each gloomy hour.
- 2 When dismal thoughts, and boding fears
The trembling heart invade;
And all the face of nature wears
A universal shade:
- 3 Thy sacred dictates can assuage
The tempest of the soul,
And every fear shall lose its rage
At thy divine control.
- 4 Through life's bewildered, darksome way,
Thy hand unerring leads;
And o'er the path thy heavenly ray
A cheering lustre sheds.

- 5 When feeble reason, tired and blind,
 Sinks helpless and afraid;
 Thou blest supporter of the mind,
 How powerful is thy aid!
- 6 O let my heart confess thy power,
 And find thy sweet relief,
 To brighten every gloomy hour,
 And soften every grief.

17. The Desire of Knowledge
 a Proof of Immortality.

[Irreg.]

What is this thinking power, this active mind,
Which nought on earth can satiate, nought can bound?
Restless it roams the wide creation o'er
In search of something more, than sense can give.
Whate'er delights the senses, must decline;
Tis short-lived pleasure, momentary joy!

The senses soon are tired, and sink to rest.
The mind unsatisfied, looks onward still,
And asks delights, more noble and refined,
More permanent and full; tis knowledge fires
Its ardent wish, and tempts the warm pursuit.
This is the food of minds! tis angels' food!
Those happy spirits feast with full delight—
But here, we only taste, and long to feed.

Surely, the mind must be akin to heaven;
For heaven, all-wise, and infinitely good,
Implants not these sublime desires in vain.
If nought, below immortal joys, can fill
The mind, the mind must be immortal too.
Inquisitive and restless, now she soars
Beyond the narrow bounds of earth, and time,
To reach the blissful seats, where knowledge spreads
In rich variety, her boundless feast
But soon she tires, and droops her feeble wing,
Oppressed with heavy clay, and sinks to earth:
Yet here reluctant stays, though earth allure
With soothing arts and promises of joy.
The gay amusement for a moment smiles
In painted dreams; again the mind awakes,

And starts disdainful from the couch of ease.
Now with expanded wings, again she tempts
The airy flight; but tempts, alas! in vain!
Flutters in wild conjecture's giddy rounds,
Sinks down amid the shades of mortal night,
And mourns her fetters, and her feeble wings.

But hope, dear comforter, relieves her care,
Celestial hope! her smiling presence cheers
The sable gloom, and beams a healing ray;
Her gentle, peace-inspiring whisper, bids
Look forward to a nobler happier state;
When minds released from all the chains of flesh,
And all the toys of sense shall rise enlarged
To perfect freedom, and unbounded bliss.

18. Corinthians I Epistle 13th Chapter,
paraphrased.

[Irreg.]

Were all the power of elocution mine,
An angel's voice, and harmony divine;
The boasted gifts, with charity uncrowned,
Were like the tinkling cymbal's empty sound.

Endowed with knowledge—though before my eye,
Displayed the ample fields of science lie;
The power of miracles could I attain,
If charity be wanting, all is vain!
To feed the hungry, and relieve the poor,
Should zeal mistaken lavish all my store;
Nay should I give my body to the flame,
And win the glory of a martyr's name:
If charity be absent, all is lost,
My zeal is but an empty, idle boast!

Sweet charity, long-suffering, meek and kind,
Inspires with peace and joy the humble mind.
Her heart no proud disdainful passion swells,
Nor envy in her gentle bosom dwells:
No unbecoming selfish care she knows,
But every social virtue round her flows:
Averse to take affronts, her placid smile
Looks down on malice, and suspects no guile.
She finds no joy in sin's deceitful charms,
For sacred truth with nobler pleasure warms.
The numerous ills of life she patient bears,
While faith looks upward, and forbids her fears;
Hope rises cheerful, with expectant smiles,
And all the tedious hours of pain beguiles.

Immortal charity improved shall shine,
When prophecies and tongues their power resign;
When mortal knowledge fails its glimmering ray
Lost in the blaze of full ethereal day.
Imperfect all we teach, and all we know,
In this frail state, this little world below;
But when we reach the worlds of heavenly light,
Then shall fair knowledge shine forever bright;
Nor the least shade of imperfection rise,
In all the blissful regions of the skies.

When reason dawns upon the infant mind,
How low the thoughts! the knowledge how confined!
But when the increasing ray full vigour gains,
What once the child admired, the man disdains.
How weak, the best ideas formed below!
The fairest brightest views which mortals know,
Like distant objects in perspective show.
But when the bright meridian shall appear,
Our eyes shall see the heavenly glories near;
These weak faint notions shall forgotten die,
Amid the boundless wonders of the sky.

Faith, hope and charity, on earth remain,
To guide our steps, and sweeten mortal pain;
But lovely charity, superior shines,
Till perfect bliss the sacred flame refines.

19. To a Friend on the Birth of a Child. [C. M.]

- 1 Come friendship, tune the pleasing lyre,
For harmony is thine;
Philander's joys the song inspire,
Philander's joys are mine.
- 2 Our hearts, so late oppressed with fear,
Forget the anxious sigh;
And dawning pleasures now appear,
In every kindred eye.
- 3 Propitious heaven that smiled before,
To make Philander blest;
Indulgent sends this blessing more,
And sweetens all the rest.

4 The dear-loved blessing while we view,
And pleasing passions rise,
Be love and praise, so justly due,
Paid grateful to the skies.

5 With love supreme be heaven adored;
Still may our passions own,
The bounteous giver as their Lord,
Nor idolize the boon.

20. To the Mother.

[C. M.]

1 Say, while you press, with growing love;
The darling to your breast,
And all a mother's pleasures prove,
Are you entirely blest?

2 Ah, no! a thousand tender cares
By turns your thoughts employ,
Now rising hopes, now anxious fears,
And grief succeeds to joy.

- 3 Dear innocent, her lovely smiles
With what delight you view!
But every pain the infant feels,
The mother feels it too.
- 4 Then whispers busy cruel fear,
The child, alas, may die!
And nature prompts the ready tear,
And heaves the rising sigh.
- 5 Say, does not heaven our comforts mix
With more than equal pain;
To teach us if our hearts we fix
On earth, we fix in vain?
- 6 Then, be our earthly joys resigned,
Since here we cannot rest:
For earthly joys were ne'er designed
To make us fully blest.

21. The Tulip and the Violet.

[L. M.]

- 1 See yonder gaudy tulip rise,
And to the sun her leaves display;
My fancy gives her voice and eyes,
And thus the boaster seems to say:
- 2 Queen of the gay parterre I reign;
My glowing dyes, how bright they thine!
The flowers unfold their bloom in vain;
No flower has charms to rival mine.
- 3 By nature meant for regal sway,
Tall and majestic I appear;
Ye subject tribes, your queen obey,
My high command, submissive hear.
- 4 When I unfold my matchless bloom,
And to the noon my beauties spread;
Let no aspiring flower presume,
Near me to lift her abject head.

- 5 The flowers are silent while she speaks,
 And only blush to hear her pride.
 The silence now a violet breaks,
 That crept, unheeded, near her side.
- 6 Thy arrogance, imperious flower,
 To real worth hath made thee blind;
 Thy vaunted beauties of an hour,
 Are charms of an inferior kind.
- 7 From thee no fragrant odours breathe
 No healing gift thy leaves bestow;
 The flowers thou viewest with scorn beneath,
 Can more pretence to merit show.
- 8 The cowslip's virtues, and my own,
 Let man, let grateful man confess;
 To him our real worth is known,
 Thee he admires but for thy dress.
- 9 The friendly hint, ye listening fair,
 Reflection bids the muse apply;
 Let useful virtues be your care,
 Nor boast your power to please the eye.

22. Captivity.

Angels, happy spirits, say,
When you trace the airy way,
Sent on messages of love,
From the radiant courts above,
Down to these abodes of night,
Far from empyrean light;
Say, can blest immortals know
Sympathy for human woe,
While you view the scenes of pain,
Captives struggling with their chain?
Hated chain, that binds to earth
Spirits of ethereal birth;
Birth at first to yours akin,
Now enslaved alas! by sin;
Cursed sin, the source of woe,
All the miseries below,
From the hateful tyrant flow!
Yet we bear the cruel chain,
Only now and then complain;

Now and then, with mournful eye
Raise a wish, and breathe a sigh,
Upward to our native sky.

But how soon to liberty,
Cold and negligent are we,
Sink supine, and dream of ease!
How, alas! can fetters please?
Can we hope for crowns on high.
Yet content in bondage lie,
Exiles from the blest abode,
Far from glory, far from God!
Surely if the sons of bliss
Feel a grief it must be this.

O for one celestial ray
From the shining seats of day!
Sun of righteousness arise,
Chase the slumbers from our eyes,
Melt the chains with heavenly fire:
Servant love and strong desire,
From thy love alone begin:
Thou canst break the power of sin;
Thou canst bid our spirits rise,
Free and joyful, to the skies;
Liberty and joy divine,
Sun of righteousness, are thine.

23. A Reflection, Occasioned by the Death of a
Neighbour.

[Irreg.]

Another awful warning heaven has sent
To rouse my slumbering soul—Death is abroad;
Close at my side he twangs his deadly bow.
Unerring flies the shaft, Sariffa falls:
In life's gay bloom she falls; yet I am spared!
But wherefore this indulgence? Gracious God,
By this new admonition, teach my heart,
How precious are the swiftly-flying hours
Which I supinely waste! arouse, my soul,
Why wilt thou sleep upon the sea-beat shore,
When the next wave may overwhelm thee in the deep,
The unfathomed deep of vast eternity?

Eternity, to pure and holy souls
Joy's boundless ocean, ever calm and clear,
Where all the streams of lasting pleasure meet!
But to the sinner tis the dark abyss
Of black despair, where all the waves of horror,
Beyond what nature ever felt or feared,

Incessant beat; and not a ray of hope
Breaks through the tenfold night to cheer the gloom,
But tempest, everlasting tempest, roars.
How my soul shudders at the view!—
Where am I? O for help, immediate help!
Some angel snatch me from the dreadful brink!
Some angel! no—omnipotence descends
On mercy's wing: behold the Saviour God!
His arms are wide-extended; see, my soul,
Thy only refuge! his almighty love
Dispels my fears, while here I fix my trust.
Almighty love, thou art the fountain-head
Of all the joys, which swell the unbounded sea
Of bliss immortal!—Jesus, am I safe?
And art thou mine, my Lord, my life, my all?
O speak the alluring word, and I am blest!
Death shall resign his terrors; let him strike,
Encircled in thy arms I'm safe forever,
For thy eternity of joy is mine.

24. Ingratitude Reproved.

[88. 88. 10 10.]

- 1 Ye warblers of the vernal shade,
 Whose artless music charms my ear,
 Your lively songs, my heart upbraid,
 My languid heart how insincere!
While all your little powers collected raise
A tribute to your great Creator's praise.

- 2 Ye lovely offspring of the ground,
 Flowers of a thousand beauteous dyes,
 You spread your Maker's glory round,
 And breathe your odours to the skies;
Unsullied, you display your lively bloom,
Unmingled, you present your sweet perfume.

- 3 Ye winds that waft the fragrant spring,
 You whispering spread his name abroad,
 Or shake the air with sounding wing
 And speak the awful power of God:
His will, with swift obedience, you perform,
Or in the gentle gale, or dreadful storm.

4 Ye radiant orbs that guide the day,
 Or deck the sable veil of night;
 His wondrous glory you display,
 Whose hand imparts your useful light;
Your constant task, unwearied, you pursue,
Nor deviate from the path your Maker drew.

5 My God, shall every creature join
 In praises to thy glorious name,
 And this ungrateful heart of mine
 Refuse the universal theme?
Well may the stars and winds, the birds and flowers.
Reprove the heart that brings not all its powers.

6 Thy grace this languid heart can raise,
 These dissipated powers unite,
 Can bid me pay my debt of praise
 With love sincere, and true delight.
O let thy grace inspire my heart, my tongue!
Then shall I grateful join creation's song.

25. Submission to God under Affliction
and Desiring Support.

[Irreg.]

Great God, I own thy justice, while beneath
The stroke of thy chastising rod I bend;
Nor dares this wretched, guilty heart repine.
Far less I feel than merit, every stroke
How gentle! smiling mercy breaks its force,
And soft it lights, nor gives a fatal wound.

O let my soul the wondrous power confess
Of sovereign mercy, and adore the hand,
Whose just rebukes, with kind indulgence mixed,
Are meant to teach, reclaim, and guide my feet,
Too apt to rove, forgetful of the way,
Forgetful of the end. A crown of life,
Of life immortal, is the glorious prize
(Free gift of boundless grace!) which in the view
Of faith and humble love thy word displays;
Obtained by sufferings which amazed the world:
And shall I seek it coldly? gracious God,

Awake my languid powers to active life,
Awake my faith and hope, and love, and zeal,
And make me ardent run the glorious race.

Power to the faint, thy sacred word assures.
And strength increasing; be that gracious word
Fulfilled to me unworthy! If thy hand,
O ever wise and good, should justly deal
Severer strokes, still let my soul behold thee,
Not as an angry judge, vindictive, frowning,
But as a tender father, who corrects
In mercy, listening to the humble moan
Of penitential sorrow. Were my fears
To measure sufferings by my just desert,
Dreadful expectance! what a scene of woe!
The dearest comfort, every joy of life,
Would quickly take its everlasting flight,
And leave me desolate, forlorn, undone.

But what are earthly joys? has not my heart,
Ungrateful, forfeited far more than these?
Should earthly joys forsake me, should my friends,
My much-loved friends, by death's resistless hand,
Rent from my bleeding, agonizing heart,
Leave me a miserable mourner here;
Yet, O my God, if I may call thee mine;
Amid the scene of terror, if my faith

Look up, and say my father, and my friend;
The blissful sounds will cheer my fainting soul
With peace divine, and recompence the loss
Of all that life can give, or death destroy —
And was not once this heavenly blessing mine,
Diffusing comfort through my grateful heart,
Inspiring wonder, praise and humble love?
It was; but soon the sacred ardour sunk
To cold indifference. Should heavenly love,
Offended, leave me to the punishment
My guilt and vile ingratitude deserves,
Despair would soon his gloomy curtains draw,
Each distant beam of cheering hope exclude,
And shade my soul in everlasting night.

But oh, the amazing power of love divine!
Unlimited it pardons! justice pleased,
On mercy smiles; for lo, the Saviour's blood
Atones, and cleanses every guilty stain!
Tis this, O gracious God, dispels my fears,
Revives my hopes; in this unbounded sea,
Let all my sins, and all my doubts be lost.

Lord, when this roving heart again forgets
Its duty, and its bliss, let grace reclaim;
And though thy awful hand chastising strike,
Let love support me, and beneath thy frown

O may paternal tenderness appear.
Then shall I patient bear thy just rebukes,
And wait resigned and penitent, in hope
Of bliss returning in the smile of mercy.

Then, though this mortal frame by slow degrees
In lingering years of pain should wear away;
Or pungent griefs, too mighty, burst at once
The vital springs; or fatal accident
Wing, swift and unforewarned, the silent shaft
To set my spirit free; if I am thine,
To thy blest will, my God, I would submit,
Sure to be happy! Time is but a point,
And mortal pains, or joys, are light as air,
When vast eternity is full in view.

26. Pleasure.

[C. M.]

- 1 How vain a thought is bliss below!
Tis all an airy dream!
How empty are the joys that flow
On pleasure's smiling stream!

- 2 Now gaily-painted bubbles rise
 With varied colours bright;
 They break, the short amusement flies—
 Can this be called delight?
- 3 Transparent now, and all serene
 The gentle current flows:
 While fancy draws the flattering scene,
 How fair the landscape shows!
- 4 But soon its transient charms decay,
 When ruffling tempests blow;
 The soft delusions fleet away,
 And pleasure ends in woe.
- 5 Why do I here expect repose?
 Or seek for bliss in vain?
 Since every pleasure earth bestows,
 Is but dissembled pain.
- 6 O let my nobler wishes soar
 Beyond these seats of night:
 In heaven substantial bliss explore,
 And permanent delight.

- 7 There pleasure flows forever clear;
 And rising to the view
Such dazzling scenes of joy appear,
 As fancy never drew.
- 8 No fleeting landscape cheats the gaze,
 Nor airy form beguiles;
But everlasting bliss displays
 Her undissembled smiles.
- 9 Adieu to all below the skies,
 Celestial guardian come!
On thy kind wing my soul would rise
 To her eternal home.

27. The Pilgrim.

[Irreg.]

In this dark wilderness of pain and woe
I wander mournful; oft my upward glance
Implores a cheering ray to guide my feet,
Fearful, and trembling at surrounding snares
Which lurk unseen: and oft I long for rest,
But long in vain! for ah, no safe repose

This land of danger yields! Then let my eyes
Look upward still to those divine abodes
Of light and joy, whence danger is excluded.
And thither let my panting heart aspire
With ardent hope!—tis but to wait with patience
A few sad hours, a few more painful steps,
And life's fatiguing pilgrimage is o'er.
Soon will my weary eyelids close in death,
And these poor feeble limbs sink down to rest,
In the cold bosom of the silent grave.

O could I with unshaken hope declare,
Then should my nobler powers awake to life,
To life and joy immortal! happy hour!
Transporting moment! when eternal day
First breaks upon my sight! what sweet surprise!
What boundless rapture, darkness, pain and death
Banished at once! and everlasting light
In full meridian glory beaming round!
Joys rising bright and new, in long succession,
To set no more! and shall my weary spirit
(Which wanders now depressed with sin and woe.)

Rise to this glory? O my gracious God
Guide of my life, and guardian of my soul,
To thee I breathe my supplicating sigh:
Brighten my glimmering hope, dispel the clouds
Of gloomy fear, which hang upon my sight
Heavy and sad; let thy reviving smile,
(Fair dawn of glory!) cheer my fainting heart;
Till all the sorrows, all the pains of time,
Appear as trifles in the blissful view
Of immortality, of endless joys
Incessant flowing from the throne of God.

Then shall I wait serene, with steady faith
And glad expectance, that auspicious hour,
When death, (kind angel!) shall convey my soul
To light and life, to happiness and God.

28. Wrote in an Ill State of Health in the Spring.

[Irreg.]

Inclement winter now resigns his power,
And gentle spring begins her placid reign.
The sun, with genial warmth, awakes to life;

The herbs and flowers, while soft distilling rains
His kindly influence aid, and clothe the fields
With springing verdure; to the industrious swain
The pleasing promise of a plenteous harvest.
The trees, long stripped of all their leafy honours,
Shoot out anew, and with the charming season
Advancing still, unfold their annual beauties.
All nature smiles!—But I, alas, am sad!

In vain, the woods and fields resume their charms!
In vain the feathered warblers tune their songs!
To me tis all a blank! untouched my soul
With nature's harmony! my eyes, uncharmed
With all her beauties, cannot find a joy
In the once lovely, once delightful scene!
A gloom of sadness hangs upon my spirits,
And prompts the frequent sigh, and silent tear.
Depressed by pain and sickness, all my powers
Are dull and languid, every joy is tasteless;
All nature fades, and pleasure is no more!

Ah! what is life, so loved, so dearly prized,
If health be absent? tis a lingering night
Of tedious expectation, spent in sighs,
And restless wishes for the cheerful dawn;

Thus melancholy tuned the mourning lay:
The cheerful muse withdrawn, the gloomy power,
Usurped her lyre, and changed its soothing notes
For sounds of woe; dark clouds oppressive hung
Around her seat, and spread their deepening shade
Till every pleasing object sunk in night.
Ah! where is faith? her heaven-illumined eye
Could pierce the mental night, could raise the mind
Which sinks dejected, and beyond the gloom
Direct to fairer scenes: come, guest divine,
O come, and in thy train, let fortitude
Her useful succours bring, and meek-eyed patience,
And finding hope, and sweet content appear.
And let my heart with calm submission wait
Heaven's destined time, to hail the glad return
Of health, the bed and sweetest earthly blessing.

Then shall the muse her long neglected strain
Resume; and by each heaven-born guest inspired,
With grateful rapture tune the votive song,
To that almighty goodness, which bestows
Its gifts unmeasured, undeserved, on me.
Nor let the grateful rapture be confined;
Since o'er the whole creation wide diffused
Divine beneficence unbounded smiles,
And claims the tribute of unbounded praise.

29. Recovery from Sickness.

[Irreg.]

Awake my heart, arise my joyful powers,
In songs of gratitude, and love, and praise,
To God, the great deliverer's holy name!
To God, my strength, my all-sufficient refuge,
Whose powerful hand sustained my feeble frame,
Through all the tiresome scenes of pain and sickness,
And raised me from the borders of the grave.

Death frowned severe, and all the prospect round
Was dark! with scarce a ray of glimmering light,
To point my view beyond the sable veil!
Almighty goodness saw, with pitying eye,
My deep distress; my groans, and long complaints,
And sorrows reached the ear of heavenly mercy,
My God attended to the humble prayer,
The mournful breathings of a helpless worm,

And sent divine supports.
The consolations of his sacred word
Bore up my fainting spirit; rays of hope
Broke through the shades of death, and bid my soul
Look up, and view her heavenly Father's hand,
And bear his just rebukes and patient wait
His sovereign will! then smiling comfort dawned,
And hushed my sorrows to a peaceful calm.
A Father's kind indulgent care appeared,
And while his rod chastised, his arm sustained.

At length fair health with cheerful aspect comes:
Hail long-desired, delightful, welcome guest!
Gift of indulgent heaven! inspired by thee
Source of a thousand joys, my full heart pants
To pour the transport in a song of praise,
A grateful tribute to the almighty donor.

But ah, my voice unequal to my wishes,
Forbids the attempt, and damps the rising ardour.
Would the fame power which raised my sinking frame,
Brought back declining health, and bid me live,
Inspire the lay, and teach my song to flow
Harmonious to his wondrous healing mercy!
Then should my tongue with joyful rapture fired,

Begin the pleasing theme, and sing unwearied
Thy mercy, and thy power, all-bounteous Lord,
Forever good, beneficent and kind!

But oh! what tongue can speak, what heart conceive
Almighty goodness? Infinitely short,
The highest notes a mortal voice can raise
Must fall! As well I fondly might presume,
To count, the endless train of shining lamps
Which deck the azure canopy of heaven,
My gracious God, as thy unnumbered mercies.
O may thy goodness, thy indulgent love,
Forever dwell upon my thankful heart,
And teach my future life to speak thy praise.

30. A Rural Meditation.

[Irreg.]

What soft delight the peaceful bosom warm
When nature dressed in all her vernal chain
Around the beauteous landscape smiles serene,
And crowns with every gift the lovely scene!

In every gift the donor shines confessed,
And heavenly bounty cheers the grateful breast.
Now lively verdure paints she laughing meads,
And o'er the fields wide-waving plenty spreads.
Here woodbines climb, dispensing odours round;
There smiles the pink, with humble beauties crowned,
And while the flowers their various charms disclose,
Queen of the garden, shines the blushing rose.
The fragrant tribes display their sweetest bloom,
And every breezy whisper breathes perfume.

But this delightful season must decay;
The year rolls on, and steals its charms away.
How swift the gaily transient pleasure flies!
Stern winter comes, and every beauty dies.
The fleeting bliss while pensive thought deplores,
The mind in search of nobler pleasure soars;
And seeks a fairer paradise on high,
Where beauties rise and bloom, that never die.
There winter ne'er invades with hostile arms,
But everlasting spring displays her charms;
Celestial fragrance fills the blest retreats,
Unknown to earth in all her flowery sweets]

Enraptured there the mind un wearied roves
Through flowery paths, and ever- verdant groves;
Such blissful groves not happy Eden knew,
Nor fancy's boldest pencil ever drew.
No sun departing, leaves the scene to mourn
In shades, and languish for his kind return;
Or with short visits cheers the wintry hours,
And faintly (miles on nature's drooping powers.
But there the Deity himself displays
The bright effulgence of his glorious rays;
Immortal life and joy his smile bestows,
And boundless bliss forever, ever flows.

31. Solitude.

[Irreg.]

Softly-pleasing solitude,
Were thy blessings understood;
Soon would thoughtless mortals grow
Tired of noise and pomp and show;
And with thee retreating, gain
Pleasure crowds pursue in vain.

True, the friendly social mind
Joy in converse oft can find;
Wot where empty mirth presides,
But with those whom wisdom guides,

Yet the long-continued feast
Sometimes palls upon the taste:
Kind alternate, then to be
Lost in thought awhile with thee.

Intellectual pleasures here
In their truest light appear;
Grave reflection, friendly power,
Waits the lonely silent hour:
Spread before the mental eye,
Actions past in order lie;
By reflection's needful aid,
Latent errors are displayed:
Thus humility is taught,
Thus confirmed the better thought.
Friends and soothing praise apart,
Solitude unveils the heart,
When the veil is thrown aside,
Can we see a cause for pride?
Empty is the heart and poor,
Stripped of all its fancied store;
Conscious want awakes desire,
Bids the restless wish aspire,
With for riches never found
Through the globe's capacious round!
Contemplation, sacred guest,
Now inspires the ardent breast,

Spreads her wing, and bids the mind,
Rise and leave the world behind.

Now the mind enraptured soars;
All the wealth of India's shores
Is but dust beneath her eye;
Nobler treasures kept on high.
Treasures of eternal joy,
Now her great pursuit employ.
Mansions of immense delight!
Language cannot say how bright?
See! the opening gates display
Beaming far, immortal day!
See! inviting angels smile,
And applaud the glorious toil!
Hark! they tune the charming lyre;
Who can hear and not desire?
O the sweet, though distant strain!
All the joys of earth, how vain!
Nearer fain the mind would rise,
Fain would gaze with eager eyes
On the glories of the skies;
But mortality denies.
Dusky vapours cloud her sight,
Down she sinks to earth and night,
Then to friendship calls again,
Gentle solace of her pain!

Friendship, with thy pleasing power,
Come and cheer the mournful hour;
Only solitude and thee
Can afford a joy for me.

32. To Mr. Hervey,
on his Theron and Aspasio.² [10 10. 10 10.]

- 1 O sent by heaven, to teach the Saviour's praise,
And bid our hearts with pure devotion glow!
Truth shines around thee, with distinguished rays.
And all the graces in thy language flow.

- 2 Here beauteous landscapes spread their various charms.
The mind inspiring with delight serene:
With pleasing power while sacred friendship warms,
And blest religion crowns the lovely scene.

² James Hervey (1714-1778), *Theron and Aspasio, or a Series of Letters upon the Most Important and Interesting Subjects*, 1755.

- 3 Now deeply humbled, self-abased, we read
The abject state of Adam's wretched race;
Now smiling hope lifts up her cheerful head
And faith adores immeasurable grace.
- 4 What glories in our great Immanuel shine!
How rich, how free, how full his merits rise!
The curse removed, fulfilled the law divine;
For rebels he obeys, for traitors dies.
- 5 His righteousness, (immortal robe!) he gives
To clothe the naked; while his flowing blood
Pours healing balm, the wounded sinner lives
To speak the honours of the Saviour God.
- 6 In him what countless, endless wonders meet!
Truth, justice, mercy, reconciled appear:
His name, how precious! how divinely sweet!
Joy to the heart, and music to the ear.
- 7 O Hervey, be thy pleasing labours crowned
With bliss beyond the low rewards of fame!
Such joy be thine, as thy Aspasio found,
While many a Theron owns the Saviour's name.

33. On the Death of Mr. Hervey.³ [10 10. 10 10.]

- 1 O Hervey, honoured name, forgive the tear.
That mourns thy exit from a world like this;
Forgive the wish that would have kept thee here,
Fond wish! have kept thee from the seats of bliss.
- 2 No more confined to these low scenes of night
Pent in a feeble tenement of clay:
Should we not rather hail thy glorious flight,
And trace thy journey to the realms of day.
- 3 The blissful realms, where thy loved matter reigns,
Who taught thy pen its eloquence divine;
Whose presence now inspires to loftier strains,
While all unveiled his boundless glories shine.
- 4 Now, the celestial flame that warmed thy breast,
And through thy heaven-taught page resplendent shone,
Exalted, joins the transports of the blest,
In language, e'en to thee, on earth unknown.

³ James Hervey (1714-1778)

- 5 Yes, we resign thee to thy Saviour God;
O may his love, that taught thy feet the way,
Conduct our steps to that divine abode,
Where his full glories beam eternal day!
- 6 Yet its own loss must every heart deplore,
That feels the power of Hervey's moving page,
That wished, (but ah, that wish avails no more!)
His life prolonged to bless the rising age.
- 7 O lost to earth!—no, in his works he lives,
Here shall the rising age his portrait view;
Here, his own pen, the mind's bright image gives,
In fairer tints than painting ever knew.
- 8 His warm benevolence, his sacred zeal,
O may some blest, surviving prophet find!
Like him who caught the mantle as it fell,
Heir to the graces of Elijah's mind.
- 9 While thus a stranger muse presents the lay
To Hervey's memory due, to grace his urn
Let friendship more distinguished honours pay
And teach the world, departed worth to mourn.

34. The Picture; to Marinda.

[Irreg.]

Marinda's temper, open and sincere,
Despised the little, the dissembling arts,
Which often smooth the supple fawner's brow
While hate and stormy mischief brood within.
In friendship honest—nor professed esteem,
Then when her heart accorded with her tongue.
She knew, by reason and reflection taught,
How vain the pleasures which the gay admire;
Her judgment bade her prize intrinsic worth
Above the low parade of outward show.

But then a warmth, impatient of control,
Would often rise and break her inward peace.
She knew, and called it, pride, and strove to mend
The fault acknowledged; but alas! in vain.
Though reason said, content is earthly bliss;
And patience and humility prepare
Her peaceful lodging in the human breast
Yet to attain these graces reason fails;
Till blest religion, heavenly form, appears!
A form no human pencil ever drew

In equal colours! on her head a crown
 Emits a lustre like the rising morn!
 See in her hand the sacred book of truth!
 Which she unfolding, now with heaven-taught skill
 Points out the needful precept, now displays
 The cheering promise of almighty aid:
 Nor less than aid almighty can sustain
 The fainting mind; for lo affliction comes!
 Nor comes undreaded; though Marinda oft
 Had seen the frowning form, yet ne'er till now
 Arrayed in half its terrors; now it spreads
 A more than midnight shade; ten thousand fears
 Torment the restless scene! Marinda sinks,
 O'erwhelmed and fainting with extreme distress,
 Yet struggling with her sorrow: O for help
 She sighs, nor sighs in vain to pitying heaven.

Two nymphs divine, of blest religion's train,
 Are sent to cheer the heart-oppressing gloom;
 And these can cheer when human pity mourns,
 And sympathizing friendship weeps in vain.
 Hope whispers comfort; and a lucid ray
 Breaks through the solid night: now faith applies
 The sacred optic, and Marinda's eye,
 Through the dark clouds of mortal grief, beholds

A power omnipotent, and wise, and good,
Dispensing, with parental tender care,
Her needful pains, her salutary griefs,
As kind preparatives for future joy.

Her present woes, when weighed with future joy,
How light! when measured with eternal bliss,
They seem contracted to a moment's point.
Before the brightening prospect, proud impatience
Retreats ashamed: and now the gentle pair
Humility and patience, pleasing guests,
Sine harbingers of sweet content, appear.

O may the gentle pair propitious tarry,
And may divine content, by them invited,
Attend Marinda's dwelling, till this house
Of feeble texture falls; till heaven unfolds
Its shining gates to her transported eyes;
And angels with triumphant songs, proclaim
Her blissful welcome to the realms of joy.

35. Retirement and Meditation.

[Irreg.]

Kind solitude, I love thy friendly shade;
Reflection hither brings her needful aid.
Tis here, I trace past thoughts and errors o'er,
And learn to know my weakness, and deplore.

(Ah! would the serious, sad compunction last,
And teach to mend the future by the past.)
Tis here, I see how empty, light, and vain,
Is gay amusement with her idle train.
And busy care, which fills the restless heart,
With real, though with unavailing, smart,
Is no less vain; for still her toils renew,
And still some farther talk remains to do.

Time, nor for trifling nor for business stays!
He shakes his glass, and counts the shortening days,
And see the ebbing sands, how sad they run!
How soon the little remnant will be done!
Shall vanity employ my precious hours?
Or earth's low cares engross my active powers?

For nobler ends, my time and powers are given,
Nor cares, nor pleasures, sit the soul for heaven.
And can I hope to reach that blissful place?
Yet sleep supine, or linger in the race.
Alas my heedless heart, how apt to stray,
When earthly trifles tempt my thoughts away!

All my celestial hopes on God depend;
His smile my life, his favour is my end.

How little do I know, or love his name!
 And yet to spirits of immortal frame,
 Knowledge is food, and love the vital flame.

What is the business and the joy above,
 But this, to know, to worship, and to love?
 For this, my powers were given; this great employ
 Should be my ardent wish, my constant joy.
 How shall I know him? all his works declare
 Their Maker's name; heaven, earth, and sea, and air,
 Confess the great, the wise, the powerful God;
 And nature joins to spread his praise abroad.
 But yet at awful distance I adore,
 For he is holy: his tremendous power,
 His dreadful justice—oh, how fierce they blaze!
 And prostrate sinners tremble, while they praise.
 How shall I know and love him? in his word
 Appears the gracious, kind, forgiving Lord!

O let me trace the heavenly transcript o'er,
 And learn to know and serve, and love him more,
 Tis here, his brightest, sweetest glories mine,
 In Jesus' face, how lovely! how divine!
 Here mercy smiles, and with resistless charms
 Invites the sinner to the Saviour's arms.

Here wonders rise, and all my thoughts transcend,
Justice appeased, almighty power my friend;
Forgiveness, peace, and free access to God,
And life, and glory, through a Saviour's blood!

Lord, when these blissful wonders I explore,
I long to know, and love, and praise thee more.
In these blest moments fain my thoughts would rise,
Lose this dull earth, nor rest below the skies;
Those happy seats of knowledge, love and joy,
Where every pleasing power finds sweet employ;
Where praise and love, in everlasting songs,
Rise ardent from ten thousand thousand tongues,
For Jesus and salvation, (charming theme!)
Inspires the strain, and feeds the immortal flame.
O how my panting spirit longs to join
The sacred choir in ecstasies divine!
But ah! this load of clay, retards my flight:
When shall I reach those mansions of delight?
Short is the transport, soon my fears arise,
And snatch the lovely prospect from my eyes.

Should I be banished from that blest abode,
And never, never see my Saviour God,

(My Saviour God! for O my trembling heart:
 From those reviving accents cannot part:)
 Banished from thee, my hope, my life, my light,
 To death, despair, and everlasting night—
 The thought is horror!—No, my heart shall stay
 Here at thy feet, and wait thy healing ray,
 To chase the dismal gloom; one smile of thine,,
 One sweet forgiving smile, is bliss divine.
 O let me hear thy soul-reviving voice,
 To heal my sorrows, and renew my joys:
 Reveal, confirm my interest in thy love,
 And guilt, and fear, and darkness shall remove.
 So fly the mournful shades of gloomy night,
 When radiant morn displays her cheering light.

Jesus let thy almighty love inspire
 My heart, my voice, and tune the sacred lyre.
 Let thy unbounded grace be all my theme,
 And songs of joy resound thy lovely name;
 Till I forsake this dark abode of clay,
 And death unfolds the gates of endless day.
 Then shall I learn the blissful strains above,
 And all my soul be harmony and love.

36. No True Happiness Below.

[Irreg.]

By daily observation are we taught
(Experience too confirms the mournful truth,)
That perfect bliss on earth is never found.
When roses, gay and blooming, strew the path,
Sharp thorns intrude among them, scattered thick,
Nor can we escape unwounded; sense of pain
Forbids delight; and all we ask is ease.
We taste a moment's ease; our wishes rise
In vain for happiness, the restless sigh
Still heaves, the painful vacancy remains.

If pleasure laughs a moment, is the joy,
Or is the sigh which follows, most sincere?
When sweet content serenely smiles around,
Like a fair summer evening; ah, how soon
The charming scene is lost! the deepening shade
Prevail, and night approaches dark and sad,
Till the last beam faint glimmering dies away.

Father of spirits, who hast formed my soul
Capacious of immortal happiness,
O send a beam of heaven, dispel the gloom;
Direct my upward view, and point my path
To thee, in whom alone my soul can find
That perfect bliss I seek in vain below.

37. True Pleasure in Divine Meditation.

[Irreg.]

Come, sacred contemplation, heavenly guest,
And bring the muse to bless the lonely hour.
Unbind my fettered thoughts, and bid them rise
Above these low, dull, tiresome, empty scenes,
To nobler objects; spread the mental feast,
A rich variety. The heaven-born mind
Should never meanly stoop to feed on trash,
Nor mingle with the appetites of sense.

The heaven-born mind requires immortal food,
Such food as earth, with all her fancied sweets,
Can never furnish; all her fancied sweets
Are bitterness; her most substantial food
Is airy chaff, and only starves the mind.

Ye happy spirits, blest inhabitants
 Of paradise, Oh! could you aid my flight
 To your abodes, or bring a blissful taste
 Of your divine enjoyments down to earth;
 How would my soul disdain the joys of sense,
 And look on all the good below the skies
 Unworthy of her care!—alas, in vain
 My thoughts extend their feeble fluttering wings;
 A misty gloom hangs heavy all around;
 I sink to earth—which yet my soul disclaims,
 Unworthy of her birth!—see while I gaze
 Intent, its scenes in quick succession pass;
 Each gay delusive form, which seemed to please,
 Is gone; and nought remains but sad reflection.

And is there nothing permanent, but grief?
 No real good in all the varied scenes,
 Which tire and pain the disappointed heart?
 Yes, sad reflection, though in sable robe
 Arrayed, with mournful aspect, is my friend,
 And brings me real good; else my fond heart
 Might still pursue, in vain, these empty shows,
 Nor stay to ask for pleasures more sincere.

Then let me listen to her friendly lore,
 And learn the just, the real estimate

Of all below the skies—But oh let faith,
 And hope, celestial visitants, be here;
 And cheer my soul with some delightful views
 Of true, substantial, undecaying good
 In fair perspective; distant scenes of bliss
 Immortal, far beyond the reach of sense.
 Let faith ascend with heaven-directed flight,
 And smiling hope sit fast: upon her wings,
 And bear my thoughts, and bear my heart on high.

O thou supreme, eternal source of good!
 Of good, which knows no shadow of decay!
 Wilt thou, all-gracious, beam one heavenly smile,
 Break through the gloom, and raise my groveling soul,
 And with resistless, sweet attraction, draw
 To thee, the center of immortal joys!
 O bid my faith, and bid my hope ascend;
 For on thy vital smile alone, they live.
 Thy favour is the food, the life of souls;
 This only can afford sincere delight,
 And give a relish to inferior sweets;
 Without it, all creation is a blank!
 A dreary void!—O could my spirit dwell
 Beneath thy cheering smiles, feast on thy love,
 And in full view adore thy bright perfections;

This would be life indeed, a heaven below!
This only can refine the joys of earth,
And sweeten all its cares; thus nature's charms
Would wear a pleasing aspect, while my soul
Should trace the radiant footsteps of her Lord
In every lovely scene which nature yields;
And all that charms the eye, the ear, or taste,
Be fairer, sweeter, as it flows from thee.

38. The Faithfulness of God.

[88 10. 88 12.]

Isaiah 54:10.

- 1 Almighty Sovereign, gracious Lord,
 How full, how firm, thy royal word!
Thy love, how condescending and how kind!
 Nor can the power of language more,
 With all its force, with all its store,
Confirm the sacred deed, or more securely bind.

- 2 Sooner the mountains shall depart,
 And from their firm foundation start,
Than thy eternal kindness shall remove!
 Or I be shaken from thy heart,
 If ever there I had a part,
If ever I possessed an interest in thy love.

3 Yes, Lord, thy promises are clear,
 Thy power and faithfulness appear;
Nor can I doubt omnipotence and grace:
 But ah! myself, my sins I fear,
 These springs of doubt are ever near,
 These gloomy clouds which rise and hide thy lovely face.

4 O let thy mercy's healing ray
 Arise, and chase these clouds away;
Thy spirit's witness (evidence divine!)
 Beam o'er my soul with sacred light;
 Then shall my joys all pure and bright,
 Unclouded and serene, with pleasing lustre shine.

39. Love to Christ.

John 21:17.

[Irreg.]

Omniscient Lord, before whose awful eye,
All undisguised, thy creatures actions lie;
Thou seest my heart through every winding maze,
Each secret thought thy piercing glance surveys.
My Saviour God—and can I call thee mine?
Can I each idol vanity resign?
Can I to thee appeal without a fear,
Thou knowest I love thee with a flame sincere?
Alas! I doubt my vile deceitful heart;
Back from my lips the half-formed accents start:
A thousand meaner objects share my love,
From thee, from thee my foolish passions rove;
My conscious soul shrinks at the solemn test,
And yet I fain would hope, I love thee best!
I fain would hope! unworthy, base return!
Can it be love, and yet so faintly burn?
Didst thou forsake thy radiant courts on high?
And freely lay thy dazzling glories by?

Assume the human form, and wear the chains
Of guilty rebels doomed to endless pains?
Bear all our sins, remove the ponderous load
Of vengeance due from an incensed God?
And bleeding, dying on the cross, alone
For mortal crimes in agonies unknown?
Touched with the melting power of love divine,
Can I refuse this worthless heart of mine?
See, dearest Lord, obedient to thy call,
Ashamed, repentant, at thy feet I fall,
And would resign myself, my soul, my all!
O let this stubborn heart, this flinty rock,
Softened by heavenly love, with sorrow broke,
Bathed in the fountain of thy bleeding veins,
Be fully cleansed from all its guilty stains;
Till I can say, without a rising fear,
Thou, who knowest all things, knowest my love sincere.

40. Devotion.

Happy the mind, where true devotion glows!
Immortal flame, enkindled from above,
It upward rises, and to God alone
(Its sacred source, its everlasting center,)
Aspiring, trembling, points; attraction sweet,
And powerful, though unseen, directs its aim,
But ah! too oft its force abated sinks,
Damped with the gloomy fogs of sin and fear:
The last faint spark scarce glimmering to the sight,
And near expiring seems, till waked to life
By that all powerful word which gave it birth.
But thus inspired, devotion flames anew,
And bears the soul above those heavy clouds,
Which frequent rise and clog its feeble wings.
Unfettered thus, when thought expatiates free,
What sweet enticements nature's charms afford
To her Creator's praise, Whose hand bestows
Unnumbered gifts, in fair variety
Dispensed, where'er the gazing eye can reach,
Or pleasing meditation lead the thought.
Life and its joys depend upon his smile;
Blest with his smile, the soul can see his hand
In every varying scene, and taste his love
In every good his bounteous hand bestows.
Inspired by him, the mind enraptured views
His bright perfections in his wondrous works,
The wise, the powerful, and the gracious God!

Wide o'er the fruitful fields and verdant meads
His bounty smiles! amid the blooming flowers
Almighty skill appears, the breezy gale
Wafts on its wing, his goodness in their sweets!
On the clear winding rill his goodness flows!
Descends in kindly showers to bless the earth,
Or silent falls in soft refreshing dews!
In yon bright orb, the source of light and heat,
His glory shines with dazzling fervid ray!
And mildly beams in every twinkling star!
In all the God appears! the father smiles!
Omnipotent and wise, and good, and kind!
His works all beautiful! all harmonious join
And charm the eye, and entertain the soul;
Bid silent wonder mingle with delight,
And flow in adoration, love, and praise.

41. Encouragement to Trust in God. [10 10, 10 10.]

*Casting all your care upon him, for he
careth for you. 1 Peter 5:7.*

- 1 Engaging argument! here let me rest
With humble confidence and faith entire:
What less than this, can calm my troubled breast?
What more can my distrustful heart desire?
- 2 Encouraged by so full, so sweet a word,
Fain would my soul forbid intruding fears:
To thee, almighty Father, gracious Lord!
Fain would I bring my load of anxious cares.
- 3 But can a vile, a guilty creature dare
Aspire to hope for favours so divine?
Aspire to claim an interest in thy care,
Or boldly call the glorious blessing mine?

- 4 O let thy spirit's sacred influence seal
The kind assurance to my doubting soul,
Thy pardoning love, thy tender care reveal;
The blissful view shall all my fears control.

42. The Wish.

[Irreg.]

Should lavish wealth display her shining stores,
Or smiling fame her noblest wreaths present;
Should pleasure, dressed in all her soothing charms,
Approach, their proffered joys were all in vain
To tempt my better hopes. There's nothing here
To feed the immortal mind; no earthly good
Can fill my large desires, sublime they soar
Beyond this narrow scene of transient joy,
To God, the spring of life, the source of bliss,
Of perfect bliss, and everlasting life!

Low at thy glorious feet, eternal God,
I prostrate fall, and humbly breathe my wish.
I ask not riches, tis but gilded care,
Nor fame, nor pleasure, fleeting shadows all,

And vain delusive dreams of happiness!
No, tis thy gracious presence, Lord, I ask,
The cheering beams of thy almighty love:
To these, earth's brightest charms appear no more,
Than glow-worms lost amid the blaze of noon.
An interest in thy favour, O my God,
Is all my wish—for this alone contains
Full happiness—One ray of solid hope
That thou art mine, is worth a thousand worlds.

Thy presence, Lord, can gild the shades of death,
And turn the darkness to celestial day.
At thy approach, black doubt and gloomy fear
Retreat like mists before the rising sun.
While joys immortal dawning o'er the soul,
Diffuse new life, and give a taste of heaven,
O could I see, on thy dear hand impressed
In lasting characters, my worthless name;
Could I without a wavering doubt behold
Thy blissful face, and say, thou art my God!
Not earth with all the charms it has in store,
Should bribe my love, or draw my heart from thee.

43. Divine Contemplation.

[886. 88. 86.]

- 1 How blest the minds, which daily rise
 To worlds unseen beyond the skies,
 And lose this vale of tears!
 On heaven-taught pinions while they soar.
 And joys unknown to sense explore,
 How low the cares of mortal life!
 How mean its bliss appears!

- 2 O for the wings of faith and love,
 To bear my thoughts and hopes above
 These little scenes of care!
 Above these gloomy mists which rise,
 And pain my heart, and cloud my eyes,
 To see the dawn of heavenly day,
 And breathe celestial air.

- 3 Yet higher would I stretch my flight,
 And reach the sacred courts of light
 Where my Redeemer reigns:
 Far-beaming from his radiant throne
 Immortal splendours, joys unknown,
 With never-fading lustre shine,
 O'er all the blissful plains.

- 4 Ten thousand times ten thousand tongues
 There join in rapture-breathing songs,
 And tune the golden lyre
 To Jesus their exalted Lord;
 Dear name, how loved! and how adored!
 His charms awake the heavenly strain,
 And every note inspire.
- 5 No short-lived pleasure there beguiles,
 But perfect bliss forever smiles,
 With underlining ray:
 Thither my thoughts would fain ascend,
 But ah! to dust and earth they bend,
 Fettered with empty vanities,
 And chained to lifeless clay.
- 6 Dear Lord, and shall I ever be
 So far from bliss, so far from thee,
 An exile from the sky?
 O break these chains, my wishes fire,
 And upward bid my heart aspire;
 Without thy aid I cannot rise,
 O give me wings to fly.

44. Refuge in Distress.

[Irreg.]

In a frail, shattered bark I trembling ride;
Beneath me sin a boundless ocean spreads.
Amid the dreadful waves or swelled with tempest,
Loud threatening ruin, and immediate death;
Or smiling with a smooth deceitful calm,
But hiding rocks and sands and sure destruction,
A helpless voyager! nor skill nor strength,
To 'scape the danger, or outlive the storm.
Tempestuous winds with direful fury rise,
And waves, with terror fraught, incessant rage,
To plunge me in the fathomless abyss.
Thick clouds and darkness hide the face of heaven;
No friendly star appears to point my course
To the wished haven of rest, the seats of bliss.
Ah! must I sink, forever lost?

See! through the dreadful gloom a cheering ray
With heavenly radiance break! a glimpse of hope
A smile of pity from the Saviour's face!
To him, I lift my suppliant hands and eyes,
To him my voice with trembling accent raise,
Lord save me or I perish!
O thou my refuge, and my only hope,
Draw near to my assistance; let thy arm,
Thy potent arm of mercy, oft extended
To sinking dying wretches be my stay.

Thy sovereign voice can still the raging sea,
Can hush the warring winds and waves to peace,
And bid the clouded sky be all serene:
O speak, and smiling comfort shall attend
The charming sound, and drive my fears away.

Thou art my star: O let thy beams impart
Light to my eyes, and comfort to my soul.
Direct my course and let thy gracious arm
Be ever near, my all-sufficient guard.
Then shall I never sink, though storms should rise,
And winds and waves in all their fury rage;
But o'er the swelling surge securely ride,
Thy cross my anchor, and thy word my guide:
Till death shall land me on the blissful shore,
Where sins, and fears, and dangers are no more.

45. Hope Reviving
in the Contemplation of Divine Mercy.

[Irreg.]

Ye restless, dark, distracting fears, begone!
For mercy, kind inviting mercy, smiles:
No more, my trembling soul, indulge no more,
These gloomy doubts; shall diffidence prescribe
Limits to sovereign, free, unbounded mercy?
With transport let me hear, with joy obey
The blissful word, which bids my soul approach
The throne of grace, and ask, nor ask in vain
For pardon, life and peace; a full supply
For all my wants: divine beneficence!
The object, how unworthy! Gracious God,
Increase my rising hope to thankful joy,
And bid my heart with pleasing rapture trace
The wonders of thy love: amazing theme!
The song of angels, and the bliss of heaven!
How shall my heart receive the vast idea,
Or feeble words express it? Scanty power
Of human thought—the force of language fails,

And soaring wishes flag their strongest wing!
The starry heavens, immeasurably high
Are raised above the globe; but higher far
Thy thoughts, thy ways, above my utmost reach.
What finite power can ever comprehend
The infinite extent of love divine?
Launched on the boundless ocean, every thought
Is lost in pleasing wonder! love divine!
Created wisdom's most exalted pitch,
Angelic force, can never sound the depth,
The unfathomable depth! can never reach
The immeasurable height!

Yet may I meditate, adoring low
Its countless glories, in the sacred word
Displayed, and shining, all serene and mild.
And while I meditate, O may I feel
Its quickening, healing, life-diffusing ray,
And all my soul subdued by love and mercy;
Mercy, which in the eternal purpose dwelt
For man, (lost, guilty, miserable man!)
Long ere the worlds arose, or man was formed.
Mercy, which moved the Son of God to leave
The immortal splendours of his glorious throne,

For this low world, arrayed in mortal flesh,
To suffer all the sorrows, pains, and woes
Of human nature, in its lowest form;
A servant! Oh, what miracles can mercy,
What wonders can almighty love perform!
Almighty love, which bore the cruel scoffs,
The restless spite, and persecuting rage
Of impious hardened wretches!—patient bore!
When with a single frown, he might have sunk them
Quick to the caverns of eternal death.

But, Oh! yet farther, let my soul pursue
The wondrous labyrinth of love divine,
And follow my Redeemer to the cross;
Nailed to the cross, his hands and feet all torn
With agonizing torture!—Can my heart
Behold those wounds, and not weep tears of blood?
His blood was shed for sin, his sacred side
Deep pierced, poured forth the vital crimson flood,
Ordained to cleanse and expiate mortal crimes.
For mortal crime, what loads of wrath unknown
Were due! Almighty justice, armed with terror,
Poured the full vial on his guiltless head,

Of vengeance for the infinite offence
Of guilty man, against its sacred laws.
He bore it all! he in the sinner's stead
Sustained the dreadful storm, and by his death
The immortal work was finished! full atonement,
Full satisfaction made; amazing scene!
Stupendous sacrifice! mysterious love!
He died!—the Lord of life, the Saviour died!
Al nature sympathizing felt the shock!
Earth groaned, and trembled to her inmost center!
The sun withdrew his beams, and wrapped his face
In sable clouds, and midnight's deepest shade;
To mourn the absence of a brighter sun,
The sun of righteousness eclipsed in death!
A short eclipse! for soon he lose again
All-glorious, and resumed his native skies!
There, with full brightness and unclouded ray
Forever shines, dispensing light and bliss
Through the bright worlds of uncreated day.

His rays far-beaming, visit this dark world;
And through the clouds of guilt, the shades of death,
Break the fair glimmerings of ethereal morn:

O may they reach this dark, cold, lifeless heart,
And kindle light divine, and vital warmth
Through all my powers! Arise, O blissful Sun,
Dispel the clouds of sin, and doubt, and sorrow:
Shine with all potent and resistless beams,
And in the sweet assurance of thy love,
Spread the bright dawn of heaven around my soul.
And when this mortal part, this feeble frame,
Sinks down, and mingles with its native dust;
Let my free, joyful soul, exulting rise
On angel wings, to those divine abodes,
Where thy bright presence in full glory shines;
Transformed to thy fair image, clothed in light,
Mix with the tuneful choir, thy love redeemed,
In endless praise:—O bliss beyond conception!
In silent rapture all my soul adores.

46. Eusebia and Urania,
or Devotion and the Muse.

[Irreg.]

EUSEBIA.

Say, dear Urania, silent why so long?
I languish for thy sweet reviving song.
Wilt thou unkind, neglect a sister's moan,
And leave me wretched to complain alone?
Oft has thy lyre my sacred joys expressed,
And breathed the ardent wishes of my breast.
Oft have thy sympathizing strings complained,
And gently soothed my heart with anguish pained.
Once more, Urania, try thy pleasing power,
And animate this dust, this languid hour.

URANIA.

Thy active life must wake the silent strings;
For when Eusebia breathes, Urania sings.
But fainting efforts, and unmeaning sighs
Can never teach the feeble notes to rise.
Tis gratitude and love, tis warm desire,
Or grief sincere attunes the heaven-taught lyre.

When thy heart labours with the sense of pain,
 In sympathizing accents I complain:
 And when from earth thy soaring thoughts arise,
 My kindred notes attend them to the skies.
 Ah! where is now the heart-oppressing sigh?
 Or where the ardent wish that pierced the sky?
 Does not Eusebia sleep supine on earth,
 Almost forgetful of her heavenly birth?

EUSEBIA.

No more, my friend—at length, alas! I see
 The change, the mournful change, is all in me,
 My heavenly birth!—the thought awakes my pain;
 And shall I sleep regardless of the chain,
 The hateful chain, which holds me from the skies?
 Nor once look upward with desiring eyes?
 Ah! wretched state! yet dear Urania say,
 Extinguished is the joy-inspiring ray?
 Lost is that heavenly flame, in mortal night,
 Which once, attractive, led our upward flight?
 Its vital warmth these fetters could unbind,
 And earth no more detain the heaven-born mind.

URANIA.

Extinguished! No—immortal is the flame
Which animates my dear Eusebia's frame.
Though late with such a sickly beam it shone,
When fainting accents breathed thy languid moan:
Celestial love can never, never die,
It will revive, and seek its native sky;
To its divine Original it tends,
And on almighty power its life depends.
Though earth-born vapours gloomy intervene,
And cloud, with night's dark shade, the mournful scene;
If love's unchanging source his beams display,
The intercepting gloom shall fleet away,
And grateful transport hail the rising day.

EUSEBIA.

Thou friendly power, how kind thy cheering strain!
This blissful hope will mitigate my pain.
Arise, O Sun of righteousness, arise,
With sweet attraction draw me to the skies.
Thy healing beams my every grief can chase,
Great Spring of life, unveil thy radiant face.
Awake desire, and hope, and love, and joy,
Till heaven alone my raptured soul employ!

URANIA.

And heaven alone deserves Eusebia's care;
The loveliest scenes on earth no more are fair
When Jesus is withdrawn; his smiles bestow
A glimpse of heaven, a paradise below.
Then oh, what splendour fills those happy plains,
Where in full glory our Immanuel reigns!
Diffusing life, and love, and joys unknown
Through all the blissful myriads round his throne.
Ten thousand thousand tuneful voices raise
Their sweetest, loftiest notes to sing his praise;
While all the golden harps of heaven resound
Triumphant love with endless glory crowned.

EUSEBIA.

Transporting view! O for a seraph's wing
To bear me to thy courts, my Lord, my King!
O happy state! how sweet, divinely sweet,
To bend adoring at thy glorious feet!
How should I wonder that my powers could be
So languid here, so cold to heaven and thee!
Blest hour of liberty, when we shall rise,
Urania, to those ever-smiling skies!
Where not a cloud shall spread its transient gloom,
But undecaying joys immortal bloom.

There shall thy soothing lyre no more complain,
 But tuned to rapture breathe a nobler strain.
 Ecstatic praise and boundless joy inspire
 The meanest voice in that immortal choir.
 Come, my Urania, aid my rising thought;
 In the bright hope be every care forgot.

URANIA.

Hail, glorious hope! how sweet the distant view!
 Ye little cares of earth and time, adieu.
 Fain would I stretch my willing, joyful flight,
 With my Eusebia, to those worlds of light;
 Where praise and harmony unknown below.
 Forever with unwearied ardour flow.
 But ere we reach the blissful seats of day,
 Eusebia's earthly mansion must decay;
 Then death, (kind friend,) shall bid the prisoner rise,
 And join the raptured concert of the skies.
 Meanwhile Urania joins her sister's cares,
 Partakes her joy, and in her sorrow shares.
 And if thy smile inspire the humble song,
 Thy name, dear Saviour, shall employ her tongue;
 And Jesus, and Salvation shall resound,
 In echoes of delight the groves around.
 Divine employ, to sing thy lovely name,
 While listening angels join the glorious theme!

47. Ambition.

[88 10. 88 10.]

- 1 Let fame the shining annals spread,
 Where she records her mighty dead,
And boasting, promise an immortal name!
 Vain is her boast, her proud parade
 Sinks in oblivion's dreary shade;
Time, all-destroying time, forbids the claim.
- 2 Let her employ her utmost power,
 With radiance gild the present hour,
(Tis all she can) her fairest wreaths display;
 What is the envied prize, decreed
 The living Conqueror's glorious meed
At best, the fading triumph of a day.
- 3 The Christian seeks a nobler prize,
 A fairer wreath attracts his eyes,
Divine ambition in his bosom glows;
 His hopes a crown immortal fires;
 Jesus, the Lord of his desires,
On faith, and humble love, the crown bestows.

- 4 Honours, unconscious of decay,
 While ages rise and roll away,
Secured by perfect truth's unchanging word;
 The victor's palm, the robe of state,
 Laid up in heaven, the Christian wait,
Triumphant, through his dying, rising Lord.
- 5 His name, enrolled among the just,
 When sculptured monuments are dust.
And mortal glory sinks in endless night;
 Shall with immortal lustre shine,
 Wrote by the hand of love divine
In life's fair book, in characters of light..
- 6 Such is the Christian's glorious prize;
 Thus high, his hopes, his wishes rise
Inspired by blest ambition, heaven-born flame!
 O thou, the source of bliss divine,
 My heart renew, exalt, refine!
Nor let me bear, in vain, the Christian's name.

48. Christ the Christian's Life.

[886. 886.]

- 1 O for the animating fire
That tuned harmonious Watts's lyre,
 To sweet seraphic strains!
Celestial fire, that bore his mind
(Earth's vain allurements left behind)
 To yonder blissful plains,

- 2 There, Jesus lives, (transporting name!)
Jesus inspired the sacred flame,
 And gave devotion wings;
With heaven-attracted flight she soared,
The realms of happiness explored,
 And smiled, and pitied kings.

- 3 Come sacred flame, and warm my heart,
Thy animating power impart,
 Sweet dawn of life divine!
Jesus, thy love alone can give
The power to rise, the power to live;
 Eternal life is thine.

- 4 If in my heart, thy heavenly day
 Has e'er diffused its vital ray,
 I bless the smiling dawn;
 But oh, when gloomy clouds arise,
 And veil thy glory from mine eyes,
 I mourn my joys withdrawn;
- 5 Then, faith, and hope, and love decay!
 Without thy life-inspiring ray,
 Each cheerful grace declines;
 Yet, I must live on thee, my Lord,
 For still in thy unchanging word
 A beam of comfort shines.
- 6 The vital principle within,
 Though oft depressed with fear and sin,
 Can never cease to be:
 Though doubt prevails, and grief complains,
 Thy hand omnipotent, sustains
 The life derived from thee.
- 7 O come, thou life of every grace,
 Reveal, reveal thy lovely face,
 These gloomy clouds remove!
 And bid my fainting hope arise
 To thy fair mansions in the skies,
 On wings of faith and love.

- 8 There life divine no languor knows,
 But with immortal vigour glows,
 By joys immortal fed:
 No cloud can spread a moment's night,
 For there, thy smiles immense delight
 And boundless glory shed.

49. The Complaint and Relief.

[Irreg.]

When pensive thought recalls the scenes of life,
And full in view the varied landscape rises;
While memory draws the line, and fancy paints
The mingled light and shade, in due proportion;
Intruding melancholy often blends
Her sable dye, and deepens every shade,
Till all appears a mourning piece of woe;
And my impatient heart at length exclaims,

Ah, what is life! what glimpse of real joy,
 Has ever smiled to bless the gloomy scene!
 Anxieties, and fears, and pains, and sorrows.
 Thick interwoven, rise in every part,
 Through all the dreary wild: If e'er delights
 Seemed budding, here and there, amid the thorns;
 Touched by the wasting canker, soon they fell;
 Or nipped by chilling wintry blasts, declined;
 Nor one fair blossom ever cheered my sight.

So withers all my bloom of life away!
 So pain and sickness waste this sinking frame!
 The lingering hours roll heavily along,
 All dark and sad; save where some transient gleam
 Lights a short blaze, and vanishes away.
 Birth of a moment!—Such is mortal bliss!—
 Is mortal bliss no more? is this the all
 Of happiness that earth can e'er bestow?
 A momentary ray! a short-lived meteor!
 Let me reflect again—were blooming health,
 That best, that dearest earthly blessing mine;
 Were pleasure mine, and all its tempting charms
 Still brightened with unsullied innocence;
 Should fortune smile auspicious on my life,
 And lavish, pour her gifts beneath my feet;

Could all the gifts of fortune, health or pleasure,
Give permanent delight, or solid bliss?
Ah no! they all are empty, vain, and fleeting!
Earth's fairest gifts united, can't bestow
One happy hour of real satisfaction.
Can air suffice the craving appetite,
Or empty shadows yield substantial good?

Man has desires, capacious as his soul,
Desires, which earthly joys can never fill.
Can mortal food sustain the immortal mind,
Or her unbounded wishes fix on ought
Below the skies, as equal happiness?

No, were the brightest scenes of mortal bliss
Displayed before me, crowned with young delights;
Should smiling pleasures rise in fair succession,
The earth all blooming, all serene the sky;
The thoughts of death would cloud the gay meridian
With midnight shades!—And see the tyrant comes!
His arrow flies!—Down sinks the golden scene
In everlasting darkness!

But oh! the soul, that never dying part,
 Survives the ruin! then her vast concerns
 Appear in all their infinite importance.
 On worlds unknown, amazed the stranger enters,
 Heir to eternity of bliss, or woe.
 Eternity—delightful, dreadful name!
 What mind can grasp the infinite idea?

Eternity of woe! tremendous sound,
 Fraught with despair! unutterable horror!
 What heart can bear the distant apprehension
 Of the ten thousandth part of half its terrors?
 Eternity of bliss! transporting thought!
 But thought can never reach the faintest shadow
 Of joys forever bright, forever full!

What awful infinite concerns depend
 On this poor, slender, trembling thread of life!
 Time—how inestimable is the treasure!
 How precious everyday, and every hour!
 And could my foolish, my repining heart
 Complain, they move too heavy? Gracious God,
 Forgive the rash complaint, the guilty folly!
 By thee instructed, O may I employ
 The fleeting remnant of my precious time
 In that important work for which tis given,

In preparation for eternity.

Confiding still in thy almighty arm,
My God, my strength, (all impotence myself)
On thee I lean: O make me persevere.
And ardent striving grasp the blessed hope
Thy sacred word displays—the blessed hope
Of life eternal through a Saviour's death!
Be this my refuge, my unfailing comfort,
In even painful hour! O may thy Spirit
Apply that healing balm for every wound,
A dying Saviour's blood! that full atonement
For all my guilt! that source of purity
To sinful souls! that antidote for death!
That fountain of immortal happiness
And nought below immortal happiness
Can satiate the desires, the vast desires,
Which animate the soul, which bid it rise
Above this dying globe, this nest of worms.

And may a worm, a little particle
Of breathing dust, (for such the frame that holds
This soul, this vital spark of heavenly flame,)
Aspire to mix with angels? Yes, for man,
For sinful man renewed, hath heaven decreed
A place amongst those spotless sons of light.

The rebel angels from their glory fell,
 Whelmed in the depth of everlasting woe,
 Without one cry of mercy; while for man—
 Here let me pause and wonder—while for man,
 For guilty rebel man, the Saviour bled!
 For traitors doomed to never-ending torture,
 He bled to purchase life, and happiness!
 Redeeming love and mercy is the source,
 The boundless ocean of immense delight,
 Where all our thoughts are lost in vail amazement.
 Redeeming love is the delightful theme
 Which tunes the golden harps of paradise
 To notes of ecstasy! to endless rapture!
 This can irradiate all the gloomy scenes
 Of mortal life, and tune the jarring strings
 Of nature!—This can change the deepest groans
 Of pain and sorrow, all to harmony,
 And joy and praise!—O may its sacred power
 Reach this poor languid heart, enkindle life
 Through all my fainting frame, and raise my soul
 To join with angels in the strains of heaven!

My Saviour God, O loveliest, dearest name
 That e'er my ear received, or tongue pronounced!
 While hoping, yet almost afraid to hope

That thou art mine, I breathe the charming sounds
In faltering accents; wilt thou, gracious, seal
My humble claim, exalt my trembling hope
To full assurance? let thy Holy Spirit
With powerful and convincing attestation
Confirm my wavering faith, reveal my name,
My worthless name, in thy fair book of life,
In everlasting characters engraved.
Disperse my fears, and fill my inmost soul
With joy unspeakable and full of glory.

O blissful state! on earth my wish supreme!
Sweet prelibation of immortal joys!
Possessed of this, I could resign the world,
Nor heave a sigh, nor shed one parting tear.
Then, death were welcome, and the frowning aspect
Of nature's foe would change to heavenly smiles.
Then would I spurn the globe, and rise attended
By guards celestial to the realms of bliss:
To thy bright presence, O my Saviour God;
To dwell forever in the vast delights
Thy smiles bestow! there in transporting strains
To join the heavenly chorus; all my powers
Uniting in immortal praise, and honours,

To thy adored, to thy exalted name.
There Jesus and salvation, boundless theme,
Shall swell the boundless song; and tune the notes
To ecstasy! the rapture-breathing strain
Unmeasured, but by vail eternity.

50. A Thought in Sickness. [10 10. 10 10.]

- 1 How weak, how languid is the immortal mind!
Prisoned in clay! ah, how unlike her birth!
These noble powers for active life designed,
Depressed with pain and grief, sink down to earth.
- 2 Unworthy dwelling of a heaven-born guest!
Ah no!—for sin, the cause of grief and pain,
Taints her first purity, forbids her rest;
And justly is she doomed to wear the chain.
- 3 To wear the chain—how long? till grace divine
By griefs and pains shall wean from earthly toys;
Till grace convince, invigourate, refine,
And thus prepare the mind for heavenly joys.

- 4 Then, O my God, let this reviving thought
To all thy dispensations reconcile;
Be present pains with future blessings fraught,
And let my cheerful hope look up and smile.
- 5 Look up and smile, to hail the glorious day,
(Jesus, to thee, this blissful hope I owe,)
When I shall leave this tenement of clay,
With all its frailties, all its pains below.
- 6 Jesus, in thee, in thee I trust, to raise,
Renewed, refined, and fair, this frail abode;
Then my whole frame shall speak thy wondrous praise,
Forever consecrated to my God.

51. A Reflection on a Winter Evening. [C. M.]

- 1 Now faintly smile day's hasty hours,
The fields and gardens mourn,
Nor ruddy fruits, nor blooming flowers
Stern winter's brow adorn.

- 2 Stern winter throws his icy chains
Encircling nature round:
How bleak, how comfortless the plains!
Late with gay verdure crowned.
- 3 The sun withdraws his vital beams,
And light and warmth depart,
And drooping, lifeless, nature seems
An emblem of my heart.
- 4 My heart, where mental winter reigns,
In night's dark mantle clad,
Confined in cold inactive chains,
How desolate and sad!
- 5 Ere long the sun with genial ray,
Shall cheer the mourning earth,
And blooming flowers and verdure gay
Renew their annual birth.
- 6 So, if my soul's bright sun impart
His all-enlivening smile,
The vital ray shall cheer my heart;
Till then, a frozen foil.

- 7 Then faith, and hope, and love shall rise
Renewed to lively bloom,
And breathe accepted to the skies,
Their humble, sweet perfume.
- 8 Return, O blissful sun, and bring
Thy soul-reviving ray;
This mental winter shall be spring,
This darkness cheerful day,
- 9 But while to this low world confined
Where changeful seasons roll,
My blooming pleasures will decline,
And winter pain my soul.
- 10 O happy state, divine abode,
Where spring eternal reigns;
And perfect day, the smile of God,
Fills all the heavenly plains!
- 11 Great source of light thy beams display,
My drooping joys restore,
And guide me to the seats of day,
Where winter frowns no more.

52. The Elevation.

[Irreg.]

- 1 While I survey the azure sky
With wonder and delight,
A thousand beauties meet my eye,
A thousand lambent glories deck the night,
I do not ask to know their names,
Nor their magnitude enquire;
What avails it me to prove
Which are fixed and which remove?
Let she sons of science rove
Through the boundless fields of space,
And amazing wonders trace;
Bright worlds beyond those starry flames,
My nobler curiosity inspire.

- 2 When o'er the shining plain,
Thought ranges unconfined,
Night with her sparkling train
Awhile may entertain,
But cannot fix the mind.

The restless mind insatiate still,
(Which all creation cannot fill,)
Fain would arise,
Beyond the skies,
And leave their glittering wonders far behind.
Beyond them brighter wonders dwell,
By mortal eyes unseen;
Not angel eloquence can tell
The endless glories of the blissful scene.
Wonders, all to sense unknown!
Glories, seen by faith alone!
Come, faith, with heaven-illumined ray,
Arise, and lead the shining way,
And teach my longing mind
The path of life to find;
A path proud science never found
In all her wide unwearied round;
A path by bold philosophy untried:
Nor will I ask the twinkling eyes of night:
The sacred word alone directs my flight,
Nor can I miss my way with this unerring guide,

- 3 From awful Calvary the flight begins;
For there the burdened mind
Divine relief can find;
Tis there she drops her load of sins;

Accursed load, which held her from the skies!
Tis love, almighty love,
Which bids the load remove,
And shows the heavenly way, and bids my soul arise:
Jesus, the true, the living way
To the blissful realms of day!
Come, dearest Lord, my heart inspire
With faith, and love, and warm desire;
And bear me, raptured, to the blest abode,
Thy glorious dwelling, O my Saviour God!

- 4 In those happy worlds are given
To the favourites of heaven,
Mansions brighter far
Than the brightest star,
Which gilds the fair ethereal plains.
Stars must resign their temporary ray,
These shine resplendent with immortal day,
Nor cloud, nor shade, their spotless glory stains.
Radiant mansions, all divine!
They shall forever, ever shine
With undecaying light;
When stars no more shall set and rise,
And all these fair expanded skies
Are rolled away and lost in everlasting night.

- 5 Adieu, ye shining fields of air,
Ye spangled heavens, that look so fair,
And smiling court the eye;
Your fading beauties charm no more,
While contemplation lost in sweet amaze,
Dwells on the splendours of a brighter sky:
But, O my soul at humble distance gaze,
With trembling joy adore.
There reigns the eternal source of light,
Full-beaming from his awful throne
Dazzling glories—Oh, how bright!
To thought unknown.
Too strong the insufferable day
For the strongest angel's eye!
Seraphs veiled and prostrate lie
Adoring at his feet:
But love attempers every ray,
And mingles holy awe with bliss divinely sweet.
- 6 Ecstatic joy! immense delight!
Here fainting contemplation dies,
The glory overwhelms her sight;
Nor faith can look with steadfast eyes.

No more, my soul, attempt no more
Those awful glories to explore,
From frail mortality concealed.
Yet in the sacred word,
I may behold my Lord;
In those celestial lines
A ray of glory shines,
Pointing upward to the skies;
Scenes of joy, though distant, rise,
To faith, and hope, and humble love revealed.

- 7 Jesus, whom my soul adores,
O let thy reviving ray,
(Sweet dawn of everlasting day,
With heavenly radiance cheer my fainting powers;
And when I drop this mortal load,
Free and joyful to the sky
Let my raptured spirit fly,
With unknown swiftness wing the aerial road,
And find a mansion in thy bright abode.
Transporting thought —and shall I see
The heavenly friend who died for me?
While seraphs tune the golden lyre,
Jesus, to thy charming name,
Let me join the blissful choir,
Thy love the everlasting theme!

But not the joy-resounding lay,
Harmonious o'er the worlds above,
Through endless ages can display,
Dear Saviour, half the glories of thy love.

SOME PARTS
OF THE
BOOK of PSALMS,
ATTEMPTED IN VERSE.

PSALMS

ATTEMPTED IN VERSE.

53. Psalm I.

[Irreg,]

Happy the man, whose heaven-directed feet
Avoid the crowded path where sinners meet;
Who shuns the lofty seat of impious pride;
Or men, who dare Jehovah's law deride.
He in that sacred, venerable law,
(Inspiring holy thoughts and pious awe,)
Continual meditates with new delight;
Guide of his day, and solace of his night!
Beneath heaven's kindest influence he shall grow,
Like a fair tree where cheering waters flow:
Whose grateful boughs confess the happy soil,
And crowned with autumn's richest bounty smile.
Unfading and secure his hope shall stand,
And prosperous be the labours of his hand.

Not so the sinner's hope; he soon shall find,
It flies like chaff before the driving wind.
How will the guilty tribe their sentence bear,
When God in awful judgment shall appear?
Then shall no sinner stand before his face,
Or in the blest assembly find a place.
The Lord looks down, and guides his children's way,
Safe to the regions of eternal day.
But oh, the flowery paths which sinners tread,
To darkness and to sure perdition lead.

54. Psalm II.

[C. M.]

- 1 Why do the heathen nations rise
 With unavailing rage?
Why thus to dare the avenging skies,
 In impious plots engage?

- 2 Proud monarchs meet, and breathing war,
 Raise their vain threatnings high
Against the Lord, and boldly dare
 His chosen king defy.
- 3 “Shall we submit to his commands,
 And bend the suppliant knee?
No, let us break the servile bands,
 We are, and will be free.”
- 4 Heaven's awful sovereign, throned on high,
 Surveys their airy dreams,
He smiles contempt; in ruin lie
 Their vainly laboured schemes.
- 5 His dreadful anger now awakes;
 Their hearts what terrors wound!
Almighty power affronted speaks,
 And wrath attends the sound!
- 6 “My chosen king exalted see,
 On Zion's sacred hill!
Attend the solemn fixed decree,
 And learn Jehovah's will!”

- 7 “Thou art my Son, thee I proclaim
 Earth's universal Lord;
Of powers, and potentates supreme,
 Thy name shall be adored.”
- 8 “Ask, and I give to thee alone,
 The heathens wide domain;
And earth's remotest ends shall own
 Thy uncontested reign.”
- 9 “Who will not to thy sceptre bow,
 Shall feel thy iron rod;
And crushed in helpless ruin, show
 The vengeance of a God.”
- 10 Be wise, ye monarchs; learn to fear
 The power, of powers supreme;
With awful, trembling joy revere
 The Lord's exalted name.
- 11 While mercy, with inviting rays,
 Shines radiant in his eyes,
Approach; for should his anger blaze,
 The unpardoned rebel dies.

- 12 When fury kindling in his eye,
Each guilty breast alarms;
Happy the souls who gladly fly
For refuge to his arms.

55. Psalm III.

[C. M.]

- 1 Lord, how my numerous foes increase!
How fast my troubles rise!
To thee, the sacred spring of peace,
My wearied spirit flies.
- 2 My numerous foes awake my fears,
While they exulting boast,
“No heavenly aid for him appears,
And all his hopes are lost.”
- 3 But thou, my glory, and my shield,
Wilt all my fears control;
A strong defence thy arm shall yield,
And raise my drooping soul.

- 4 To God I breathed my ardent cry,
He, gracious heard my prayer;
It reached his sacred throne on high,
And he removed my care.
- 5 I laid me down and slept secure,
I waked, for God was nigh;
Sustained by his almighty power,
My guard his watchful eye.
- 6 What though ten thousand foes in arms
Against me should appear;
And war resound its dire alarms,
I will not yield to fear.
- 7 Arise, O Lord, with saving power
In my defence engage;
As oft thy potent arm before
Has crushed their impious rage.
- 8 Salvation, Lord, is thine alone,
And all thy saints shall find
The bliss my thankful heart has known,
A God forever kind.

56. Psalm IV.

[C. M.]

- 1 O Lord, my strength, my righteousness,
Attend my humble prayer;
Oft thou hast heard me in distress,
Renew thy ancient care.
- 2 How long shall scoffers turn with lies
My glory into shame?
Ah cease these envious vanities,
Nor wound my injured name.
- 3 For know, the man of upright heart,
As his peculiar care,
The Lord himself has set apart
And when I call will hear.
- 4 With trembling awe your heart survey,
And every sin repent;
Let true contrition close the day,
And future guilt prevent.

- 5 The sacrifice the Lord will own,
 If thus you seek his face,
 Thus humbly bow before his throne,
 And trust his pardoning grace.
- 6 Vain is the toilsome search of good
 In all things here below;
 Thy smile alone, my gracious God,
 Can real bliss bestow.
- 7 Thy smile, whence all my comfort springs,
 With gladness fills my heart;
 No joy increasing affluence brings,
 Such pleasure can impart.
- 8 My days by thy kind presence blest,
 From thee my safety flows;
 Thy favour guards my nightly rest,
 And gives me sweet repose.

57. Psalm VIII.

[L. M.]

- 1 O Lord, how glorious is thy name
Through the wide earth's extended frame;
Majestic glories form thy seat,
And heaven adores beneath thy feet.
- 2 Thy power from tender babes can raise
A monument of wondrous praise:
At thy command, the infant song
Shall still the proud blasphemer's tongue,
- 3 When all thy shining works on high
I meditate with raptured eye,
The silver moon, the starry train
Which gild the fair ethereal plain.
- 4 Lord, what is man, that he should share
Thy notice, thy indulgent care?
That man, frail child of earth, should be
The favourite of the Deity?

- 5 His place thy forming hand assigned
But just below the angelic kind;
With noblest favours circled round,
And with distinguished honours crowned;
- 6 Invested him with power and sway,
And bid the subject brutes obey;
Sovereign of all thy works below,
To him the meaner creatures bow;
- 7 The bleating flocks, the lowing herds.
The gliding fish, the flying birds;
All that the earth's wide circuit yields,
Natives of air, or seas, or fields.
- 8 But still let man adoring own,
That thou, O Lord, art King alone;
And through the earth's extended frame,
Declare the glories of thy name.

58. Psalm XIII.

[C. M.]

- 1 How long wilt thou, O God of grace,
 Forget thy wonted love?
How long conceal thy shining face,
 Nor bid the cloud remove?

- 2 How long shall my dejected soul,
 (Thus pondering o'er her woes,)
In vain endeavour to control
 The power of inward foes?

- 3 Lord, hear my prayer, and heal my woes,
 Arise with cheering light;
Or soon these wretched eyes will close
 In everlasting night,

- 4 The powers of darkness will rejoice
 To see my life decay,
And triumph with insulting voice
 Around their trembling prey.

- 5 But, Lord, thy mercy hitherto
Has been my only trust;
Let mercy now my joys renew,
And raise me from the dust.
- 6 Then shall my heart and tongue proclaim
The bounties of my God,
My songs with grateful rapture flame,
And spread thy praise abroad.

59. Psalm XVI.

[Irreg.]

Preserve me, oh my God; on thee alone
With humble confidence my soul relies,
By thee encouraged, oft with holy pleasure,
Yet mixed with trembling, I have made my claim
To thy regard, and said, thou art my God.
But oh, to thee my best, and noblest service
Is poor and worthless! yet their good who love thee,
I would consult; where'er thy image dwells

My soul delights, and I would show thy saints
How much my heart reveres that excellence
Which bears the blest resemblance of my God.

Unnumbered woes shall be their fatal lot,
Who follow idol gods: their impious rites
I will not join, nor shall my faithful lips
But with abhorrence e'er pronounce their names.

The Lord is mine, the portion of my choice,
My sure support, my blest inheritance.
Thy favour, (O my God, my happy lot
Continue still,) is all my wish, my joy.
Thy gracious hand has, with indulgent care,
Marked out my lines; my prospects all serene;
A pleasant heritage, an ample share
Of every good! O let me bless the Lord,
Whose heavenly counsel guides my doubting soul,
While in the silent watches of the night
Instructive meditation warms my heart.
The Lord is ever near, my guard, my guide:
Blest with his presence, what can e'er remove
The lasting basis of my sacred joys?
Exulting gladness fills my grateful heart,
And bids my tongue and all my powers rejoice.
This flesh, this dying frame shall rest in hope

To rise, and join anew the parting soul;
For thou wilt never leave me in the grave,
Nor can a pure refined ethereal spirit
E'er mingle with the dust and foul corruption.
Thy hand shall guide me in the path of life:
The path of life to thy bright presence leads,
The boundless ocean of immortal joy;
To thy right hand, where pleasures all divine
Triumphant smile in everlasting bloom.

60. Psalm XIX.

[Irreg.]

The heavens declare their Maker's glorious name;
The spacious firmament's extended frame,
And all the shining wonders it displays,
Proclaim the God, and teach the world his praise.

Each rising day repeats instructive songs,
And closing night the wondrous theme prolongs:
Nor speech nor language wants the sacred strain;
Tis nature's harmony, nor tuned in vain.
Delightful music! here the heaven-taught mind
Sweetness beyond the reach of sounds can find.

Through all the world the sacred lines are spread,
And earth's remotest ends may wondering read.
From hence the rising sun his light displays,
And glads all nature with his cheerful rays.
So the young bridegroom on his nuptial day
Exulting smiles, and all the scene is gay.
Like sportive youth contending in the race,
When joyful ardour paints the glowing face,
With rapid speed, now from the radiant east
His race begins, now gains the distant west;
Each deep recess his piercing beams explore,
And nature owns his all-enlivening power.

But with diviner beams, the sacred word
Shines o'er the soul, and guides it to the Lord.
Unerring guide, which heavenly light supplies,
Transforms the heart, and makes the simple wise;
In God's commands see truth and goodness join!
Immortal rectitude is every line.
Tis here celestial light and knowledge flows,
And nobler joy than all creation knows.
That pure devotion which his fear inspires,
To him its sacred source directs its fires.
His precepts with eternal splendour shine,
All spotless truth, and righteousness divine.

Immortal treasure! all the glittering store
Of golden mines, compared to these, how poor!
Here heavenly food abounds, divine repast!
More sweet than honey to the longing taste:
Here gentle admonitions warn my heart,
When my frail steps would from thy way depart.
Obedience to thy laws, my sovereign Lord,
Brings peace and joy, an ample rich reward.
The errors of the heart, ah, who can trace?
Lord, I implore thy purifying grace;
Preserve thy servant from each willful stain,
From sin's destructive power and hateful reign:
Then shall my life be right, my heart sincere,
And free from deadly guilt, adore thy care.

Let these petitions of my lips arise,
Warm from my heart accepted in thine eyes;
Propitious hear the humble fruit I bring,
O Lord, my strength, my Saviour and my King,

61. Psalm XXIII.

[C. M.]

- 1 The Lord, my Shepherd and my Guide
Will all my wants supply;
In safety I shall still abide
Beneath his watchful eye.
- 2 Amid the verdant flowery meads,
He makes my sweet repose;
When pained with thirst he gently leads
Where living water flows.
- 3 If from his fold I thoughtless stray,
He leads the wanderer home;
And shows my erring feet the way
Where dangers cannot come.
- 4 Though hastening to the silent tomb,
And death's dark shades appear,
Thy presence, Lord, shall cheer the gloom,
And banish every fear,

- 5 No evil can my soul dismay,
While I am near my God:
My comfort, my support and stay,
Thy staff and guiding rod.
- 6 Thy constant bounties me surround,
Amid my envious foes;
My favoured head with gladness crowned
My cup with blessings flows.
- 7 Thus shall thy goodness, love and care
Attend my future days;
And I shall dwell forever near
My God and sing his praise.

62. Psalm XXIV.

[Irreg.]

The earth through all her wide dominion owns
Her Maker; his are all her ample stores;
Her numerous tribes, dependent on his hand,
Partake his bounty and confess his care.
His potent hand has founded on the seas

The wondrous fabric, rising firm and fair
In just proportion, midst the swelling floods.

But who, of all his creatures, may aspire
To lift their eyes to his divine abode?
Who of the guilty race of man can hope
To stand before his holy seat undaunted?
Or bear the glance of that all-piercing eye,
Which beams immortal purity and truth?
He, whom almighty grace has cleansed from guilt,
Whose heart and life confessed the sacred change;
Who dares not in the purpose of his soul
Consent to sin, or harbour secret guile,
He shall be crowned with blessings from the Lord,
Shall stand with joy before his Saviour God,
In his eternal righteousness arrayed.

These are the happy souls that seek the Lord,
That humbly seek thy face, O God of Jacob.

Lift up your heads, O ye celestial gates!
Unfold your leaves, ye everlasting doors!
With conquest crowned, the king of glory comes!
Who is this king of glory? tis the Lord
Strong in the field, victorious in the fight.

Lift up your heads, O ye celestial gates,
Ye everlasting doors, with joyful speed
Unfold your shining leaves! behold he comes!
The king of glory comes! the Lord of hosts!
The conquering God! he is the King of glory.

63. Psalm XXVII.

[L. M.]

- 1 The Lord, my Saviour, is my light;
What terrors can my soul affright?
While God my strength, my life is near,
What potent arm shall make me fear?
- 2 When cruel foes, the sons of strife,
Came furious to devour my life;
Their vile designs at once o'erthrown,
Confessed the power that cast them down.
- 3 Should numerous hosts besiege me round,
My steadfast heart no fear shall wound:
Though war should rise in dread array,
God is my strength, my hope, my stay.

- 4 This only boon my heart desires,
For this my ardent wish aspires,
This will I seek with restless care,
Till God attend my humble prayer:
- 5 In his own house to spend my days,
My life devoted to his praise;
There would my soul his beauties trace,
And learn the wonders of his grace.
- 6 When troubles rise, my guardian God
Will hide me safe in his abode!
Firm as a rock my hope shall stand,
Sustained by his almighty hand.
- 7 Now shall my head exalted rise
Above surrounding enemies;
While my glad offerings to the Lord,
With grateful songs his praise record.
- 8 Thou sacred spring of all my joys,
Whene'er I raise my plaintive voice,
O let thy sovereign mercy hear,
And answer all my humble prayer.

- 9 When thou with condescending grace
 Hast bid me seek thy smiling face,
 My heart replied to thy kind word,
 Thee will I seek, all gracious Lord.
- 10 Hide not from me thy blissful ray,
 Nor angry frown my hopes away;
 Thy saving help has still been near,
 God of my life, renew thy care.
- 11 Should every earthly friend depart,
 And nature leave a parent's heart;
 My God, on whom my hopes depend,
 Will be my father and my friend.
- 12 O teach me, Lord, thy sacred way,
 Uphold my steps, nor let me stray;
 While enemies and fears alarm,
 Extend thy kind, thy guardian arm.
- 13 Leave not my life to impious foes,
 Whose rage no sense of justice knows;
 Against my innocence they rise,
 And breathe out cruelty and lies.

- 14 My hope was ready to depart,
But faith sustained my fainting heart;
I trusted in a gracious God,
And live to spread his praise abroad.
- 15 Ye humble souls, in every strait
On God with sacred courage wait;
His hand shall life and strength afford,
O wait continual on the Lord,

64. Psalm XXIX.

[Irreg.]

Give to the Lord, ye potentates of earth,
Sons of renown, who glory in your might,
Give to the Lord immortal power and praise!
Confess the awful glories of his name,
To whom alone immortal praise is due.

Amid his sacred courts, where holiness
Resplendent shines, your adorations pay.
Hark! how his voice tremendous breaks the clouds;
The God of glory thunders; dreadful sound!

O'er the wide ocean storm and terror spread—
Tis God amid the storm and terror speaks!
Resistless power dwells in that awful voice;
In every accent majesty divine.

See Lebanon with all his honours bend!
And towering cedars broken spread the ground,
A stately ruin! tis the breath of God
Which shakes the solid hills, unmoved before;
And Lebanon and Sirion start alarmed.

So bounds the wanton heifer o'er the mead;
So starts the unicorn aroused to flight.
Ethereal flames attendant wait his voice,
Dividing, blaze along the vaulted skies,
And flash bright horrors o'er a guilty world.
The wilderness through all her wide extent,
Astonished hears her mighty Maker's voice;
And Kadesh trembles through her deepest glooms;
The frightened hinds in pangs confess his power;
The forest haunts disclosed, each deep recess
Appears, and wonders at the sudden day.

While in his temple, every praiseful tongue
Resounds with loud acclaim his glorious deeds.
On the wild tempest, and the rolling flood,
The God of nature sits, he reigns supreme,
Forever reigns, when nature is no more.

The Lord, the fountain of immortal power,
With strength divine his people will sustain;
On these, while storms and tempests make the world,
He smiles serene, and calms their rising fears,
With the sweet earnest of eternal peace.

65. Psalm XXX.

[C. M.]

- 1 Thee, Lord, my thankful soul would bless,
Thee all my powers adore!
Thy hand has raised me from distress,
My foes rejoice no more.
- 2 O Lord, my God, oppressed with grief,
To thee I breathed my cry!
Thy mercy brought divine relief,
And wiped my tearful eye.

- 3 Thy mercy chased the shades of death,
And snatched me from the grave;
O may thy praise employ that breath
Which mercy deigns to save.
- 4 Come, O ye saints, your voices raise
To God in grateful songs:
And let the memory of his grace,
Inspire your hearts and tongues.
- 5 His frown, what mortal can sustain?
But soon his anger dies;
His life-restoring smile again
Returns, and sorrow flies.
- 6 Her deepest gloom when sorrow spreads,
And light and hope depart,
His smile celestial morning sheds,
And joy revives the heart,
- 7 Beneath thy kind protecting arm
How did my soul rejoice!
And fondly hoped no future harm
Should ever shock my joys.

- 8 Lord, twas thy favour fixed my rest;
Thy shining face withdrew,
And troubles filled my anxious breast,
And pained my soul anew.
- 9 Again to thee, O gracious God,
I raised my mournful eyes;
To thee I spread my woes abroad,
With supplicating cries.
- 10 What glory can my death afford?
In the dark grave confined,
Shall senseless dust adore the Lord,
Or call thy truth to mind?
- 11 Hear, O my God, in mercy hear,
Attend my plaintive cry;
Be thou, my gracious helper, near,
And bid my sorrows fly.
- 12 Again I hear thy voice divine,
New joys exulting bound;
My robes of mourning I resign,
And gladness girds me round.

- 13 Then let my utmost glory be
 To raise thy honours high;
Nor let my gratitude to thee
 In guilty silence die.
- 14 To thee, my gracious God, I raise
 My thankful heart and tongue;
O be thy goodness and thy praise
 My everlasting song.

66. Psalm XXXI.

[L. M.]

- 1 Lord, in thy great, thy glorious name,
I place my hope, my only trust;
Save me from sorrow, guilt and shame,
Thou ever-gracious, ever just.
- 2 Attentive bow thy pitying ear,
Let mercy fly to my relief,
Be thou my refuge, ever near,
A sure defence from all my grief.

- 3 Thou art my rock, thy name alone
 The fortress where my hopes retreat;
 O make thy power and mercy known,
 To safety guide my trembling feet.
- 4 Preserve me from the fatal snare
 Of secret foes, who plot my fall;
 And make my life thy tender care,
 My God, my strength, my hope, my all.
- 5 To thy kind hand, O gracious Lord,
 My soul I cheerfully resign;
 My Saviour God, I trust thy word,
 For truth, immortal truth, is thine.
- 6 I hate their works, I hate their ways
 Who follow vanity and lies;
 But to the Lord my hopes I raise,
 And trust his power who built the skies.
- 7 In thee, my God, I will rejoice,
 While mercy makes my soul her care;
 For thou hast heard my mournful voice,
 In all my sorrows God was near.

- 8 Thou hast not left my life to groan,
 Where chains and tyrant foes oppress;
 Enlarged by thee, my feet have known
 The sweets of liberty and peace.
- 9 Thy wonted mercy, Lord, renew,
 See how my inward troubles rise;
 My melting soul with pity view,
 And these dejected weeping eyes,
- 10 My life is spent in grief and tears,
 In sighs my hours roll slow away,
 My strength decays, while sins and fears
 Sink all my frame in deep decay,
- 11 While black reproaches blot my fame,
 And neighbours join with cruel foes,
 My friends who now forget the name,
 With horror fly, and shun my woes:
- 12 Till from their memory I slide,
 And sink in dark oblivion's shade,
 A broken vessel thrown aside,
 And mix unheeded with the dead.

- 13 I heard the cruel slander rise,
While foes and fears beset me round;
I heard the murderous bands devise
To crush me helpless to the ground.
- 14 But I have trusted in thy name,
O Lord, my hope, my fixed abode;
And still avowed my humble claim,
(O sweet support!) thou art my God.
- 15 My life, my all, is in thy hand;
Let thy almighty power control
The rage of this remorseless band,
And save my persecuted soul.
- 16 O let thy favour, bliss divine!
Thy smile with heavenly radiance break.
And round thy fainting servant shine;
O save me for thy mercy's sake.
- 17 Leave not my hope to sink in shame,
God of my prayer, in whom I trust;
Let wicked men, who hate thy name,
Lose all their glory in the dust.

- 18 Deep in the grave be lying tongues
In everlasting silence laid,
Whose proud disdain, and slanderous wrongs,
The injured innocent invade.
- 19 What endless bliss, O bounteous Lord,
(Immensely great, divinely free!)
Hast thou reserved for their reward,
Who fear thy name, and trust in thee?
- 20 Thy gracious hand shall near thee hide
These happy favourites of thy care;
Safe at thy feet they shall abide,
Nor pride, nor slander reach them there,
- 21 Blest be the Lord, forever blest,
Whose mercy bids my fears remove;
The sacred walls which guard my rest,
Are his almighty power and love.
- 22 I rashly said, I sink, I die,
Cut off, abandoned to despair;
Yet thou, my God, hast heard my cry,
And gracious answered all my prayer.

- 23 Ye saints, to whom his mercy flows,
O love, forever love the Lord;
While on the proud his hand bestows,
A dreadful, and a just reward.
- 24 Ye humble souls, who seek his face,
Let sacred courage fill your heart;
Hope in the Lord, and trust his grace,
And he shall heavenly strength impart.

67. Psalm XXXII.

[Irreg.]

Blest is the man, whose crimes are all removed
By grace divine, whose trembling guilty soul
Kind mercy covers with her spotless robe.
How blest, when awful justice frowns no more!
Acquitted at the throne supreme, and cleansed
His inmost heart from every guileful thought.

When deep suppressed my inward anguish lay,
Nor sound the solace of complaining speech;

Heart-breaking groans were all my griefs could know,
And this weak frame sunk down in swift decay.
Thy awful hand vindictive pressed my soul,
And day and night my unremitting pains
Dried up the springs of life with parching thirst.
At length, low prostrate at thy throne of grace,
(My heart dissolved in penitential woe,)
I mourned my sins, and told my sorrows there.
Twas then, my God, thy kind forgiving smile
Removed my griefs, and cancelled all my guilt.
For this, shall every pious mourning soul
Before thy throne present his humble prayers,
And find a God of sovereign mercy there.
When floods of sorrow roll their swelling waves,
Sure they can never reach him near his God.
Thou art my refuge, thou, my safe defence;
Here will I hide, whene'er my troubles rise,
And trust thy power, thy faithfulness and love;
Till thy preserving, thy delivering hand,
To grateful transport tunes my raptured song.

Come, while I teach, ye uninstructed, hear
The voice of one by long experience wise;
My watchful care shall guide your dubious way,
Bend unresisting to the hand of heaven;

Not like the brute, whom reason never taught,
Impatient of restraint, with heedless rage,
Pursue the path ungoverned passion leads.
Unnumbered sorrows wait the sons of guilt,
Their just reward: but he whose humble trust,
Fixed on the Lord, inspires obedient love,
Shall be secure; for heavenly mercy spreads
Her everlasting arms, his sure defence.
Rejoice, ye pious souls, for God is yours,
Guard of your lives, and center of your joys.
Let shouts of praise the heart-felt rapture speak,
Sincere and boundless as the bliss you share.

68. Psalm XXXIII.

[Irreg.]

Rejoice, ye righteous, in the Lord rejoice,
For praise is lovely when a heart sincere
Inspires the lips, and tunes the grateful strain.

Awake the harp! awake the sounding lyre!
Let every string awake its tuneful power,
To aid the voice, and raise the sacred hymn!

Begin the song! the exalted theme demands
New strains of joy! let every charming sound
That art or nature knows awake to praise!

The word of God is sacred, just and right,
Inviolably firm, and all his works
With glorious evidence attest his truth.
In holiness and justice he delights,
And perfect rectitude is his alone.
Earth, filled with blessings from his bounteous hand,
Declares the boundless goodness of the Lord.

His potent word spread the wide arch of heaven;
The starry host obeyed the voice divine,
And instant kindled through the fair expanse.
He leads the waters through their sandy beds;
The waters own his hand, and to the sea
Obedient bring their congregated stores.
Let universal nature fear the Lord,
Let all the inhabitants of earth adore,
With awful reverence their Creator's name.
He spake! the sovereign mandate was obeyed;
Fixed on his firm decree all nature stands.

The heathen nations, strangers to the Lord,
In vain their impious counsels would pursue;
In vain their deep contrivances are laid:
He sees and disappoints their idle schemes,
Which ere they take effect, are lost in air.
The counsel of the Lord shall stand forever,
His sacred purposes be all fulfilled,
And future ages witness to his truth.

How blest the nation who can call the Lord
Their God, their guardian friend! his chosen people,
His own inheritance; distinguished lot!

From heaven, where in eternal majesty
He sits enthroned, his awful eye beholds
The sons of men; from his supreme abode
He views the inhabitants of this low world;
He made their hearts, he sees their every thought,
And weighs the various actions of their lives.
No powerful monarch by his numerous host
Surrounded, is preserved, if God withdraw
His kind protection; mortal strength is weak
In all its pride, and impotent to save.
In vain the warlike horse his aid supplies,

To speed his helpless, trembling master's flight;
Nor strength nor speed eludes pursuing fate.

But oh, with watchful eye, and tender care,
The Lord regards the souls that fear his name,
And on his sovereign mercy fix their hope:
He guards their lives from every deathful stroke.
Nor war shall hurt them, nor shall famine waste.
On him we wait, our God, our help, our shield;
On him with humble confidence depend:
In him our souls forever shall rejoice;
For we have trusted in his holy name.
O be thy mercy, Lord, our constant trust,
Our blissful portion, mercy large and full,
Unbounded and immortal as our hopes!

69. Psalm XXXIX.

[L. M.]

- 1 When I resolved to watch my thoughts,
To watch my words and all my ways,
Lest I should with unwary faults
Offend the God my life should praise;

- 2 In mournful silence long restrained,
My thoughts were pressed with secret grief;
My heart with sad reflection pained,
In silence found no kind relief.
- 3 While thus the inward anguish burned,
My straitened speech at length found way;
My tongue in broken accents mourned
Before my God, and tried to pray.
- 4 Almighty Maker of my frame,
Teach me the measure of my days,
Teach me to know how frail I am,
And spend the remnant to thy praise.
- 5 My days are shorter than a span,
A little point my life appears;
How frail at best is dying man!
How vain are all his hopes and fears!
- 6 Vain his ambition, noise and show!
Vain are the cares which rack his mind!
He heaps up treasures mixed with woe;
And dies, and leaves them all behind.

- 7 O be a nobler portion mine;
My God, I bow before thy throne.
Earth's fleeting treasures I resign,
And fix my hope on thee alone.
- 8 Save me, by thy almighty arm,
From all my sins, and cleanse my faults;
Then guilt nor folly shall alarm
My soul, or vex my peaceful thoughts.
- 9 Beneath the chastening of thy hand,
Let not my heart or tongue repine;
But silent and submissive bend,
And bear the stroke because tis thine.
- 10 But O let mercy soon prevail,
Thy awful anger to remove;
The stroke is just, but I am frail,
Thy sparing goodness let me prove.
- 11 Frail man, how soon his beauty flies!
He sins, and God afflicts with pain;
Crushed like the feeble moth he dies;
His strength, how impotent and vain!

- 12 Lord, wilt thou gracious hear my cry,
Pity my tears and heal my woe?
As were my fathers, so am I,
A wretched stranger here below.
- 13 O spare me, and my strength restore,
Ere my few hasty minutes flee;
And when my days on earth are o'er,
Let me forever dwell with thee.

70. Psalm XLII.

[L. M.]

- 1 As the poor hart tired in the chase,
Pants for the cool refreshing flood,
So pants my soul for dreams of grace,
Thy cheering visits, O my God.
- 2 For God my thirsty spirit longs,
The sacred spring of living joy;
When shall I come with thankful songs,
Before my God? divine employ!

- 3 Through the sad night and mournful day
My flowing tears have been my food,
While taunting foes continual say,
“And where is now thy Saviour God?”
- 4 My melting soul in grief is spent,
When I revolve my happier days;
When with the joyful throng I went
To thy abode with songs of praise.
- 5 Why, O my soul, thus sunk in woe?
Why thus with restless sorrows torn?
Hope thou in God; my song shall flow,
For his bright presence will return.
- 6 My heart sinks down oppressed with grief;
Yet, O my God, I'll call to mind
Those seasons past, for my relief,
When I was blest and thou wast kind.
- 7 Thy terrors overwhelm my soul,
Wave after wave, with dreadful roar;
So stormy seas like mountains roll
And swelling billows drown the shore.

- 8 Yet will the Lord command his care,
His love (sweet morn!) shall cheer mine eyes;
And mixed with praise my nightly prayer,
God of my life, to thee shall rise.
- 9 To thee, I'll cry, my God, my rock:
Ah, why hast thou forgot thy care?
Why mourn I thus beneath the stroke
Of foes, who drive me near despair?
- 10 Their sharp reproaches pierce my heart
With daily anguish, while they say
(The thought is like a pointed dart,)
Where is thy God, thy boasted stay?
- 11 Why sinks my fainting spirit down?
Why do my restless passions mourn!
What, though my God a moment frown,
His blissful smile will yet return.
- 12 Then shall I spread his power abroad,
His smile my drooping hope shall raise;
My light, my health, my Saviour God,
Shall tune my sighs to songs of praise.

71. Psalm XLVI.

[Irreg.]

God is our strength, omnipotence our stay
Our refuge, present still when troubles rise.
Safe in his care, no fear shall reach our souls,
Though earth be from her firm foundations moved,
And mountains with tremendous shock are torn,
Deep from their ancient basis torn, and hurled
With dreadful dash, amidst the roaring waves;
Though the waves roar and boil with restless rage,
And threat with hideous swell the trembling world.

There is a river of immortal peace,
Clear springing from the high eternal throne,
Which flows in blissful streams through all the groves
Of paradise—from this eternal spring
Some little rivulets descend, to cheer
The city of our God, the sacred place
Of his abode on earth: though all around
Be discord and commotion, she shall dwell
Unmoved, serene, and safe, for God is there:

His arm omnipotent is ever near
Her present help, her all-sufficient guard.

The heathen raged with war, the empires shook,
And all was uproar, noise and wild confusion!
His awful voice was heard, and all was hushed,
And earth dissolved in silence!
The Lord of hosts is with us; Israel's God
Is our defence, our everlasting refuge.
The Lord! behold the wonders of his hand!
The mourning nations, desolate and waste,
Confess the power of his tremendous frown.
Through the wide earth he bids stern war to cease,
The earth obeys, and war is heard no more.
With one light touch he breaks the useless bow,
Shivers the spear, and burns the warlike chariot.
He speaks!—the world in deep attention held,
Awaits the sacred sounds! “Be still and know
That I am God, among the heathen tribes
I will be honoured; through the spacious earth
My name shall be exalted and adored!”

The Lord of hosts is with us; Israel's God
Is our defence, our everlasting refuge.

72. Psalm XLVII.

[Irreg.]

Ye happy tribes, proclaim your sacred joys;
Let shouts of triumph to the heavens ascend!
The Lord most high with awful power presides,
And rules the earth with universal sway!
Subdued by him, our haughty foes shall sink,
And conquered nations bend beneath our feet.
He shall select our blest inheritance;
The favoured sons of Jacob shall enjoy
The same almighty love their father shared.

Hark the glad shout! our God to conquest leads,
And warlike sounds proclaim his glorious name!
Join every voice in hymns of joyful praise;
Our God, our king demands the sacred song;
Repeat his praises in immortal strains.
For God is king supreme o'er all the earth
With uncontested power his sceptre rules
And while his praise employs the tuneful voice,
Let all your hearts adore the name you sing.
Sole monarch of the world, Jehovah reigns!

The heathen empires trembling own his power,
And holiness surrounds his awful throne.
Assembling princes lead the praiseful throng,
To Abraham's God their grateful homage pay,
And leave their votive shields beneath his feet.
Great is the Lord! his high exalted name
Forever with unrivaled glory shines!

73. Psalm LI.

[L. M.]

- 1 Lord, let thy mercy, full and free,
Vile as I am, extend to me;
And bid my numerous crimes remove,
All cancelled by thy sovereign love.
- 2 O wash this guilty heart of mine,
For cleansing grace is only thine;
I own my sins, and still they rise
With recent horror to my eyes.
- 3 Against the God I love and fear,
My aggravated crimes appear;
Tis this alone awakes my smart,
And fills with grief my fainting heart.

- 4 While humbly prostrate in the dust,
I own thy awful sentence just;
My soul adores thy sacred word,
Forever righteous is the Lord.
- 5 Soon as my infant life began,
And nature framed the future man,
So soon did sin its taint impart,
The dire contagion seized my heart.
- 6 Since inward truth thy laws require,
That inward truth, O Lord, inspire;
Through all my soul let wisdom shine,
And give me purity divine.
- 7 O let the sacred hyssop prove,
Blest emblem of thy cleansing love;
Thy sovereign mercy can bestow,
A heart more pure than falling snow.
- 8 Let thy reviving word impart
Peace, joy and pardon, to my heart;
Then shall this broken frame rejoice,
And bless thy kind, thy healing voice.

- 9 Let all my sins, (though deep their dye,)
Forever in oblivion lie;
Forever blot the dreadful score,
And view the long account no more.
- 10 Create my inmost powers anew,
Make all my heart sincere and true;
O cast me not in wrath away,
Nor hide thy soul-enlivening ray.
- 11 Restore thy favour, bliss divine!
Those heavenly joys that once were mine;
Let thy own spirit kind and free,
Uphold and guide my steps to thee.
- 12 Then will I teach thy sacred ways,
With holy zeal proclaim thy praise;
Till sinners leave the dangerous road,
Forsake their sins and turn to God.
- 13 O cleanse my guilt, and heal my pain,
Remove the blood polluted stain;
Then shall my heart adoring trace,
My Saviour God, thy boundless grace.

- 14 Then shall my joyful tongue proclaim
In grateful strains, thy glorious name;
Inspired by thee, my song shall flow,
And all thy wondrous mercy show.
- 15 If sacrifice would please my God,
My offerings should thy altars load;
But vain were all my offered store,
For blazing altars please no more.
- 16 This is the gift I would impart,
A humble, broken, contrite heart;
A broken heart, repentant sighs,
O God, thou never wilt despise.
- 17 O let thy goodness, Lord, appear,
To Zion, once thy chosen care;
Sustained and built by power divine,
Let Salem's walls distinguished shine,
- 18 To thee, the pious sacrifice
Accepted then shall daily rise;
Again the grateful offerings flame,
And glad devotion bless thy name.

74. Psalm LXV.

[L. M.]

- 1 Before thy throne, O God of grace,
Thy Zion would her vows perform;
Her ardent vows in deep distress—
O be her grateful praise as warm.
- 2 O thou who hearest our humble cry,
Our God, our refuge and our stay;
To thee, shall mourning sinners fly,
To thee, shall every nation pray.
- 3 Though sin prevails with dreadful sway,
And hope almost expiring lies,
Thy grace shall purge our sins away,
And bid our dying hopes arise.
- 4 Happy the man approved by thee,
Near to his God, thy chosen care;
Thy constant goodness he shall see,
The bounties of thy table share.

- 5 Whene'er thy injured people's cries
 Ascend before thy awful throne,
 All dreadful bright thy terrors rise,
 And make thy grace and justice known.
- 6 Thou art the confidence and stay
 Of the wide earth's remotest ends;
 And those who try the dangerous sea,
 On thee their hope, their all depends,
- 7 Thy awful word with potent sound
 Firm bade the solid mountains stand;
 Thy power encircles nature round;
 All nature rests upon thy hand.
- 8 That word which stills the raging seas,
 When the loud waves tempestuous roar?
 Commands the warring world to peace;
 And noise and tumult are no more.
- 9 Thy dreadful signs displayed abroad,
 Fill trembling nations with surprise;
 The trembling nations own the God,
 And lift their supplicating eyes.

- 10 The rising morn, the closing day,
Repeat thy praise with grateful voice;
Each in their turns thy power display,
And laden with thy gifts rejoice.
- 11 Earth's wide-extended varying scenes.
All smiling round thy bounty show;
From seas or clouds, full magazines,
Thy rich diffusive blessings flow.
- 12 Now earth receives the precious seed,
Which thy indulgent hand prepares!
And nourishes the future bread,
And answers all the sower's cares.
- 13 Thy sweet refreshing showers attend,
And through the ridges gently flow,
Soft on the springing corn descend;
And thy kind blessing makes it grow.
- 14 Thy goodness crowns the circling year,
Thy paths drop fatness all around;
Even barren wilds thy praise declare.
And echoing hills return the sound.
- 15 Here spreading flocks adorn the plain,
There plenty every charm displays;
Thy bounty clothes each lovely scene,
And joyful nature shouts thy praise.

75. Psalm LXXVII.

[L. M.]

- 1 To God, I raised my earnest cries,
To God, who rules the earth and skies;
His sovereign mercy deigned to hear
My loud complaints with pitying ear.
- 2 The tedious day was spent in grief,
In humble prayer I sought relief;
But day and night the restless smart
Denied sweet comfort to my heart.
- 3 I thought on God with terrors armed;
New troubles then my soul alarmed!
Then overwhelming sorrows rose,
Nor could complaining ease my woes.

- 4 Thy terrors, Lord, forbid my rest,
And silent anguish fills my breast;
And now in sad reflection rise
Past days and years before my eyes.
- 5 My nightly songs I call to mind,
And try some gleam of joy to find;
But search this wretched heart in vain,
For all is darkness, grief and pain.
- 6 Will God forever leave his care?
Must I no more his favour share?
Shall long-lost mercy ne'er prevail?
And can his word forever fail?
- 7 Arrayed in frowns his angry face,
Has God forgot his wonted grace?
And closed the full, the boundless store
Of mercy, ne'er to open more?
- 8 But I rebuke my drooping heart,
Far hence ye guilty fears depart:
Still will I call past comforts o'er,
And trust almighty love and power.

- 9 This drooping heart again shall trace
The ancient wonders of thy grace;
The mighty works my God has wrought,
Shall still employ my voice, my thought.
- 10 Thy way, O God, thy wondrous way,
While in thy temple I survey,
Struck with astonishment, I cry,
Where is a power so great, so high?
- 11 Whoe'er surveys thy works must own
That thou art God, and thou alone;
Thy favours to thy chosen care
The wonders of thy power declare.
- 12 Thy potent arm, forever near,
Controlled their foes, controlled their fear;
And Jacob's sons, (distinguished race!)
Confessed thy kind delivering grace.
- 13 The waters with thy presence awed,
Beheld, and owned their maker God;
The ocean shook with all its waves,
And trembled through its deepest caves.

- 14 The full clouds poured their watery store;
Amid the storm's impetuous roar,
Thy dreadful arrows flew abroad,
And sounding skies proclaimed the God!
- 15 Thy awful voice in thunder broke,
Heaven listened while the Almighty spoke;
While o'er the world keen lightnings spread,
Earth trembled with unusual dread!
- 16 Thy path, O Lord, thy trackless way
Lies in the deep unfathomed sea;
No mortal thought can ever trace
Thy steps of wisdom, power and grace.
- 17 Thy people found thy guardian care;
Where'er they wandered, God was there;
Till guided by thy prophet's hand,
They reached secure the promised land.

76. Psalm LXXXIV.

[L. M.]

- 1 How lovely, how divinely sweet,
O Lord, thy sacred courts appear!
Fain would my longing passions meet
The glories of thy presence there,
- 2 With strong desire my spirit faints,
I languish for thy blest abode;
This throbbing heart, oh, how it pants!
And all my powers cry out for God.
- 3 The sparrows near thy altar live,
And swallows there a nest obtain;
My God, my king, and wilt thou give
To birds, what I desire in vain?
- 4 Oh, blest the men, blest their employ,
Whom thy indulgent favours raise
To dwell in these abodes of joy,
And sing thy never-ceasing praise.

- 5 Happy the men, whom strength divine
With ardent love and zeal inspires!
Whose steps to thy blest way incline,
With willing hearts and warm desires.
- 6 Through Baca's thirsty vale they go;
But God commands, and springs arise,
And showers descend with copious flow,
To yield the pilgrim full supplies.
- 7 Still they pursue the painful road,
Increasing strength surmounts their fear;
Till all at length before their God,
In Zion's glorious courts appear.
- 8 Lord of hosts, attend my prayer,
Our father's God, thy ear incline;
Shield of our lives, reveal thy care,
And on thy own anointed shine.
- 9 One day within thy sacred gate,
Affords more real joy to me,
Than thousands in the tents of state;
The meanest place is bliss with thee.

- 10 God is a sun; our brightest day
From his reviving presence flows;
God is a shield, through all the way,
To guard us from surrounding foes.
- 11 He pours his kindest blessings down,
Profusely down on souls sincere:
And grace shall guide, and glory crown
The happy favourites of his care.
- 12 O Lord of hosts, thou God of grace,
How blest, divinely blest, is he,
Who trusts thy love and seeks thy face,
And fixes all his hopes on thee!

77. Psalm LXXXVIII

[L. M.]

- 1 O Lord, my life, my Saviour God,
Hear, while I spread my woes abroad;
While day and night my mournful cries
Before thy throne incessant rise.

- 2 Let thy indulgent pitying ear
Incline to my distressful prayer;
With sorrow my full heart o'erflows,
And o'er me soon the grave will close.
- 3 My strength is lost, my life resigned,
Among the dead my place assigned;
Cut off from life, from hope and thee,
Scarce are the slain more lost than me.
- 4 Low in the grave my hopes are laid,
And darkness spreads its deepest shade;
Thy dreadful wrath afflicts my soul,
Like whelming waves thy terrors roll.
- 5 Far from these wretched eyes removed,
Are all the friends whom once I loved;
They fly my sorrows, while I moan,
Confined, unpitied, and alone.
- 6 In vain to ease my hopeless woe,
The streaming tears incessant flow;
To thee, O Lord, I breathe my cries,
And stretch my hands and lift my eyes.

- 7 Wilt thou from dust thy wonders raise?
 And shall the dead awake to praise?
 Thy kindness shall the grave record?
 Or life destroyed adore thy word?
- 8 Where ne'er one cheering ray of light
 Breaks through the deep, the solid night,
 Shall thy almighty power be known?
 Thy truth, shall dark oblivion own?
- 9 Yet still to thee my cries ascend;
 My earnest cries, O Lord, attend;
 My nightly groans, my morning prayer,
 Shall seek thee still with restless care.
- 10 Why, Lord, wilt thou reject my soul?
 Thy smile can all my cares control;
 Why wilt thou hide thy blissful face,
 While I in vain implore thy grace?
- 11 Afflicted long have I complained,
 And long a dying life sustained;
 Expressless pain thy frowns impart,
 Distracting horrors wound my heart.

- 12 Thy fierce displeasure who can bear?
Tis death arrayed in black despair;
Like swelling floods thy terrors rise,
Overwhelm my heart, and comfort dies,
- 13 My dearest friends who shared my heart,
Far from those mournful scenes depart;
While o'er my solitary head
Dark shades and dismal silence spread.

78. Psalm XC.

[L. M.]

- 1 Lord, thou hast been thy children's God,
All-powerful, wise, and good, and just,
In every age their safe abode,
Their hope, their refuge, and their trust.
- 2 Before thy word gave nature birth,
Or spread the starry heavens abroad,
Or formed the varied face of earth,
From everlasting thou art God.

- 3 Destruction waits thy awful word,
While mortal hope expiring mourns;
Obedient nature owns her Lord,
And dying man to dust returns,
- 4 Great Father of eternity,
How short are ages in thy sight!
A thousand years, how swift they fly,
Like one short, silent watch of night!
- 5 Thy anger, like a swelling flood,
Comes o'er the world with dreadful sway;
The tempest speaks the offended God,
And sweeps the guilty race away.
- 6 Uncertain life, how soon it flies!
Dream of an hour, how short our bloom!
Like spring's gay verdure now we rise,
Cut down ere night to fill the tomb.
- 7 Consumed by thy vindictive frown,
Our blessings and our lives decay;
Our spirits sink despairing down,
And every comfort dies away.

- 8 Full in thy view our crimes appear,
Thy eye beholds each secret fault,
And marks, in holiness severe,
The sins of every inmost thought.
- 9 Our days, alas, how short their bound!
Though slow and sad they seem to run,
Revolving years roll swiftly round,
A mournful tale, but quickly done.
- 10 Perhaps to threescore years and ten
Protracted; or if longer still,
Ah, what can more, but lengthened pain,
The last sad tedious period fill?
- 11 What mortal thought can comprehend
The awful glories of thy throne?
Not all the terrors fear can lend,
Can make thy dreadful vengeance known.
- 12 Teach us to count our shortening days,
And with true diligence apply
Our hearts to wisdom's sacred ways,
That we may learn to live and die.

- 13 O may thy favour, Lord, return,
Nor thy bright presence long delay;
Nor let thy servants vainly mourn,
And weep their wretched lives away.
- 14 Soon let thy mercy cheer our hearts,
And tune our grateful songs of praise;
And let the joy thy smile imparts,
Enliven all our future days.
- 15 O make our sacred pleasures rise,
In sweet proportion to our pains,
Till even the sad remembrance dies,
Nor one uneasy thought complains.
- 16 Let thy almighty work appear.
With power and evidence divine;
And may the bliss thy servants share,
Continued to their children shine.
- 17 Thy glorious image fair impressed,
Let all our hearts and lives declare;
Beneath thy kind protection blest,
May all our labours own thy care.

79. Psalm XCIII.

[L. M.]

- 1 The Lord, the God of glory, reigns,
In robes of majesty arrayed;
His rule omnipotence sustains,
And guides the worlds his hands have made.
- 2 Ere rolling worlds began to move,
Or ere the heavens were stretched abroad,
Thy awful throne was fixed above;
From everlasting thou art God.
- 3 The swelling floods tumultuous rise,
Aloud the angry tempests roar,
Lift their proud billows to the skies.
And foam and lash the trembling shore.
- 4 The Lord, the mighty God, on high,
Controls the fiercely raging seas;
He speaks! and noise and temped fly,
The waves sink down in gentle peace.

- 5 Thy sovereign laws are ever sure,
Eternal holiness is thine;
And, Lord, thy people should be pure,
And in thy blest resemblance shine.

80. Psalm XCVII.

[Irreg.]

The Lord, the mighty God exalted reigns;
Rejoice, O earth, ye numerous isles adore!
Around his seat are clouds and darkness spread,
Too strong its splendours for created eyes.
His throne, on holiness and justice fixed,
Eternal stands! before his awful face
Bright, yet devouring flames, tremendous blaze,
And with resistless fury blast his foes!
His lightnings flashed bright horrors o'er the world;
Earth saw and trembled to her inmost center!
While conscious of their Maker's awful presence,
The solid hills like wax dissolved away,
And all creation owned the present God!
The heavens in shining characters display
The wonders of his power, and bid the world

Behold them and adore their mighty former,
Confusion waits on those who blindly serve
The gods their hands have made; deluded mortals!
How weak their idols, and how vain their boast!
Let all the highest names, in earth and heaven,
With reverence bow before the Lord alone.
Zion with rapture all his wonders heard,
And Judah's daughters triumphed in his name;
His righteous judgments are his people's joy.
Thou, Lord, art high exalted o'er the earth,
Far above all the shining thrones of heaven.

Ye favourites of the Lord, who love his name,
O fly, abhorrent fly, from every sin:
So shall your souls by his almighty care
Be still preserved, and saved from all your foes.
Bright scenes of happiness await the righteous;
And springing joys in future prospect rise,
To crown the upright soul with endless bliss.
Rejoice in God, ye saints, and grateful raise
Your hearts, your tongues, in praises to his name,
His holy name, your everlasting joy.

81. Psalm CII.

[C. M.]

- 1 Lord, hear thy servant's humble prayer,
And let my mournful cry
Ascend, and reach thy gracious ear,
And move thy pitying eye.
- 2 O do not hide thy blissful face,
When fears and sorrows rise;
But hear, and let thy sovereign grace
Return with quick supplies.
- 3 My days like smoke consume away,
And this poor dying frame
Sinks down to ruin and decay,
Scorched with affliction's flame.
- 4 My spirit fails, my hopes decline,
Like withering grass they fade;
And while beneath thy stroke I pine,
How tasteless is my bread!

- 5 My strength, with oft-repeated groans,
Is wasting fast away,
And leaves this skin, these feeble bones,
To wrinkles and decay.
- 6 Like a poor solitary fowl
Which in the desert roves,
Or like the melancholy owl
That nightly haunts the groves;
- 7 I spend the watchful night alone,
Slow moves the tiresome shade,
While like the plaintive bird, I moan,
All desolate and sad.
- 8 While all the day my cruel foes
In sharp reproaches join,
And more to aggravate my woes,
Against my life combine.
- 9 My taste no food with comfort cheers,
Tis ashes mixed with woe;
And mingling with my drink, my tears
In briny torrents flow.

- 10 What comfort e'er can cheer my taste,
 Beneath thy angry frown?
 Raised by thy smile, I once was blest,
 But thou hast cast me down.
- 11 I sink with hope's departing ray,
 And life expiring fails;
 So the faint shadow dies away,
 When gloomy night prevails,
- 12 But thou, O Lord, shalt still endure,
 Thy truth shall ne'er decay;
 Thy love unalterably sure,
 While ages roll away.
- 13 In Zion's cause thou wilt arise,
 Thy mercy dawns around;
 The time is come, her sorrow flies,
 And all her hopes are crowned.
- 14 That Zion, which thy servants love,
 Each heart her memory wears;
 Their passions o'er her ruins move,
 In sadly pleasing tears.

- 15 So shall the heathen nations fear
The Lord's exalted name:
Earth's haughty monarchs low revere
Thy majesty supreme.
- 16 When Zion's God, with power arrayed,
Shall build her frame anew,
Then shall his glory be displayed
To our admiring view.
- 17 O let the humble destitute
Ne'er sink in sad despair;
The Lord will hear their mournful suit,
And answer all their prayer.
- 18 His truth, his mercy, and his power
Shall fill the blest record;
And future ages shall adore
And love and praise the Lord.
- 19 From heaven, his high eternal throne,
(O condescending grace!)
The almighty looks with pity down
On earth's low worthless race.

- 20 He sees the groaning prisoner's pain,
And brings a kind reprieve;
His hand shall loose the fatal chain,
And bid the victim live:
- 21 Live to declare his glorious name,
And spread his praise abroad,
And in his sacred courts proclaim
The mercy of his God.
- 22 Assembled there his saints attend,
And songs of praise repeat;
And there united nations bend,
And worship at his feet.
- 23 In life's mid-way my strength declined,
But 'twas my father's hand;
My shortening days flew swift as wind,
At his supreme command.
- 24 I said, to thee my God I pray,
Whose years forever last;
O take me not so soon away,
Ere half my days are past.

- 25 Earth's old foundations thou hast laid;
The heavens, (a glorious frame!)
By thy almighty hand were spread,
And speak their Maker's name.
- 26 Their shining wonders all shall fade;
By thy controlling power,
Changed like a vesture quite decayed;
But thou shalt still endure.
- 27 Thy bright perfections, all divine,
Eternal as thy days,
Through everlasting ages shine,
With undiminished rays.
- 28 Thy servant's children still thy care,
Shall own their father's God;
To latest times thy favour share,
And spread thy praise abroad.

82. Psalm CIII.

[L. M.]

- 1 Awake my soul, awake my tongue,
My God demands the grateful song,
Let all my inmost powers record
The wondrous mercy of the Lord.
- 2 Divinely free, his mercy flows,
Forgives my crimes, allays my woes,
And bids approaching death remove,
And crowns me with indulgent love.
- 3 He fills my longing soul with good,
Substantial bliss! immortal food!
Youth smiles renewed in active prime,
And triumphs o'er the power of time.
- 4 In him the poor oppressed shall find
A friend almighty, just and kind;
His glorious acts, his wondrous ways,
By Moses taught, proclaim his praise.

- 5 How free his plenteous mercies flow!
 But his reluctant wrath how slow!
 He chides, but soon his smile returns,
 Nor long his dreadful anger burns.
- 6 How far beyond our vile deserts,
 Is every gift his hand imparts!
 High as the bright expanded skies,
 His vast unbounded mercies rise.
- 7 As distant as creating power
 Has fixed the east and western shore;
 So far our numerous crimes remove,
 At the sweet voice of pardoning love.
- 8 The tenderest yearning nature knows,
 A father's love too faintly shows
 The ever-kind indulgent care
 Which God's own happy children share.
- 9 He knows our frame, surveys our birth,
 Composed of dust, frail sons of earth;
 Man like a fair, but short-lived flower,
 Springs up and blooms one smiling hour.

- 10 But if a noxious blast arise,
Sudden its transient glory flies;
Those charms which made the scene so gay,
Steal from the sight and die away.
- 11 But mercy with unchanging rays
Forever shines, while time decays;
And children's children shall record
The truth and goodness of the Lord.
- 12 To those, who with delightful awe,
Love and obey his sacred law,
Whose hearts with warm devotion glow,
Whose lives their grateful duty show.
- 13 The Lord is king, his hand alone
Has fixed in heaven his radiant throne;
He sends his sovereign laws abroad,
And heaven and earth confess the God.
- 14 Immortal formed by power divine,
Attending angels round him shine,
Observant wait his sacred will,
And his commands with joy fulfill.

- 15 Ye heavenly hosts adore the Lord,
Who formed you to obey his word;
Let everlasting praises rise
Through the bright armies of the skies.
- 16 While all his works his praise proclaim.
And men and angels bless his name;
O let my heart, my life, my tongue,
Attend and join the blissful song.

83. Psalm CIV.

[Irreg.]

Awake my soul, attune the hallowed lyre
To thy Creator's name; while all my powers
Low at his feet present their prostrate homage,
And deepest reverence mingles with the praise.
Thou, O Jehovah, art the king supreme,
In robes of awful majesty arrayed;
In robes of light, which dazzle angel eyes,
And shade thy glories from their fainting view:
While far beneath thy feet, a wide expanse,

A radiant curtain of celestial blue,
Adorned with stars and suns, thy hand has spread:
That potent hand which in the watery stores
Of heaven, hath firmly laid with wondrous skill,
The stable beams of God's imperial seat.
Clouds form his chariot, the impetuous wind,
Reined in its full career, obeys his word;
And on its rapid wing he walks serene.
His angels formed of pure ethereal flame,
All spirit, zeal, activity and fire,
Bright ministers fulfil his high command
With swift obedience and unceasing ardour.

Earth's old foundations by his word were fixed,
Immoveable, till that almighty word
Commands, and time and nature are no more.
Thy forming word, O God of nature, spread,
Wide o'er the surface of the infant world,
The fluid wave, an universal robe;
And o'er the mountain tops the waters rose.
At thy rebuke they fled, thy awful voice
In thunder spoke, and swift they rolled away;
Nor hills obstruct their course, nor vales confine.
Obedient to thy word they seek the place
Thy hand has formed, their copious reservoir;
Nor dare presume to rise beyond the bounds

Their maker set, nor cover earth again.
He sends refreshing springs to bless the vale
In silver dreams among the hills they rove,
Adorn the scene, and cheer a thousand lives.
Here flocks and herds partake the cooling draught,
And here wild beasts their raging thirst allay,
Hither the feathered tribes of various wing
Resort, and on the trees near waving build
Their airy nests, and tune their cheerful songs
Amid the verdure of the leafy shade,
To the soft cadence of the winding rill.

By their Creator's hand the thirsty hills,
Are watered from the deep; Whose stores in clouds
Exhaled and shed in softening showers, the earth
Teems with rich fruits the product of his bounty.
For cattle here appears the springing grass,
And there for man the healthful herbage grows;
Earth yields her plenteous stores of food for all.
Here the rich vintage flows in purple streams.
To glad the heart; and there the olive drops
Its shining fatness for the use of man.
Full harvests in extended prospect rise,
Of strength-restoring, life-sustaining bread.
The trees, supplied with sap, confess his care,

And Lebanon's tall cedars own their Lord.
On the tall cedar, and the spiry fir,
The birds erect their nests, and dwell secure.
Accessless hills and craggy rocks afford
To creatures of the weak and timorous kind,
(Whom nature has not armed,) a safe retreat.
The changing moon obeys her Maker's word,
As with full orb or waning light she leads
The seasons on, alternate with the sun;
Who knows his task, pursues his radiant course,
And sets obedient at the appointed hour.
Then night ordained by thee, kind Lord of all,
Her friendly veil extends; the beasts of prey
In search of food, their gloomy coverts leave,
And roaring lions ask their meat from God.
All night they roam, till at the sun's approach
Assembling, they retire and seek their dens.
Then man in safety rises, and pursues
His daily work, protected by thy care,
And labours cheerful till the close of day.

Lord, how astonishing, how vast thy works,
Creation speaks! and providence confirms!
In all the numerous wonders of thy hand,
Infinite power and wisdom shine confessed.

Great source of good, from thy all-bounteous hand,
The earth is filled with riches, and the sea
Through all her vast dominions, spreads abroad
Thy large munificence; there myriads live
Dependent on thy hand; there ships pursue
Their venturous way, by providence preserved,
Amid the countless perils of the deep.
Leviathan, proud tyrant of the main,
Rejoices in thy care, and sportive roils
His bulk enormous through the troubled wave.
All wait on thee, through earth and air and seas;
From thee, great Father of the universe,
Thy family expectant ask their food.
With open hand thy sovereign bounty gives,
And all receive a full supply from thee.
Thy care withheld, they droop; the breath of life.
Received from thee, then animates no more;
They die and mingle with their native dust.
Again thy all-creating spirit breathes,
And creatures live and people earth anew.

Jehovah's boundless glory shall endure,
And shine unchanging through eternal years.

His eye complacent views his numerous works:
For all is fair, and good, and just, and wise.

When his almighty power appears alone,
Nor mercy softens its tremendous rays;
Earth trembles at his awful glance, the hills
Smoke at his touch, and nature shrinks away.

To him, all glorious Lord, my song is due;
The praises of my God, shall be my theme;
While he prolongs my life, (that life is his!)
Still let me meditate his wondrous works,
And trace in them, his infinite perfections.
Divine employ, when I can humbly hope
He is my God, and gladness fills my heart!
While sinners, who nor fear nor love his name,
Consume away, and all their hopes are lost.
Bless thou the Lord, my soul; with sacred awe.
Yet mingled with delight, adore and praise.
Ye saints, who know the wonders of his hand,
Assist the grateful song, and praise the Lord.

84. Psalm CV.

[Irreg.]

Ye grateful tribes, approach Jehovah's throne,
Adoring low; his sacred name invoke
To aid the song, and spread his praise abroad,
In strains of joy recount his glorious deeds,
And talk with rapture of his wondrous works.
With transport glory in his holy name,
With triumph own your privilege divine,
Near to approach, and worship at his feet.
O seek the Lord, implore his potent aid,
Forever with unwearied ardour seek
The favour of your God, your bliss, your all.
Recall his miracles of power and grace,
The wonders his almighty arm has wrought,
The sacred truth of his unchanging word.
Ye children of his favourite servant, come,
Ye sons of Jacob, own your father's God,
And speak his wondrous grace fulfilled to you.
Yes, we assert with joy the glorious claim,
For Jacob's God is ours; his sovereign power
O'er all the world his righteous acts declare.

But his eternal faithfulness and love,
In his own covenant shall forever shine
Inviolate, while ages roll away.
His gracious covenant first with Abraham made,
His sacred, solemn oath, to Isaac given,
Confirmed to Jacob an eternal law,
Fixed and immoveable shall ever stand.
He spoke! "To thee my sovereign hand shall give,
And to thy race, the sure inheritance,
And Canaan's fruitful country shall be yours."

While yet their numbers and their strength were small,
A few poor wandering strangers, weak and low,
From land to land, obedient to their God,
Removing still; his kind protecting arm
Preserved from wrongs, the favourites of his care;
And kings, reproved, revered the awful word,
Which said, "Untouched be my anointed sons.
In peace, uninjured, let my prophets live."

Obedient to his word, pale famine came;
The pining nations felt her meagre frown,
And sinking life its broken staff deplored,
Then his peculiar people to preserve,

And lead their steps where cheering plenty smiled,
Was Joseph sent, the messenger of heaven;
Though sold a slave, by his perfidious friends,
Though in a prison's gloomy cell confined,
With fetters loaded, and severer still,
With infamy, more cruel than his chains.
Mysterious providence! that tried his soul
With deep adversity, and thus prepared
For future honours his unshaken mind.
The word of God with awful evidence
Appeared, to try his injured servant's cause,
And proved his innocence, and cleared his fame.
By Egypt's monarch freed, the royal smile
Gave, with the cheerful sweets of liberty,
The envied honours of unbounded power:
Lord of his house, and ruler of his stores!
Attendant princes waited on his eye
To read their fate, and listening senates learned
Superior wisdom from his charming tongue.

To share the pleasures of his happy state,
Now Jacob and his sons rejoicing came;
To them her richest pastures Egypt gave;
In Goshen's fair sequestered vale retired,
They unmolested fed their fleecy care.
Favoured by providence, the people grew

To great increase; their haughty masters saw
Their envied strength superior to their own.
The sovereign power who rules the thoughts of men,
Permitted deadly hate to fill the hearts
Of Egypt's sons, protectors now no more,
But jealous enemies and cruel lords.

Then Moses by divine command was sent,
And Aaron, chosen messengers of God.
Surprising signs their embassy confirmed,
And dreadful wonders spoke the hand of heaven.
Ham's wretched sons in gloomy darkness mourned;
Substantial night around their dwellings spread,
And struck resistless terror to their hearts.
Where healthful waters rolled their crystal waves,
Now streams of blood (dire prodigy!) appeared
And gasping fishes on the banks expired,
And spread contagion round the frightened shores.

Then croaking frogs spontaneous rose to life,
A numerous host, infesting every place;
Nor could the humble cot, or stately palace
Exclude the hateful guests!—The potent word
Again was uttered; and the coasts were spread
With noxious vermin; insects now appalled

The pride of Egypt, and her haughty Lord.
But heaven had greater vengeance yet in store;
The angry clouds poured down in dreadful storms
Of hail, and flaming fire, and o'er the land
Wide-wailing death and desolation spread.
Scorched with ethereal flames, no more the vine
Her purple cluster boasts; no more the fig
Crowns the luxuriant feast with luscious sweets;
Nor lofty trees, the glory of the plains,
Resist the furious tempest; now they spread
In shattered fragments o'er the scene of ruin.

Again the almighty gave the dreadful word,
And countless armies of invaders came,
Insatiate locusts, blackening all the plains,
Devouring all the greedy flames had spared,
Of herbs, or fruits, or grain; and through the land
Fell devastation triumphed uncontrolled.

At length, to fill the measure of their woes.
The last, the dreadful stroke of heaven descends.
One fatal night the pride of Egypt fell;
The eldest born from Pharaoh's royal house,
Down to the meanest cottage: shrieks of horror
Burst through the midnight silence; and the parent
Was roused from short repose to wild distraction.

Then crowned with honours and enriched with spoils,
The God of Israel brought his people forth.
Fresh-blooming health spread through the vigorous tribes,
And welcome liberty exulting smiled.
While, trembling at her heaven-protected guests,
Pale Egypt felt a gleam of joy revive,
Soon as she saw them from her coasts retire.
In safety Israel journeyed; for their God,
Their guardian, and their guide, was ever near.
A wondrous cloud by day proclaimed his presence,
At once their kind direction and defence.
By night a flaming pillar, beaming far
With heavenly splendour, cheered the sable shades:
And darkness and her gloomy terrors fled.
His bounteous hand was open to their wants;
They asked, and all their wishes were supplied.
He gave them bread from heaven, delicious manna!
And fowls on ready wing commissioned came
To spread their table with a plenteous feast.
They thirsted, and the flinty rock obeyed
Heaven's high command; while from the opening cleft

Poured forth a ponderous stream, the desert smiled,
And rivers flowed amid the sandy waste.

Thus ever mindful of his sacred word,
The God of truth, his gracious promise (made
Long since to faithful Abraham,) now accomplished
With wondrous goodness to his happy race.
Thus his almighty arm conducted safe
His chosen tribes to liberty and joy.
To them the forfeit heathen lands he gave,
A fair inheritance! and plenty filled
Their ample stores, unknown, and unacquired.
On them, the toil of strangers heaven bestowed,
That they his favoured people, might observe
His righteous laws, and grateful on their hearts
Forever keep his precepts deep impressed,
And own his favours with obedient love.
Oh! let your hearts and lives adore the Lord,
And every joyful tongue resound his praise.

85. Psalm CXVI.

[L. M.]

- 1 I love the Lord, his gracious ear
Inclined to my distressful prayer;
He heard my supplicating voice,
And bade my fainting heart rejoice.
- 2 For this, when future sorrows rise,
To him I'll breathe my humble cries;
For this, through all my future days,
Adore his name and sing his praise.
- 3 Death spread around his fatal chains,
To drag me to infernal pains;
I felt the agonizing dart,
And horror seized my trembling heart,
- 4 Twas then in my extreme distress,
I called upon the God of grace,
Whose power can death and hell control;
Lord, I beseech thee, save my soul.

- 5 Forever gracious is the Lord,
Forever faithful to his word;
By sweet experience now I prove,
His mercy, his unchanging love.
- 6 The Lord preserves, with tender care,
The weak, the humble, and sincere;
Low in the dust my hopes were laid,
But God appeared with timely aid.
- 7 Return my soul, and sweetly rest
On thy almighty Father's breast;
The bounties of his grace adore,
And count his wondrous mercies o'er.
- 8 Thy mercy, Lord, preserved my breath,
And snatched my fainting soul from death,
Removed my sorrows, dried my tears,
And saved me from surrounding snares.
- 9 Now will I walk before the Lord,
A living witness to his word;
With faith and prayer I sought his face,
My griefs were great, and great his grace.

- 10 No meaner help, no mortal art,
Could ease the anguish of my heart;
My hasty tongue, in rash replies,
Pronounced the words of men but lies.
- 11 What shall I render to the Lord?
Or how his wondrous grace record:
To him my grateful voice I'll raise,
And pour libations to his praise.
- 12 His crowded courts shall see me pay
The vows of my distressful day;
In life and death the saints shall find
Their guardian God forever kind.
- 13 Thy servant, Lord, is wholly thine.
By nature's ties, and bonds divine;
From deep distress and sorrow free,
Anew I give myself to thee.
- 14 To thee, with sacrifice of praise,
My invocations I will raise;
To thee my vows shall warm ascend.
While crowds the solemn rites attend.

- 15 O Salem, in thy sacred courts,
Where glory dwells and joy resorts,
To notes divine I'll tune the song,
And praise shall flow from every tongue.

86. Psalm CXXX.

[C. M.]

- 1 From the dark borders of despair
To thee, my God, I cry;
O wilt thou pitying hear my prayer,
And every plaintive sigh.
- 2 Lord, who shall stand before thy face,
If thou shouldst mark our faults
With eye severe? what hope of grace
Could cheer my mournful thoughts?
- 3 But sovereign mercy dwells with thee,
Hope dawns amid my fears;
Divine forgiveness, large and free,
Shall stay my flowing tears.

- 4 On God alone my soul would wait,
His sacred word my stay;
His sacred word can light create,
And turn my night to day.
- 5 As those who wait with longing eyes
To see the cheerful morn,
So shall my ardent wishes rise,
Till thou my God, return.
- 6 Let fainting Israel on the Lord
With cheerful hope recline,
For power and mercy in his word
With boundless glory shine.
- 7 Unnumbered though their sins appear,
And fill their hearts with pain,
His saving love dispels their fear,
And cleanses every stain.

87. Psalm CXXXIII.

[L. M.]

- 1 How pleasing is the scene, how sweet!
When kindred souls in friendship join;
Whose joys and cares united meet,
In bands of amity divine.
- 2 Less fragrant was the ointment poured
On Aaron's consecrated head,
When balmy sweets profusely showered,
Down to his sacred vesture spread.
- 3 Not flowery Hermon e'er displayed,
(Impearled with dew,) a fairer sight;
Nor Zion's beauteous hills, arrayed
In golden beams of morning light.
- 4 Tis here the Lord indulgent sheds
His kindest gifts, a heavenly store;
With life immortal crowns their heads,
When earth's frail comforts please no more.

88. Psalm CXXXVII.

[L. M.]

- 1 Where Babel's rivers winding stray,
 A silent, cool retreat we chose;
 There lost in thoughtful sadness lay,
 And pondering o'er our mighty woes.

- 2 Our mighty woes increasing rise,
 Revolving Zion's hapless fate;
 And louder griefs, and streaming eyes,
 Deplore her wretched, ruined state.

- 3 No more could music soothe our cares;
 Our harps neglected and unstrung,
 (Vanished their once delightful airs,)
 All silent, on the willows hung.

- 4 Our barbarous masters mocked our pains,
 While with insulting haughty tongues,
 They bade us tune the charming strains,
 And give them one of Zion's songs.

- 5 All, no; shall Zion's sacred airs,
Inspired by heaven be thus profaned?
Be sung to please such ears as theirs,
Whose impious arms destroyed our land?
- 6 Far from our dear loved native soil,
Shall we resume the pleasing lay?
Can rugged bondage wear a smile,
Or ever-wailing grief be gay?
- 7 If I forget thy ruined state,
Jerusalem, my heart's desire;
Then let my useless hand forget
Her skill to strike the sounding lyre.
- 8 If I indulge a mirthful song,
Or thy dear name my memory leave;
All silent, let my faithless tongue
Fast to my mouth forever cleave.
- 9 Jerusalem, lamented name!
Shall still my mournful voice employ!
And I the sadly pleasing theme
Prefer to every thought of joy.

- 10 Remember, Lord, proud Edom's sons,
Who cruel, urged the conquering foe,
To raze her beauteous towers at once,
And lay her lofty structures low.
- 11 Such ruin, Babel, thou shalt share,
And sure reward awaits thy guilt;
Then shall thy heart untaught to spare,
Repay the blood thy hand has spilt.
- 12 Happy the man who then shall rise,
(While heaven the righteous vengeance owns,)
And dash with unrelenting eyes,
Thy bleeding babes against the stones.

89. Psalm CXXXVIII.

[C. M.]

- 1 To thee, my God, my heart shall bring
The lively grateful song;
Attending kings shall hear me sing,
With rapture on my tongue.

- 2 Before thy throne with prostrate joy,
I will adore thy name;
Thy praise shall be my best employ,
Thy love and truth my theme.
- 3 Amid the glories of thy name,
Thy truth exalted shines!
A faithful God thy words proclaim
In everlasting lines.
- 4 When in the day of deep distress,
To thee, my God, I cried,
With strength divine thy powerful grace
My fainting soul supplied.
- 5 The monarchs of the earth shall hear,
And join my sacred lays;
Thy glorious name with joy revere,
And sing thy wondrous praise.
- 6 The eternal God looks kindly down,
And smiles on humble souls;
But from afar his piercing frown
The sons of pride controls.

- 7 What though around my painful way
 Continual trouble grows;
Thy saving hand shall be my stay,
 And crush my wrathful foes.
- 8 Thou, Lord, wilt all my hopes fulfill,
 To thee the work belongs;
Let endless mercy guide me still,
 And tune my grateful songs.

90. Psalm CXXXIX.

[Irreg.]

O Lord, thy awful searching eye has traced
My heart through every secret winding fold,
And all its inmost powers to thee are known.
Thou seest my rising and my resting hours,
And every latent thought within my breast
Is bared to thee; my path by thee surrounded,
My bed encircled; God is ever near.
My steps are all before thee, not a word
Can steal in softest whisper from my tongue,
But thou canst hear and mark its whole intent.

If I look back, thy awful steps I see;
Before me, thou are there; thy potent hand
Restrains and guards, upholds and guides my feet.
Infinite knowledge! my astonished mind
Sinks down with awe, and wonders and adores.
Imagination droops her trembling wing,
Nor vainly tempts the height and depth stupendous.
To shun thy spirit whither shall I fly?
Where shall I hide me from a present God?
Could I ascend to heaven, thy throne is there,
And thy full rays would meet my dazzled sight.
Or if to hell I force my desperate way,
Thy dreadful presence there forever frowns.
If mounted on the morning's lightsome wings,
Swift to creation's utmost bounds I fly,
Thy hand alone sustains and guides my flight.
Shall I, to shun the terrors of thine eye,
In midnight's sable mantle wrap me round?
Vain thought! at one tremendous glance of thine,
The midnight shade shall blaze with sudden day.
From thee no darkness hides; at thy command,

Night's deepest gloom shall spread meridian beams;
And light and darkness are alike to thee.

E'er the first dawn of life this frame was thine,
Thy guardian power preserved me yet unborn.
My first formation, (work of skill divine!)
Demands my wonder, adoration, praise.
Stupendous are thy works! my conscious soul
With solemn dread, attests the awful power
Whose endless miracles through nature shine.
My substance, when my being first began,
Was thy attentive care; thy sovereign hand
Wrought with almighty art the growing frame,
In just proportion fashioned every limb,
(All drawn before unerring in thy book,)
Till fair and perfect rose the human form,

But oh! how precious, how divinely sweet,
My God, to meditate thy thoughts of love!
Shall I attempt to state their mighty sum!
Impossible; for not the countless sands
Which spread the shore can equal half the number.
Whene'er I wake from sleep's inactive bands,
With pleasure I pursue the blest employ;

Still near my God, and wondering at his love,
Yet though thy mercies rise unknown, unnumbered,
O God of glory, with resistless power
Eternal justice guards thy holy law:
So shall the wretches find, who dare thy sword.
To sure destruction, hence, ye guilty tribes,
Far hence, ye sons of cruelty, depart.
Against my God they speak with impious tongues.
Vile foes to thee, unconscious of thy fear,
And sport profanely with thy awful name.
Do I not view them with abhorrent eye?
Their fixed aversion to thy righteous laws
Moves all the painful passions of my soul.
Am I not filled with grief when sinners rise
Rebellious, to dispute thy sacred will?
With perfect hatred I detest their ways,
And count thy enemies my worst of foes.
Search me, O God, my inmost heart explore,
And try, O try the secret springs within me:
Should one perverse, rebellious wish remain,
Expel the lurking poison from my heart;
And let thy gracious hand, (unerring guide,)
Conduct me safe to everlasting bliss.

91. Psalm CXLII.

[L. M.]

- 1 To God the refuge of his saints,
I humbly breathed my ardent prayer,
And poured out all my long complaints,
And spread before him every care.
- 2 My spirit overwhelmed with grief,
Surrounding snares beset my way;
Of thee, O Lord, I sought relief,
Whose eyes my devious path survey.
- 3 All other helps I found were vain,
And hope, and friends, and comfort failed;
To thee alone I told my pain,
While yet my potent fears prevailed.
- 4 To thee my God, I breathed my cries,
Dear refuge of my fainting heart;
Thou all on whom my hope relies,
I am undone if thou depart.

- 5 Thou seest me wretched, weak and low;
 O Lord, attend my plaintive cry,
 And save me from my every foe:
 My foes how strong! how weak am I!
- 6 O free my soul, dissolve the chain,
 Then shall I spread thy praise abroad;
 Thy saints shall join the cheerful strain,
 And speak the bounties of my God,

92. Psalm CXLIII.

[L. M.]

- 1 Hear, O my God, with pity hear
 My humble supplicating moan;
 In mercy answer all my prayer,
 And make thy truth and goodness known.
- 2 And O let mercy still be nigh;
 Should awful justice frown severe,
 Before the terrors of thine eye,
 What trembling mortal can appear?

- 3 My persecuting foes prevail,
Almost I yield my struggling breath;
The cheerful rays of comfort fail,
And sink me to the shades of death,
- 4 While thus oppressive sorrows flow,
Unintermitting o'er my head;
My inmost powers are whelmed in woe,
And all my hopes and joys are fled.
- 5 I call to mind the former days;
Thy ancient works declare thy name,
Thy truth, thy goodness, and thy grace;
And these, O Lord, are still the same.
- 6 To thee, I stretch my suppliant hands,
To thee my longing soul aspires;
As cheering showers to thirsty lands,
Come, Lord, and fill these strong desires.
- 7 Come, Lord, on wings of mercy fly,
My spirit fails at thy delay;
Hide not thy face; I faint, I die,
Without thy blissful healing ray.

- 8 Speak to my heart; the gloomy night
Shall vanish, and sweet morning break;
In thee I trust, my guide, my light,
Teach me the way my feet should take.
- 9 My soul's desires ascend to thee,
O save me from my numerous foes;
To thy kind guardian wing I flee,
For safe defence and sweet repose.
- 10 Teach me to do thy sacred will;
Thou art my God, my hope, my stay;
Let thy good spirit lead me still,
And point the safe, the upright way,
- 11 Thy name, thy righteousness I plead,
O Lord, revive my drooping heart;
Let these distressing fears recede,
And bid my troubles all depart.
- 12 Those unrelenting foes destroy,
Which thus against my peace combine;
Then shall thy service be my joy,
And all my active powers be thine.

93. Psalm CXLIV.

[L. M.]

- 1 Blest be the Lord, my strength, my shield,
 Amid the dangers of the field;
 Tis he instructs me for the fight,
 And arms me with resistless might.

- 2 His constant love, his saving power,
 Is my defence, my sacred tower;
 Rebellion hears his potent word,
 And my glad people own their Lord,

- 3 Lord, what is man, that he should share
 Thy kind regard, thy constant care?
 Can all the weak, the wretched race,
 Deserve such condescending grace?

- 4 Man's short existence, frail at best,
 Is empty vanity confessed;
 His life, a shadow, fleets away,
 And leaves no traces of its stay.

- 5 Descend from heaven, almighty Lord,
And earth shall tremble at thy word;
The smoking hills with conscious fear,
Shall own their awful Maker near,
- 6 While thy keen pointed lightnings fly,
Like flaming arrows through the sky,
My foes dispersed shall rise no more,
Nor dare the terrors of thy power.
- 7 O let thy potent arm control
These threatening waves that round me roll,
These sons of vanity that rise,
With fraudulent hands and impious lies.
- 8 Then shall thy name new songs inspire,
And wake to joy the sounding lyre,
And every tuneful string shall raise
In various notes, my grateful praise.
- 9 Tis power divine, tis God alone,
Whom kings preserved in dangers, own;
Who saves, in war's tumultuous strife,
From raging swords his servant's life.

- 10 O Lord, thy saving power oppose
To these invading threatening foes;
These strangers to thy sacred laws,
Whose boast is vain, and false their cause.
- 11 Then shall our sons beneath thy care,
Grow up like plants erect and fair;
Our daughters shall like pillars rise,
Where royal buildings charm the eyes.
- 12 Then plenty shall our stores increase,
Plenty, the lovely child of peace;
The fold its fleecy wealth shall yield,
And pour its thousands o'er the field.
- 13 The well-fed ox shall then afford
His cheerful labours to his lord;
No more shall cruel plunder reign,
Nor want nor misery complain.
- 14 O happy people! favoured state!
Whom such peculiar blessings wait;
Happy! who on the Lord depend,
Their God, their guardian, and their friend,

94. Psalm CXLV.

[C. M.]

- 1 My God, my king, to thee I'll raise
My voice, and all my powers,
Unwearied songs of sacred praise
Shall fill the circling hours.
- 2 Thy name shall dwell upon my tongue,
While suns shall set and rise,
And tune my everlasting song,
When all creation dies.
- 3 Great is the Lord! our souls adore,
We wonder whilst we praise!
His power what creature can explore.
Or equal honours raise?
- 4 Yet shall thy works, almighty Lord,
Our noblest songs adorn;
Thy glorious acts we will record,
For ages yet unborn.

- 5 Thy praise shall be my awful theme.
The wonders of thy power;
I'll speak the honours of thy name,
And bid the world adore,
- 6 The men that hear my sacred lyre,
Shall spread thy praises around;
While thy tremendous deeds inspire
To notes of solemn sound.
- 7 But sweetly flowing strains shall tell
The riches of thy grace;
And songs of grateful joy reveal
Thy spotless righteousness.
- 8 How full the Lord's compassions flow!
His wrath, how slow to rise!
Swift pardon smiles upon his brow,
And every terror dies.
- 9 How large his tender mercies are!
How wide his power extends!
On his beneficence and care
The universe depends.

- 10 Great God, whilst nature speaks thy praise.
With all her numerous tongues,
Thy saints shall tune diviner lays,
And love inspire their song.
- 11 Thy power and grandeur they shall sing,
The glories of thy reign;
Thy wondrous deeds, Almighty King,
Shall fill the raptured strain.
- 12 Thy kingdom, Lord, forever stands,
While earthly thrones decay;
And time submits to thy commands,
While ages roll away.
- 13 The falling saint, with powerful grace,
The God of love will raise;
The humble, bending with distress,
Shall rise and speak his praise.
- 14 To thee, O Lord, for daily meat,
Thy creatures lift their eyes;
On thee, their common Father, wait,
From thee, receive supplies.

- 15 Thy sovereign bounty freely gives
 Its inexhausted store;
And universal nature lives
 On thy sustaining power,
- 16 Holy and just in all its ways,
 Is providence divine;
In all its works, immortal rays
 Of power and mercy shine.
- 17 Whoe'er invokes the God of grace,
 Shall find him ever near;
To all that humbly seek his face
 He lends a pitying ear.
- 18 His pitying ear attends the cry
 Of those who fear his name;
Their every want he will supply,
 And raise their sinking frame.
- 19 How blest in his protecting care,
 The souls who love the Lord!
While impious men his vengeance dare,
 And die beneath his sword.

- 20 The praise of God, delightful theme
Shall fill my heart and tongue;
Let all creation bless his name,
In one eternal song.

95. Psalm CXLVI.

[L. M.]

- 1 Ye sons of Zion, praise the Lord,
Come tune your songs in sweet accord.
Awake my soul, awake and join
The sacred hymn, in notes divine.
- 2 The praises of my God, my King,
(While I have life or breath to sing,)
Shall fill my heart, and tune my tongue,
Till heaven improve the blissful song,
- 3 No more in princes vainly trust,
Frail sons of earth; man is but dust!
With all his pride, with all his power,
The helpless creature of an hour.

- 4 He breathes, he thinks, but ah, he dies
No more the potent, or the wise;
The scheme his morning thoughts begun,
Sinks down before the setting sun.
- 5 Happy the man, Whose hopes divine
On Israel's guardian God recline!
Who can with sacred transport say,
This God is mine, my help, my stay.
- 6 Heaven, earth and sea declare his name;
He built and filled their spacious frame:
But o'er creation's fairest lines
His steadfast truth unchanging shines.
- 7 His justice favours those who mourn,
Beneath the proud oppressor's scorn;
The hungry poor his hand sustains,
And breaks the wretched captive's chains.
- 8 To sightless eyes, long closed in night
His touch restores the joys of light;
Poor mourners raised confess his care,
He loves the humble and sincere.

- 9 If wandering strangers friendless roam,
Divine protection is their home;
The Lord relieves the widow's cares,
And dries the weeping orphan's tears.
- 10 But vengeance waits the impious race
Who hate his laws, and scorn his grace;
Their ways to sure destruction tend,
And all their hopes in ruin end.
- 11 The Lord shall reign forever King,
And age to age his glory sing;
Thy God, O happy Zion, reigns,
Resound his praise in joyful strains,

96. Psalm CXLVII.

[L. M.]

- 1 Praise ye the Lord: Oh, blissful theme,
To sing the honours of his name!
Tis pleasure, tis divine delight,
And praise is lovely in his sight!

- 2 His Salem now the Lord restores;
No more her ruin she deplores;
Again the scattered tribes return,
And Israel's sons no longer mourn.
- 3 No more their breaking hearts despair,
He binds their wounds with tender care;
His healing hand removes their pain,
And cheerful comfort smiles again.
- 4 He counts the host of starry flames,
Knows all their natures and their names;
Great is our God! his wondrous power,
And boundless wisdom we adore.
- 5 How gracious is the Lord! how kind!
To raise the meek dejected mind;
But awful terrors in his frown,
Shall call rebellious sinners down.
- 6 Sing to the Lord, let praise inspire
The grateful voice, the tuneful lyre;
In strains of joy, proclaim abroad
The endless glories of our God.

- 7 He veils the sky with treasured showers,
On earth the plenteous blessing pours;
The mountains smile in lively green,
And fairer blooms the flowery scene.
- 8 His bounteous hand, (great spring of good!)
Provides the brute creation food;
He feeds the ravens when they cry;
All nature lives beneath his eye.
- 9 In nature what can him delight,
Most lovely in its Maker's sight?
Not active strength his favour moves,
Nor comely form he best approves.
- 10 Dear to the Lord, forever dear,
The heart where he implants his fear;
The souls who on his grace rely,
These, these are lovely in his eye.
- 11 Jerusalem, his honours raise;
Thy God, O Zion, claims thy praise;
His mighty arm defends thy gates,
His blessing on thy children waits.

- 12 Sweet peace, to crown the happy scene,
O'er thy fair border smiles serene;
The finest wheat luxuriant grows,
And joyful plenty round thee flows:
- 13 He speaks! and swiftly from the skies
To earth the sovereign mandate flies;
Observant nature hears his word,
And bows obedient to her Lord.
- 14 Now thick descending flakes of snow,
O'er earth a fleecy mantle throw;
Now glittering frost o'er all the plains
Extends its universal chains.
- 15 At his fierce storms of icy hail
The shivering powers of nature fail;
Before his cold what life can stand,
Unsheltered by his guardian hand?
- 16 He speaks! the ice and snows obey!
And nature's fetters melt away;
Now vernal gales soft rising blow,
And murmuring waters gently flow.

- 17 But nobler works his grace record,
To Israel he reveals his word;
To Jacob's happy sons alone
He makes his sacred precepts known.
- 18 Such bliss no other nation shares,
The laws of heaven are only theirs;
Ye favoured tribes your voices raise,
And bless your God in songs of praise.

97. Psalm CXLVIII.

[Irreg.]

Jehovah's praise, in high immortal strains
Resound, ye heavens, through all your blissful plains.
Bright with the splendour of his dazzling rays,
Exalted realms of joy reflect his praise.
Ye glorious angels, tune the raptured lay.
Through the fair mansions of eternal day;
His praise let all your shining ranks proclaim,
And teach the distant worlds your Maker's name.

His glorious power, O radiant sun, display,
Far as thy vital beams diffuse the day.
Thou silver moon, arrayed in softer light,
Recount his wonders to the listening night:
Let all thy glittering train attendant wait,
And every star his Maker's name repeat.

Ye heavens supreme, where his full glories shine,
Declare his praise, with eloquence divine.
Ye watery clouds, as round the skies you move,
Convey his wondrous name where'er you rove.
His power, ye fair expanded skies, proclaim,
Whose word produced the vast stupendous frame,
On his decree the heavenly orbs depend,
Nor change their course till time and nature end.

Let earth and seas their Maker's honour raise,
And monsters shout his name in dreadful praise.

Ethereal fires which blaze along the skies,
Convey his name to earth, in swift surprise.

Let changeful vapour rise his power to show,
And in soft praise descend the fleecy snow.

Let hail impetuous rattling on the ground,
In rougher cadence spread his wonders round.
Whilst stormy winds that bear his awful word,
Compel the trembling world to own her Lord.

Ye rocky mountains, sound his praise on high;
In joyful notes, ye verdant hills, reply.
Ye fruitful trees, your Maker's bounty show,
And smile his praise on every loaded bough:
While stately cedars, with the clustered vine,
And lowly plants the silent worship join.

Ye beasts of prey, who wild in forests roam,
Ye gentle herds, who know your peaceful home,
Declare his praise, Whose ample stores maintain
The countless tenants of his wide domain.

Ye birds, that high in trackless ether rove,
Or with soft music charm the vocal grove,
In every note your Maker's praise resound,
While humble reptiles whisper from the ground.

Ye monarchs of the earth, your Lord adore;
From him you hold your delegated power.

Ye judges, his impartial laws revere,
Be every sentence guided by his fear:

Let senate, prince and people join, to raise
The grateful tribute of obedient praise.

In life's unfolding bloom, ye young and gay,
While flowery pleasures strew your verdant way.
Adore the bounteous hand, which largely pours
Its sweetest blessings on your vernal hours;
In your Creator's praise, with duteous joy,
Your bloom of life, your active powers employ.
Let age declining to the gates of death,
In praise respire their feebly panting breath:
And infants in their dawn of reason join,
Their lisping voice, and learn the song divine.

Let heaven, and earth, and time, and nature sing
The glorious name of their almighty king:
But equal honours, earth nor heaven can raise,
His glory far transcends creation's praise.
Yet while creation owns his guardian care,
Superior bliss his happy children share;
To him they gain a near access, and prove
The wonders of his condescending love.
Let Israel with peculiar joy proclaim
The boundless glories of Jehovah's name.

98. Psalm CXLIX.

[L. M.]

- 1 Come praise the Lord, ye tuneful bands,
Ye saints assembled in his name;
New strains of joy your God demands,
New mercies all your praises claim.

- 2 Let Israel's tribes, with blessings crowned,
Their God, their mighty Maker sing;
And Zion's sons with joy resound
The endless glories of their king.

- 3 His name the measured dance shall guide.
And joy and sacred mirth inspire;
His name shall o'er the song preside,
And tune the sweet, the charming lyre.

- 5 He bends complacent to your praise,
Your God approves the blest employ;
The thankful meek, his love will raise
To crowns of everlasting joy.

- 5 O let the saints aloud rejoice,
And sounds of glory fill the song;
All day let rapture tune their voice,
And night the blissful strain prolong,
- 6 Let every mouth be filled with praise,
The God of heaven their awful theme;
Whilst his resistless sword displays,
In heaven-taught hands, his dreadful name.
- 7 Bright terrors wait his high commands,
When justice waves the flaming sword,
Vindictive o'er the heathen lands,
Which hate his saints and scorn his word,
- 8 While haughty princes bound in chains,
Confess the just, the powerful God;
Let awful joy in warlike strains,
Proclaim his glorious acts abroad.
- 9 His hand, thus righteously severe,
Fulfills the threatenings of his word;
Thus honoured shall the saints appear;
Adore the great, the glorious Lord.

99. Psalm CL.

[L. M.]

- 1 Praise ye the Lord; let praise employ,
In his own courts, your songs of joy;
The spacious firmament around,
Shall echo back the joyful sound.
- 2 Recount his works in strains divine;
His wondrous works how bright they shine;
Praise him for his almighty deeds,
Whose greatness all your praise exceeds.
- 3 Awake the trumpet's piercing sound,
To spread your sacred pleasures round;
While sweeter music tunes the lute,
The warbling harp, and breathing flute.
- 4 Ye virgin train with joy advance
To praise him in the graceful dance;
To praise awake each tuneful string,
And to the solemn organ sing.

- 5 Let the loud cymbal sounding high,
To softer deeper notes reply;
Harmonious let the concert rise,
And bear the rapture to the skies.

- 6 Let all whom life and breath inspire,
Attend, and join the blissful choir;
But chiefly you who know his word,
Adore, and love, and praise the Lord,

APPENDIX A – INDEX TO STANZAS

Stanza	Page	Hymn	St	Meter
Adieu to all below the skies	57	26	9	C. M.
Adieu, ye shining fields of air	125	52	5	Irreg.
Afflicted long have I complained	192	77	11	L. M.
Again I hear thy voice divine	157	65	12	C. M.
Again the almighty gave the dreadful word.....	219	84	8	Irreg.
Again to thee, O gracious God.....	157	65	9	C. M.
Against the God I love and fear	177	73	3	L. M.
Ah, no! a thousand tender cares	42	20	2	C. M.
Ah no, Belinda, you have only found	8	3	4	10 10.10 10.
Ah what is earth, with all her flattering toys	16	6	4	Irreg.
Ah! what is life, so loved, so dearly prized	60	28	3	Irreg.
Ah why that sigh?—peace, coward heart.....	9	4	2	L. M.
All my celestial hopes on God depend.....	76	35	4	Irreg.
All, no; shall Zion's sacred airs	229	88	5	L. M.
All other helps I found were vain	236	91	3	L. M.
Almighty Maker of my frame.....	169	69	4	L. M.
Almighty Sovereign, gracious Lord.....	84	38	1	88 10. 88 12.
Amid his sacred courts, where holiness.....	153	64	2	Irreg.
Amid the glories of thy name	231	89	3	C. M.
Amid the verdant flowery meads	147	61	2	C. M.
And heaven alone deserves Eusebia's care	105	46	6	Irreg.
And is there nothing permanent, but grief	82	37	4	Irreg.
And may a worm, a little particle	115	49	9	Irreg.
And now a different scene my eye surveys.....	18	7	5	Irreg.
And O let mercy still be nigh	237	92	2	L. M.
And these can never change; here let our souls.....	32	14	2	Irreg.
Angels, happy spirits, say	46	22	1	Irreg.
Another awful warning heaven has sent	48	23	1	Irreg.
Are not the sorrows of the mind.....	9	4	3	L. M.
Arise, O Lord, with saving power	136	55	7	C. M.
Arrayed in frowns his angry face.....	185	75	7	L. M.
As distant as creating power	207	82	7	L. M.
As the poor hart tired in the chase	171	70	1	L. M.
As those who wait with longing eyes	226	86	5	C. M.
Ask, and I give to thee alone	134	54	8	C. M.
Assembled there his saints attend	204	81	22	C. M.
Assume the human form, and wear the chains	87	39	2	Irreg.
At his fierce storms of icy hail.....	252	96	15	L. M.
At length fair health with cheerful aspect comes	63	29	3	Irreg.
At length, to fill the measure of their woes.....	219	84	9	Irreg.
Attentive bow thy pitying ear.....	158	66	2	L. M.

Stanza	Page	Hymn	St	Meter
Awake my heart, arise my joyful powers	62	29	1	Irreg.
Awake my soul, attune the hallowed lyre.....	209	83	1	Irreg.
Awake my soul, awake my tongue	206	82	1	L. M.
Awake the harp! awake the sounding lyre	165	68	2	Irreg.
Awake the trumpet's piercing sound.....	259	99	3	L. M.
Be happy—what on earth! the thought how vain	31	13	4	10 10. 10 10.
Be wise, ye monarchs; learn to fear.....	134	54	10	C. M.
Beauties, ah how short their boast.....	12	5	3	77 10. 77 10.
Before thy throne, O God of grace	181	74	1	L. M.
Before thy throne with prostrate joy.....	231	89	2	C. M.
Before thy word gave nature birth.....	193	78	2	L. M.
Belinda to her utmost wish is well	7	3	1	10 10. 10 10.
Beneath the chastening of thy hand.....	170	69	9	L. M.
Beneath thy kind protecting arm	156	65	7	C. M.
Beyond the woes of life, she lifts her eyes	25	9	7	10 10. 10 10.
Blest be the Lord, forever blest.....	162	66	21	L. M.
Blest be the Lord, my strength, my shield	240	93	1	L. M.
Blest is the man, whose crimes are all removed	163	67	1	Irreg.
Bright morning star, when wilt thou rise	4	1	7	Irreg.
Bright terrors wait his high commands	258	98	7	L. M.
But ah, my voice unequal to my wishes.....	63	29	4	Irreg.
But can a vile, a guilty creature dare	90	41	3	10 10. 10 10.
But grief, substantial grief is here.....	23	8	4	88. 84.
But his eternal faithfulness and love.....	216	84	2	Irreg.
But hope, dear comforter, relieves her care	38	17	4	Irreg.
But how soon to liberty	47	22	2	Irreg.
But I have trusted in thy name	161	66	14	L. M.
But I rebuke my drooping heart.....	185	75	8	L. M.
But if a noxious blast arise	208	82	10	L. M.
But, Lord, thy mercy hitherto.....	142	58	5	C. M.
But mark its date, tomorrow you may find.....	8	3	5	10 10. 10 10.
But mercy with unchanging rays.....	208	82	11	L. M.
But nobler works his grace record.....	253	96	17	L. M.
But O let mercy soon prevail	170	69	10	L. M.
But O may heaven thy rigorous hand restrain	26	9	10	10 10. 10 10.
But oh! how precious, how divinely sweet	234	90	4	Irreg.
But oh, the amazing power of love divine.....	54	25	5	Irreg.
But oh! the soul, that never dying part	114	49	5	Irreg.
But oh! what tongue can speak, what heart conceive	64	29	5	Irreg.
But oh, with watchful eye, and tender care.....	168	68	8	Irreg.
But soon its transient charms decay.....	56	26	4	C. M.
But sovereign mercy dwells with thee	225	86	3	C. M.
But still let man adoring own.....	140	57	8	L. M.
But sweetly flowing strains shall tell.....	244	94	7	C. M.

Stanza	Page	Hymn	St	Meter
But then a warmth, impatient of control.....	73	34	2	Irreg.
But this delightful season must decay.....	65	30	2	Irreg.
But thou, my glory, and my shield.....	135	55	3	C. M.
But thou, O Lord, shalt still endure	202	81	12	C. M.
But upward point that glass of truth, and see.....	6	2	4	10 10.10 10.
But vengeance waits the impious race	249	95	10	L. M.
But wait the interposing gloom	27	10	4	C. M.
But what are earthly joys? has not my heart.....	53	25	4	Irreg.
But while to this low world confined.....	121	51	9	C. M.
But who, of all his creatures, may aspire	149	62	2	Irreg.
But with diviner beams, the sacred word.....	145	60	4	Irreg.
By daily observation are we taught.....	80	36	1	Irreg.
By nature meant for regal sway	44	21	3	L. M.
By their Creator's hand the thirsty hills.....	211	83	3	Irreg.
Can I view with languid thought.....	12	5	6	77 10. 77 10.
Can reason's dictates be obeyed.....	34	15	4	L. M.
Care plants a thorny forest on the plain.....	6	2	6	10 10.10 10.
Celestial hope relieves your anxious mind.....	7	2	7	10 10.10 10.
Come faith, and hope, celestial pair	10	4	6	L. M.
Come friendship, tune the pleasing lyre.....	41	19	1	C. M.
Come heaven born faith, fair seraph come	3	1	5	Irreg.
Come, Lord, on wings of mercy fly.....	238	92	7	L. M.
Come, O ye saints, your voices raise	156	65	4	C. M.
Come praise the Lord, ye tuneful bands	257	98	1	L. M.
Come, sacred contemplation, heavenly guest.....	81	37	1	Irreg.
Come sacred flame, and warm my heart.....	109	48	3	886. 886.
Come, sweet Urania, come, thy cheering power.....	2	1	3	Irreg.
Come, while I teach, ye uninstructed, hear	164	67	3	Irreg.
Companion of your life, for heaven ordains	6	2	3	10 10.10 10.
Confiding still in thy almighty arm	115	49	8	Irreg.
Consumed by thy vindictive frown	194	78	7	L. M.
Create my inmost powers anew	179	73	10	L. M.
Dear innocent, her lovely smiles.....	43	20	3	C. M.
Dear Lord, and shall I ever be.....	94	43	6	886. 88. 86.
Dear to the Lord, forever dear.....	251	96	10	L. M.
Death frowned severe, and all the prospect round	62	29	2	Irreg.
Death spread around his fatal chains.....	222	85	3	L. M.
Death spreads like winter's frozen arms	26	10	2	C. M.
Deep in the grave be lying tongues	162	66	18	L. M.
Descend from heaven, almighty Lord	241	93	5	L. M.
Destruction waits thy awful word	194	78	3	L. M.
Divinely free, his mercy flows	206	82	2	L. M.
Each rising day repeats instructive songs	144	60	2	Irreg.
Earth's old foundations by his word were fixed.....	210	83	2	Irreg.

Stanza	Page.	Hymn	St	Meter
Earth's old foundations thou hast laid	205	81	25	C. M.
Earth's wide-extended varying scenes	183	74	11	L. M.
Ecstatic joy! immense delight	125	52	6	Irreg.
E'er the first dawn of life this frame was thine	234	90	3	Irreg.
Enchanting prospects court the eye	23	8	3	88. 84.
Encouraged by so full, so sweet a word	90	41	2	10 10. 10 10.
Endowed with knowledge—though before my eye.....	39	18	2	Irreg.
Engaging argument! here let me rest	90	41	1	10 10. 10 10.
Ere long the sun with genial ray	120	51	5	C. M.
Ere rolling worlds began to move	197	79	2	L. M.
Eternity of woe! tremendous sound	114	49	6	Irreg.
Eternity, to pure and holy souls	48	23	2	Irreg.
Ethereal fires which blaze along the skies	254	97	5	Irreg.
Extinguished! No—immortal is the flame.....	104	46	4	Irreg.
Faint are all the notes I raise	13	5	8	77 10. 77 10.
Faith, hope and charity, on earth remain	41	18	6	Irreg.
Far from our dear-loved native soil	229	88	6	L. M.
Far from these wretched eyes removed	191	77	5	L. M.
For blooming happiness young Florio sighs.....	5	2	1	10 10. 10 10.
For God my thirsty spirit longs	171	70	2	L. M.
For know, the man of upright heart	137	56	3	C. M.
For nobler ends, my time and powers are given.....	76	35	3	Irreg.
For this, the vernal buds arise	30	12	5	L. M.
For this, when future sorrows rise.....	222	85	2	L. M.
Forever gracious is the Lord	223	85	5	L. M.
Frail man, how soon his beauty flies	170	69	11	L. M.
Friendship, with thy pleasing power.....	69	31	5	Irreg.
From awful Calvary the flight begins	123	52	3	Irreg.
From diffidence our sorrows flow.....	28	11	3	L. M.
From heaven, his high eternal throne	203	81	19	C. M.
From heaven, where in eternal majesty	167	68	7	Irreg.
From the dark borders of despair.....	225	86	1	C. M.
From the philosophic grove	11	5	1	77 10. 77 10.
From thee no fragrant odours breathe	45	21	7	L. M.
Full in thy view our crimes appear.....	195	78	8	L. M.
Give to the Lord, ye potentates of earth	153	64	1	Irreg.
Go, Vario, trace creation's ample round.....	30	13	1	10 10. 10 10.
God is a sun; our brightest day.....	190	76	10	L. M.
God is our strength, omnipotence our stay.....	174	71	1	Irreg.
Great Father of eternity	194	78	4	L. M.
Great God, I own thy justice, while beneath.....	52	25	1	Irreg.
Great God, whilst nature speaks thy praise.....	245	94	10	C. M.
Great is the Lord! our souls adore	243	94	3	C. M.
Great source of light thy beams display	121	51	11	C. M.

Stanza	Page	Hymn	St	Meter
Had angels cause of wonder? Man has more.....	15	6	3	Irreg.
Hail, glorious hope! how sweet the distant view.....	106	46	8	Irreg.
Happy the man approved by thee.....	181	74	4	L. M.
Happy the man who then shall rise	230	88	12	L. M.
Happy the man, whose heaven-directed feet	131	53	1	Irreg,
Happy the man, Whose hopes divine	248	95	5	L. M.
Happy the men, whom strength divine.....	189	76	5	L. M.
Happy the mind, where true devotion glows	88	40	1	Irreg.
Hark the glad shout! our God to conquest leads.....	176	72	2	Irreg.
He bends complacent to your praise.....	257	98	5	L. M.
He breathes, he thinks, but ah, he dies	248	95	4	L. M.
He counts the host of starry flames.....	250	96	4	L. M.
He fills my longing soul with good.....	206	82	3	L. M.
He knows our frame, surveys our birth.....	207	82	9	L. M.
He pours his kindest blessings down	190	76	11	L. M.
He sees the groaning prisoner's pain.....	204	81	20	C. M.
He speaks! and swiftly from the skies.....	252	96	13	L. M.
He speaks! the ice and snows obey.....	252	96	16	L. M.
He veils the sky with treasured showers.....	251	96	7	L. M.
Hear, O my God, in mercy hear	157	65	11	C. M.
Hear, O my God, with pity hear	237	92	1	L. M.
Heaven, earth and sea declare his name.....	248	95	6	L. M.
Heaven's awful sovereign, throned on high	133	54	4	C. M.
Her deepest gloom when sorrow spreads	156	65	6	C. M.
Her powerful aid supports the soul.....	34	15	5	L. M.
Her present woes, when weighed with future joy.....	75	34	4	Irreg.
Here beauteous landscapes spread their various charms.....	69	32	2	10 10. 10 10.
Here, Florio, take this glass, and look again	5	2	2	10 10. 10 10.
Here let my invocation end.....	4	1	6	Irreg.
Here, on a verdant plain bespread with flowers	16	7	2	Irreg.
Here spreading flocks adorn the plain.....	183	74	15	L. M.
Here wonders rise, and all my thoughts transcend	78	35	7	Irreg.
Hide not from me thy blissful ray.....	152	63	10	L. M.
His bounteous hand, (great spring of good!)	251	96	8	L. M.
His constant love, his saving power.....	240	93	2	L. M.
His crowded courts shall see me pay.....	224	85	12	L. M.
His dreadful anger now awakes	133	54	5	C. M.
His frown, what mortal can sustain.....	156	65	5	C. M.
His glorious power, O radiant sun, display	254	97	2	Irreg.
His hand, thus righteously severe	258	98	9	L. M.
His justice favours those who mourn	248	95	7	L. M.
His name, enrolled among the just	108	47	5	88 10. 88 10.
His name the measured dance shall guide	257	98	3	L. M.
His pitying ear attends the cry	246	94	18	C. M.

Stanza	Page	Hymn	St	Meter
His place thy forming hand assigned.....	140	57	5	L. M.
His potent word spread the wide arch of heaven	166	68	4	Irreg.
His righteousness, (immortal robe!) he gives	70	32	5	10 10. 10 10.
His Salem now the Lord restores	250	96	2	L. M.
His truth, his mercy, and his power.....	203	81	18	C. M.
His warm benevolence, his sacred zeal.....	72	33	8	10 10. 10 10.
His word recalls my heart, invites my trust.....	14	6	2	Irreg.
Holy and just in all its ways.....	246	94	16	C. M.
Honours, unconscious of decay.....	108	47	4	88 10. 88 10.
Hope looks beyond the bounds of time	27	10	5	C. M.
Hope with ever-cheerful eye.....	12	5	4	77 10. 77 10.
How blest in his protecting care.....	246	94	19	C. M.
How blest the minds, which daily rise.....	93	43	1	886. 88. 86.
How blest the nation who can call the Lord	167	68	6	Irreg.
How far beyond our vile deserts.....	207	82	6	L. M.
How free his plenteous mercies flow	207	82	5	L. M.
How full the Lord's compassions flow	244	94	8	C. M.
How gracious is the Lord! how kind.....	250	96	5	L. M.
How large his tender mercies are.....	244	94	9	C. M.
How long shall my dejected soul.....	141	58	2	C. M.
How long shall scoffers turn with lies.....	137	56	2	C. M.
How long wilt thou, O God of grace.....	141	58	1	C. M.
How lovely, how divinely sweet.....	188	76	1	L. M.
How oft convinced shall I complain.....	23	8	5	88. 84.
How pleasing is the scene, how sweet.....	227	87	1	L. M.
How soon divine forgiveness smiles serene.....	32	14	3	Irreg.
How vain a thought is bliss below.....	55	26	1	C. M.
How weak, how languid is the immortal mind	118	50	1	10 10. 10 10.
I call to mind the former days.....	238	92	5	L. M.
I hate their works, I hate their ways.....	159	66	6	L. M.
I heard the cruel slander rise	161	66	13	L. M.
I laid me down and slept secure.....	136	55	5	C. M.
I love the Lord, his gracious ear.....	222	85	1	L. M.
I rashly said, I sink, I die.....	162	66	22	L. M.
I said, to thee my God I pray	204	81	24	C. M.
I sink with hope's departing ray.....	202	81	11	C. M.
I spend the watchful night alone	201	81	7	C. M.
I thought on God with terrors armed	184	75	3	L. M.
I want delights thou canst not give	22	8	2	88. 84.
If from his fold I thoughtless stray	147	61	3	C. M.
If I forget thy ruined state.....	229	88	7	L. M.
If I indulge a mirthful song.....	229	88	8	L. M.
If I look back, thy awful steps I see	233	90	2	Irreg.
If in my heart, thy heavenly day	110	48	4	886. 886.

Stanza	Page.	Hymn	St	Meter
If pleasure laughs a moment, is the joy	80	36	2	Irreg.
If real, why when distant pleasures rise	30	13	2	10 10.10 10.
If sacrifice would please my God.....	180	73	15	L. M.
If wandering strangers friendless roam	249	95	9	L. M.
Immortal charity improved shall shine.....	40	18	4	Irreg.
Immortal formed by power divine.....	208	82	14	L. M.
Immortal treasure! all the glittering store	146	60	5	Irreg.
In a frail, shattered bark I trembling ride.....	95	44	1	Irreg.
In him, my soul, behold thy rest	10	4	5	L. M.
In him the poor oppressed shall find.....	206	82	4	L. M.
In him what countless, endless wonders meet	70	32	6	10 10.10 10.
In his own house to spend my days	151	63	5	L. M.
In life's mid-way my strength declined.....	204	81	23	C. M.
In life's unfolding bloom, ye young and gay	256	97	12	Irreg.
In mournful silence long restrained.....	169	69	2	L. M.
In nature what can him delight.....	251	96	9	L. M.
In thee, my God, I will rejoice.....	159	66	7	L. M.
In this dark wilderness of pain and woe	57	27	1	Irreg.
In those happy worlds are given.....	124	52	4	Irreg.
In vain, the woods and fields resume their charms	60	28	2	Irreg.
In vain to ease my hopeless woe	191	77	6	L. M.
In Zion's cause thou wilt arise	202	81	13	C. M.
Inclement winter now resigns his power	59	28	1	Irreg.
Intellectual pleasures here.....	67	31	3	Irreg.
Invested him with power and sway	140	57	6	L. M.
Is there no kind, no lenient art	33	15	3	L. M.
Jehovah's boundless glory shall endure	213	83	5	Irreg.
Jehovah's praise, in high immortal strains	253	97	1	Irreg.
Jerusalem, his honours raise.....	251	96	11	L. M.
Jerusalem, lamented name	229	88	9	L. M.
Jesus, in thee, in thee I trust, to raise	119	50	6	10 10.10 10.
Jesus, let thy almighty love inspire	79	35	10	Irreg.
Jesus, whom my soul adores.....	126	52	7	Irreg.
Kind adversity, thou friend to truth	24	9	1	10 10.10 10.
Kind hope, she rules the mind with sweet control.....	6	2	5	10 10.10 10.
Kind solitude, I love thy friendly shade	75	35	1	Irreg.
Leave not my hope to sink in shame	161	66	17	L. M.
Leave not my life to impious foes.....	152	63	13	L. M.
Less fragrant was the ointment poured	227	87	2	L. M.
Let all my sins, (though deep their dye,)	179	73	9	L. M.
Let all whom life and breath inspire.....	260	99	6	L. M.
Let changeful vapour rise his power to show	254	97	6	Irreg.
Let earth and seas their Maker's honour raise.....	254	97	4	Irreg.
Let every mouth be filled with praise.....	258	98	6	L. M.

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Let fainting Israel on the Lord	226	86	6	C. M.
Let fame the shining annals spread	107	47	1	88 10. 88 10.
Let heaven, and earth, and time, and nature sing.....	256	97	13	Irreg.
Let her employ her utmost power	107	47	2	88 10. 88 10.
Let Israel's tribes, with blessings crowned.....	257	98	2	L. M.
Let the loud cymbal sounding high.....	260	99	5	L. M.
Let these petitions of my lips arise.....	146	60	6	Irreg.
Let thy almighty work appear.....	196	78	16	L. M.
Let thy indulgent pitying ear.....	191	77	2	L. M.
Let thy reviving word impart	178	73	8	L. M.
Life is a span, a fleeting hour.....	26	10	1	C. M.
Lift up your heads, O ye celestial gates	149	62	4	Irreg.
Like a poor solitary fowl	201	81	6	C. M.
Live to declare his glorious name	204	81	21	C. M.
Look, Sovereign Goodness from the skies.....	23	8	6	88. 84.
Look up and smile, to hail the glorious day.....	119	50	5	10 10.10 10.
Lord, hear my prayer, and heal my woes	141	58	3	C. M.
Lord, hear thy servant's humble prayer	200	81	1	C. M.
Lord, how astonishing, how vast thy works.....	212	83	4	Irreg.
Lord, how my numerous foes increase.....	135	55	1	C. M.
Lord, in thy great, thy glorious name.....	158	66	1	L. M.
Lord, let thy mercy, full and free	177	73	1	L. M.
Lord of hosts, attend my prayer	189	76	8	L. M.
Lord, thou hast been thy children's God	193	78	1	L. M.
Lord, twas thy favour fixed my rest.....	157	65	8	C. M.
Lord, what is man, that he should share.....	139	57	4	L. M.
Lord, what is man, that he should share.....	240	93	3	L. M.
Lord, when these blissful wonders I explore	78	35	8	Irreg.
Lord, when this roving heart again forgets	54	25	6	Irreg.
Lord, who shall stand before thy face.....	225	86	2	C. M.
Lord, wilt thou gracious hear my cry.....	171	69	12	L. M.
Low at thy glorious feet, eternal God.....	91	42	2	Irreg.
Low in the grave my hopes are laid.....	191	77	4	L. M.
Man has desires, capacious as his soul	113	49	3	Irreg.
Man's short existence, frail at best	240	93	4	L. M.
Marinda's temper, open and sincere	73	34	1	Irreg.
Meditation, come away	12	5	5	77 10. 77 10.
Meditation, pleasing guest.....	11	5	2	77 10. 77 10.
Meek patience looks unmoved on pain and care.....	25	9	6	10 10.10 10.
My chosen king exalted see.....	133	54	6	C. M.
My days are shorter than a span.....	169	69	5	L. M.
My days by thy kind presence blest.....	138	56	8	C. M.
My days like smoke consume away	200	81	3	C. M.
My dearest friends who shared my heart.....	193	77	13	L. M.

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My Father, dear, delightful name.....	10	4	9	L. M.
My God—important, glorious, blissful name.....	14	6	1	Irreg.
My God, my king, to thee I'll raise	243	94	1	C. M.
My God, shall every creature join.....	51	24	5	88. 88. 10 10.
My heart sinks down oppressed with grief	172	70	6	L. M.
My heart, where mental winter reigns	120	51	4	C. M.
My hope was ready to depart	153	63	14	L. M.
My life is spent in grief and tears	160	66	10	L. M.
My life, my all, is in thy hand	161	66	15	L. M.
My melting soul in grief is spent	172	70	4	L. M.
My nightly songs I call to mind	185	75	5	L. M.
My numerous foes awake my fears	135	55	2	C. M.
My persecuting foes prevail	238	92	3	L. M.
My Saviour God, O loveliest, dearest name.....	116	49	10	Irreg.
My soul's desires ascend to thee	239	92	9	L. M.
My spirit fails, my hopes decline.....	200	81	4	C. M.
My spirit overwhelmed with grief	236	91	2	L. M.
My strength is lost, my life resigned	191	77	3	L. M.
My strength, with oft-repeated groans.....	201	81	5	C. M.
My taste no food with comfort cheers	201	81	9	C. M.
No evil can my soul dismay	148	61	5	C. M.
No fleeting landscape cheats the gaze	57	26	8	C. M.
No meaner help, no mortal art.....	224	85	10	L. M.
No more confined to these low scenes of night	71	33	2	10 10.10 10.
No more could music soothe our cares	228	88	3	L. M.
No more in princes vainly trust	247	95	3	L. M.
No more, my friend—at length, alas! I see	103	46	3	Irreg.
No more their breaking hearts despair	250	96	3	L. M.
No short-lived pleasure there beguiles	94	43	5	886. 88. 86.
No, were the brightest scenes of mortal bliss.....	113	49	4	Irreg.
Not flowery Hermon e'er displayed	227	87	3	L. M.
Not so the sinner's hope; he soon shall find	132	53	2	Irreg.
Now deeply humbled, self-abased, we read.....	70	32	3	10 10.10 10.
Now earth receives the precious seed	183	74	12	L. M.
Now faintly smile day's hasty hours.....	119	51	1	C. M.
Now gaily-painted bubbles rise	56	26	2	C. M.
Now rise my wishes high to joys divine.....	21	7	10	Irreg.
Now shall my head exalted rise	151	63	7	L. M.
Now, the celestial flame that warmed thy breast.....	71	33	4	10 10.10 10.
Now the mind enraptured soars	68	31	4	Irreg.
Now thick descending flakes of snow	252	96	14	L. M.
Now will I walk before the Lord.....	223	85	9	L. M.
O be a nobler portion mine	170	69	7	L. M.
O blest religion, heavenly fair	35	16	1	C. M.

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O blissful state! on earth my wish supreme	117	49	11	Irreg.
O cleanse my guilt, and heal my pain	179	73	13	L. M.
O come, thou life of every grace.....	110	48	7	886. 886.
O could I with unshaken hope declare	58	27	2	Irreg.
O do not hide thy blissful face	200	81	2	C. M.
O for a beam of glory from above	19	7	8	Irreg.
O for one celestial ray.....	47	22	3	Irreg.
O for the animating fire.....	109	48	1	886. 886.
O for the wings of faith and love.....	93	43	2	886. 88. 86.
O free my soul, dissolve the chain.....	237	91	6	L. M.
O happy people! favoured state.....	242	93	14	L. M.
O happy state, divine abode	121	51	10	C. M.
O Hervey, be thy pleasing labours crowned	70	32	7	10 10. 10 10.
O Hervey, honoured name, forgive the tear	71	33	1	10 10. 10 10.
O kind adversity, without thy aid.....	25	9	8	10 10. 10 10.
O let me trace the heavenly transcript o'er	77	35	6	Irreg.
O let my heart confess thy power	36	16	6	C. M.
O let my nobler wishes soar	56	26	6	C. M.
O let my soul the wondrous power confess	52	25	2	Irreg.
O let the humble destitute	203	81	17	C. M.
O let the sacred hyssop prove	178	73	7	L. M.
O let the saints aloud rejoice	258	98	5	L. M.
O let thy favour, bliss divine	161	66	16	L. M.
O let thy goodness, Lord, appear	180	73	17	L. M.
O let thy mercy's healing ray	85	38	4	88 10. 88 12.
O let thy potent arm control.....	241	93	7	L. M.
O let thy spirit's sacred influence seal	91	41	4	10 10. 10 10.
O Lord, how glorious is thy name	139	57	1	L. M.
O Lord, my God, oppressed with grief	155	65	2	C. M.
O Lord, my life, my Saviour God	190	77	1	L. M.
O Lord, my strength, my righteousness.....	137	56	1	C. M.
O Lord of hosts, thou God of grace	190	76	12	L. M.
O Lord, thy awful searching eye has traced	232	90	1	Irreg.
O Lord, thy saving power oppose.....	242	93	10	L. M.
O lost to earth!—no, in his works he lives	72	33	7	10 10. 10 10.
O make our sacred pleasures rise	196	78	15	L. M.
O may the gentle pair propitious tarry	75	34	5	Irreg.
O may thy favour, Lord, return.....	196	78	13	L. M.
O may your erring wishes learn to rise.....	8	3	6	10 10. 10 10.
O Salem, in thy sacred courts	225	85	15	L. M.
O sent by heaven, to teach the Saviour's praise.....	69	32	1	10 10. 10 10.
O spare me, and my strength restore	171	69	13	L. M.
O teach me, Lord, thy sacred way.....	152	63	12	L. M.
O thou supreme, eternal source of good.....	83	37	6	Irreg.

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O thou who hearest our humble cry	181	74	2	L. M.
O wash this guilty heart of mine.....	177	73	2	L. M.
Obedient to his word, pale famine came	216	84	4	Irreg.
O'er the wide ocean storm and terror spread	154	64	3	Irreg.
Oh, blest the men, blest their employ	188	76	4	L. M.
Oh, happy favourites of almighty love	21	7	9	Irreg.
Omniscient Lord, before whose awful eye	86	39	1	Irreg.
On God alone my soul would wait.....	226	86	4	C. M.
Once more has heaven indulgent heard our prayers.....	31	14	1	Irreg.
One day within thy sacred gate.....	189	76	9	L. M.
Or grant your heart should all its wish possess	31	13	3	10 10. 10 10.
Our barbarous masters mocked our pains	228	88	4	L. M.
Our days, alas, how short their bound	195	78	9	L. M.
Our hearts, so late oppressed with fear.....	41	19	2	C. M.
Our mighty woes increasing rise	228	88	2	L. M.
Parent of good, tis thine to give.....	10	4	7	L. M.
Perhaps to threescore years and ten.....	195	78	10	L. M.
Power to the faint, thy sacred word assures.....	53	25	3	Irreg.
Praise, a tribute ah how poor	13	5	7	77 10. 77 10.
Praise ye the Lord: Oh, blissful theme	249	96	1	L. M.
Praise ye the Lord; let praise employ.....	259	99	1	L. M.
Preserve me from the fatal snare	159	66	4	L. M.
Preserve me, oh my God; on thee alone.....	142	59	1	Irreg.
Propitious heaven that smiled before	41	19	3	C. M.
Proud monarchs meet, and breathing war.....	133	54	2	C. M.
Queen of the gay parterre I reign	44	21	2	L. M.
Recount his works in strains divine.....	259	99	2	L. M.
Reflection, care, and foresight, all retreat.....	17	7	3	Irreg.
Rejoice, ye righteous, in the Lord rejoice.....	165	68	1	Irreg.
Remember, Lord, proud Edom's sons	230	88	10	L. M.
Restore thy favour, bliss divine	179	73	11	L. M.
Return my soul, and sweetly rest.....	223	85	7	L. M.
Return, O blissful sun, and bring.....	121	51	8	C. M.
Salvation, Lord, is thine alone.....	136	55	8	C. M.
Save me, by thy almighty arm.....	170	69	8	L. M.
Say, dear Urania, silent why so long	102	46	1	Irreg.
Say, Delia, whence these cares arise.....	28	11	1	L. M.
Say, does not heaven our comforts mix	43	20	5	C. M.
Say, gentle muse, who oft has deigned.....	1	1	1	Irreg.
Say, while you press, with growing love.....	42	20	1	C. M.
Say, wilt thou ne'er return	2	1	2	Irreg.
See Lebanon with all his honours bend	154	64	4	Irreg.
See the shades open!—now direct your eye	7	2	8	10 10. 10 10.
See! through the dreadful gloom a cheering ray.....	96	44	2	Irreg.

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See yonder gaudy tulip rise.....	44	21	1	L. M.
Shall we submit to his commands	133	54	3	C. M.
Should every earthly friend depart.....	152	63	11	L. M.
Should heaven with every wish comply	28	11	4	L. M.
Should I be banished from that blest abode	78	35	9	Irreg.
Should lavish wealth display her shining stores	91	42	1	Irreg.
Should numerous hosts besiege me round.....	150	63	3	L. M.
Since inward truth thy laws require	178	73	6	L. M.
Sing to the Lord, let praise inspire	250	96	6	L. M.
So bounds the wanton heifer o'er the mead	154	64	5	Irreg.
So fades the lovely, blooming flower.....	33	15	1	L. M.
So, if my soul's bright sun impart	120	51	6	C. M.
So shall the heathen nations fear	203	81	15	C. M.
So withers all my bloom of life away.....	112	49	2	Irreg.
Softly-pleasing Solitude.....	66	31	1	Irreg.
Soon as my infant life began	178	73	5	L. M.
Soon let thy mercy cheer our hearts	196	78	14	L. M.
Soon will their transient date expire.....	29	12	2	L. M.
Sooner the mountains shall depart.....	84	38	2	88 10. 88 12.
Speak to my heart; the gloomy night.....	239	92	8	L. M.
Stern winter throws his icy chains.....	120	51	2	C. M.
Still they pursue the painful road	189	76	7	L. M.
Such bliss no other nation shares.....	253	96	18	L. M.
Such is the Christian's glorious prize	108	47	6	88 10. 88 10.
Such mournful scenes, what heart unmoved could bear	18	7	6	Irreg.
Such ruin, Babel, thou shalt share	230	88	11	L. M.
Surely, the mind must be akin to heaven	37	17	3	Irreg.
Sweet charity, long-suffering, meek and kind.....	39	18	3	Irreg.
Sweet peace, to crown the happy scene	252	96	12	L. M.
Sweet plant of paradise, its seeds are sown	8	3	3	10 10. 10 10.
Teach me to do thy sacred will	239	92	10	L. M.
Teach us to count our shortening days	195	78	12	L. M.
Ten thousand times ten thousand tongues.....	94	43	4	886. 88. 86.
That word which stills the raging seas.....	182	74	8	L. M.
That Zion, which thy servants love.....	202	81	14	C. M.
The bleating flocks, the lowing herds	140	57	7	L. M.
The blissful realms, where thy loved matter reigns	71	33	3	10 10. 10 10.
The Christian seeks a nobler prize	107	47	3	88 10. 88 10.
The cowslip's virtues, and my own	45	21	8	L. M.
The dear-loved blessing while we view.....	42	19	4	C. M.
The earth through all her wide dominion owns.....	148	62	1	Irreg.
The eternal God looks kindly down.....	231	89	6	C. M.
The falling saint, with powerful grace.....	245	94	13	C. M.
The flowers are silent while she speaks.....	45	21	5	L. M.

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The friendly hint, ye listening fair.....	45	21	9	L. M.
The full clouds poured their watery store	187	75	14	L. M.
The heathen empires trembling own his power.....	177	72	3	Irreg.
The heathen nations, strangers to the Lord	167	68	5	Irreg.
The heathen raged with war, the empires shook.....	175	71	3	Irreg.
The heaven-born mind requires immortal food	81	37	2	Irreg.
The heavens declare their Maker's glorious name.....	144	60	1	Irreg.
The kindest, gentled virtues form thy train	25	9	5	10 10. 10 10.
The Lord is king, his hand alone	208	82	13	L. M.
The Lord is mine, the portion of my choice.....	143	59	3	Irreg.
The Lord, my Saviour, is my light	150	63	1	L. M.
The Lord, my Shepherd and my Guide.....	147	61	1	C. M.
The Lord of hosts is with us; Israel's God	175	71	4	Irreg.
The Lord preserves, with tender care	223	85	6	L. M.
The Lord shall reign forever King	249	95	11	L. M.
The Lord, the fountain of immortal power.....	155	64	7	Irreg.
The Lord, the God of glory, reigns.....	197	79	1	L. M.
The Lord, the mighty God exalted reigns	198	80	1	Irreg.
The Lord, the mighty God, on high.....	197	79	4	L. M.
The men that hear my sacred lyre.....	244	94	6	C. M.
The monarchs of the earth shall hear	231	89	5	C. M.
The once loved form now cold and dead.....	27	10	3	C. M.
The powers of darkness will rejoice	141	58	4	C. M.
The praise of God, delightful theme	247	94	20	C. M.
The praises of my God, my King.....	247	95	2	L. M.
The promise guides her ardent flight.....	34	15	7	L. M.
The rising morn, the closing day	183	74	10	L. M.
The sacrifice the Lord will own.....	138	56	5	C. M.
The senses soon are tired, and sink to rest	37	17	2	Irreg.
The sparrows near thy altar live	188	76	3	L. M.
The sun withdraws his vital beams	120	51	3	C. M.
The swelling floods tumultuous rise	197	79	3	L. M.
The tedious day was spent in grief.....	184	75	2	L. M.
The tenderest yearning nature knows	207	82	8	L. M.
The vital principle within	110	48	6	886. 886.
The waters with thy presence awed	186	75	13	L. M.
The well-fed ox shall then afford.....	242	93	13	L. M.
The word of God is sacred, just and right.....	166	68	3	Irreg.
Thee, Lord, my thankful soul would bless.....	155	65	1	C. M.
Their sharp reproaches pierce my heart	173	70	10	L. M.
Their shining wonders all shall fade.....	205	81	26	C. M.
Then, be our earthly joys resigned.....	43	20	6	C. M.
Then cease fond nature, cease thy tears.....	27	10	6	C. M.
Then, cheerful shall my heart survey.....	11	4	10	L. M.

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Then croaking frogs spontaneous rose to life	218	84	7	Irreg.
Then crowned with honours and enriched with spoils	220	84	10	Irreg.
Then, faith, and hope, and love decay	110	48	5	886. 886.
Then faith, and hope, and love shall rise.....	121	51	7	C. M.
Then gentle patience smiles on pain	34	15	6	L. M.
Then let me listen to her friendly lore	82	37	5	Irreg.
Then let my utmost glory be.....	158	65	13	C. M.
Then Moses by divine command was sent	218	84	6	Irreg.
Then, O my God, let this reviving thought	119	50	4	10 10.10 10.
Then plenty shall our stores increase	242	93	12	L. M.
Then shall I spread his power abroad	173	70	12	L. M.
Then shall I wait serene, with steady faith	59	27	3	Irreg.
Then shall my heart and tongue proclaim.....	142	58	6	C. M.
Then shall my joyful tongue proclaim	180	73	14	L. M.
Then shall our sons beneath thy care	242	93	11	L. M.
Then shall the muse her long neglected strain	61	28	5	Irreg.
Then shall thy name new songs inspire.....	241	93	8	L. M.
Then, though this mortal frame by slow degrees	55	25	7	Irreg.
Then whispers busy cruel fear	43	20	4	C. M.
Then will I teach thy sacred ways.....	179	73	12	L. M.
There is a river of immortal peace	174	71	2	Irreg.
There, Jesus lives, (transporting name!)	109	48	2	886. 886.
There life divine no languor knows	111	48	8	886. 886.
There pleasure flows forever clear	57	26	7	C. M.
These are the happy souls that seek the Lord	149	62	3	Irreg.
This drooping heart again shall trace.....	186	75	9	L. M.
This is the gift I would impart.....	180	73	16	L. M.
This only boon my heart desires.....	151	63	4	L. M.
Those shining realms of endless day.....	24	8	8	88. 84.
Those unrelenting foes destroy	239	92	12	L. M.
Thou art my rock, thy name alone	159	66	3	L. M.
Thou art my Son, thee I proclaim	134	54	7	C. M.
Thou art my star: O let thy beams impart.....	96	44	4	Irreg.
Thou art the confidence and stay	182	74	6	L. M.
Thou friendly power, how kind thy cheering strain.....	104	46	5	Irreg.
Thou hast not left my life to groan.....	160	66	8	L. M.
Thou, Lord, wilt all my hopes fulfill	232	89	8	C. M.
Thou sacred spring of all my joys.....	151	63	8	L. M.
Thou seest me wretched, weak and low.....	237	91	5	L. M.
Though hastening to the silent tomb	147	61	4	C. M.
Though rough thy aspect, and thy frown severe	25	9	4	10 10.10 10.
Though sin prevails with dreadful sway	181	74	3	L. M.
Through all the world the sacred lines are spread	145	60	3	Irreg.
Through Baca's thirsty vale they go	189	76	6	L. M.

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Through life's bewildered, darksome way	35	16	4	C. M.
Through the sad night and mournful day	172	70	3	L. M.
Thus ever mindful of his sacred word.....	221	84	11	Irreg.
Thus melancholy tuned the mourning lay	61	28	4	Irreg.
Thus shall thy goodness, love and care.....	148	61	7	C. M.
Thus, when the spring of youth decays.....	30	12	4	L. M.
Thy active life must wake the silent strings	102	46	2	Irreg.
Thy anger, like a swelling flood	194	78	5	L. M.
Thy arrogance, imperious flower	45	21	6	L. M.
Thy awful voice in thunder broke	187	75	15	L. M.
Thy awful word with potent sound.....	182	74	7	L. M.
Thy beams alone can bring my day.....	5	1	8	Irreg.
Thy bright perfections, all divine.....	205	81	27	C. M.
Thy constant bounties me surround	148	61	6	C. M.
Thy dreadful signs displayed abroad	182	74	9	L. M.
Thy fierce displeasure who can bear.....	193	77	12	L. M.
Thy friendly admonitions rouse the soul.....	24	9	3	10 10. 10 10.
Thy glorious image fair impressed.....	196	78	17	L. M.
Thy goodness crowns the circling year.....	183	74	14	L. M.
Thy grace this languid heart can raise.....	51	24	6	88. 88. 10 10.
Thy gracious hand shall near thee hide	162	66	20	L. M.
Thy kingdom, Lord, forever stands	245	94	12	C. M.
Thy mercy chased the shades of death	156	65	3	C. M.
Thy mercy, Lord, preserved my breath.....	223	85	8	L. M.
Thy name shall dwell upon my tongue	243	94	2	C. M.
Thy name, thy righteousness I plead.....	239	92	11	L. M.
Thy path, O Lord, thy trackless way	187	75	16	L. M.
Thy people found thy guardian care	187	75	17	L. M.
Thy potent arm, forever near.....	186	75	12	L. M.
Thy power and grandeur they shall sing.....	245	94	11	C. M.
Thy power from tender babes can raise	139	57	2	L. M.
Thy praise shall be my awful theme.....	244	94	5	C. M.
Thy presence, Lord, can gild the shades of death.....	92	42	3	Irreg.
Thy sacred dictates can assuage	35	16	3	C. M.
Thy servant, Lord, is wholly thine.....	224	85	13	L. M.
Thy servant's children still thy care	205	81	28	C. M.
Thy smile—sweet dawn of endless day	10	4	8	L. M.
Thy smile, whence all my comfort springs	138	56	7	C. M.
Thy sovereign bounty freely gives.....	246	94	15	C. M.
Thy sovereign laws are ever sure.....	198	79	5	L. M.
Thy sovereign voice can still the raging sea.....	96	44	3	Irreg.
Thy sweet refreshing showers attend	183	74	13	L. M.
Thy terrors, Lord, forbid my rest.....	185	75	4	L. M.
Thy terrors overwhelm my soul.....	172	70	7	L. M.

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Thy way, O God, thy wondrous way	186	75	10	L. M.
Thy wholesome cold, like winter, kills the weeds	26	9	9	10 10.10 10.
Thy wonted mercy, Lord, renew.....	160	66	9	L. M.
Till from their memory I slide.....	160	66	12	L. M.
Till the last beam faint-glimmering dies away.....	80	36	3	Irreg.
Time, nor for trifling nor for business stays	76	35	2	Irreg.
Tis here the Lord indulgent sheds.....	227	87	4	L. M.
Tis just, tis right; thus he ordains	9	4	4	L. M.
Tis power divine, tis God alone	241	93	9	L. M.
Tis then their real estimate we know	19	7	7	Irreg.
Tis wisdom, mercy, love divine.....	28	11	2	L. M.
To certain trouble we are born	33	15	2	L. M.
To God I breathed my ardent cry.....	136	55	4	C. M.
To God, I raised my earnest cries.....	184	75	1	L. M.
To God the refuge of his saints.....	236	91	1	L. M.
To him, all glorious Lord, my song is due	214	83	7	Irreg.
To melancholy, softly-pensive power	16	7	1	Irreg.
To nobler joys than earth bestows	3	1	4	Irreg.
To share the pleasures of his happy state	217	84	5	Irreg.
To sightless eyes, long closed in night.....	248	95	8	L. M.
To thee, I stretch my suppliant hands	238	92	6	L. M.
To thee, I'll cry, my God, my rock.....	173	70	9	L. M.
To thee my God, I breathed my cries.....	236	91	4	L. M.
To thee, my God, my heart shall bring.....	230	89	1	C. M.
To thee, my gracious God, I raise.....	158	65	14	C. M.
To thee, O Lord, for daily meat	245	94	14	C. M.
To thee, the pious sacrifice	180	73	18	L. M.
To thee, with sacrifice of praise	224	85	14	L. M.
To those, who with delightful awe	208	82	12	L. M.
To thy kind hand, O gracious Lord	159	66	5	L. M.
To wear the chain—how long? till grace divine	118	50	3	10 10.10 10.
Transparent now, and all serene	56	26	3	C. M.
Transporting view! O for a seraph's wing.....	105	46	7	Irreg.
True happiness is not the growth of earth.....	7	3	2	10 10.10 10.
True, the friendly social mind	66	31	2	Irreg.
Twas then in my extreme distress	222	85	4	L. M.
Two nymphs divine, of blest religion's train.....	74	34	3	Irreg.
Uncertain life, how soon it flies	194	78	6	L. M.
Unlike to these, yon restless tribe behold.....	17	7	4	Irreg.
Unnumbered though their sins appear.....	226	86	7	C. M.
Unnumbered woes shall be their fatal lot	143	59	2	Irreg.
Unworthy dwelling of a heaven-born guest.....	118	50	2	10 10.10 10.
Vain his ambition, noise and show	169	69	6	L. M.
Vain is the toilsome search of good.....	138	56	6	C. M.

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Vexatious world, thy flattering snares	22	8	1	88. 84.
Weary of these low scenes of night.....	9	4	1	L. M.
Were all the power of elocution mine.....	38	18	1	Irreg.
Were once our vain desires subdued	29	11	5	L. M.
What awful infinite concerns depend	114	49	7	Irreg.
What comfort e'er can cheer my taste	202	81	10	C. M.
What endless bliss, O bounteous Lord	162	66	19	L. M.
What glories in our great Immanuel shine.....	70	32	4	10 10. 10 10.
What glory can my death afford	157	65	10	C. M.
What is the business and the joy above.....	77	35	5	Irreg.
What is this thinking power, this active mind	36	17	1	Irreg.
What mortal thought can comprehend.....	195	78	11	L. M.
What shall I render to the Lord	224	85	11	L. M.
What soft delight the peaceful bosom warm.....	64	30	1	Irreg.
What though around my painful way	232	89	7	C. M.
What though ten thousand foes in arms	136	55	6	C. M.
When all thy shining works on high	139	57	3	L. M.
When cruel foes, the sons of strife.....	150	63	2	L. M.
When deep suppressed my inward anguish lay	163	67	2	Irreg.
When dismal thoughts, and boding fears	35	16	2	C. M.
When feeble reason, tired and blind	36	16	5	C. M.
When flattering fortune shines with gaudy blaze.....	24	9	2	10 10. 10 10.
When fury kindling in his eye	135	54	12	C. M.
When his almighty power appears alone	214	83	6	Irreg.
When I resolved to watch my thoughts	168	69	1	L. M.
When I unfold my matchless bloom	44	21	4	L. M.
When in the day of deep distress.....	231	89	4	C. M.
When o'er the shining plain	122	52	2	Irreg.
When pensive thought recalls the scenes of life	111	49	1	Irreg.
When reason dawns upon the infant mind	40	18	5	Irreg.
When spring displays her various sweets.....	29	12	1	L. M.
When thou with condescending grace.....	152	63	9	L. M.
When troubles rise, my guardian God	151	63	6	L. M.
When Zion's God, with power arrayed	203	81	16	C. M.
Whene'er thy injured people's cries.....	182	74	5	L. M.
Where Babel's rivers winding stray.....	228	88	1	L. M.
Where ne'er one cheering ray of light.....	192	77	8	L. M.
Where smiling beauties charmed the sight	29	12	3	L. M.
While all his works his praise proclaim	209	82	16	L. M.
While all the day my cruel foes	201	81	8	C. M.
While black reproaches blot my fame	160	66	11	L. M.
While haughty princes bound in chains.....	258	98	8	L. M.
While humbly prostrate in the dust	178	73	4	L. M.
While I survey the azure sky	122	52	1	Irreg.

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While in his temple, every praiseful tongue.....	154	64	6	Irreg.
While mercy, with inviting rays.....	134	54	11	C. M.
While thus a stranger muse presents the lay	72	33	9	10 10. 10 10.
While thus oppressive sorrows flow	238	92	4	L. M.
While thus the inward anguish burned.....	169	69	3	L. M.
While thy keen pointed lightnings fly	241	93	6	L. M.
While yet their numbers and their strength were small.....	216	84	3	Irreg.
Who will not to thy sceptre bow	134	54	9	C. M.
Who'er invokes the God of grace.....	246	94	17	C. M.
Who'er surveys thy works must own.....	186	75	11	L. M.
Why do I here expect repose	56	26	5	C. M.
Why do the heathen nations rise.....	132	54	1	C. M.
Why, Lord, wilt thou reject my soul	192	77	10	L. M.
Why, O my soul, thus sunk in woe.....	172	70	5	L. M.
Why sinks my fainting spirit down.....	173	70	11	L. M.
Wide o'er the fruitful fields and verdant meads	89	40	2	Irreg.
Will God forever leave his care.....	185	75	6	L. M.
Wilt thou from dust thy wonders raise.....	192	77	7	L. M.
With beams of sweet celestial light	23	8	7	88. 84.
With love supreme be heaven adored	42	19	5	C. M.
With strong desire my spirit faints	188	76	2	L. M.
With trembling awe your heart survey.....	137	56	4	C. M.
Ye beasts of prey, who wild in forests roam	255	97	8	Irreg.
Ye birds, that high in trackless ether rove	255	97	9	Irreg.
Ye favourites of the Lord, who love his name.....	199	80	2	Irreg.
Ye grateful tribes, approach Jehovah's throne.....	215	84	1	Irreg.
Ye happy spirits, blest inhabitants.....	81	37	3	Irreg.
Ye happy tribes, proclaim your sacred joys.....	176	72	1	Irreg.
Ye heavenly hosts adore the Lord.....	209	82	15	L. M.
Ye heavens supreme, where his full glories shine	254	97	3	Irreg.
Ye humble souls, in every strait.....	153	63	15	L. M.
Ye humble souls, who seek his face.....	163	66	24	L. M.
Ye judges, his impartial laws revere	255	97	11	Irreg.
Ye lovely offspring of the ground	50	24	2	88. 88. 10 10.
Ye monarchs of the earth, your Lord adore.....	255	97	10	Irreg.
Ye radiant orbs that guide the day.....	51	24	4	88. 88. 10 10.
Ye restless, dark, distracting fears, begone.....	97	45	1	Irreg.
Ye rocky mountains, sound his praise on high.....	255	97	7	Irreg.
Ye saints, to whom his mercy flows	163	66	23	L. M.
Ye sons of Zion, praise the Lord.....	247	95	1	L. M.
Ye virgin train with joy advance	259	99	4	L. M.
Ye warblers of the vernal shade	50	24	1	88. 88. 10 10.
Ye winds that waft the fragrant spring	50	24	3	88. 88. 10 10.
Yes, Lord, thy promises are clear	85	38	3	88 10. 88 12.

Stanza	Page	Hymn	St	Meter
Yes, we resign thee to thy Saviour God.....	72	33	5	10 10.10 10.
Yet higher would I stretch my flight.....	93	43	3	886. 88. 86.
Yet is not heaven unkind which shades with woe.....	31	13	5	10 10.10 10.
Yet its own loss must every heart deplore	72	33	6	10 10.10 10.
Yet shall thy works, almighty Lord	243	94	4	C. M.
Yet still to thee my cries ascend	192	77	9	L. M.
Yet will the Lord command his care	173	70	8	L. M.

Reset by Barry C. Johnston, April 2020
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Appendix A: Zurich Cn BT

Table of Contents and indices completely redone
Hymn numbers added for convenience in sorting
Original pagination retained in main body of the book
Original spelling retained, except for changes since 1780 in British English (e.g., controul, ev'n) and obvious misspellings
Capitalization of text and titles standardized to modern British Christian usage
Poetic contractions expanded, unless they are in common use (e.g., unmov'd → unmoved, prest → pressed; but blest and e'er retained)
Most regular-metric hymns had stanzas numbered; stanza numbers added to the other metric hymns

Source was the copy in the Princeton Theological Seminary Library (Shelf F-46205 St323 v.2), as scanned to Archive.org (<https://archive.org/details/subjectsc02stee>)

LITERATURE

- Theodosia. 1760. *Poems on Subjects Chiefly Devotional in Two Volumes*. London, England: J. Buckland. Volume I, 255 pp. Volume II, 260 pp.
- Theodosia. 1780. *Poems on Subjects Chiefly Devotional, in Two Volumes, a New Edition, to Which is Added a Third Volume consisting of Miscellaneous Pieces*. Bristol, England: W. Pine. Volume I, 255 pp. Volume II, 260 pp.
- Steele, Anne. 1780. *Miscellaneous Pieces in Verse and Prose*. Edited by Caleb Evans. Bristol, England: W. Pine. 224 pp. Author given as *Theodosia* on title page, revealed as *Anne Steele* in Evans' Introduction. Second title page gives subtitle Volume III.