

**Classic Poetry Series**

**Isaac Watts**  
**- poems -**

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## Isaac Watts(17 July 1674 – 25 November 1748)

Isaac Watts (17 July 1674 – 25 November 1748) was an English hymnwriter, theologian and logician. A prolific and popular hymnwriter, he was recognised as the "Father of English Hymnody", credited with some 650 hymns. Many of his hymns remain in use today, and have been translated into many languages.

Born in Southampton, England, in 1674, Watts was brought up in the home of a committed religious Nonconformist — his father, also Isaac Watts, had been incarcerated twice for his controversial views. At King Edward VI School (where one of the houses is now named "Watts" in his honour), Watts learned Latin, Greek and Hebrew. From an early age, Watts displayed a propensity for rhyme.

Watts, unable to go to either Oxford or Cambridge on account of his non-conformity, went to the Dissenting Academy at Stoke Newington in 1690, and much of his life centred around that village, which is now part of Inner London. His education led him to the pastorate of a large independent chapel in London, where he found himself in the position of helping trainee preachers, despite his poor health. Taking work as a private tutor, Watts lived with the Nonconformist Hartopp family at Fleetwood House, on Church Street in Stoke Newington, and later in the household of their immediate neighbours Sir Thomas Abney and Lady Mary. Though a Nonconformist, Sir Thomas practised occasional conformity to the Church of England, as necessitated by his being Lord Mayor of London between 1700 and 1701. Likewise, Isaac Watts held religious opinions that were more non-denominational or ecumenical than was at that time common for a Nonconformist; he had a greater interest in promoting education and scholarship than preaching for any particular ministry.

On the death of Sir Thomas Abney, Watts moved permanently with his widow and her remaining unmarried daughter, Elizabeth, to Abney House in Stoke Newington, a property that Mary had inherited from her brother. He lived there from 1748 to his death. The grounds at Abney Park led down to an island heronry in the Hackney Brook, where he sought inspiration for the many books and hymns he wrote.

Watts died in Stoke Newington in 1748, and was buried in Bunhill Fields, having left an extensive legacy of hymns, treatises, educational works and essays. His work was influential amongst Nonconformist independents and early religious revivalists, such as Philip Doddridge, who dedicated his best known work to Watts. On his death, Isaac Watts' papers were given to Yale University in then-colonial Connecticut.

# Against Evil Company

Why should I join with those in Play,  
In whom I've no delight,  
Who curse and swear, but never pray,  
Who call ill Names, and fight.

I hate to hear a wanton Song,  
Their Words offend my Ears:  
I should not dare defile my Tongue  
With Language such as theirs.

Away from Fools I'll turn my Eyes,  
Nor with the Scoffers go;  
I would be walking with the Wise,  
That wiser I may grow.

From one rude Boy that's us'd to mock  
Ten learn the wicked Jest;  
One sickly Sheep infects the Flock,  
And poysons all the rest.

Isaac Watts

# Against Idleness And Mischief

How doth the little busy Bee  
Improve each shining Hour,  
And gather Honey all the day  
From every opening Flower!

How skilfully she builds her Cell!  
How neat she spreads the Wax!  
And labours hard to store it well  
With the sweet Food she makes.

In Works of Labour or of Skill  
I would be busy too:  
For Satan finds some Mischief still  
For idle Hands to do.

In Books, or Work, or healthful Play  
Let my first Years be past,  
That I may give for every Day  
Some good Account at last.

Isaac Watts

# Against Lying

O 'tis a lovely thing for youth  
To early walk in wisdom's way;  
To fear a lie, to speak the truth,  
That we may trust to all they say!

But liars we can never trust,  
Even when they say what is true.  
And he who does one fault at first  
And lies to hide it, makes it two.

Have we not known, nor heard, nor read  
How God does hate deceit and wrong?  
How Ananias was struck dead,  
Caught with a lie upon his tongue?

So did his wife Sapphira die,  
When she came in, and grew so bold  
As to confirm that wicked lie,  
Which just before her husband told.

The Lord delights in them that speak  
The words of truth; but every liar  
Must have his portion in the lake  
That burns with brimstone and with fire.

Isaac Watts

# Against Quarreling And Fighting

Let dogs delight to bark and bite,  
For God hath made them so:  
Let bears and lions growl and fight,  
For 'tis their nature, too.

But, children, you should never let  
Such angry passions rise:  
Your little hands were never made  
To tear each other's eyes.

Let love through all your actions run,  
And all your words be mild:  
Live like the blessed Virgin's Son,  
That sweet and lovely child.

His soul was gentle as a lamb;  
And as his stature grew,  
He grew in favor both with man,  
And God his Father too.

Now, Lord of all, he reigns above;  
And from his heavenly throne  
He sees what children dwell in love,  
And marks them for his own.

Isaac Watts

# Against Scoffing And Calling Names

Our tongues were made to bless the Lord,  
And not speak ill of men:  
When others give a railing word,  
We must not rail again.

Cross words and angry names require  
To be chastised at school;  
And he's in danger of hell-fire  
That calls his brother fool.

But lips that dare be so profane  
To mock, and jeer, and scoff  
At holy things, or holy men,  
The Lord shall cut them off.

When children, in their wanton play,  
Served old Elisha so,  
And bade the prophet go his way,  
"Go up, thou bald head, go!"

God quickly stopped their wicked breath;  
And sent two raging bears,  
That tore them limb from limb to death,  
With blood, and groans, and tears.

Great God! How terrible art thou  
To sinners e'er so young:  
Grant me thy grace, and teach me how  
To tame and rule my tongue.

Isaac Watts

# Alas! And Did My Savior Bleed?

Alas! and did my Savior bleed  
And did my Sovereign die?  
Would He devote that sacred head  
For such a worm as I?

Refrain

At the cross, at the cross where I first saw the light,  
And the burden of my heart rolled away,  
It was there by faith I received my sight,  
And now I am happy all the day!

Thy body slain, sweet Jesus, Thine—  
And bathed in its own blood—  
While the firm mark of wrath divine,  
His Soul in anguish stood.

Was it for crimes that I had done  
He groaned upon the tree?  
Amazing pity! grace unknown!  
And love beyond degree!

Well might the sun in darkness hide  
And shut his glories in,  
When Christ, the mighty Maker died,  
For man the creature's sin.

Thus might I hide my blushing face  
While His dear cross appears,  
Dissolve my heart in thankfulness,  
And melt my eyes to tears.

But drops of grief can ne'er repay  
The debt of love I owe:  
Here, Lord, I give my self away  
'Tis all that I can do.



Isaac Watts

# Cradle Hymn

Hush, my dear, lie still and slumber;  
Holy angels guard thy bed;  
Heavenly blessings without number  
Gently falling on thy head.

Sleep, my babe, thy food and raiment,  
House and home, thy friends provide;  
All without thy care, or payment,  
All thy wants are well supplied.

How much better thou'rt attended  
Than the Son of God could be,  
When from heaven He descended,  
And became a child like thee!

Soft and easy is thy cradle;  
Coarse and hard thy Saviour lay,  
When His birthplace was a stable,  
And His softest bed was hay.

See the kindly shepherds round him,  
Telling wonders from the sky!  
When they sought Him, there they found Him,  
With his Virgin-Mother by.

See the lovely babe a-dressing;  
Lovely infant, how He smiled!  
When He wept, the mother's blessing  
Soothed and hushed the holy child.

Lo, He slumbers in His manger,  
Where the honest oxen fed;  
--Peace, my darling! here's no danger!  
Here's no ox a-near thy bed!

Mayst thou live to know and fear Him,  
Trust and love Him all thy days;  
Then go dwell forever near Him,  
See His face, and sing His praise!

I could give thee thousand kisses,  
Hoping what I most desire;  
Not a mother's fondest wishes  
Can to greater joys aspire.

Isaac Watts

# Examples Of Early Piety

What blest examples do I find  
Writ in the Word of Truth  
Of children that began to mind  
Religion in their youth!

Jesus, who reigns above the sky,  
And keeps the world in awe,  
Was once a child as young as I,  
And kept His Father's law.

At twelve years old he talked with men,  
The Jews all wondering stand;  
Yet He obeyed his Mother then,  
And came at her command.

Children a sweet hosanna sung,  
And blest their Savior's name;  
They gave Him honor with their tongue,  
While scribes and priests blaspheme.

Samuel the child was weaned and brought  
To wait upon the Lord:  
Young Timothy betimes was taught  
To know his holy Word.

Then why should I so long delay  
What others learnt so soon?  
I would not pass another day  
Without this work begun.

Isaac Watts

# How Doth The Little Busy Bee

How doth the little busy bee  
Improve each shining hour,  
And gather honey all the day  
From every opening flower!

How skilfully she builds her cell!  
How neat she spreads the wax!  
And labors hard to store it well  
With the sweet food she makes.

In works of labor or of skill,  
I would be busy too;  
For Satan finds some mischief still  
For idle hands to do.

In books, or work, or healthful play,  
Let my first years be passed,  
That I may give for every day  
Some good account at last.

Isaac Watts

# How Precious, Lord, Thy Sacred Word

How precious, Lord, Thy sacred Word,  
What light and joy those leaves afford  
To souls in deep distress!  
Thy precepts guide our doubtful way,  
Thy fear forbids our feet to stray,  
Thy promise leads to rest.

Thy threat'nings wake our slum'bring eyes,  
And warn us where our danger lies;  
But 'tis Thy Gospel, Lord,  
That makes the guilty conscience clean,  
Converts the soul, and conquers sin,  
And gives a free reward.

Isaac Watts

# Hymn 1

A new song to the Lamb that was slain.

Rev. 5:6-12

Behold the glories of the Lamb  
Amidst his Father's throne;  
Prepare new honors for his name,  
And songs before unknown.

Let elders worship at his feet,  
The church adore around,  
With vials full of odors sweet,  
And harps of sweeter sound.

Those are the prayers of the saints,  
And these the hymns they raise,  
Jesus is kind to our Complaints,  
He loves to hear our praise.

[Eternal Father, who shall look  
Into thy secret will?  
Who but the Son shall take that book,  
And open every sea]?

He shall fulfil thy great decrees,  
The Son deserves it well:  
Lo! in his hand the sovereign keys  
Of heav'n, and death, and hell!]

Now to the Lamb that once was slain  
Be endless blessings paid;  
Salvation, glory, joy, remain  
For ever on thy head.

Thou hast redeemed our souls with blood,  
Hast set the pris'ners free;  
Hast made us kings and priests to God,  
And we shall reign with thee.

The worlds of nature and of grace  
Are put beneath thy power;  
Then shorten these delaying days,  
And bring the promised hour.

Isaac Watts



# Hymn 10

The blessedness of gospel times.

Isa. 52:2,7-10; Mt. 13:16,17.

How beautiful are their feet  
Who stand on Zion's hill!  
Who bring salvation on their tongues,  
And words of peace reveal!

How charming is their voice!  
How sweet the tidings are!  
"Zion, behold thy Savior King;  
He reigns and triumphs here."

How happy are our ears  
That hear this joyful sound,  
Which kings and prophets waited for,  
And sought, but never found!

How blessed are our eyes  
That see this heav'nly light  
Prophets and kings desired it long,  
But died without the sight.

The watchmen join their voice,  
And tuneful notes employ;  
Jerusalem breaks forth in songs,  
And deserts learn the joy.

The Lord makes bare his arm  
Through all the earth abroad;  
Let every nation now behold  
Their Savior and their God!

Isaac Watts

# Hymn 100

Believe and be saved.

John 3:16-18.

Not to condemn the sons of men,  
Did Christ, the Son of God, appear;  
No weapons in his hands are seen,  
No flaming sword nor thunder there.

Such was the pity of our God,  
He loved the race of man so well,  
He sent his Son to bear our load  
Of sins, and save our souls from hell.

Sinners, believe the Savior's word,  
Trust in his mighty name and live;  
A thousand joys his lips afford,  
His hands a thousand blessings give.

But vengeance and damnation lies  
On rebels who refuse the grace;  
Who God's eternal Son despise,  
The hottest hell shall be their place.

Isaac Watts

# Hymn 101

Joy in heaven for a repenting sinner.

Luke 15:7,10.

Who can describe the joys that rise  
Through all the courts of Paradise,  
To see a prodigal return,  
To see an heir of glory born?

With joy the Father doth approve  
The fruit of his eternal love;  
The Son with joy looks down and sees  
The purchase of his agonies.

The Spirit takes delight to view  
The holy soul he formed anew;  
And saints and angels join to sing,  
The growing empire of their King.

Isaac Watts

# Hymn 102

The Beatitudes.

Mt. 5:3-12.

[Blest are the humble souls that see  
Their emptiness and poverty;  
Treasures of grace to them are giv'n,  
And crowns of joy laid up in heav'n.]

[Blest are the men of broken heart,  
Who mourn for sin with inward smart  
The blood of Christ divinely flows,  
A healing balm for all their woes.]

[Blest are the meek, who stand afar  
From rage and passion, noise and war;  
God will secure their happy state,  
And plead their cause against the great.]

[Blest are the souls that thirst for grace,  
Hunger and long for righteousness;  
They shall be well supplied, and fed  
With living streams and living bread.]

[Blest are the men whose bowels move  
And melt with sympathy and love;  
From Christ the Lord shall they obtain  
Like sympathy and love again.]

[Blest are the pure, whose hearts are clean  
From the defiling powers of sin;  
With endless pleasure they shall see  
A God of spotless purity.]

[Blest are the men of peaceful life,  
Who quench the coals of growing strife;  
They shall be called the heirs of bliss,  
The sons of God, the God of peace.]

[Blest are the suff'ers who partake  
Of pain and shame for Jesus' sake;  
Their souls shall triumph in the Lord  
Glory and joy are their reward.]

Isaac Watts

# Hymn 103

Not ashamed of the gospel.

2 Tim. 1:12.

I'm not ashamed to own my Lord,  
Or to defend his cause;  
Maintain the honor of his word,  
The glory of his cross.

Jesus, my God! I know his name,  
His name is all my trust;  
Nor will he put my soul to shame,  
Nor let my hope be lost.

Firm as his throne his promise stands,  
And he can well secure  
What I've committed to his hands  
Till the decisive hour.

Then will he own my worthless name  
Before his Father's face,  
And in the new Jerusalem  
Appoint my soul a place.

Isaac Watts

# Hymn 104

A state of nature and of grace.

1 Cor. 6:10,11.

Not the malicious or profane,  
The wanton or the proud,  
Nor thieves, nor sland'ers, shall obtain  
The kingdom of our God.

Surprising grace! and such were we  
By nature and by sin,  
Heirs of immortal misery,  
Unholy and unclean.

But we are washed in Jesus' blood,  
We're pardoned through his name;  
And the good Spirit of our God  
Has sanctified our frame.

O for a persevering power  
To keep thy just commands  
We would defile our hearts no more,  
No more pollute our hands.

Isaac Watts

# Hymn 105

Heaven invisible and holy.

1 Cor. 2:9,10; Rev. 21:27.

Nor eye hath seen, nor ear hath heard,  
Nor sense nor reason known,  
What joys the Father hath prepared  
For those that love the Son.

But the good Spirit of the Lord  
Reveals a heav'n to come;  
The beams of glory in his word  
Allure and guide us home.

Pure are the joys above the sky,  
And all the region peace;  
No wanton lips nor envious eye  
Can see or taste the bliss.

Those holy gates for ever bar  
Pollution, sin, and shame  
None shall obtain admittance there  
But followers of the Lamb.

He keeps the Father's book of life,  
There all their names are found;  
The hypocrite in vain shall strive  
To tread the heav'nly ground

Isaac Watts



# Hymn 106

Dead to sin by the cross of Christ.

Rom. 6:1,2,6.

Shall we go on to sin  
Because thy grace abounds;  
Or crucify the Lord again,  
And open all his wounds?

Forbid it, mighty God!  
Nor let it e'er be said,  
That we whose sins are crucified  
Should raise them from the dead.

We will be slaves no more,  
Since Christ has made us free;  
Has nailed our tyrants to his cross,  
And bought our liberty.

Isaac Watts

# Hymn 107

The fall and recovery of man; or, Christ and Satan at enmity.

Gen. 3:1,15,17; Gal. 4:4; Col. 2:15.

Deceived by subtle snares of hell,  
Adam, our head, our father, fell;  
When Satan, in the serpent hid,  
Proposed the fruit that God forbid.

Death was the threat'ning: death began  
To take possession of the man  
His unborn race received the wound,  
And heavy curses smote the ground.

But Satan found a worse reward;  
Thus saith the vengeance of the Lord  
"Let everlasting hatred be  
Betwixt the woman's seed and thee.

"The woman's seed shall be my Son;  
He shall destroy what thou hast done;  
Shall break thy head, and only feel  
Thy malice raging at his heel."

He spake; and bid four thousand years  
Roll on; at length his Son appears;  
Angels with joy descend to earth,  
And sing the young Redeemer's birth.

Lo, by the sons of hell he dies;  
But as he hung 'twixt earth and skies,  
He gave their prince a fatal blow,  
And triumphed o'er the powers below.]

Isaac Watts

# Hymn 108

Christ unseen and beloved.

1 Pet. 1:5.

Now with our mortal eyes  
Have we beheld the Lord;  
Yet we rejoice to hear his name,  
And love him in his word.

On earth we want the sight  
Of our Redeemer's face;  
Yet, Lord, our inmost thoughts delight  
To dwell upon thy grace.

And when we taste thy love,  
Our joys divinely grow  
Unspeakable, like those above,  
And heav'n begins below.

Isaac Watts

# Hymn 109

The value of Christ, and his righteousness.

Phil. 3:7-9.

No more, my God, I boast no more  
Of all the duties I have done;  
I quit the hopes I held before,  
To trust the merits of thy Son.

Now, for the love I bear his name,  
What was my gain I count my loss;  
My former pride I call my shame,  
And nail my glory to his cross.

Yes, and I must and will esteem  
All things but loss for Jesus' sake:  
O may my soul be found in him,  
And of his righteousness partake!

The best obedience of my hands  
Dares not appear before thy throne;  
But faith can answer thy demands  
By pleading what my Lord has done.

Isaac Watts

# Hymn 11

The humble enlightened, and carnal reason humbled.

Luke 10:21,22.

There was an hour when Christ rejoiced,  
And spoke his joy in words of praise:  
"Father, I thank thee, mighty God,  
Lord of the earth, and heav'ns, and seas.

"I thank thy sovereign power and love  
That crowns my doctrine with success,  
And makes the babes in knowledge learn  
The heights, and breadths, and lengths of grace.

"But all this glory lies concealed  
From men of prudence and of wit;  
The prince of darkness blinds their eyes,  
And their own pride resists the light.

"Father, 'tis thus, because thy will  
Chose and ordained it should be so;  
'Tis thy delight t' abase the proud,  
And lay the haughty scorner low.

"There's none can know the Father right  
But those who learn it from the Son;  
Nor can the Son be well received  
But where the Father makes him known."

Then let our souls adore our God,  
Who deals his graces as he please;  
Nor gives to mortals an account  
Or of his actions or decrees.

Isaac Watts

# Hymn 110

Death and immediate glory.

2 Cor. 5:1,5-8.

There is a house not made with hands,  
Eternal and on high;  
And here my spirit waiting stands,  
Till God shall bid it fly.

Shortly this prison of my clay  
Must be dissolved and fall;  
Then, O my soul! with joy obey  
Thy heav'nly Father's call.

'Tis he, by his almighty grace,  
That forms thee fit for heav'n;  
And, as an earnest of the place,  
Has his own Spirit giv'n.

We walk by faith of joys to come,  
Faith lives upon his word;  
But while the body is our home,  
We're absent from the Lord.

'Tis pleasant to believe thy grace,  
But we had rather see;  
We would be absent from the flesh,  
And present, Lord, with thee.

Isaac Watts

# Hymn 111

Salvation by grace.

Titus 3:3-7.

[Lord, we confess our num'rous faults,  
How great our guilt has been!  
Foolish and vain were all our thoughts,  
And all our lives were sin.

But, O my soul! for ever praise,  
For ever love his name,  
Who turns thy feet from dangerous ways  
Of folly, sin, and shame.]

['Tis not by works of righteousness  
Which our own hands have done;  
But we are saved by sovereign grace  
Abounding through his Son.]

'Tis from the mercy of our God  
That all our hopes begin;  
'Tis by the water and the blood  
Our souls are washed from sin.

'Tis through the purchase of his death  
Who hung upon the tree,  
The Spirit is sent down to breathe  
On such dry bones as we.

Raised from the dead we live anew;  
And, justified by grace,  
We shall appear in glory too,  
And see our Father's face.

Isaac Watts

# Hymn 112

The brazen serpent; or, Looking to Jesus.

John 3:14-16.

So did the Hebrew prophet raise  
The brazen serpent high,  
The wounded felt immediate ease,  
The camp forbore to die.

"Look upward in the dying hour,  
And live," the prophet cries;  
But Christ performs a nobler cure,  
When Faith lifts up her eyes.

High on the cross the Savior hung,  
High in the heav'ns he reigns:  
Here sinners by th' old serpent stung  
Look, and forget their pains.

When God's own Son is lifted up,  
A dying world revives;  
The Jew beholds the glorious hope,  
Th' expiring Gentile lives.

Isaac Watts



# Hymn 113

Abraham's blessing on the Gentiles.

Gen. 17:7; Rom. 15:8; Mk 10:14.

How large the promise, how divine,  
To Abram and his seed!  
"I'll be a God to thee and thine,  
Supplying all their need."

The words of his extensive love  
From age to age endure;  
The Angel of the cov'nant proves,  
And seals the blessing sure.

Jesus the ancient faith confirms,  
To our great fathers giv'n;  
He takes young children to his arms,  
And calls them heirs of heav'n.

Our God, how faithful are his ways!  
His love endures the same;  
Nor from the promise of his grace  
Blots out the children's name.

Isaac Watts

# Hymn 114

Abraham's blessing on the Gentiles.

Rom. 11:16,17.

Gentiles by nature, we belong  
To the wild olive wood;  
Grace took us from the barren tree,  
And grafts us in the good.

With the same blessings grace endows  
The Gentile and the Jew;  
If pure and holy be the root,  
Such are the branches too.

Then let the children of the saints  
Be dedicate to God,  
Pour out thy Spirit on them, Lord,  
And wash them in thy blood.

Thus to the parents and their seed  
Shall thy salvation come,  
And num'rous households meet at last  
In one eternal home.

Isaac Watts

# Hymn 115

Conviction of sin by the law.

Rom. 7:8,9,14,24.

Lord, how secure my conscience was,  
And felt no inward dread!  
I was alive without the law,  
And thought my sins were dead.

My hopes of heav'n were firm and bright,  
But since the precept came  
With a convincing power and light,  
I find how vile I am.

[My guilt appeared but small before,  
Till terribly I saw  
How perfect, holy, just, and pure,  
Was thine eternal law.

Then felt my soul the heavy load,  
My sins revived again  
I had provoked a dreadful God,  
And all my hopes were slain.]

I'm like a helpless captive, sold  
Under the power of sin  
I cannot do the good I would,  
Nor keep my conscience clean.

My God, I cry with every breath  
For some kind power to save,  
To break the yoke of sin and death,  
And thus redeem the slave.

Isaac Watts

# Hymn 116

Love to God and our neighbor.

Matt. 22:37-40.

Thus saith the first, the great command,  
"Let all thy inward powers unite  
To love thy Maker and thy God  
With utmost vigor and delight.

"Then shall thy neighbor next in place  
Share thine affections and esteem,  
And let thy kindness to thyself  
Measure and rule thy love to him."

This is the sense that Moses spoke,  
This did the prophets preach and prove;  
For want of this the law is broke,  
And the whole law's fulfilled by love.

But O! how base our passions are!  
How cold our charity and zeal!  
Lord, fill our souls with heav'nly fire,  
Or we shall ne'er perform thy will.

Isaac Watts

# Hymn 117

Election sovereign and free.

Rom. 9:20-23.

Behold the potter and the clay,  
He forms his vessels as he please:  
Such is our God, and such are we,  
The subjects of his high decrees.

[Doth not the workman's power extend  
O'er all the mass, which part to choose  
And mold it for a nobler end,  
And which to leave for viler use?]

May not the sovereign Lord on high  
Dispense his favors as he will,  
Choose some to life, while others die,  
And yet be just and gracious still?

[What if, to make his terror known,  
He lets his patience long endure,  
Suff'ring vile rebels to go on,  
And seal their own destruction sure?

What if he means to show his grace,  
And his electing love employs  
To mark out some of mortal race,  
And form them fit for heav'nly joys?]

Shall man reply against the Lord,  
And call his Maker's ways unjust,  
The thunder of whose dreadful word  
Can crush a thousand worlds to dust?

But, O my soul! if truths so bright  
Should dazzle and confound thy sight,  
Yet still his written will obey,  
And wait the great decisive day.

Then shall he make his justice known,  
And the whole world before his throne  
With joy or terror shall confess  
The glory of his righteousness.

Isaac Watts

# Hymn 118

Moses and Christ; or, Sins against the law and gospel.

John 1:17; Heb. 3:3,5,6; 10:28,29.

The law by Moses came,  
But peace, and truth, and love,  
Were brought by Christ, a nobler name,  
Descending from above.

Amidst the house of God  
Their diff'rent works were done;  
Moses a faithful servant stood,  
But Christ a faithful Son.

Then to his new commands  
Be strict obedience paid;  
O'er all his Father's house he stands  
The sovereign and the head.

The man that durst despise  
The law that Moses brought,  
Behold! how terribly he dies  
For his presumptuous fault!

But sorer vengeance falls  
On that rebellious race,  
Who hate to hear when Jesus calls,  
And dare resist his grace.

Isaac Watts

# Hymn 119

The different success of the gospel.

1 Cor. 1:23,24; 3:6,7; 2 Cor. 2:16.

Christ and his cross is all our theme;  
The myst'ries that we speak  
Are scandal in the Jew's esteem,  
And folly to the Greek.

But souls enlightened from above  
With joy receive the word;  
They see what wisdom, power, and love  
Shine in their dying Lord.

The vital savor of his name  
Restores their fainting breath;  
But unbelief perverts the same  
To guilt, despair, and death.

Till God diffuse his graces down,  
Like showers of heav'nly rain,  
In vain Apollos sows the ground,  
And Paul may plant in vain.

Isaac Watts



# Hymn 12

Free grace in revealing Christ.

Luke 10:21.

Jesus, the man of constant grief,  
A mourner all his days;  
His spirit once rejoiced aloud,  
And tuned his joy to praise:

"Father, I thank thy wondrous love,  
That hath revealed thy Son  
To men unlearned, and to babes  
Has made thy gospel known.

"The mysteries of redeeming grace  
Are hidden from the wise,  
While pride and carnal reasonings join  
To swell and blind their eyes."

Thus doth the Lord of heav'n and earth  
His great decrees fulfil,  
And orders all his works of grace  
By his own sovereign will.

Isaac Watts

# Hymn 120

Faith of things unseen.

Heb. 11

Faith is the brightest evidence  
Of things beyond our sight,  
Breaks through the clouds of flesh and sense,  
And dwells in heav'nly light.

It sets times past in present view,  
Brings distant prospects home,  
Of things a thousand years ago,  
Or thousand years to come.

By faith we know the worlds were made  
By God's almighty word;  
Abram, to unknown countries led,  
By faith obeyed the Lord.

He sought a city fair and high,  
Built by th' eternal hands,  
And faith assures us, though we die,  
That heav'nly building stands.

Isaac Watts

# Hymn 121

Children devoted to God. [For those who practise infant Baptism.]

Gen. 17:7,10; Acts 16:14,15,33.

Thus saith the mercy of the Lord,  
"I'll be a God to thee;  
I'll bless thy num'rous race, and they  
Shall be a seed for me."

Abram believed the promised grace,  
And gave his sons to God;  
But water seals the blessing now,  
That once was sealed with blood.

Thus Lydia sanctified her house,  
When she received the word;  
Thus the believing jailer gave  
His household to the Lord.

Thus later saints, eternal King!  
Thine ancient truth embrace;  
To thee their infant offspring bring,  
And humbly claim the grace.

Isaac Watts

# Hymn 122

Believers buried with Christ in baptism.

Rom. 6:3,4,etc.

Do we not know that solemn word,  
That we are buried with the Lord,  
Baptized into his death, and then  
Put off the body of our sin?

Our souls receive diviner breath,  
Raised from corruption, guilt, and death;  
So from the grave did Christ arise,  
And lives to God above the skies.

No more let sin or Satan reign  
Over our mortal flesh again;  
The various lusts we served before  
Shall have dominion now no more.

Isaac Watts

# Hymn 123

The repenting prodigal.

Luke 15:13,etc.

Behold the wretch whose lust and wine  
Had wasted his estate,  
He begs a share among the swine,  
To taste the husks they eat!

"I die with hunger here," he cries,  
"I starve in foreign lands;  
My father's house has large supplies  
And bounteous are his hands.

"I'll go, and with a mournful tongue  
Fall down before his face,-  
Father, I've done thy justice wrong,  
Nor can deserve thy grace."

He said, and hastened to his home,  
To seek his father's love;  
The father saw the rebel come,  
And all his bowels move.

He ran, and fell upon his neck,  
Embraced and kissed his son;  
The rebel's heart with sorrow brake  
For follies he had done.

"Take off his clothes of shame and sin,"  
The father gives command,  
"Dress him in garments white and clean,  
With rings adorn his hand.

"A day of feasting I ordain,  
Let mirth and joy abound;  
My son was dead, and lives again,  
Was lost, and now is found."



# Hymn 124

The first and second Adam.

Rom. 5:12,etc.

Deep in the dust before thy throne  
Our guilt and our disgrace we own;  
Great God! we own th' unhappy name  
Whence sprang our nature and our shame;

Adam the sinner: at his fall,  
Death like a conqueror seized us  
A thousand new-born babes are dead  
By fatal union to their head.

But whilst our spirits, filled with awe,  
Behold the terrors of thy law,  
We sing the honors of thy grace,  
That sent to save our ruined race.

We sing thine everlasting Son,  
Who joined our nature to his own:  
Adam the second from the dust  
Raises the ruins of the first.

[By the rebellion of one man  
Through all his seed the mischief ran;  
And by one man's obedience now  
Are all his seed made righteous too.]

Where sin did reign, and death abound,  
There have the sons of Adam found  
Abounding life; there glorious grace  
Reigns through the Lord our righteousness.

Isaac Watts

# Hymn 125

Christ's compassion to the weak and tempted.

Heb. 4:15,16; 5:7; Matt. 12:20.

With joy we meditate the grace  
Of our High Priest above;  
His heart is made of tenderness,  
His bowels melt with love.

Touched with a sympathy within,  
He knows our feeble frame;  
He knows what sore temptations mean,  
For he has felt the same.

But spotless, innocent, and pure,  
The great Redeemer stood,  
While Satan's fiery darts he bore,  
And did resist to blood.

He in the days of feeble flesh  
Poured out his cries and tears,  
And in his measure feels afresh  
What every member bears.

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

Then let our humble faith address  
His mercy and his power;  
We shall obtain deliv'ring grace  
In the distressing hour.

Isaac Watts



# Hymn 126

Charity and uncharitableness.

Rom. 14:17,19; 1 Cor. 10:32.

Not diff'rent food, or diff'rent dress,  
Compose the kingdom of our Lord;  
But peace, and joy, and righteousness,  
Faith, and obedience to his word.

When weaker Christians we despise,  
We do the gospel mighty wrong;  
For God, the gracious and the wise,  
Receives the feeble with the strong.

Let pride and wrath be banished hence;  
Meekness and love our souls pursue;  
Nor shall our practice give offence  
To saints, the Gentile or the Jew.

Isaac Watts

# Hymn 127

Christ's invitation to sinners, or, Humility and pride.

Mt. 11:28-30.

"Come hither, all ye weary souls,  
Ye heavy-laden sinners, come;  
I'll give you rest from all your toils,  
And raise you to my heav'nly home.

"They shall find rest that learn of me;  
I'm of a meek and lowly mind;  
But passion rages like the sea,  
And pride is restless as the wind.

"Blest is the man whose shoulders take  
My yoke, and bear it with delight;  
My yoke is easy to his neck  
My grace shall make the burden light."

Jesus, we come at thy command;  
With faith, and hope, and humble zeal,  
Resign our spirits to thy hand  
To mold and guide us at thy will.

Isaac Watts

# Hymn 128

The apostles' commission.

Mark 16:15ff; Matt. 28:18ff.

"O preach my gospel," saith the Lord,  
"Bid the whole earth my grace receive;  
He shall be saved that trusts my word,  
He shall be damned that won't believe.

"I'll make your great commission known,  
And ye shall prove my gospel true,  
By all the works that I have done,  
By all the wonders ye shall do.

"Go heal the sick, go raise the dead,  
Go cast out devils in my name;  
Nor let my prophets be afraid,  
Though Greeks reproach, and Jews blaspheme.

"Teach all the nations my commands,  
I'm with you till the world shall end;  
All power is trusted to my hands,  
I can destroy, and I defend."

He spake, and light shone round his head  
On a bright cloud to heav'n he rode;  
They to the farthest nations spread  
The grace of their ascended God.

Isaac Watts

# Hymn 129

Submission and deliverance; or, Abraham offering up his son.

Gen. 22:6, etc.

Saints, at your heav'nly Father's word  
Give up your comforts to the Lord;  
He shall restore what you resign,  
Or grant you blessings more divine.

So Abram with obedient hand  
Led forth his son at God's command;  
The wood, the fire, the knife, he took,  
His arm prepared the dreadful stroke.

"Abram, forbear!" the angel cried,  
Thy faith is known, thy love is tried  
Thy son shall live, and in thy seed  
Shall the whole earth be blest indeed."

Just in the last distressing hour  
The Lord displays deliv'ring power;  
The mount of danger is the place  
Where we shall see surprising grace.

Isaac Watts

# Hymn 13

The Son of God incarnate.

Isa. 9:2,6,7.

The lands that long in darkness lay  
Now have beheld a heav'nly light;  
Nations that sat in death's cold shade  
Are blessed with beams divinely bright.

The virgin's promised Son is born,  
Behold th' expected child appear:  
What shall his names or titles be?  
"The Wonderful, the Counsellor."

[This infant is the mighty God,  
Come to be suckled and adored;  
Th' eternal Father, Prince of Peace,  
The Son of David, and his Lord.]

The government of earth and seas  
Upon his shoulders shall be laid;  
His wide dominions still increase,  
And honors to his name be paid.

Jesus, the holy child, shall sit  
High on his father David's throne;  
Shall crush his foes beneath his feet,  
And reign to ages yet unknown.

Isaac Watts

# Hymn 130

Love and hatred.

Phil. 2:2; Eph. 4:30,etc.

Now by the bowels of my God,  
His sharp distress, his sore complaints,  
By his last groans, his dying blood,  
I charge my soul to love the saints.

Clamor, and wrath, and war, begone,  
Envy and spite, for ever cease;  
Let bitter words no more be known  
Amongst the saints, the sons of peace.

The Spirit, like a peaceful dove,  
Flies from the realms of noise and strife:  
Why should we vex and grieve his love  
Who seals our souls to heav'nly life?

Tender and kind be all our thoughts,  
Through all our lives let mercy run;  
So God forgives our num'rous faults,  
For the dear sake of Christ his Son.

Isaac Watts

# Hymn 131

The Pharisee and publican.

Luke 18:10ff.

Saints, at your heav'nly Father's word  
Give up your comforts to the Lord;  
Behold how sinners disagree,  
The publican and Pharisee!  
One doth his righteousness proclaim,  
The other owns his guilt and shame.

This man at humble distance stands,  
And cries for grace with lifted hands  
That boldly rises near the throne,  
And talks of duties he has done.

The Lord their diff'rent language knows,  
And diff'rent answers he bestows;  
The humble soul with grace he crowns,  
Whilst on the proud his anger frowns.

Dear Father! let me never be  
Joined with the boasting Pharisee;  
I have no merits of my own  
But plead the suff'rings of thy Son.

Isaac Watts

# Hymn 132

Holiness and grace.

Titus 2:10-13.

O let our lips and lives express  
The holy gospel we profess;  
So let our works and virtues shine,  
To prove the doctrine all divine.

Thus shall we best proclaim abroad  
The honors of our Savior God;  
When the salvation reigns within,  
And grace subdues the power of sin.

Our flesh and sense must be denied,  
Passion and envy, lust and pride;  
While justice, temp'rance, truth, and love,  
Our inward piety approve.

Religion bears our spirits up,  
While we expect that blessed hope,  
The bright appearance of the Lord,  
And faith stands leaning on his word.

Isaac Watts



# Hymn 133

Love and charity.

1 Cor. 13:2-7, 13.

Let Pharisees of high esteem  
Their faith and zeal declare,  
All their religion is a dream,  
If love be wanting there.

Love suffers long with patient eye,  
Nor is provoked in haste;  
She lets the present injury die,  
And long forgets the past.

[Malice and rage, those fires of hell,  
She quenches with her tongue;  
Hopes and believes, and thinks no ill,  
Though she endure the wrong.]

[She nor desires nor seeks to know  
The scandals of the time;  
Nor looks with pride on those below,  
Nor envies those that climb.]

She lays her own advantage by  
To seek her neighbor's good;  
So God's own Son came down to die,  
And bought our lives with blood.

Love is the grace that keeps her power  
In all the realms above;  
There faith and hope are known no more,  
But saints for ever love.

Isaac Watts

# Hymn 134

Religion vain without love.

1 Cor. 13:1-3.

Had I the tongues of Greeks and Jews,  
And nobler speech, that angels use,  
If love be absent, I am found,  
Like tinkling brass, an empty sound.

Were I inspired to preach and tell  
All that is done in heav'n and hell;  
Or could my faith the world remove,  
Still I am nothing without love.

Should I distribute all my store  
To feed the bowels of the poor,  
Or give my body to the flame,  
To gain a martyr's glorious name;

If love to God and love to men  
Be absent, all my hopes are vain;  
Nor tongues, nor gifts, nor fiery zeal,  
The work of love can e'er fulfil.

Isaac Watts

# Hymn 135

The love of Christ shed abroad in the heart.

Eph. 3:16ff.

Come, dearest Lord, descend and dwell  
By faith and love in every breast;  
Then shall we know, and taste, and feel  
The joys that cannot be expressed.

Come, fill our hearts with inward strength,  
Make our enlarged souls possess,  
And learn the height, and breadth, and length  
Of thine unmeasurable grace.

Now to the God whose power can do  
More than our thoughts or wishes know,  
Be everlasting honors done  
By all the church, through Christ his Son.

Isaac Watts

# Hymn 136

Sincerity and hypocrisy; or, formality in worship.

John 4:24; Ps. 139:23,24.

God is a Spirit, just and wise,  
He sees our inmost mind;  
In vain to heav'n we raise our cries,  
And leave our souls behind.

Nothing but truth before his throne  
With honor can appear;  
The painted hypocrites are known  
Through the disguise they wear.

Their lifted eyes salute the skies,  
Their bending knees the ground;  
But God abhors the sacrifice,  
Where not the heart is found.

Lord, search my thoughts, and try my ways,  
And make my soul sincere  
Then shall I stand before thy face,  
And find acceptance there.

Isaac Watts

# Hymn 137

Salvation by grace in Christ.

2 Tim. 1:9,10.

Now to the power of God supreme  
Be everlasting honors giv'n;  
He saves from hell, (we bless his name,)  
He calls our wand'ring feet to heav'n.

Not for our duties or deserts,  
But of his own abounding grace,  
He works salvation in our hearts,  
And forms a people for his praise.

'Twas his own purpose that begun  
To rescue rebels doomed to die;  
He gave us grace in Christ his Son  
Before he spread the starry sky.

Jesus the Lord appears at last,  
And makes his Father's counsels known;  
Declares the great transactions past,  
And brings immortal blessings down.

He dies, and in that dreadful night  
Did all the powers of hell destroy;  
Rising, he brought our heav'n to light,  
And took possession of the joy.

Isaac Watts

# Hymn 138

Saints in the hands of Christ

Jn. 10:28,29.

Firm as the earth thy gospel stands,  
My Lord, my hope, my trust;  
If I am found in Jesus' hands,  
My soul can ne'er be lost.

His honor is engaged to save  
The meanest of his sheep;  
All that his heav'nly Father gave  
His hands securely keep.

Nor death nor hell shall e'er remove  
His favorites from his breast;  
In the dear bosom of his love  
They must for ever rest.

Isaac Watts

## Hymn 14

The triumph of faith or, Christ's unchangeable love.

Rom. 8:33ff.

Who shall the Lord's elect condemn?  
'Tis God that justifies their souls;  
And mercy, like a mighty stream,  
O'er all their sins divinely rolls.

Who shall adjudge the saints to hell?  
'Tis Christ that suffered in their stead;  
And, the salvation to fulfil,  
Behold him rising from the dead!

He lives! he lives and sits above,  
For ever interceding there:  
Who shall divide us from his love?  
Or what should tempt us to despair?

Shall persecution, or distress,  
Famine, or sword, or nakedness?  
He that hath loved us bears us through,  
And makes us more than conquerors too.

Faith hath an overcoming power;  
It triumphs in the dying hour:  
Christ is our life, our joy, our hope,  
Nor can we sink with such a prop.

Not all that men on earth can do,  
Nor powers on high, nor powers below,  
Shall cause his mercy to remove,  
Or wean our hearts from Christ our love.

Isaac Watts

# Hymn 140

A living and a dead faith. Collected from several scriptures.

Mistaken souls, that dream of heav'n,  
And make their empty boast  
Of inward joys, and sins forgiv'n,  
While they are slaves to lust!

Vain are our fancies, airy flights,  
If faith be cold and dead;  
None but a living power unites  
To Christ the living head.

'Tis faith that changes all the heart;  
'Tis faith that works by love;  
That bids all sinful joys depart,  
And lifts the thoughts above.

'Tis faith that conquers earth and hell  
By a celestial power;  
This is the grace that shall prevail  
In the decisive hour.

[Faith must obey her Father's will,  
As well as trust his grace;  
A pard'ning God is jealous still  
For his own holiness.]

When from the curse he sets us free,  
He makes our natures clean;  
Nor would he send his Son to be  
The minister of sin.

[His Spirit purifies our frame,  
And seals our peace with God;  
Jesus and his salvation came  
By water and by blood.]

Isaac Watts



# Hymn 141

The Humiliation and exaltation of Christ.

Isa. 53:1-5,10-12.

Who has believed thy word,  
Or thy salvation known?  
Reveal thine arm, Almighty Lord,  
And glorify thy Son.

The Jews esteemed him here  
Too mean for their belief;  
Sorrows his chief acquaintance were,  
And his companion, grief.

They turned their eyes away,  
And treated him with scorn;  
But 'twas their grief upon him lay,  
Their sorrows he has borne.

'Twas for the stubborn Jews,  
And Gentiles then unknown,  
The God of justice pleased to bruise  
His best-beloved Son.

"But I'll prolong his days,  
And make his kingdom stand;  
My pleasure," saith the God of grace,  
"Shall prosper in his hand."

["His joyful soul shall see  
The purchase of his pain  
And by his knowledge justify  
The guilty sons of men.]

["Ten thousand captive slaves,  
Released from death and sin,  
Shall quit their prisons and their graves  
And own his power divine.]

["Heav'n shall advance my Son  
To joys that earth denied;  
Who saw the follies men had done,  
And bore their sins, and died."]

Isaac Watts

# Hymn 142

The humiliation and exaltation of Christ.

Isa. 53:6-9,12.

Like sheep we went astray,  
And broke the fold of God,  
Each wand'ring in a diff'rent way,  
But all the downward road.

How dreadful was the hour  
When God our wand'rings laid,  
And did at once his vengeance pour,  
Upon the Shepherd's head!

How glorious was the grace  
When Christ sustained the stroke  
His life and blood the Shepherd pays  
A ransom for the flock.

His honor and his breath  
Were taken both away,  
Joined with the wicked in his death,  
And made as vile as they.

But God shall raise his head  
O'er all the sons of men,  
And make him see a num'rous seed,  
To recompense his pain.

"I'll give him," saith the Lord,  
A portion with the strong;  
He shall possess a large reward,  
And hold his honors long."

Isaac Watts

# Hymn 143

Characters of the children of God. From several scriptures.

So new-born babes desire the breast,  
To feed, and grow, and thrive;  
So saints with joy the gospel taste,  
And by the gospel live.

[With inward gust their heart approves  
All that the word relates;  
They love the men their Father loves,  
And hate the works he hates.]

[Not all the flatt'ring baits on earth  
Can make them slaves to lust;  
They can't forget their heav'nly birth,  
Nor grovel in the dust.

Not all the chains that tyrants use  
Shall bind their souls to vice;  
Faith, like a conqueror, can produce  
A thousand victories.]

[Grace, like an uncorrupting seed,  
Abides and reigns within;  
Immortal principles forbid  
The sons of God to sin.]

[Not by the terrors of a slave  
Do they perform his will,  
But with the noblest powers they have  
His sweet commands fulfil.]

They find access at every hour  
To God within the veil;  
Hence they derive a quick'ning power,  
And joys that never fail.

O happy souls! O glorious state  
Of overflowing grace!

To dwell so near their Father's seat,  
And see his lovely face!

Lord, I address thy heav'nly throne;  
Call me a child of thine;  
Send down the Spirit of thy Son  
To form my heart divine.

There shed thy choicest loves abroad,  
And make my comforts strong:  
Then shall I say, "My Father God!"  
With an unwav'ring tongue.

Isaac Watts

# Hymn 144

The witnessing and sealing Spirit.

Rom. 8:14,16; Eph. 1:13,14.

Why should the children of a King  
Go mourning all their days?  
Great Comforter! descend and bring  
Some tokens of thy grace.

Dost thou not dwell in all the saints,  
And seal the heirs of heav'n?  
When wilt thou banish my complaints,  
And show my sins forgiv'n?

Assure my conscience of her part  
In the Redeemer's blood  
And bear thy witness with my heart,  
That I am born of God.

Thou art the earnest of his love,  
The pledge of joys to come;  
And thy soft wings, celestial Dove,  
Will safe convey me home.

Isaac Watts

# Hymn 145

Christ and Aaron.  
Heb. 7; 9.

Jesus, in thee our eyes behold  
A thousand glories more,  
Than the rich gems and polished gold  
The sons of Aaron wore.

They first their own burnt-offerings brought,  
To purge themselves from sin;  
Thy life was pure without a spot,  
And all thy nature clean.

[Fresh blood as constant as the day  
Was on their altar spilt;  
But thy one offering takes away  
For ever all our guilt.]

[Their priesthood ran through several hands,  
For mortal was their race;  
Thy never-changing office stands  
Eternal as thy days.]

[Once in the circuit of a year,  
With blood, but not his own,  
Aaron within the veil appears  
Before the golden throne:

But Christ, by his own powerful blood,  
Ascends above the skies,  
And in the presence of our God  
Shows his own sacrifice.]

Jesus, the King of glory, reigns  
On Zion's heav'nly hill;  
Looks like a lamb that has been slain,  
And wears his priesthood still.

He ever lives to intercede

Before his Father's face:  
Give him, my soul, thy cause to plead,  
Nor doubt the Father's grace.

Isaac Watts



# Hymn 146

Characters of Christ; borrowed from inanimate things in Scripture.

Go, worship at Immanuel's feet,  
See in his face what wonders meet!  
Earth is too narrow to express  
His worth, his glory, or his grace.

[The whole creation can afford  
But some faint shadows of my Lord;  
Nature, to make his beauties known,  
Must mingle colors not her own.]

[Is he compared to wine or bread?  
Dear Lord, our souls would thus be fed  
That flesh, that dying blood of thine,  
Is bread of life, is heav'nly wine.]

[Is he a tree? The world receives  
Salvation from his healing leaves;  
That righteous branch, that fruitful bough,  
Is David's root and offspring too.]

[Is he a rose? Not Sharon yields  
Such fragrancy in all her fields:  
Or if the lily he assume,  
The valleys bless the rich perfume.]

[Is he a vine? His heav'nly root  
Supplies the boughs with life and fruit  
O let a lasting union join  
My soul the branch to Christ the vine!]

[Is he the head? Each member lives,  
And owns the vital powers he gives;  
The saints below and saints above  
Joined by his Spirit and his love.]

[Is he a fountain? There I bathe,  
And heal the plague of sin and death

These waters all my soul renew,  
And cleanse my spotted garments too.]

[Is he a fire? He'll purge my dross;  
But the true gold sustains no loss:  
Like a refiner shall he sit,  
And tread the refuse with his feet.]

[Is he a rock? How firm he proves!  
The Rock of ages never moves;  
Yet the sweet streams that from him flow  
Attend us all the desert through.]

[Is he a way? He leads to God,  
The path is drawn in lines of blood;  
There would I walk with hope and zeal,  
Till I arrive at Zion's hill.]

[Is he a door? I'll enter in  
Behold the pastures large and green,  
A paradise divinely fair;  
None but the sheep have freedom there.]

[Is he designed the corner-stone,  
For men to build their heav'n upon?  
I'll make him my foundation too,  
Nor fear the plots of hell below.]

[Is he a temple? I adore  
Th' indwelling majesty and power  
And still to this most holy place,  
Whene'er I pray, I turn my face.]

[Is he a star? He breaks the night  
Piercing the shades with dawning light;  
I know his glories from afar,  
I know the bright, the morning star.]

[Is he a sun? His beams are grace,  
His course is joy and righteousness;  
Nations rejoice when he appears  
To chase their clouds and dry their tears.]

O let me climb those higher skies,  
Where storms and darkness never rise!  
There he displays his power abroad,  
And shines and reigns th' incarnate God.]

Nor earth, nor seas, nor sun, nor stars,  
Nor heav'n, his full resemblance bears;  
His beauties we can never trace,  
Till we behold him face to face.

Isaac Watts

# Hymn 147

The names and titles of Christ. From several scriptures.

['Tis from the treasures of his word  
I borrow titles for my Lord;  
Nor art nor nature can supply  
Sufficient forms of majesty.

Bright image of the Father's face,  
Shining with undiminished rays;  
Th' eternal God's eternal Son,  
The heir and partner of his throne.]

The King of kings, the Lord most high,  
Writes his own name upon his thigh  
He wears a garment dipped in blood,  
And breaks the nations with his rod.

Where grace can neither melt nor move,  
The Lamb resents his injured love;  
Awakes his wrath without delay,  
And Judah's Lion tears the prey.

But when for works of peace he comes,  
What winning titles he assumes!  
Light of the world, and Life of men;  
Nor bears those characters in vain.

With tender pity in his heart,  
He acts the Mediator's part;  
A Friend and Brother he appears,  
And well fulfils the names he wears.

At length the Judge his throne ascends,  
Divides the rebels from his friends,  
And saints in full fruition prove  
His rich variety of love.

Isaac Watts

# Hymn 148

The names and titles of Christ. From several scriptures.

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

In Jesus we behold  
His Father's glorious face,  
Shining for ever bright,  
With mild and lovely rays  
Th' eternal God's eternal Son  
Inherits and partakes the throne.]

The sovereign King of kings,  
The Lord of lords most high,  
Writes his own name upon  
His garment and his thigh:  
His name is called The Word of God;  
He rules the earth with iron rod.

Where promises and grace  
Can neither melt nor move,  
The angry Lamb resents  
The injuries of his love;  
Awakes his wrath without delay,  
As lions roar, and tear the prey.

But when for works of peace  
The great Redeemer comes,  
What gentle characters,  
What titles he assumes!  
Light of the world, and Life of men;  
Nor will he bear those names in vain.

Immense compassion reigns  
In our Immanuel's heart,

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

At length the Lord the Judge  
His awful throne ascends,  
And drives the rebels far  
From favorites and friends:  
Then shall the saints completely prove  
The heights and depths of all his love.

Isaac Watts

# Hymn 149

The offices of Christ. From several scriptures.

Join all the names of love and power  
That ever men or angels bore,  
All are too mean to speak his worth,  
Or set Immanuel's glory forth.

But O what condescending ways  
He takes to teach his heav'nly grace  
My eyes with joy and wonder see  
What forms of love he bears for me.

[The Angel of the cov'nant stands  
With his commission in his hands,  
Sent from his Father's milder throne,  
To make the great salvation known.]

[Great Prophet! let me bless thy name;  
By thee the joyful tidings came  
Of wrath appeased, of sins forgiv'n,  
Of hell subdued, and peace with heav'n.]

[My bright Example and my Guide,  
I would be walking near thy side;  
O let me never run astray,  
Nor follow the forbidden way!]

[I love my Shepherd, he shall keep  
My wand'ring soul among his sheep;  
He feeds his flock, he calls their names,  
And in his bosom bears the lambs.]

[My Surety undertakes my cause,  
Answering his Father's broken laws:  
Behold my soul at freedom set,  
My Surety paid the dreadful debt.]

[Jesus, my great High Priest, has died;  
I seek no sacrifice beside;

His blood did once for all atone,  
And now it pleads before the throne.]

[My Advocate appears on high,  
The Father lays his thunder by;  
Not all that earth or hell can say  
Shall turn my Father's heart away.]

[My Lord, my Conqueror, and my King!  
Thy sceptre and thy sword I sing;  
Thine is the vict'ry, and I sit  
A joyful subject at thy feet.]

[Aspire, my soul, to glorious deeds,  
The Captain of salvation leads;  
March on, nor fear to win the day,  
Though death and hell obstruct the way.]

[Should death, and hell, and powers unknown,  
Put all their forms of mischief on,  
I shall be safe; for Christ displays  
Salvation in more sovereign ways.]

Isaac Watts



# Hymn 15

Our own weakness, and Christ our strength.

2 Cor. 12:7,9,10.

Let me but hear my Savior say,  
"Strength shall be equal to thy day,"  
Then I rejoice in deep distress,  
Leaning on all-sufficient grace.

I glory in infirmity,  
That Christ's own power may rest on me:  
When I am weak, then am I strong,  
Grace is my shield, and Christ my song.

I can do all things, or can bear  
All suff'rings, if my Lord be there;  
Sweet pleasures mingle with the pains,  
While his left hand my head sustains.

But if the Lord be once withdrawn,  
And we attempt the work alone,  
When new temptations spring and rise,  
We find how great our weakness is.

[So Samson, when his hair was lost,  
Met the Philistines to his cost;  
Shook his vain limbs with sad surprise,  
Made feeble fight, and lost his eyes.]

Isaac Watts

## Hymn 150

The offices of Christ. From several scriptures.

Join all the glorious names  
Of wisdom, love, and power,  
That ever mortals knew,  
That angels ever bore:  
All are too mean to speak his worth,  
Too mean to set my Savior forth.

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

[Arrayed in mortal flesh,  
He like an angel stands,  
And holds the promises  
And pardons in his hands;  
Commissioned from his Father's throne  
To make his grace to mortals known.]

[Great Prophet of my God,  
My tongue would bless thy name;  
By thee the joyful news  
Of our salvation came:  
The joyful news of sins forgiv'n,  
Of hell subdued, and peace with heav'n.]

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

[I love my Shepherd's voice,  
His watchful eyes shall keep

My wand'ring soul among  
The thousands of his sheep:  
He feeds his flock, he calls their names,  
His bosom bears the tender lambs.]

[To this dear Surety's hand  
Will I commit my cause;  
He answers and fulfils  
His Father's broken laws:  
Behold my soul at freedom set!  
My Surety paid the dreadful debt.]

[Jesus, my great High Priest,  
Offered his blood, and died;  
My guilty conscience seeks  
No sacrifice beside:  
His powerful blood did once atone,  
And now it pleads before the throne.]

[My Advocate appears  
For my defence on high;  
The Father bows his ears,  
And lays his thunder by:  
Not all that hell or sin can say  
Shall turn his heart, his love away.]

[My dear Almighty Lord,  
My Conqueror and my King!  
Thy sceptre and thy sword,  
Thy reigning grace I sing:  
Thine is the power; behold, I sit  
In willing bonds before thy feet.]

[Now let my soul arise,  
And tread the tempter down;  
My Captain leads me forth  
To conquest and a crown:  
A feeble saint shall win the day,  
Though death and hell obstruct the way.]

Should all the hosts of death,  
And powers of hell unknown,

Put their most dreadful forms  
Of rage and mischief on,  
I shall be safe, for Christ displays  
Superior power, and guardian grace.

Isaac Watts

# Hymn 151

Prophecy and inspiration.

'Twas by an order from the Lord  
The ancient prophets spoke his word;  
His Spirit did their tongues inspire,  
And warmed their hearts with heav'nly fire.

The works and wonders which they wrought  
Confirmed the messages they brought;  
The prophet's pen succeeds his breath,  
To save the holy words from death.

Great God, mine eyes with pleasure look  
On the dear volume of thy book;  
There my Redeemer's face I see,  
And read his name who died for me.

Let the false raptures of the mind  
Be lost, and vanish in the wind;  
Here I can fix my hope secure;  
This is thy word, and must endure.

Isaac Watts

# Hymn 152

Sinai and Zion.

Heb. 12:18ff

Not to the terrors of the Lord,  
The tempest, fire, and smoke;  
Not to the thunder of that word  
Which God on Sinai spoke;

But we are come to Zion's hill,  
The city of our God,  
Where milder words declare his will,  
And spread his love abroad.

Behold th' innumerable host  
Of angels clothed in light!  
Behold the spirits of the just,  
Whose faith is turned to sight!

Behold the blest assembly there  
Whose names are writ in heav'n!  
And God, the Judge of all, declares  
Their vilest sins forgiv'n.

The saints on earth and all the dead  
But one communion make;  
All join in Christ their living Head,  
And of his grace partake.

In such society as this  
My weary soul would rest;  
The man that dwells where Jesus is  
Must be for ever blest.

Isaac Watts

# Hymn 153

The distemper, folly, and madness of sin

Sin, like a venomous disease,  
Infects our vital blood;  
The only balm is sovereign grace,  
And the physician, God.

Our beauty and our strength are fled,  
And we draw near to death;  
But Christ the Lord recalls the dead  
With his almighty breath.

Madness by nature reigns within,  
The passions burn and rage,  
Till God's own Son, with skill divine,  
The inward fire assuage.

[We lick the dust, we grasp the wind,  
And solid good despise;  
Such is the folly of the mind,  
Till Jesus makes us wise.

We give our souls the wounds they feel,  
We drink the pois'nous gall,  
And rush with fury down to hell;  
But Heav'n prevents the fall.]

[The man possessed among the tombs  
Cuts his own flesh, and cries;  
He foams and raves, till Jesus comes,  
And the foul spirit flies.]

Isaac Watts

# Hymn 154

Self-righteousness insufficient.

"Where are the mourners," saith the Lord,  
"That wait and tremble at my word,  
That walk in darkness all the day?  
Come, make my name your trust and stay.

["No works nor duties of your own  
Can for the smallest sin atone  
The robes that nature may provide  
Will not your least pollutions hide.

"The softest couch that nature knows  
Can give the conscience no repose;  
Look to my righteousness and live;  
Comfort and peace are mine to give.]

"Ye sons of pride, that kindle coals  
With your own hands, to warm your souls  
Walk in the light of your own fire,  
Enjoy the sparks that ye desire:

"This is your portion at my hands;--  
Hell waits you with her iron bands;  
Ye shall lie down in sorrow there,  
In death, in darkness, and despair."

Isaac Watts



# Hymn 155

Christ our passover.

Lo, the destroying angel flies  
To Pharaoh's stubborn land;  
The pride and flower of Egypt dies  
By his vindictive hand.

He passed the tents of Jacob o'er,  
Nor poured the wrath divine;  
He saw the blood on every door,  
And blessed the peaceful sign.

Thus the appointed Lamb must bleed,  
To break the Egyptian yoke;  
Thus Isr'el is from bondage freed,  
And 'scapes the angel's stroke.

Lord, if my heart were sprinkled too  
With blood so rich as thine,  
Justice no longer would pursue  
This guilty soul of mine.

Jesus our passover was slain,  
And has at once procured  
Freedom from Satan's heavy chain,  
And God's avenging sword.

Isaac Watts

# Hymn 156

Presumption and despair; or, Satan's various temptations.

I hate the tempter and his charms,  
I hate his flatt'ring breath;  
The serpent takes a thousand forms  
To cheat our souls to death.

He feeds our hopes with airy dreams,  
Or kills with slavish fear;  
And holds us still in wide extremes,  
Presumption or despair.

Now he persuades, "How easy 'tis  
To walk the road to heav'n;"  
Anon he swells our sins, and cries,  
"They cannot be forgiv'n."

[He bids young sinners "yet forbear  
To think of God, or death;  
For prayer and devotion are  
But melancholy breath."

He tells the aged, "they must die,  
"And 'tis too late to pray;  
In vain for mercy now they cry,  
For they have lost their day."]

Thus he supports his cruel throne  
By mischief and deceit,  
And drags the sons of Adam down  
To darkness and the pit.

Almighty God, cut short his power,  
Let him in darkness dwell  
And that he vex the earth no more,  
Confine him down to hell.

Isaac Watts

## Hymn 157

Satan's devices.

Now Satan comes with dreadful roar  
And threatens to destroy;  
He worries whom he can't devour  
With a malicious joy.

Ye sons of God, oppose his rage,  
Resist, and he'll begone;  
Thus did our dearest Lord engage  
And vanquish him alone.

Now he appears almost divine,  
Like innocence and love;  
But the old serpent lurks within  
When he assumes the dove.

Fly from the false deceiver's tongue,  
Ye sons of Adam, fly;  
Our parents found the snare too strong,  
Nor should the children try.

Isaac Watts

# Hymn 158

Few saved; or, The almost Christian, the hypocrite, and apostate.

Broad is the road that leads to death,  
And thousands walk together there;  
But wisdom shows a narrower path,  
With here and there a traveller.

"Deny thyself, and take thy cross,"  
Is the Redeemer's great command;  
Nature must count her gold but dross,  
If she would gain this heav'nly land.

The fearful soul that tires and faints,  
And walks the ways of God no more,  
Is but esteemed almost a saint,  
And makes his own destruction sure.

Lord, let not all my hopes be vain  
Create my heart entirely new;  
Which hypocrites could ne'er attain,  
Which false apostates never knew.

Isaac Watts

## Hymn 159

An unconverted state; or, Converting grace.

[Great King of glory and of grace,  
We own, with humble shame,  
How vile is our degen'rate race,  
And our first father's name.]

From Adam flows our tainted blood,  
The poison reigns within;  
Makes us averse to all that's good,  
And willing slaves to sin.

[Daily we break thy holy laws,  
And then reject thy grace;  
Engaged in the old serpent's cause,  
Against our Maker's face.]

We live estranged afar from God,  
And love the distance well;  
With haste we run the dangerous road  
That leads to death and hell.

And can such rebels be restored?  
Such natures made divine?  
Let sinners see thy glory, Lord,  
And feel this power of thine.

We raise our Fathers name on high  
Who his own Spirit sends  
To bring rebellious strangers nigh,  
And turn his foes to friends.

Isaac Watts

# Hymn 16

Hosannah to Christ.

Mt. 21:9; Luke 19:38,40.

Hosannah to the royal Son  
Of David's ancient line!  
His natures two, his person one,  
Mysterious and divine.

The root of David here, we find,  
And offspring is the same:  
Eternity and time are joined  
In our Immanuel's name.

Blest he that comes to wretched men  
With peaceful news from heav'n!  
Hosannah's of the highest strain  
To Christ the Lord be giv'n!

Let mortals ne'er refuse to take  
Th' hosannah on their tongues,  
Lest rocks and stones should rise and break  
Their silence into songs.

Isaac Watts

## Hymn 16 Part 2

The enjoyment of Christ; or, Delight in ordinances.

Lord, what a heav'n of saving grace  
Shines through the beauties of thy face,  
And lights our passions to a flame!  
Lord, how we love thy charming name!

When I can say, "My God is mine,"  
When I can feel thy glories shine,  
I tread the world beneath my feet,  
And all that earth calls good or great.

While such a scene of sacred joys  
Our raptured eyes and souls employs,  
Here we could sit, and gaze away  
A long, an everlasting day.

Well, we shall quickly pass the night  
To the fair coasts of perfect light;  
Then shall our joyful senses rove  
O'er the dear object of our love.

[There shall we drink full draughts of bliss,  
And pluck new life from heav'nly trees:  
Yet now and then, dear Lord, bestow  
A drop of heav'n on worms below.

Send comforts down from thy right hand,  
While we pass through this barren land,  
And in thy temple let us see  
A glimpse of love, a glimpse of thee.]

Isaac Watts

# Hymn 160

Custom in sin.

Let the wild leopards of the wood  
Put off the spots that nature gives,  
Then may the wicked turn to God,  
And change their tempers and their lives.

As well might Ethiopian slaves  
Wash out the darkness of their skin,  
The deed as well might leave their graves,  
As old transgressors cease to sin.

Where vice has held its empire long,  
'Twill not endure the least control;  
None but a power divinely strong  
Can turn the current of the soul.

Great God! I own thy power divine  
That works to change this heart of mine;  
I would be formed anew, and bless  
The wonders of creating grace.

Isaac Watts



# Hymn 161

Christian virtues; or, The difficulty of conversion.

Strait is the way, the door is strait,  
That leads to joys on high;  
'Tis but a few that find the gate,  
While crowds mistake, and die.

Beloved self must be denied,  
The mind and will renewed  
Passion suppressed, and patience tried,  
And vain desires subdued.

[Flesh is a dangerous foe to grace,  
Where it prevails and rules;  
Flesh must be humbled, pride abased,  
Lest they destroy our souls.

The love of gold be banished hence,  
That vile idolatry,  
And every member, every sense,  
in sweet subjection lie.]

The tongue, that most unruly power,  
Requires a strong restraint;  
We must be watchful every hour,  
And pray, but never faint.

Lord, can a feeble, helpless worm  
Fulfil a task so hard?  
Thy grace must all my work perform,  
And give the free reward.

Isaac Watts

## Hymn 162

Meditation of heaven; or, The joy of faith.

My thoughts surmount these lower skies,  
And look within the veil;  
There springs of endless pleasure rise,  
The waters never fail.

There I behold, with sweet delight,  
The blessed Three in One;  
And strong affections fix my sight  
On God's incarnate Son.

His promise stands for ever firm,  
His grace shall ne'er depart;  
He binds my name upon his arm,  
And seals it on his heart.

Light are the pains that nature brings;  
How short our sorrows are,  
When with eternal future things  
The present we compare!

I would not be a stranger still  
To that celestial place,  
Where I for ever hope to dwell  
Near my Redeemer's face.

Isaac Watts

# Hymn 163

Complaint of desertion and temptations.

Dear Lord! behold our sore distress;  
Our sins attempt to reign;  
Stretch out thine arm of conquering grace,  
And let thy foes be slain.

[The lion with his dreadful roar  
Affrights thy feeble sheep:  
Reveal the glory of thy power,  
And chain him to the deep.

Must we indulge a long despair?  
Shall our petitions die?  
Our mourning's never reach thine ear,  
Nor tears affect thine eye?]

If thou despise a mortal groan,  
Yet hear a Savior's blood;  
An Advocate so near the throne  
Pleads and prevails with God.

He brought the Spirit's powerful sword  
To slay our deadly foes;  
Our sins shall die beneath thy word,  
And hell in vain oppose.

How boundless is our Father's grace,  
In height, and depth, and length!  
He makes his Son our righteousness,  
His Spirit is our strength.

Isaac Watts

# Hymn 164

The end of the world.

Why should this earth delight us so?  
Why should we fix our eyes  
On these low grounds where sorrows grow,  
And every pleasure dies ?

While time his sharpest teeth prepares  
Our comforts to devour,  
There is a land above the stars,  
And joys above his power.

Nature shall be dissolved and die,  
The sun must end his race,  
The earth and sea for ever fly  
Before my Savior's face.

When will that glorious morning rise?  
When the last trumpet sound,  
And call the nations to the skies,  
From underneath the ground?

Isaac Watts

# Hymn 165

Unfruitfulness, ignorance, and unsanctified affections.

Long have I sat beneath the sound  
Of thy salvation, Lord;  
But still how weak my faith is found,  
And knowledge of thy word!

Oft I frequent thy holy place,  
And hear almost in vain;  
How small a portion of thy grace  
My memory can retain!

[My dear Almighty, and my God,  
How little art thou known  
By all the judgments of thy rod,  
And blessings of thy throne!]

How cold and feeble is my love!  
How negligent my fear!  
How low my hope of joys above!  
How few affections there!

Great God! thy sovereign power impart  
To give thy word success;  
Write thy salvation in my heart,  
And make me learn thy grace.

[Show my forgetful feet the way  
That leads to joys on high;  
There knowledge grows without decay,  
And love shall never die.]

Isaac Watts

# Hymn 166

The Divine Perfections.

How shall I praise th' eternal God,  
That infinite Unknown?  
Who can ascend his high abode,  
Or venture near his throne?

[The great Invisible! he dwells  
Concealed in dazzling light;  
But his all-searching eye reveals  
The secrets of the night.

Those watchful eyes that never sleep  
Survey the world around  
His wisdom is a boundless deep  
Where all our thoughts are drowned.]

[Speak we of strength? his arm is strong  
To save or to destroy;  
Infinite years his life prolong,  
And endless is his joy.]

[He knows no shadow of a change  
Nor alters his decrees;  
Firm as a rock his truth remains  
To guard his promises.]

[Sinners before his presence die;  
How holy is his name!  
His anger and his jealousy  
Burn like devouring flame.]

Justice upon a dreadful throne  
Maintains the rights of God;  
While Mercy sends her pardons down,  
Bought with a Savior's blood.

Now to my soul, immortal King!  
Speak some forgiving word;

Then 'twill be double joy to sing  
The glories of my Lord.

Isaac Watts

# Hymn 167

The Divine Perfections.

Great God! thy glories shall employ  
My holy fear, my humble joy;  
My lips in songs of honor bring  
Their tribute to th' eternal King.

[Earth, and the stars, and worlds unknown,  
Depend precarious on his throne;  
All nature hangs upon his word,  
And grace and glory own their Lord.]

[His sovereign power what mortal knows?  
If be command, who dares oppose?  
With strength he girds himself around,  
And treads the rebels to the ground.]

[Who shall pretend to teach him skill,  
Or guide the counsels of his will?  
His wisdom, like a sea divine,  
Flows deep and high beyond our line.]

[His name is holy, and his eye  
Burns with immortal jealousy  
He hates the sons of pride, and sheds  
His fiery vengeance on their heads.]

[The beaming of his piercing sight  
Bring dark hypocrisy to light;  
Death and destruction naked lie,  
And hell uncovered to his eye.]

[Th' eternal law before him stands;  
His justice, with impartial hands,  
Divides to all their due reward,  
Or by the sceptre or the sword.]

[His mercy, like a boundless sea,  
Washes our load of guilt away;



While his own Son came down and died  
T' engage his justice on our side.]

[Each of his words demands my faith;  
My soul can rest on all he saith;  
His truth inviolably keeps  
The largest promise of his lips.]

O tell me, with a gentle voice,  
"Thou art my God," and I'll rejoice!  
Filled with thy love, I dare proclaim  
The brightest honors of thy name.

Isaac Watts

# Hymn 168

The Divine Perfections.

Jehovah reigns, his throne is high,  
His robes are light and majesty;  
His glory shines with beams so bright,  
No mortal can sustain the sight.

His terrors keep the world in awe;  
His justice guards his holy law;  
His love reveals a smiling face;  
His truth and promise seal the grace.

Through all his works his wisdom shines,  
And baffles Satan's deep designs;  
His power is sovereign to fulfil  
The noblest counsels of his will.

And will this glorious Lord descend  
To be my Father and my Friend?  
Then let my songs with angels join;  
Heav'n is secure, if God be mine.

Isaac Watts

# Hymn 169

The Divine Perfections.

The Lord Jehovah reigns,  
His throne is built on high;  
The garments he assumes  
Are light and majesty:  
His glories shine  
With beams so bright,  
No mortal eye  
Can bear the sight.

The thunders of his hand  
Keep the wide world in awe;  
His wrath and justice stand  
To guard his holy law:  
And where his love  
Resolves to bless,  
His truth confirms  
And seals the grace.

Through all his ancient works  
Surprising wisdom shines,  
Confounds the powers of hell,  
And breaks their cursed designs:  
Strong is his arm,  
And shall fulfil  
His great decrees,  
His sovereign will.

And can this mighty King  
Of glory condescend?  
And will he write his name,  
"My Father and my Friend?"  
I love his name,  
I love his word;  
Join all my powers  
And praise the Lord.



# Hymn 17

Victory over death.

1 Cor. 15:55ff

O for an overcoming faith  
To cheer my dying hours;  
To triumph o'er the monster Death,  
And all his frightful powers!

Joyful with all the strength I have  
My quiv'ring lips should sing-  
Where is thy boasted vict'ry, Grave?  
And where the monster's sting?

If sin be pardoned, I'm secure,  
Death hath no sting beside;  
The law gives sin its damning power;  
But Christ, my ransom, died.

Now to the God of victory  
Immortal thanks be paid,  
Who makes us conquerors while we die,  
Through Christ our living head.

Isaac Watts

# Hymn 170

God incomprehensible and sovereign.

[Can creatures to perfection find  
Th' eternal, uncreated Mind?  
Or can the largest stretch of thought  
Measure and search his nature out?

'Tis high as heav'n, 'tis deep as hell  
And what can mortals know or tell?  
His glory spreads beyond the sky,  
And all the shining worlds on high.

But man, vain man, would fain be wise;  
Born like a wild young colt, he flies  
Through all the follies of his mind,  
And swells, and snuffs the empty wind.]

God is a King of power unknown,  
Firm are the orders of his throne;  
If he resolve, who dares oppose,  
Or ask him why or what he does?

He wounds the heart, and he makes whole  
He calms the tempest of the soul;  
When he shuts up in long despair,  
Who can remove the heavy bar?

He frowns, and darkness veils the moon;  
The fainting sun grows dim at noon;  
The pillars of heav'n's starry roof  
Tremble and start at his reproof.

He gave the vaulted heav'n its form,  
The crooked serpent, and the worm;  
He breaks the billows with his breath,  
And smites the sons of pride to death.

These are a portion of his ways;  
But who shall dare describe his face?

Who can endure his light, or stand  
To hear the thunders of his hand?

Isaac Watts

# Hymn 18

Blessed are the dead that die in the Lord.

Rev. 14:13.

Hear what the voice from heav'n proclaims,  
For all the pious dead;  
Sweet is the savor of their names,  
And soft their sleeping bed.

They die in Jesus, and are blest;  
How kind their slumbers are!  
From suff'rings and from sins released,  
And freed from every snare.

Far from this world of toil and strife,  
They're present with the Lord;  
The labors of their mortal life  
End in a large reward.

Isaac Watts



# Hymn 19

The song of Simeon; or, Death made desirable.

Luke 2:27ff

Lord, at thy temple we appear,  
As happy Simeon came,  
And hope to meet our Savior here;  
O make our joys the same!

With what divine and vast delight  
The good old man was filled,  
When fondly in his withered arms  
He clasped the holy child!

"Now I can leave this world," he cried,  
"Behold, thy servant dies;  
I've seen thy great salvation, Lord,  
And close my peaceful eyes.

"This is the light prepared to shine  
Upon the Gentile lands,  
Thine Isr'el's glory, and their hope  
To break their slavish bands."

[Jesus! the vision of thy face  
Hath overpowering charms;  
Scarce shall I feel death's cold embrace,  
If Christ be in my arms.

Then while ye hear my heart-strings break,  
How sweet my minutes roll!  
A mortal paleness on my cheek,  
And glory in my soul.]

Isaac Watts

## Hymn 2

The deity and humanity of Christ.

John 1:1,3,14; Col. 1:16.

Ere the blue heav'ns were stretched abroad,  
From everlasting was the Word:  
With God he was; the Word was God,  
And must divinely be adored.

By his own power were all things made;  
By him supported all things stand;  
He is the whole creation's head,  
And angels fly at his command.

Ere sin was born, or Satan fell,  
He led the host of morning stars:  
Thy generation who can tell,  
Or count the numbers of thy years?

But lo! he leaves those heav'nly forms,  
The Word descends and dwells in clay,  
That he may hold converse with worms,  
Dressed in such feeble flesh as they.

Mortals with joy beheld his face,  
Th' eternal Father's only Son;  
How full of truth! how full of grace!  
When through his eyes the Godhead shone.

Archangels leave their high abode  
To learn new mysteries here, and tell  
The loves of our descending God,  
The glories of Immanuel.

Isaac Watts

## Hymn 20

Spiritual apparel.

Isa. 61:10.

Awake, my heart; arise, my tongue,  
Prepare a tuneful voice;  
In God, the life of all my joys,  
Aloud will I rejoice.

'Tis he adorned my naked soul,  
And made salvation mine;  
Upon a poor polluted worm  
He makes his graces shine.

And lest the shadow of a spot  
Should on my soul be found,  
He took the robe the Savior wrought,  
And cast it all around.

How far the heav'nly robe exceeds  
What earthly princes wear  
These ornaments, how bright they shine!  
How white the garments are!

The Spirit wrought my faith, and love,  
And hope, and every grace;  
But Jesus spent his life to work  
The robe of righteousness.

Strangely, my soul, art thou arrayed  
By the great Sacred Three!  
In sweetest harmony of praise  
Let all thy powers agree.

Isaac Watts

# Hymn 21

A vision of the kingdom of Christ among men.

Rev. 21:1-4.

Lo! what a glorious sight appears  
To our believing eyes!  
The earth and sea are passed away,  
And the old rolling skies.

From the third heav'n, where God resides,  
That holy, happy place,  
The new Jerusalem comes down,  
Adorned with shining grace.

Attending angels shout for joy,  
And the bright armies sing-  
"Mortals, behold the sacred seat  
Of your descending King.

"The God of glory down to men  
Removes his blest abode;  
Men, the dear objects of his grace,  
And he the loving God.

"His own soft hand shall wipe the tears  
From every weeping eye,  
And pains, and groans, and griefs, and fears,  
And death itself, shall die."

How long, dear Savior! O how long  
Shall this bright hour delay?  
Fly swifter round, ye wheels of time,  
And bring the welcome day.

Isaac Watts

## Hymn 22

With God is terrible majesty.

Terrible God, that reign'st on high,  
How awful is thy thund'ring hand!  
Thy fiery bolts, how fierce they fly!  
Nor can all earth or hell withstand.

This the old rebel angels knew,  
And Satan fell beneath thy frown;  
Thine arrows struck the traitor through,  
And weighty vengeance sunk him down.

This Sodom felt, and feels it still,  
And roars beneath th' eternal load:  
"With endless burnings who can dwell?  
Or bear the fury of a God?"

Tremble, ye sinners, and submit,  
Throw down your arms before his throne;  
Bend your heads low beneath his feet,  
Or his strong hand shall crush you down.

And ye, blest saints, that love him too,  
With rev'rence bow before his name;  
Thus all his heav'nly servants do:  
God is a bright and burning flame.

Isaac Watts

# Hymn 22 Part 1

Christ the eternal life.

Rom. 9:5.

Jesus, our Savior and our God,  
Arrayed in majesty and blood,  
Thou art our life; our souls in thee  
Possess a full felicity.

All our immortal hopes are laid  
In thee, our surety and our head;  
Thy cross, thy cradle, and thy throne,  
Are big with glories yet unknown.

Let atheists scoff, and Jews blaspheme  
Th' eternal life and Jesus' name;  
A word of thy almighty breath  
Dooms the rebellious world to death.

But let my soul for ever lie  
Beneath the blessings of thine eye;  
'Tis heav'n on earth, 'tis heav'n above,  
To see thy face and taste thy love.

Isaac Watts

## Hymn 22 Part 2

Flesh and spirit.

Rom. 8:1

What vain desires and passions vain  
Attend this mortal clay!  
Oft have they pierced my soul with pain,  
And drawn my heart astray.

How have I wandered from my God!  
And, following sin and shame,  
In this vile world of flesh and blood  
Defiled my nobler frame!

For ever blessed be thy grace  
That formed my soul anew,  
And made it of a heav'n-born race,  
Thy glory to pursue.

My spirit holds perpetual war,  
And wrestles and complains;  
But views the happy moment near  
That shall dissolve its chains.

Cheerful in death I close my eyes  
To part with every lust;  
And charge my flesh, whene'er it rise,  
To leave them in the dust.

My purer spirit shall not fear  
To put this body on;  
Its tempting powers no more are there,  
Its lusts and passions gone!

Isaac Watts

## Hymn 23

The sight of God and Christ in heaven.

Descend from heav'n, immortal Dove,  
Stoop down and take us on thy wings,  
And mount and bear us far above  
The reach of these inferior things:

Beyond, beyond this lower sky,  
Up where eternal ages roll;  
Where solid pleasures never die,  
And fruits immortal feast the soul.

O for a sight, a pleasing sight  
Of our Almighty Father's throne!  
There sits our Savior crowned with light,  
Clothed in a body like our own.

Adoring saints around him stand,  
And thrones and powers before him fall;  
The God shines gracious through the man,  
And sheds sweet glories on them all.

O what amazing joys they feel  
While to their golden harps they sing,  
And sit on every heav'nly hill,  
And spread the triumphs of their King!

When shall the day, dear Lord, appear,  
That I shall mount to dwell above,  
And stand and bow amongst them there,  
And view thy face, and sing, and love?

Isaac Watts



# Hymn 23 Part 1

Absent from the body, and present with the Lord.

2 Cor. 5:8.

Absent from flesh! O blissful thought!  
What unknown joys this moment brings!  
Freed from the mischiefs sin has brought,  
From pains, and fears, and all their springs.

Absent from flesh! illustrious day!  
Surprising scene! triumphant stroke  
That rends the prison of my clay;  
And I can feel my fetters broke.

Absent from flesh! then rise, my soul,  
Where feet nor wings could never climb,  
Beyond the heav'ns, where planets roll,  
Measuring the cares and joys of time.

I go where God and glory shine,  
His presence makes eternal day:  
My all that's mortal I resign,  
For angels wait and point my way.

Isaac Watts

## Hymn 23 Part 2

A hopeful youth falling short of heaven.

Mark 10:21.

Must all the charms of nature, then,  
So hopeless to salvation prove?  
Can hell demand, can heav'n condemn,  
The man whom Jesus deigns to love?

The man who sought the ways of truth,  
Paid friends and neighbors all their due;  
A modest, sober, lovely youth,  
And thought he wanted nothing new.

But mark the change; thus spake the Lord-  
"Come, part with earth for heav'n today:"  
The youth, astonished at the word,  
In silent sadness went his way.

Poor virtues that he boasted so,  
This test unable to endure;  
Let Christ, and grace, and glory go,  
To make his land and money sure!

Ah, foolish choice of treasures here!  
Ah, fatal love of tempting gold!  
Must this base world be bought so dear?  
Are life and heav'n so cheaply sold?

In vain the charms of nature shine,  
If this vile passion govern me:  
Transform my soul, O love divine!  
And make me part with all for thee.

Isaac Watts

# Hymn 24

The rich sinner dying.

Psa. 49:6,9; Eccl. 8:8; Job 3:14,15.

In vain the wealthy mortals toil,  
And heap their shining dust in vain,  
Look down and scorn the humble poor,  
And boast their lofty hills of gain.

Their golden cordials cannot ease  
Their pained hearts or aching heads,  
Nor fright nor bribe approaching death  
From glitt'ring roofs and downy beds.

The ling'ring, the unwilling soul  
The dismal summons must obey,  
And bid a long, a sad farewell  
To the pale lump of lifeless clay.

Thence they are huddled to the grave,  
Where kings and slaves have equal thrones;  
Their bones without distinction lie  
Amongst the heap of meaner bones.

Isaac Watts

## Hymn 25

A vision of the Lamb.

Rev. 5:6-9.

All mortal vanities, begone,  
Nor tempt my eyes, nor tire my ears;  
Behold, amidst th' eternal throne,  
A vision of the Lamb appears.

[Glory his fleecy robe adorns,  
Marked with the bloody death he bore;  
Seven are his eyes, and seven his horns,  
To speak his wisdom and his power.

Lo! he receives a sealed book  
From him that sits upon the throne;  
Jesus, my Lord, prevails to look  
On dark decrees and things unknown.]

All the assembling saints around  
Fall worshipping before the Lamb,  
And in new songs of gospel sound  
Address their honors to his name.

[The Joy, the shout, the harmony,  
Flies o'er the everlasting hills  
"Worthy art thou alone," they cry,  
To read the book, to loose the seals."]

Our voices join the heav'nly strain,  
And with transporting pleasure sing,  
"Worthy the Lamb that once was slain,  
To be our Teacher and our King!"

His words of prophecy reveal  
Eternal counsels, deep designs;  
His grace and vengeance shall fulfil  
The peaceful and the dreadful lines.

Thou hast redeemed our souls from hell  
With thine invaluable blood;  
And wretches that did once rebel  
Are now made fav'rites of their God.

Worthy for ever is the Lord,  
That died for treasons not his own,  
By every tongue to be adored,  
And dwell upon his Father's throne!

Isaac Watts

# Hymn 26

Hope of heaven by the resurrection of Christ.

1 Pet. 1:3-5.

Blest be the everlasting God,  
The Father of our Lord;  
Be his abounding mercy praised,  
His majesty adored.

When from the dead he raised his Son,  
And called him to the sky,  
He gave our souls a lively hope  
That they should never die.

What though our inbred sins require  
Our flesh to see the dust,  
Yet as the Lord our Savior rose,  
So all his followers must.

There's an inheritance divine  
Reserved against that day;  
'Tis uncorrupted, undefiled,  
And cannot waste away.

Saints by the power of God are kept  
Till the salvation come;  
We walk by faith as strangers here,  
Till Christ shall call us home.

Isaac Watts

## Hymn 27

Assurance of heaven.

2 Tim. 4:68,18.

[Death may dissolve my body now,  
And bear my spirit home;  
Why do my minutes move so slow,  
Nor my salvation come?

With heav'nly weapons I have fought  
The battles of the Lord;  
Finished my course, and kept the faith,  
And wait the sure reward.]

God has laid up in heav'n for me  
A crown which cannot fade;  
The righteous Judge at that great day  
Shall place it on my head.

Nor hath the King of grace decreed  
This prize for me alone;  
But all that love and long to see  
Th' appearance of his Son.

Jesus the Lord shall guard me safe  
From every ill design;  
And to his heav'nly kingdom keep  
This feeble soul of mine.

God is my everlasting aid,  
And hell shall rage in vain;  
To him be highest glory paid  
And endless praise--Amen.

Isaac Watts

## Hymn 28

The triumph of Christ over the enemies of his church.

Isa. 63:1-3, etc.

What mighty man, or mighty God,  
Comes travelling in state,  
Along the Idumean road,  
Away from Bozrah's gate?

The glory of his robes proclaim  
'Tis some victorious king:  
"Tis I, the Just, th' Almighty One,  
That your salvation bring."

"Why, mighty Lord," thy saints inquire,  
"Why thine apparel's red?  
And all thy vesture stained like those  
Who in the wine-press tread?"

"I by myself have trod the press,  
And crushed my foes alone;  
My wrath has struck the rebels dead,  
My fury stamped them down.

"'Tis Edom's blood that dyes my robes  
With joyful scarlet stains;  
The triumph that my raiment wears  
Sprung from their bleeding veins.

"Thus shall the nations be destroyed  
That dare insult my saints;  
I have an arm t' avenge their wrongs,  
An ear for their complaints."

Isaac Watts



## Hymn 29

The ruin of the Antichrist.

Isa. 63:4-7.

"I lift my banner," saith the Lord,  
"Where Antichrist has stood;  
The city of my gospel foes  
Shall be a field of blood.

"My heart has studied just revenge,  
And now the day appears;  
The day of my redeemed is come  
To wipe away their tears.

"Quite weary is my patience grown,  
And bids my fury go;  
Swift as the lightning it shall move,  
And be as fatal too.

"I call for helpers, but in vain;  
Then has my gospel none?  
Well, mine own arm has might enough  
To crush my foes alone.

"Slaughter and my devouring sword  
Shall walk the streets around,  
Babel shall reel beneath my stroke,  
And stagger to the ground."

Thy honors, O victorious King!  
Thine own right hand shall raise,  
While we thy awful vengeance sing,  
And our deliv'rer praise.

Isaac Watts

## Hymn 3

The nativity of Christ.

Luke 1:30ff; 2:10ff

Behold, the grace appears!  
The promise is fulfilled;  
Mary, the wondrous virgin, bears,  
And Jesus is the child.

[The Lord, the highest God,  
Calls him his only Son;  
He bids him rule the lands abroad,  
And gives him David's throne.

O'er Jacob shall he reign  
With a peculiar sway;  
The nations shall his grace obtain,  
His kingdom ne'er decay.]

To bring the glorious news  
A heav'nly form appears;  
He tells the shepherds of their joys,  
And banishes their fears.

"Go, humble swains," said he,  
"To David's city fly;  
The promised infant born to-day  
Doth in a manger lie."

"With looks and hearts serene,  
Go visit Christ your King;  
And straight a flaming troop was seen:  
The shepherds heard them sing:

"Glory to God on high!  
And heav'nly peace on earth;  
Goodwill to men, to angels joy,  
At the Redeemer's birth!

[In worship so divine,  
Let saints employ their tongues;  
With the celestial hosts we join,  
And loud repeat their songs:

"Glory to God on high!  
And heav'nly peace on earth;  
Goodwill to men, to angels joy,  
At our Redeemer's birth!"]

Isaac Watts

## Hymn 30

Prayer for deliverance answered.

Isa. 26:12,20,21.

In thine own ways, O God of love,  
We wait the visits of thy grace,  
Our soul's desire is to thy name,  
And the remembrance of thy face.

My thoughts are searching, Lord, for thee  
'Mongst the black shades of lonesome night;  
My earnest cries salute the skies  
Before the dawn restore the light.

Look, how rebellious men deride  
The tender patience of my God!  
But they shall see thy lifted hand,  
And feel the scourges of thy rod.

Hark! the Eternal rends the sky,  
A mighty voice before him goes;  
A voice of music to his friends,  
But threat'ning thunder to his foes.

Come, children, to your Father's arms,  
Hide in the chambers of my grace,  
Till the fierce storms be overblown,  
And my revenging fury cease.

My sword shall boast its thousands slain,  
And drink the blood of haughty kings,  
While heav'nly peace around my flock  
Stretches its soft and shady wings.

Isaac Watts

# Hymn 31

Christ's presence makes death easy.

Why should we start, and fear to die  
What timorous worms we mortals are!  
Death is the gate of endless joy,  
And yet we dread to enter there.

The pains, the groans, and dying strife,  
Fright our approaching souls away;  
Still we shrink back again to life,  
Fond of our prison and our clay.

O! if my Lord would come and meet,  
My soul should stretch her wings in haste,  
Fly fearless through death's iron gate,  
Nor feel the terrors as she passed.

Jesus can make a dying bed  
Feel soft as downy pillows are,  
While on his breast I lean my head,  
And breathe my life out sweetly there.

Isaac Watts

# Hymn 31 Part 1

Condescending grace.

Psa. 138:6.

When the Eternal bows the skies  
To visit earthly things,  
With scorn divine he turns his eyes  
From towers of haughty kings.

He bids his awful chariot roll  
Far downward from the skies,  
To visit every humble soul  
With pleasure in his eyes.

Why should the Lord that reigns above  
Disdain so lofty kings?  
Say, Lord, and why such looks of love  
Upon such worthless things?

Mortals, be dumb; what creature dares  
Dispute his awful will?  
Ask no account of his affairs,  
But tremble and be still.

Just like his nature is his grace,  
All sovereign and all free;  
Great God, how searchless are thy ways,  
How deep thy judgments be!

Isaac Watts

## Hymn 31 Part 2

The Christian's hidden life.

Col. 3:3.

O happy soul that lives on high  
While men lie grov'ling here  
His hopes are fixed above the sky,  
And faith forbids his fear.

His conscience knows no secret stings,  
While peace and joy combine  
To form a life whose holy springs  
Are hidden and divine.

He waits in secret on his God,  
His God in secret sees;  
Let earth be all in arms abroad,  
He dwells in heav'nly peace.

His pleasures rise from things unseen,  
Beyond this world and time;  
Where neither eyes nor ears have been,  
Nor thoughts of sinners climb.

He wants no pomp nor royal throne  
To raise his figure here;  
Content and pleased to live unknown,  
Till Christ, his life, appear.

He looks to heav'n's eternal hill  
To meet that glorious day;  
But patient waits his Savior's will  
To fetch his soul away.

Isaac Watts

# Hymn 32

Strength from heaven.

Isa. 40:27-30.

Whence do our mournful thoughts arise?  
And where's our courage fled?  
Have restless sin and raging hell  
Struck all our comforts dead?

Have we forgot th' almighty name  
That formed the earth and sea?  
And can an all-creating arm  
Grow weary or decay?

Treasures of everlasting might  
In our Jehovah dwell;  
He gives the conquest to the weak  
And treads their foes to hell.

Mere mortal power shall fade and die,  
And youthful vigor cease:  
But we that wait upon the Lord  
Shall feel our strength increase.

The saints shall mount on eagles' wings,  
And taste the promised bliss,  
Till their unwearied feet arrive  
Where perfect pleasure is.

Isaac Watts



## Hymn 33

Absurdity of infidelity.

1 Cor. 1:26-31.

Shall atheists dare insult the cross  
Of our Redeemer, God?  
Shall infidels reproach his laws,  
Or trample on his blood?

What if he choose mysterious ways  
To cleanse us from our faults?  
May not the works of sovereign grace  
Transcend our feeble thoughts?

What if his gospel bids us fight  
With flesh, and self, and sin,  
The prize is most divinely bright  
That we are called to win.

What if the foolish and the poor  
His glorious grace partake,  
This but confirms his truth the more,  
For so the prophets spake.

Do some that own his sacred name  
Indulge their souls in sin?  
Jesus should never bear the blame,  
His laws are pure and clean.

Then let our faith grow firm and strong,  
Our lips profess his word;  
Nor blush nor fear to walk among  
The men that love the Lord.

Isaac Watts

# Hymn 34 Part 1

The gospel the power of God to salvation.

Rom. 1:16.

What shall the dying sinner do  
That seeks relief for all his woe?  
Where shall the guilty conscience find  
Ease for the torment of the mind?

How shall we get our crimes forgiv'n?  
Or form our natures fit for heav'n?  
Can souls all o'er defiled with sin  
Make their own powers and passions clean?

In vain we search, in vain we try,  
Till Jesus brings his gospel nigh;  
'Tis there such power and glory dwell  
As save rebellious souls from hell.

This is the pillar of our hope  
That bears our fainting spirits up:  
We read the grace, we trust the word,  
And find salvation in the Lord.

Let men or angels dig the mines,  
Where nature's golden treasure shines;  
Brought near the doctrine of the cross,  
All nature's gold appears but dross.

Should vile blasphemers with disdain  
Pronounce the truths of Jesus vain,  
I'll meet the scandal and the shame,  
And sing and triumph in his name.

Isaac Watts

## Hymn 34 Part 2

None excluded from hope.

Rom. 1:16; 1 Cor. 1:24.

Jesus, thy blessings are not few,  
Nor is thy gospel weak;  
Thy grace can melt the stubborn Jew,  
And bow th' aspiring Greek.

Wide as the reach of Satan's rage  
Doth thy salvation flow;  
'Tis not confined to sex or age,  
The lofty or the low.

While grace is offered to the prince,  
The poor may take their share;  
No mortal has a just pretence  
To perish in despair

Be wise, ye men of strength and wit,  
Nor boast your native powers;  
But to his sovereign grace submit,  
And glory shall be yours.

Come, all ye vilest sinners, come,  
He'll form your souls anew;  
His gospel and his heart have room  
For rebels such as you.

His doctrine is almighty love;  
There's virtue in his name  
To turn the raven to a dove,  
The lion to a lamb.

Isaac Watts

## Hymn 35

Praise to God for creation and redemption.

Let them neglect thy glory, Lord,  
Who never knew thy grace;  
But our loud songs shall still record  
The wonders of thy praise.

We raise our shouts, O God, to thee,  
And send them to thy throne;  
All glory to th' united Three,  
The undivided One.

'Twas he (and we'll adore his name)  
That formed us by a word;  
'Tis he restores our ruined frame:  
Salvation to the Lord!

Hosannah! let the earth and skies  
Repeat the joyful sound  
Rocks, hills, and vales, reflect the voice  
In one eternal round.

Isaac Watts

# Hymn 35 Part 1

Faith the way to salvation.

Rom. 1:16; Eph. 2:8,9.

Not by the laws of innocence  
Can Adam's sons arrive at heav'n;  
New works can give us no pretence  
To have our ancient sins forgiv'n.

Not the best deeds that we have done  
Can make a wounded conscience whole;  
Faith is the grace, and faith alone,  
That flies to Christ, and saves the soul.

Lord, I believe thy heav'nly word,  
Fain would I have my soul renewed;  
I mourn for sin, and trust the Lord  
To have it pardoned and subdued.

O may thy grace its power display,  
Let guilt and death no longer reign;  
Save me in thine appointed way,  
Nor let my humble faith be vain.

Isaac Watts

## Hymn 35 Part 2

Truth, sincerity, etc.

Phil. 4:8.

Let those who bear the Christian name  
Their holy vows fulfil;  
The saints, the followers of the Lamb,  
Are men of honor still.

True to the solemn oaths they take,  
Though to their hurt they swear;  
Constant and just to all they speak,  
For God and angels hear.

Still with their lips their hearts agree,  
Nor flatt'ring words devise;  
They know the God of truth can see  
Through every false disguise.

They hate th' appearance of a lie  
In all the shapes it wears;  
They live in truth, and when they die,  
Eternal life is theirs.

While hypocrites and liars fly  
Before the Judge's frown,  
His faithful friends, who fear a lie,  
Receive th' immortal crown.

Isaac Watts

## Hymn 36

A lovely carriage.

Matt. 10:16.

O 'tis a lovely thing to see  
A man of prudent heart,  
Whose thoughts, and lips, and life agree  
To act a useful part.

When envy, strife, and wars begin  
In little angry souls,  
Mark how the sons of peace come in,  
And quench the kindling coals.

Their minds are humble, mild, and meek,  
Nor let their fury rise;  
Nor passion moves their lips to speak,  
Nor pride exalts their eyes.

Their frame is prudence mixed with love,  
Good works fulfil their day;  
They join the serpent with the dove,  
But cast the sting away.

Such was the Savior of mankind,  
Such pleasures he pursued;  
His flesh and blood were all refined,  
His soul divinely good.

Lord, can these plants of virtue grow  
In such a heart as mine?  
Thy grace my nature can renew,  
And make my soul like thine.

Isaac Watts

## Hymn 37

Christ's intercession.

Lift up your eyes to th' heav'nly seats  
Where your Redeemer stays;  
Kind Intercessor, there he sits,  
And loves, and pleads, and prays.

'Twas well, my soul, he died for thee,  
And shed his vital blood;  
Appeased stern justice on the tree,  
And then arose to God.

Petitions now, and praise may rise,  
And saints their off'rings bring;  
The Priest, with his own sacrifice,  
Presents them to the King.

[Let papists trust what names they please,  
Their saints and angels boast;  
We've no such advocates as these,  
Nor pray to th' heav'nly host.]

Jesus alone shall bear my cries  
Up to his Father's throne;  
He, dearest Lord! perfumes my sighs,  
And sweetens every groan.

[Ten thousand praises to the King,  
"Hosannah in the highest!"  
Ten thousand thanks our spirits bring  
To God and to his Christ.]

Isaac Watts



# Hymn 37 Part 1

Christ's humiliation, exaltation, and triumph.

Phil. 2:8,9; Mark 15:20,24,29; Col. 2:15.

The mighty frame of glorious grace,  
That brightest monument of praise  
That e'er the God of love designed,  
Employs and fills my lab'ring mind.

Begin, my soul, the heav'nly song,  
A burden for an angel's tongue:  
When Gabriel sounds these awful things,  
He tunes and summons all his stungs.

Proclaim inimitable love:  
Jesus, the Lord of worlds above,  
Puts off the beams of bright array,  
And veils the God in mortal clay!

What black reproach defiled his name,  
When with our sins he took our shame!  
He whom adoring angels blessed  
Is made the impious rebel's jest.

He that distributes crowns and thrones  
Hangs on a tree, and bleeds, and groans!  
The Prince of Life resigns his breath,  
The King of Glory bows to death!

But see the wonders of his power,  
He triumphs in his dying hour;  
And while by Satan's rage he fell,  
He dashed the rising hopes of hell.

Thus were the hosts of death subdued,  
And sin was drowned in Jesus' blood;  
Thus he arose, and reigns above,  
And conquers sinners by his love.

Who shall fulfil this boundless song?  
The theme surmounts an angel's tongue:  
How low, how vain are mortal airs,  
When Gabriel's nobler harp despairs!

Isaac Watts

# Hymn 38

Love to God.

Happy the heart where graces reign,  
Where love inspires the breast;  
Love is the brightest of the train,  
And strengthens all the rest.

Knowledge, alas! 'tis all in vain,  
And all in vain our fear;  
Our stubborn sins will fight and reign,  
If love be absent there.

'Tis love that makes our cheerful feet  
In swift obedience move;  
The devils know and tremble too,  
But Satan cannot love.

This is the grace that lives and sings  
When faith and hope shall cease;  
'Tis this shall strike our joyful strings  
In the sweet, realms of bliss.

Before we quite forsake our clay,  
Or leave this dark abode,  
The wings of love bear us away  
To see our smiling God.

Isaac Watts

# Hymn 38 Part 1

The atonement of Christ.

Rom. 3:25.

How is our nature spoiled by sin!  
Yet nature ne'er hath found  
The way to make the conscience clean,  
Or heal the painful wound.

In vain we seek for peace with God  
By methods of our own:  
Jesus, there's nothing but thy blood  
Can bring us near the throne.

The threat'nings of thy broken law  
Impress our souls with dread;  
If God his sword of vengeance draw,  
It strikes our spirits dead.

But thine illustrious sacrifice  
Hath answered these demands:  
And peace and pardon from the skies  
Came down by Jesus' hands.

Here all the ancient types agree,  
The altar and the lamb;  
And prophets in their visions see  
Salvation through his name.

'Tis by thy death we live, O Lord,  
'Tis on thy cross we rest;  
For ever be thy love adored,  
Thy name for ever blessed.

Isaac Watts

## Hymn 38 Part 2

The universal law of equity.

Matt. 8:12

Blessed Redeemer, how divine,  
How righteous is this rule of thine!  
"To do to all men just the same  
As we expect or wish from them."

This golden lesson, short and plain,  
Gives not the mind nor mem'ry pain;  
And every conscience must approve  
This universal law of love.

How blest would every nation be,  
Thus ruled by love and equity!  
All would be friends without a foe,  
And form a paradise below.

Jesus, forgive us, that we keep  
Thy sacred law of love asleep;  
No more let envy, wrath, and pride,  
But thy blest maxims be our guide.

Isaac Watts

## Hymn 39

God's tender care of his church.

Isa. 49:13ff.

Now shall my inward joys arise,  
And burst into a song;  
Almighty love inspires my heart,  
And pleasure tunes my tongue.

God on his thirsty Zion hill  
Some mercy drops has thrown,  
And solemn oaths have bound his love  
To shower salvation down.

Why do we then indulge our fears,  
Suspensions, and complaints?  
Is he a God, and shall his grace  
Grow weary of his saints?

Can a kind woman e'er forget  
The infant of her womb?  
And 'mongst a thousand tender thoughts  
Her suckling have no room?

"Yet," saith the Lord, "should nature change,  
And mothers monsters prove,  
Zion still dwells upon the heart  
Of everlasting love.

"Deep on the palms of both my hands  
I have engraved her name;  
My hands shall raise her ruined walls,  
And build her broken frame?"

Isaac Watts

## Hymn 4

Salvation in the cross.

Here at thy cross, my dying God,  
I lay my soul beneath thy love,  
Beneath the droppings of thy blood,  
Jesus, nor shall it e'er remove.

Not all that tyrants think or say,  
With rage and lightning in their eyes,  
Nor hell shall fright my heart away,  
Should hell with all its legions rise.

Should worlds conspire to drive me thence,  
Moveless and firm this heart should lie;  
Resolved, (for that's my last defence,)  
If I must perish, there to die.

But speak, my Lord, and calm my fear;  
Am I not safe beneath thy shade?  
Thy vengeance will not strike me here,  
Nor Satan dares my soul invade.

Yes, I'm secure beneath thy blood,  
And all my foes shall lose their aim:  
Hosannah to my dying God,  
And my best honors to his name.

Isaac Watts

# Hymn 4 Part 1

The nativity of Christ.

Luke 2:10ff

"Shepherds, rejoice! lift up your eyes,  
And send your fears away;  
News from the regions of the skies,  
Salvation's born to-day.

"Jesus, the God whom angels fear,  
Comes down to dwell with you;  
Today he makes his entrance here,  
But not as monarchs do.

"No gold nor purple swaddling bands.  
Nor royal shining things;  
A manger for his Cradle stands,  
And holds the King of kings.

"Go, shepherds, where the infant lies,  
And see his humble throne  
With tears of joy in all your eyes,  
Go, shepherds, kiss the Son."

Thus Gabriel sang, and straight around  
The heav'nly armies throng;  
They tune their harps to lofty sound,  
And thus conclude the song:

"Glory to God that reigns above!  
Let peace surround the earth!  
Mortals shall know their Maker's love,  
At their Redeemer's birth."

Lord, and shall angels have their songs,  
And men no tunes to raise?  
O may we lose our useless tongues  
When they forget to praise.



Glory to God that reigns above,  
That pitied us forlorn;  
We join to sing our Maker's love,  
For there's a Savior born.

Isaac Watts

## Hymn 4 Part 2

The inward witness to Christianity.

1 Jn. 5:10.

Questions and doubts be heard no more,  
Let Christ and joy be all our theme;  
His Spirit seals his gospel sure,  
To every soul that trusts in him.

Jesus, thy witness speaks within;  
The mercy which thy words reveal  
Refines the heart from sense and sin,  
And stamps its own celestial seal.

'Tis God's inimitable hand  
That molds and forms the heart anew;  
Blasphemers can no more withstand,  
But bow, and own thy doctrine true.

The guilty wretch that trusts thy blood  
Finds peace and pardon at the cross;  
The sinful soul, averse to God,  
Believes and loves his Maker's laws.

Learning and wit may cease their strife,  
When miracles with glory shine;  
The voice that calls the dead to life  
Must be almighty and divine.

Isaac Watts

## Hymn 40

The business and blessedness of glorified saints.

Rev. 7:13ff.

"What happy men, or angels, these,  
That all their robes are spotless white?  
Whence did this glorious troop arrive  
At the pure realms of heav'nly light?"

From torturing racks, and burning fires,  
And seas of their own blood, they came;  
But nobler blood has washed their robes,  
Flowing from Christ the dying Lamb.

Now they approach th' Almighty throne  
With loud hosannahs night and day;  
Sweet anthems to the great Three One  
Measure their blest eternity.

No more shall hunger pain their souls;  
He bids their parching thirst begone,  
And spreads the shadow of his wings  
To screen them from the scorching sun.

The Lamb that fills the middle throne  
Shall shed around his milder beams;  
There shall they feast on his rich love,  
And drink full joys from living streams.

Thus shall their mighty bliss renew  
Through the vast round of endless years;  
And the soft hand of sovereign grace  
Heals all their wounds and wipes their tears.

Isaac Watts

# Hymn 41

The same; or, The martyrs glorified.

Rev. 7:13ff.

"These glorious minds, how bright they shine!  
Whence all their white array?  
How came they to the happy seats  
Of everlasting day?"

From torturing pains to endless joys  
On fiery wheels they rode,  
And strangely washed their raiment white  
In Jesus' dying blood.

Now they approach a spotless God,  
And bow before his throne  
Their warbling harps and sacred songs  
Adore the Holy One.

The unveiled glories of his face  
Amongst his saints reside,  
While the rich treasure of his grace  
Sees all their wants supplied.

Tormenting thirst shall leave their souls,  
And hunger flee as fast;  
The fruit of life's immortal tree  
Shall be their sweet repast.

The Lamb shall lead his heav'nly flock  
Where living fountains rise;  
And love divine shall wipe away  
The sorrows of their eyes.

Isaac Watts

## Hymn 42

Divine wrath and mercy.

Nah. 1:1-3; Heb. 12:29.

Adore and tremble, for our God  
Is a consuming fire!  
His jealous eyes his wrath inflame,  
And raise his vengeance higher.

Almighty vengeance, how it burns!  
How bright his fury glows!  
Vast magazines of plagues and storms  
Lie treasured for his foes.

Those heaps of wrath, by slow degrees,  
Are forced into a flame;  
But kindled, oh! how fierce they blaze!  
And rend all nature's frame.

At his approach the mountains flee,  
And seek a wat'ry grave;  
The frightened sea makes haste away,  
And shrinks up every wave.

Through the wide air the weighty rocks  
Are swift as hailstones hurled;  
Who dares engage his fiery rage  
That shakes the solid world?

Yet, mighty God, thy sovereign grace  
Sits regent on the throne;  
The refuge of thy chosen race  
When wrath comes rushing down.

Thy hand shall on rebellious kings  
A fiery tempest pour,  
While we beneath thy shelt'ring wings  
Thy just revenge adore.



## Hymn 43

Christ's sufferings and glory.

Now for a tune of lofty praise  
To great Jehovah's equal Son!  
Awake, my voice, in heav'nly lays  
Tell the loud wonders he hath done.

Sing how he left the worlds of light,  
And the bright robes he wore above;  
How swift and joyful was his flight,  
On wings of everlasting love!

[Down to this base, this sinful earth,  
He came to raise our nature high;  
He came t' atone Almighty wrath;  
Jesus, the God, was born to die.]

[Hell and its lions roared around,  
His precious blood the monsters spilt;  
While weighty sorrows pressed him down,  
Large as the loads of all our guilt.]

Deep in the shades of gloomy death  
Th' almighty Captive pris'ner lay,  
Th' almighty Captive left the earth,  
And rose to everlasting day.

Lift up your eyes, ye sons of light,  
Up to his throne of shining grace;  
See what immortal glories sit  
Round the sweet beauties of his face!

Amongst a thousand harps and songs,  
Jesus, the God, exalted reigns;  
His sacred name fills all their tongues,  
And echoes through the heav'nly plains.

Isaac Watts

# Hymn 43 Part 1

Jesus our surety and Savior.

1 Pet. 1:18; Gal. 3:13; Rom. 4:25.

Adam, our father and our head,  
Transgressed, and justice doomed us dead;  
The fiery law speaks all despair:  
There's no reprieve nor pardon there.

But, O unutterable grace  
The Son of God takes Adam's place;  
Down to our world the Savior flies,  
Stretches his arms, and bleeds, and dies.

Justice was pleased to bruise the God,  
And pay its wrongs with heav'nly blood:  
What unknown racks and pangs he bore!  
Then rose; the law could ask no more.

Amazing work! look down, ye skies,  
Wonder and gaze with all your eyes;  
Ye heav'nly thrones, stoop from above,  
And bow to this mysterious love.

Lo! they adore th' incarnate Son,  
And sing the glories he hath won;  
Sing how he broke our iron chains,  
How deep he suik, how high he reigns!

Triumph and reign, victorious Lord,  
By all the flaming hosts adored;  
And say, dear Couqueror, say how long  
Ere we shall rise to join their song.

Send down a chariot from above,  
With fiery wheels, and paved with love  
Raise us beyond th' ethereal blue,  
To sing and love as angels do.





## Hymn 43 Part 2

The Christian's treasure.

1 Cor. 3:21.

How vast the treasure we possess!  
How rich thy bounty, King of grace!  
This world is ours, and worlds to come;  
Earth is our lodge, and heav'n our home.

All things are ours: the gifts of God;  
The purchase of a Savior's blood;  
While the good Spirit shows us how  
To use, and to improve them too.

If peace and plenty crown my days,  
They help me, Lord, to speak thy praise;  
If bread of sorrows be my food,  
Those sorrows work my lasting good.

I would not change my blest estate  
For all the world calls good or great;  
And while my faith can keep her hold,  
I envy not the sinner's gold.

Father, I wait thy daily will;  
Thou shalt divide my portion still;  
Grant me on earth what seems thee best,  
Till death and heav'n reveal the rest.

Isaac Watts

## Hymn 44

Hell; or, The vengeance of God.

With holy fear and humble song,  
The dreadful God our souls adore;  
Rev'rence and awe become the tongue  
That speaks the terrors of his power.

Far in the deep where darkness dwells,  
The land of horror and despair,  
Justice has built a dismal hell,  
And laid her stores of vengeance there.

[Eternal plagues, and heavy chains,  
Tormenting racks, and fiery coals,  
And darts t' inflict immortal pains,  
Dyed in the blood of damned souls.]

[There Satan, the first sinner, lies,  
And roars, and bites his iron bands;  
In vain the rebel strives to rise,  
Crushed with the weight of both thy hands.]

There guilty ghosts of Adam's race  
Shriek out, and howl beneath thy rod  
Once they could scorn a Savior's grace,  
But they incensed a dreadful God.

Tremble, my soul, and kiss the Son;  
Sinners, obey the Savior's call;  
Else your damnation hastens on,  
And hell gapes wide to wait your fall.

Isaac Watts

# Hymn 44 Part 1

Christ's dying, rising, and reigning.

Luke 23:27,29,44-46; Mt. 27:50,57; 28:6ff.

He dies! the friend of sinners dies!  
Lo! Salem's daughters weep around;  
A solemn darkness veils the skies;  
A sudden trembling shakes the ground.

Come, saints, and drop a tear or two  
For him who groaned beneath your load:  
He shed a thousand drops for you,  
A thousand drops of richer blood.

Here's love and grief beyond degree,  
The Lord of glory dies for men!  
But lo! what sudden joys we see;  
Jesus the dead revives again!

The rising God forsakes the tomb!  
The tomb in vain forbids his rise;  
Cherubic legions guard him home,  
And shout him welcome to the skies

Break off your fears, ye saints, and tell  
How high our great Deliv'rer reigns;  
Sing how he spoiled the hosts of hell,  
And led the monster Death in chains.

Say, "Live for ever, wondrous King!  
Born to redeem, and strong to save;  
Then ask the monster, "Where's thy sting?"  
And, "Where's thy vict'ry, boasting Grave?"

Isaac Watts

## Hymn 44 Part 2

The true improvement of life.

Ps. 90:12.

Ane is this life prolonged to me?  
Are days and seasons giv'n?  
O let me, then, prepare to be  
A fitter heir of heav'n.

In vain these moments shall not pass,  
These golden hours be gone:  
Lord, I accept thine offered grace,  
I bow before thy throne.

Now cleanse my soul from every sin  
By my Redeemer's blood;  
Now let my flesh and soul begin  
The honors of my God.

Let me no more my soul beguile  
With sin's deceitful toys;  
Let cheerful hope, increasing still,  
Approach to heav'nly joys.

My thankful lips shall loud proclaim  
The wonders of thy praise,  
And spread the savor of thy name  
Where'er I spend my days.

On earth let my example shine,  
And when I leave this state,  
May heav'n receive this soul of mine  
To bliss supremely great.

Isaac Watts

# Hymn 45

The last judgment.

Rev. 21:5-8.

See where the great incarnate God  
Fills a majestic throne;  
While from the skies his awful voice  
Bears the last judgment down.

["I am the first, and I the last,  
Through endless years the same;  
I AM is my memorial still,  
And my eternal name.

"Such favors as a God can give  
My royal grace bestows:  
Ye thirsty souls, come taste the streams,  
Where life and pleasure flows.]

["The saint that triumphs o'er his sins,  
I'll own him for a son;  
The whole creation shall reward  
The conquests he has won.

"But bloody hands, and hearts unclean,  
And all the lying race,  
The faithless and the scoffing crew,  
That spurn at offered grace;

"They shall be taken from my sight,  
Bound fast in iron chains,  
And headlong plunged into the lake  
Where fire and darkness reigns."]

O may I stand before the Lamb,  
When earth and seas are fled!  
And hear the Judge pronounce my name,  
With blessings on my head!

May I with those for ever dwell  
Who here were my delight!  
While sinners, banished down to hell,  
No more offend my sight.

Isaac Watts

## Hymn 46

God's condescension to human affairs.

Up to the Lord, that reigns on high,  
And views the nations from afar,  
Let everlasting praises fly,  
And tell how large his bounties are.

[He that can shake the worlds he made,  
Or with his word, or with his rod,  
His goodness, how amazing great!  
And what a condescending God!]

[God, that must stoop to view the skies,  
And bow to see what angels do,  
Down to our earth he casts his eyes,  
And bends his footsteps downwards too.]

He overrules all mortal things,  
And manages our mean affairs;  
On humble souls the King of kings  
Bestows his counsels and his cares.

Our sorrows and our tears we pour  
Into the bosom of our God;  
He hears us in the mournful hour,  
And helps us bear the heavy load.

In vain might lofty princes try  
Such condescension to perform;  
For worms were never raised so high  
Above their meanest fellow worm.

O could our thankful hearts devise  
A tribute equal to thy grace,  
To the third heav'n our songs should rise,  
And teach the golden harps thy praise.

Isaac Watts



# Hymn 46 Part 1

God glorious, and sinners saved.

Rom. 1:30; 5:8,9; 1 Pet. 3:22.

Father, how wide thy glories shine!  
How high thy wonders rise!  
Known through the earth by thousand signs,  
By thousand through the skies.

Those mighty orbs proclaim thy power,  
Their motions speak thy skill,  
And on the wings of every hour  
We read thy patience still.

But when we view thy strange design  
To save rebellious worms,  
Our souls are filled with awe divine  
To see what God performs.

When sinners break the Father's laws,  
The dying Son atones;  
O the dear myst'ries of his cross,  
The triumph of his groans

Now the full glories of the Lamb  
Adorn the heav'nly plains;  
Sweet cherubs learn Immanuel's name,  
And try their choicest strains.

O may I bear some humble part  
In that immortal song!  
Wonder and joy shall tune my heart,  
And love command my tongue.

Isaac Watts

## Hymn 46 Part 2

The privileges of the living above the dead.

Isa. 38:18,19.

Awake, my zeal; awake, my love,  
To serve my Savior here below,  
In works which perfect saints above  
And holy angels cannot do.

Awake, my charity, to feed  
The hungry soul, and clothe the poor;  
In heav'n are found no sons of need,  
There all these duties are no more.

Subdue thy passions, O my soul!  
Maintain the fight, thy work pursue,  
Daily thy rising sins control,  
And be thy vict'ries ever new.

The land of triumph lies on high,  
There are no foes t' encounter there;  
Lord, I would conquer till I die,  
And finish all the glorious war.

Let every flying hour confess  
I gain thy gospel fresh renown;  
And when my life and labors cease,  
May I possess the promised crown!

Isaac Watts

# Hymn 47

Death of kindred improved.

Zech. 1:5.

Must friends and kindred droop and die,  
And helpers be withdrawn?  
While sorrow with a weeping eye  
Counts up our comforts gone?

Be thou our comfort, mighty God!  
Our helper and our friend;  
Nor leave us in this dangerous road,  
Till all our trials end.

O may our feet pursue the way  
Our pious fathers led!  
With love and holy zeal obey  
The counsels of the dead.

Let us be weaned from all below,  
Let hope our grief expel,  
While death invites our souls to go  
Where our best kindred dwell.

Isaac Watts

# Hymn 48

The Christian race.

Isa. 40:28-31.

Awake, our souls; away, our fears,  
Let every trembling thought begone;  
Awake, and run the heav'nly race,  
And put a cheerful courage on.

True, 'tis a strait and thorny road,  
And mortal spirits tire and faint;  
But they forget the mighty God,  
That feeds the strength of every saint.

Thee, mighty God! whose matchless power  
Is ever new and ever young,  
And firm endures, while endless years  
Their everlasting circles run.

From thee, the overflowing spring,  
Our souls shall drink a fresh supply,  
While such as trust their native strength  
Shall melt away, and droop, and die.

Swift as an eagle cuts the air,  
We'll mount aloft to thine abode  
On wings of love our souls shall fly,  
Nor tire amidst the heav'nly road.

Isaac Watts

# Hymn 49

The works of Moses and the Lamb.

Rev. 15:3.

How strong thine arm is, mighty God!  
Who would not fear thy name?  
Jesus, how sweet thy graces are!  
Who would not love the Lamb?

He has done more than Moses did,  
Our Prophet and our King;  
From bonds of hell he freed our souls,  
And taught our lips to sing.

In the Red Sea, by Moses' hand,  
Th' Egyptian host was drowned;  
But his own blood hides all our sins,  
And guilt no more is found.

When through the desert Isr'el went,  
With manna they were fed:  
Our Lord invites us to his flesh,  
And calls it living bread.

Moses beheld the promised land,  
Yet never reached the place;  
But Christ shall bring his followers home,  
To see his Father's face.

Then shall our love and joy be full,  
And feel a warmer flame;  
And sweeter voices tune the song  
Of Moses and the Lamb.

Isaac Watts

# Hymn 5

Submission to afflictive providences.

Job 1:21.

Naked as from the earth we came,  
And crept to life at first,  
We to the earth return again,  
And mingle with our dust.

The dear delights we here enjoy,  
And fondly call our own,  
Are but short favors borrowed now,  
To be repaid anon.

'Tis God that lifts our comforts high,  
Or sinks them in the grave;  
He gives, and, blessed be his name!  
He takes but what he gave.

Peace, all our angry passions, then;  
Let each rebellious sigh  
Be silent at his sovereign will,  
And every murmur die.

If smiling mercy crown our lives,  
Its praises shall be spread;  
And we'll adore the justice too  
That strikes our comforts dead.

Isaac Watts

# Hymn 50

The song of Zacharias.

Lk. 1:68ff; John 1:29,32.

Now be the God of Isr'el blessed,  
Who makes his truth appear;  
His mighty hand fulfils his word,  
And all the oaths he sware.

Now he bedews old David's root  
With blessings from the skies;  
He makes the Branch of Promise grow,  
The promised Horn arise.

[John was the prophet of the Lord,  
To go before his face;  
The herald which our Savior God  
Sent to prepare his ways.

He makes the great salvation known,  
He speaks of pardoned sins;  
While grace divine, and heav'nly love,  
In its own glory shines.

"Behold the Lamb of God," he cries.  
"That takes our guilt away;  
I saw the Spirit o'er his head,  
On his baptizing day.]

"Be every vale exalted high,  
Sink every mountain low;  
The proud must stoop, and humble souls  
Shall his salvation know.

"The heathen realms with Isr'el's land  
Shall join in sweet accord  
And all that's born of man shall see  
The glory of the Lord.

"Behold the Morning Star arise,  
Ye that in darkness sit;  
He marks the path that leads to peace,  
And guides our doubtful feet."

Isaac Watts



# Hymn 51

Persevering grace.

Jude 1:24,25.

To God the only wise,  
Our Savior and our King,  
Let all the saints below the skies  
Their humble praises bring.

'Tis his almighty love,  
His counsel, and' his care,  
Preserves us safe from sin and death,  
And every hurtful snare.

He will present our souls,  
Unblemished and complete,  
Before the glory of his face,  
With joys divinely great.

Then all the chosen seed  
Shall meet around the throne,  
Shall bless the conduct of his grace,  
And make his wonders known.

To our Redeemer, God,  
Wisdom and power belongs,  
Immortal crowns of majesty,  
And everlasting songs.

Isaac Watts

# Hymn 52

Baptism.

Matt. 28:19; Acts 2:38.

'Twas the commission of our Lord,  
"Go teach the nations, and baptize:"  
The nations have received the word  
Since he ascended to the skies.

He sits upon th' eternal hills,  
With grace and pardon in his hands;  
And sends his cov'nant with the seals,  
To bless the distant British lands.

"Repent, and be baptized," he saith,  
For the remission of your sins:"  
And thus our sense assists our faith,  
And shows us what his gospel means.

Our souls he washes in his blood,  
As water makes the body clean;  
And the good Spirit from our God  
Descends like purifying rain.

Thus we engage ourselves to thee,  
And seal our cov'nant with the Lord;  
O may the great eternal Three  
In heav'n our solemn vows record!

Isaac Watts

# Hymn 53

The Holy Scriptures.

Heb. 1:1,2; 2 Tim. 3:15,16; Psa. 147:19,20.

God, who in various methods told  
His mind and will to saints of old,  
Sent down his Son, with truth and grace,  
To teach us in these latter days.

Our nation reads the written word,  
That book of life, that sure record:  
The bright inheritance of heav'n  
Is by the sweet conveyance giv'n.

God's kindest thoughts are here expressed,  
Able to make us wise and bless'd;  
The doctrines are divinely true,  
Fit for reproof and comfort too.

Ye British isles, who read his love  
In long epistles from above,  
(He hath not sent his sacred word  
To every land,) praise ye the Lord.

Isaac Watts

# Hymn 54

Electing grace; or, Saints beloved in Christ.

Eph. 1:3ff.

Jesus, we bless thy Father's name;  
Thy God and ours are both the same;  
What heav'nly blessings from his throne  
Flow down to sinners through his Son!

"Christ be my first elect," he said,  
Then chose our souls in Christ our head,  
Before he gave the mountains birth,  
Or laid foundations for the earth.

Thus did eternal love begin  
To raise us up from death and sin;  
Our characters were then decreed,  
"Blameless in love, a holy seed."

Predestinated to be sons,  
Born by degrees, but chose at once,  
A new regenerated race,  
To praise the glory of his grace.

With Christ our Lord we share our part  
In the affections of his heart;  
Nor shall our souls be thence removed,  
Till he forgets his first-beloved.

Isaac Watts

## Hymn 55

Hezekiah's song; or, Sickness and recovery.

Isa. 38:9ff.

When we are raised from deep distress,  
Our God deserves a song;  
We take the pattern of our praise  
From Hezekiah's tongue.

The gates of the devouring grave  
Are opened wide in vain,  
If he that holds the keys of death  
Commands them fast again.

Pains of the flesh are wont t' abuse  
Our minds with slavish fears:  
"Our days are past, and we shall lose  
The remnant of our years."

We chatter with a swallow's voice,  
Or like a dove we mourn,  
With bitterness instead of joys,  
Afflicted and forlorn.

Jehovah speaks the healing word,  
And no disease withstands;  
Fevers and plagues obey the Lord,  
And fly at his commands.

If half the strings of life should break,  
He can our frame restore;  
He casts our sins behind his back,  
And they are found no more.

Isaac Watts

# Hymn 56

The song of Moses and the Lamb.

Rev. 15:3; 16:19; 17:6.

We sing the glories of thy love,  
We sound thy dreadful name;  
The Christian church unites the songs  
Of Moses and the Lamb.

Great God! how wondrous are thy works  
Of vengeance and of grace!  
Thou King of saints, Almighty Lord,  
How just and true thy ways!

Who dares refuse to fear thy name,  
Or worship at thy throne?  
Thy judgments speak thine holiness  
Through all the nations known.

Great Babylon that rules the earth,  
Drunk with the martyrs' blood,  
Her crimes shall speedily awake  
The fury of our God.

The cup of wrath is ready mixed,  
And she must drink the dregs:  
Strong is the Lord, her sovereign Judge,  
And shall fulfil the plagues.

Isaac Watts

# Hymn 57

Original sin.

Rom. 5:12, etc.; Psa. 51:5; Job 14:4.

Backward with humble shame we look  
On our original;  
How is our nature dashed and broke  
In our first father's fall!

To all that's good averse and blind,  
But prone to all that's ill  
What dreadful darkness veils our mind!  
How obstinate our will!

[Conceived in sin, O wretched state!  
Before we draw our breath  
The first young pulse begins to beat  
Iniquity and death.

How strong in our degen'rate blood  
The old corruption reigns,  
And, mingling with the crooked flood,  
Wanders through all our veins.]

[Wild and unwholesome as the root  
Will all the branches be;  
How can we hope for living fruit  
From such a deadly tree?

What mortal power from things unclean  
Can pure productions bring?  
Who can command a vital stream  
From an infected spring?]

Yet, mighty God! thy wondrous love  
Can make our nature clean,  
While Christ and grace prevail above  
The tempter, death, and sin.

The second Adam shall restore  
The ruins of the first;  
Hosannah to that sovereign power  
That new-creates our dust!

Isaac Watts



## Hymn 58

The devil vanquished; or, Michael's war with the dragon.

Rev. 12:7.

Let mortal tongues attempt to sing  
The wars of heav'n, when Michael stood  
Chief general of th' Eternal King,  
And fought the battles of our God.

Against the dragon and his host  
The armies of the Lord prevail:  
In vain they rage, in vain they boast,  
Their courage sinks, their weapons fail.

Down to the earth was Satan thrown,  
Down to the earth his legions fell;  
Then was the trump of triumph blown,  
And shook the dreadful deeps of hell.

Now is the hour of darkness past,  
Christ has assum'd his reigning power;  
Behold the great accuser cast  
Down from the skies to rise no more.

'Twas by thy blood, immortal Lamb,  
Thine armies trod the tempter down;  
'Twas by thy word and powerful name  
They gain'd the battle and renown.

Rejoice, ye heav'ns; let every star  
Shine with new glories round the sky;  
Saints, while ye sing the heav'nly war,  
Raise your Deliv'rer's name on high.

Isaac Watts

# Hymn 59

Babylon fallen.

Rev. 18:20,21.

In Gabriel's hand a mighty stone  
Lies, a fair type of Babylon:  
"Prophets, rejoice, and all ye saints,  
God shall avenge your long complaints."

He said, and dreadful as he stood,  
He sunk the millstone in the flood:  
"Thus terribly shall Babel fall,  
Thus, and no more be found at all."

Isaac Watts

# Hymn 6

Triumph over death.

Job 19:25-27.

Great God, I own thy sentence just,  
And nature must decay;  
I yield my body to the dust,  
To dwell with fellow clay.

Yet faith may triumph o'er the grave,  
And trample on the tombs  
My Jesus, my Redeemer, lives;  
My God, my Savior, comes.

The mighty Conqueror shall appear  
High on a royal seat,  
And death, the last of all his foes,  
Lie vanquished at his feet.

Though greedy worms devour my skin,  
And gnaw my wasting flesh,  
When God shall build my bones again,  
He clothes them all afresh.

Then shall I see thy lovely face  
With strong immortal eyes;  
And feast upon thy unknown grace  
With pleasure and surprise.

Isaac Watts

# Hymn 60

The Virgin Mary's song.

Luke 1:46ff.

Our souls shall magnify the Lord,  
In God the Savior we rejoice:  
While we repeat the Virgin's song,  
May the same Spirit tune our voice!

[The Highest saw her low estate,  
And mighty things his hand hath done:  
His overshadowing power and grace  
Makes her the mother of his Son.

Let ev'ry nation call her blest,  
And endless years prolong her fame;  
But God alone must be ador'd:  
Holy and reverend is his name.]

To those that fear and trust the Lord,  
His mercy stands for ever sure:  
From age to age his promise lives,  
And the performance is secure.

He spake to Abram and his seed,  
In thee shall all the earth be blessed;"  
The memory of that ancient word  
Lay long in his eternal breast.

But now no more shall Isr'el wait,  
No more the Gentiles lie forlorn:  
Lo, the desire of nations comes;  
Behold, the promised seed is born!

Isaac Watts

# Hymn 61

Christ our High Priest and King.

Rev. 1:5-7.

Now to the Lord, that makes us know  
The wonders of his dying love,  
Be humble honors paid below,  
And strains of nobler praise above.

'Twas he that cleansed our foulest sins,  
And washed us in his richest blood;  
'Tis he that makes us priests and kings,  
And brings us rebels near to God.

To Jesus, our atoning Priest,  
To Jesus, our superior King,  
Be everlasting power confessed,  
And every tongue his glory sing.

Behold, on flying clouds he comes,  
And every eye shall see him move;  
Though with our sins we pierced him once,  
Then he displays his pard'ning love.

The unbelieving world shall wail,  
While we rejoice to see the day:  
Come, Lord; nor let thy promise fail,  
Nor let thy chariots long delay.

Isaac Watts

# Hymn 62

Christ Jesus, the Lamb of God, worshipped by all the creation.

Rev. 5:11-13.

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

"Worthy the Lamb that died," they cry,  
"To be exalted thus:"  
"Worthy the Lamb," our lips reply,  
"For he was slain for us."

Jesus is worthy to receive  
Honor and power divine;  
And blessings more than we can give,  
Be, Lord, for ever thine.

Let all that dwell above the sky,  
And air, and earth, and seas,  
Conspire to lift thy glories high,  
And speak thine endless praise.

The whole creation join in one,  
To bless the sacred name  
Of him that sits upon the throne,  
And to adore the Lamb.

Isaac Watts

## Hymn 63

Christ's humiliation and exaltation.

Rev. 5:12.

What equal honors shall we bring  
To thee, O Lord our God, the Lamb,  
When all the notes that angels sing  
Are far inferior to thy name?

Worthy is he that once was slain,  
The Prince of Peace that groaned and died;  
Worthy to rise, and live, and reign  
At his Almighty Father's side.

Power and dominion are his due  
Who stood condemned at Pilate's bar;  
Wisdom belongs to Jesus too,  
Though he was charged with madness here.

All riches are his native right,  
Yet he sustained amazing loss;  
To him ascribe eternal might,  
Who left his weakness on the cross.

Honor immortal must be paid,  
Instead of scandal and of scorn;  
While glory shines around his head,  
And a bright crown without a thorn.

Blessings for ever on the Lamb  
Who bore the curse for wretched men;  
Let angels sound his sacred name,  
And every creature say, Amen.

Isaac Watts

# Hymn 64

Adoption.

1 John 3:1ff; Gal. 4:6.

Behold what wondrous grace  
The Father has bestowed  
On sinners of a mortal race,  
To call them sons of God!

'Tis no surprising thing  
That we should be unknown;  
The Jewish world knew not their king,  
God's everlasting Son.

Nor doth it yet appear  
How great we must be made;  
But when we see our Savior here,  
We shall be like our Head.

A hope so much divine  
May trials well endure;  
May purge our souls from sense and sin,  
As Christ the Lord is pure.

If in my Father's love  
I share a filial part,  
Send down thy Spirit like a dove,  
To rest upon my heart.

We would no longer lie  
Like slaves beneath the throne;  
My faith shall Abba, Father, cry,  
And thou the kindred own.

Isaac Watts



# Hymn 65

The kingdoms of the world become the kingdoms of our Lord; or, The day of judgment.

Rev. 11:15-18.

Let the seventh angel sound on high,  
Let shouts be heard through all the sky;  
Kings of the earth, with glad accord,  
Give up your kingdoms to the Lord.

Almighty God, thy power assume,  
Who wast, and art, and art to come:  
Jesus, the Lamb who once was slain,  
For ever live, for ever reign!

The angry nations fret and roar,  
That they can slay the saints no more  
On wings of vengeance flies our God,  
To pay the long arrears of blood.

Now must the rising dead appear;  
Now the decisive sentence hear;  
Now the dear martyrs of the Lord  
Receive an infinite reward.

Isaac Watts

## Hymn 66

Christ the King at his table.

SS 1:2-5,12,13,17.

Let him embrace my soul, and prove  
Mine interest in his heav'nly love;  
The voice that tells me, "Thou art mine,"  
Exceeds the blessings of the vine.

On thee th' anointing Spirit came,  
And spreads the savor of thy name;  
That oil of gladness and of grace  
Draws virgin souls to meet thy face.

Jesus, allure me by thy charms,  
My soul shall fly into thine arms!  
Our wand'ring feet thy favors bring  
To the fair chambers of the King.

[Wonder and pleasure tune our voice  
To speak thy praises and our joys;  
Our memory keeps this love of thine  
Beyond the taste of richest wine.]

Though in ourselves deformed we are,  
And black as Kedar's tents appear,  
Yet, when we put thy beauties on,  
Fair as the courts of Solomon.

[While at his table sits the King,  
He loves to see us smile and sing;  
Our graces are our best perfume,  
And breathe like spikenard round the room.]

As myrrh new bleeding from the tree,  
Such is a dying Christ to ine  
And while he makes my soul his guest,  
My bosom, Lord, shall be thy rest.

[No beams of cedar or of fir  
Can with thy courts on earth compare;  
And here we wait, until thy love  
Raise us to nobler seats above.]

Isaac Watts

# Hymn 67

Seeking the pastures of Christ the Shepherd.

SS 1:7.

Thou whom my soul admires above  
All earthly joy and earthly love,  
Tell me, dear Shepherd, let me know,  
Where doth thy sweetest pasture grow?

Where is the shadow of that rock,  
That from the sun defends thy flock?  
Fain would I feed among thy sheep,  
Among them rest, among them sleep.

Why should thy bride appear like one  
That turns aside to paths unknown?  
My constant feet would never rove,  
Would never seek another love.

[The footsteps of thy flock I see;  
Thy sweetest pastures here they be;  
A wondrous feast thy love prepares,  
Bought with thy wounds, and groans, and tears.

His dearest flesh he makes my food,  
And bids me drink his richest blood:  
Here to these hills my soul will come,  
Till my Beloved lead me home.]

Isaac Watts

# Hymn 68

The banquet of love.

SS 2:1-4,6,7.

Behold the Rose of Sharon here,  
The Lily which the valleys bear;  
Behold the Tree of Life, that gives  
Refreshing fruit and healing leaves.

Amongst the thorns so lilies shine;  
Amongst wild gourds the noble vine;  
So in mine eyes my Savior proves,  
Amidst a thousand meaner loves.

Beneath his cooling shade I sat,  
To shield me from the burning heat;  
Of heav'ly fruit he spreads a feast,  
To feed mine eyes and please my taste.

[Kindly he brought me to the place  
Where stands the banquet of his grace;  
He saw me faint, and o'er my head  
The banner of his love he spread.

With living bread and gen'rous wine,  
He cheers this sinking heart of mine;  
And op'ning his own heart to me,  
He shows his thoughts how kind they be.]

O never let my Lord depart;  
Lie down, and rest upon my heart;  
I charge my sins not once to move,  
Nor stir, nor wake, nor grieve my Love.

Isaac Watts

## Hymn 69

Christ appearing to his church, and seeking her company.

SS 2:8-13.

The voice of my Beloved sounds  
Over the rocks and rising grounds;  
O'er hills of guilt and seas of grief  
He leaps, he flies to my relief.

Now through the veil of flesh I see  
With eyes of love he looks at me;  
Now in the gospel's clearest glass  
He shows the beauties of his face.

Gently he draws my heart along,  
Both with his beauties and his tongue;  
'Rise,' saith my Lord, 'make haste away,  
No mortal joys are worth thy stay.

'The Jewish wintry state is gone,  
The mists are fled, the spring comes on;  
The sacred turtle-dove we hear  
Proclaim the new, the joyful year.

'Th' immortal vine of heav'nly root  
Blossoms, and buds, and gives her fruit:'  
Lo! we are come to taste the wine;  
Our souls rejoice, and bless the vine.

And when we hear our Jesus say,  
'Rise up, my love, make haste away!'  
Our hearts would fain outfly the wind,  
And leave all earthly loves behind.

Isaac Watts

## Hymn 7

The invitation of the gospel.

Isa. 55:1,2,etc.

Let every mortal ear attend,  
And every heart rejoice;  
The trumpet of the gospel sounds  
With an inviting voice.

Lo! all ye hungry, starving souls.  
That feed upon the wind,  
And vainly strive with earthly toys  
To fill an empty mind.

Eternal Wisdom has prepared  
A soul-reviving feast,  
And bids your longing appetites  
The rich provision taste.

Ho! ye that pant for living streams,  
And pine away and die,  
here you may quench your raging thirst  
With springs that never dry.

Rivers of love and mercy here  
In a rich ocean join;  
Salvation in abundance flows,  
Like floods of milk and wine.

[Ye perishing and naked poor,  
Who work with mighty pain  
To weave a garment of your own  
That will not hide your sin,

Come naked, and adorn your souls  
In robes prepared by God,  
Wrought by the labors of his Son,  
And dyed in his own blood.]

Dear God! the treasures of thy love  
Are everlasting mines,  
Deep as our helpless miseries are,  
And boundless as our sins.

The happy gates of gospel grace  
Stand open night and day;  
Lord, we are come to seek supplies,  
And drive our wants away.

Isaac Watts



## Hymn 70

Christ inviting, and the church answering the invitation.

SS 2:14-17.

[Hark! the Redeemer from on high  
Sweetly invites his fav'rites nigh;  
From caves of darkness and of doubt,  
He gently speaks, and calls us out.

"My dove, who hidest in the rock,  
Thine heart almost with sorrow broke,  
Lift up thy face, forget thy fear,  
And let thy voice delight mine ear.

"Thy voice to me sounds ever sweet;  
My graces in thy count'nance meet;  
Though the vain world thy face despise,  
'Tis bright and comely in mine eyes."

Dear Lord, our thankful heart receives  
The hope thine invitation gives;  
To thee our joyful lips shall raise  
The voice of prayer and of praise.]

[I am my Love's, and he is mine;  
Our hearts, our hopes, our passions join;  
Nor let a motion, nor a word,  
Nor thought, arise to grieve my Lord.

My soul to pastures fair he leads,  
Amongst the lilies where he feeds  
Amongst the saints, whose robes are white,  
Washed in his blood, is his delight.

Till the day break, and shadows flee,  
Till the sweet dawning light I see,  
Thine eyes to me-ward often turn,  
Nor let my soul in darkness mourn.

Be like a hart on mountains green,  
Leap o'er the hills of fear and sin;  
Nor guilt nor unbelief divide  
My Love, my Savior, from my side.]

Isaac Watts

# Hymn 71

Christ found in the street, and brought to the church.

SS 3:1-5

Often I seek my Lord by night,  
Jesus, my Love, my soul's delight;  
With warm desire and restless thought  
I seek him oft, but find him not.

Then I arise and search the street,  
Till I my Lord, my Savior meet:  
I ask the watchmen of the night,  
"Where did you see my soul's delight?"

Sometimes I find him in my way,  
Directed by a heav'nly ray;  
I leap for joy to see his face,  
And hold him fast in mine embrace.

[I bring him to my mother's home,  
Nor does my Lord refuse to come  
To Zion's sacred chambers, where  
My soul first drew the vital air.

He gives me there his bleeding heart,  
Pierced for my sake with deadly smart;  
I give my soul to him, and there  
Our loves their mutual tokens share.]

I charge you, all ye earthly toys,  
Approach not to disturb my joys;  
Nor sin nor hell come near my heart,  
Nor cause my Savior to depart.

Isaac Watts

## Hymn 72

The coronation of Christ, and espousals of the church.

SS 3:11.

Daughters of Zion, come, behold  
The crown of honor and of gold  
Which the glad church, with joys unknown,  
Placed on the head of Solomon.

Jesus, thou everlasting King,  
Accept the tribute which we bring;  
Accept the well-deserved renown,  
And wear our praises as thy crown.

Let every act of worship be  
Like our espousals, Lord, to thee;  
Like the dear hour when from above  
We first received thy pledge of love.

The gladness of that happy day,  
Our hearts would wish it long to stay;  
Nor let our faith forsake its hold,  
Nor comfort sink, nor love grow cold.

Each following minute, as it flies,  
Increase thy praise, improve our joys,  
Till we are raised to sing thy name  
At the great supper of the Lamb.

O that the months would roll away,  
And bring that coronation day!  
The King of Grace shall fill the throne,  
With all his Father's glories on.

Isaac Watts

## Hymn 73

The church's beauty in the eyes of Christ.

SS 4:1-11.

Kind is the speech of Christ our Lord,  
Affection sounds in every word:  
Lo! thou art fair, my love," he cries,  
"Not the young doves have sweeter eyes."

["Sweet are thy lips, thy pleasing voice  
Salutes mine ear with secret joys;  
No spice so much delights the smell,  
Nor milk nor honey tastes so well.]

"Thou art all fair, my bride, to me,  
I will behold no spot in thee."  
What mighty wonders love performs,  
And puts a comeliness on worms!

Defiled and loathsome as we are,  
He makes us white, and calls us fair;  
Adorns us with that heav'nly dress,  
His graces and his righteousness.

"My sister and my spouse," he cries,  
"Bound to my heart by various ties,  
Thy powerful love my heart detains  
In strong delight and pleasing chains."

He calls me from the leopard's den,  
From this wild world of beasts and men,  
To Zion, where his glories are;  
Not Lebanon is half so fair.

Nor dens of prey, nor flowery plains,  
Nor earthly joys, nor earthly pains,  
Shall hold my feet or force my stay,  
When Christ invites my soul away.



## Hymn 74

The church the garden of Christ.

SS 4:12-15; 5:1.

We are a garden walled around,  
Chosen and made peculiar ground;  
A little spot enclosed by grace  
Out of the world's wide wilderness.

Like trees of myrrh and spice we stand,  
Planted by God the Father's hand;  
And all his springs in Zion flow,  
To make the young plantation grow.

Awake, O, heav'nly wind! and come,  
Blow on this garden of perfume;  
Spirit divine! descend and breathe  
A gracious gale on plants beneath.

Make our best spices flow abroad,  
To entertain our Savior God  
And faith, and love, and joy appear,  
And every grace be active here.

[Let my Beloved come and taste  
His pleasant fruits at his own feast:  
"I come, my spouse, I come!" he cries,  
With love and pleasure in his eyes.

Our Lord into his garden comes,  
Well pleased to smell our poor perfumes,  
And calls us to a feast divine,  
Sweeter than honey, milk, or wine.

"Eat of the tree of life, my friends,  
The blessings that my Father sends;  
Your taste shall all my dainties prove,  
And drink abundance of my love:"

Jesus, we will frequent thy board,  
And sing the bounties of our Lord;  
But the rich food on which we live  
Demands more praise than tongues can give.]

Isaac Watts



# Hymn 75

The description of Christ the beloved.

SS 5:9-16.

The wond'ring world inquires to know  
Why I should love my Jesus so:  
What are his charms," say they, "above  
The objects of a mortal love?"

Yes! my Beloved, to my sight  
Shows a sweet mixture, red and white:  
All human beauties, all divine,  
In my Beloved meet and shine.

White is his soul, from blemish free;  
Red with the blood he shed for me;  
The fairest of ten thousand fairs;  
A sun amongst ten thousand stars.

[His head the finest gold excels;  
There wisdom in perfection dwells,  
And glory like a crown adorns  
Those temples once beset with thorns.

Compassion's in his heart are found,  
Hard by the signals of his wound:  
His sacred side no more shall bear  
The cruel scourge, the piercing spear.]

[His hands are fairer to behold  
Than diamonds set in rings of gold;  
Those heav'nly hands, that on the tree  
Were nailed, and torn, and bled for me!

Though once he bowed his feeble knees,  
Loaded with sins and agonies,  
Now on the throne of his command  
His legs like marble pillars stand.]

[His eyes are majesty and love,  
The eagle tempered with the dove;  
No more shall trickling sorrows roll  
Through those dear windows of his soul.

His mouth, that poured out long complaints,  
Now smiles and cheers his fainting saints  
His countenance more graceful is  
Than Lebanon with all its trees.]

All over glorious is my Lord  
Must be beloved, and yet adored;  
His worth if all the nations knew,  
Sure the whole earth would love him too.

Isaac Watts

## Hymn 76

Christ dwells in heaven, but visits on earth.

SS 6:1-3,12.

When strangers stand and hear me tell  
What beauties in my Savior dwell,  
Where he is gone they fain would know,  
That they may seek and love him too.

My best Beloved keeps his throne  
On hills of light, in worlds unknown;  
But he descends and shows his face  
In the young gardens of his grace.

[In vineyards planted by his hand,  
Where fruitful trees in order stand;  
He feeds among the spicy beds,  
Where lilies show their spotless heads.

He has engrossed my warmest love,  
No earthly charms my soul can move:  
I have a mansion in his heart,  
Nor death nor hell shall make us part.]

[He takes my soul ere I'm aware,  
And shows me where his glories are;  
No chariot of Amminadib  
The heav'nly rapture can describe.

O may my spirit daily rise  
On wings of faith above the skies,  
Till death shall make my last remove,  
To dwell for ever with my Love.]

Isaac Watts

## Hymn 77

The love of Christ to the church, in his language to her,  
and provisions for her.

SS 7:5-13.

Now in the galleries of his grace  
Appears the King, and thus he says,  
"How fair my saints are in my sight!  
My love how pleasant for delight!"

Kind is thy language, sovereign Lord,  
There's heav'nly grace in every word;  
From that dear mouth a stream divine  
Flows sweeter than the choicest wine.

Such wondrous love awakes the lip  
Of saints that were almost asleep,  
To speak the praises of thy name,  
And makes our cold affections flame.

These are the joys he lets us know  
In fields and villages below;  
Gives us a relish of his love,  
But keeps his noblest feast above.

In Paradise, within the gates,  
A higher entertainment waits  
Fruits new and old laid up in store,  
Where we shall feed, but thirst no more.

Isaac Watts

## Hymn 78

The strength of Christ's love.

SS 8:5-7,13,14.

[Who is this fair one in distress,  
That travels from the wilderness?  
And pressed with sorrows and with sins,  
On her beloved Lord she leans.

This is the spouse of Christ our God,  
Bought with the treasure of his blood;  
And her request and her complaint  
Is but the voice of every saint.]

"O let my name engraven stand  
Both on thy heart and on thy hand;  
Seal me upon thine arm, and wear  
That pledge of love for ever there.

"Stronger than death thy love is known,  
Which floods of wrath could never drown;  
And hell and earth in vain combine  
To quench a fire so much divine.

"But I am jealous of my heart,  
Lest it should once from thee depart;  
Then let thy name be well impressed  
As a fair signet on my breast.

"Till thou hast brought me to thy home,  
Where fears and doubts can never come,  
Thy count'nance let me often see,  
And often thou shalt hear from me.

"Come, my Beloved, haste away,  
Cut short the hours of thy delay;  
Fly like a youthful hart or roe  
Over the hills where spices grow."



## Hymn 79

A morning hymn.

Psa. 19:5,8; 73:24,25.

God of the morning! at whose voice  
The cheerful sun makes haste to rise,  
And like a giant doth rejoice  
To run his journey through the skies.

From the fair chambers of the east  
The circuit of his race begins,  
And, without weariness or rest,  
Round the whole earth he flies and shines.

O like the sun may I fulfil  
Th' appointed duties of the day,  
With ready mind and active will  
March on and keep my heav'nly way.

[But I shall rove and lose the race,  
If God, my sun, should disappear,  
And leave me in this world's wild maze,  
To follow every wand'ring star.

Lord, thy commands are clean and pure,  
Enlight'ning our beclouded eyes;  
Thy threat'nings just, thy promise sure,  
Thy gospel makes the simple wise.]

Give me thy counsel for my guide,  
And then receive me to thy bliss;  
All my desires and hopes beside  
Are faint and cold compared with this.

Isaac Watts

# Hymn 80

An evening hymn.

Psa. 4:8; 3:5,6; 148:8.

Thus far the Lord has led me on,  
Thus far his power prolongs my days;  
And every evening shall make known  
Some fresh memorial of his grace.

Much of my time has run to waste,  
And I perhaps am near my home;  
But he forgives my follies past,  
He gives me strength for days to come.

I lay my body down to sleep,  
Peace is the pillow for my head;  
While well-appointed angels keep  
Their watchful stations round my bed.

In vain the sons of earth or hell  
Tell me a thousand frightful things  
My God in safety makes me dwell  
Beneath the shadow of his wings.

[Faith in his name forbids my fear;  
O may thy presence ne'er depart!  
And in the morning make me hear  
The love and kindness of thy heart.

Thus when the night of death shall come,  
My flesh shall rest beneath the ground,  
And wait thy voice to rouse my tomb,  
With sweet salvation in the sound.]

Isaac Watts



# Hymn 81

A song for morning or evening.

Lam. 3:23; Isa. 45:7.

God, how endless is thy love!  
Thy gifts are every evening new;  
And morning mercies from above  
Gently distill like early dew.

Thou spread'st the curtains of the night,  
Great guardian of my sleeping hours;  
Thy sovereign word restores the light,  
And quickens all my drowsy powers.

I yield my powers to thy command,  
To thee I consecrate my days;  
Perpetual blessings from thine hand  
Demand perpetual songs of praise.

Isaac Watts

## Hymn 82

God far above creatures.

Job 4:17-21.

Shall the vile race of flesh and blood  
Contend with their Creator God?  
Shall mortal worms presume to be  
More holy, wise, or just than he?

Behold, he puts his trust in none  
Of all the spirits round his throne:  
Their natures, when compared with his,  
Are neither holy, just, nor wise.

But how much meaner things are they  
Who spring from dust, and dwell in clay!  
Touched by the finger of thy wrath,  
We faint and vanish like the moth.

From night to day, from day to night,  
We die by thousands in thy sight;  
Buried in dust whole nations lie  
Like a forgotten vanity.

Almighty Power, to thee we bow;  
How frail are we, how glorious thou!  
No more the sons of earth shall dare  
With an eternal God compare.

Isaac Watts

# Hymn 83

Afflictions and death under Providence.

Job 5:6-8.

Not from the dust affliction grows,  
Nor troubles rise by chance;  
Yet we are born to cares and woes;  
A sad inheritance!

As sparks break out from burning coals,  
And still are upwards borne  
So grief is rooted in our souls,  
And man grows up to mourn.

Yet with my God I leave my cause,  
And trust his promised grace;  
He rules me by his well-known laws  
Of love and righteousness.

Not all the pains that e'er I bore  
Shall spoil my future peace,  
For death and hell can do no more  
Than what my Father please.

Isaac Watts

## Hymn 84

Salvation, righteousness, and strength in Christ.

Isa. 45:21-25.

Jehovah speaks! let Isr'el hear;  
Let all the earth rejoice and fear,  
While God's eternal Son proclaims  
His sovereign honors and his names.

"I am the last, and I the first,  
The Savior God, and God the just;  
There's none beside pretends to show  
Such justice and salvation too.

["Ye that in shades of darkness dwell,  
Just on the verge of death and hell,  
Look up to me from distant lands;  
Light, life, and heav'n are in my hands.

"I by my holy name have sworn,  
Nor shall the word in vain return;  
To me shall all things bend the knee,  
And every tongue shall swear to me.]

"In me alone shall men confess  
Lies all their strength and righteousness;  
But such as dare despise my name,  
I'll clothe them with eternal shame.

"In me, the Lord, shall all the seed  
Of Isr'el from their sins be freed;  
And by their shining graces prove  
Their int'rest in my pard'ning love."

Isaac Watts

# Hymn 85

Salvation, righteousness, and strength in Christ.

Isa. 45:21-25.

The Lord on high proclaims  
His Godhead from his throne:  
"Mercy and justice are the names  
By which I will be known.

"Ye dying souls that sit  
In darkness and distress,  
Look from the borders of the pit  
To my recov'ring grace."

Sinners shall hear the sound;  
Their thankful tongues shall own,  
"Our righteousness and strength is found  
In thee, the Lord, alone."

In thee shall Isr'el trust,  
And see their guilt forgiv'n;  
God will pronounce the sinners just,  
And take the saints to heav'n.

Isaac Watts

## Hymn 86

God holy, just, and sovereign.

Job 9:2-10.

How should the sons of Adam's race  
Be pure before their God?  
If he contend in righteousness,  
We fall beneath his rod.

To vindicate my words and thoughts  
I'll make no more pretence;  
Not one of all my thousand faults  
Can bear a just defence.

Strong is his arm, his heart is wise;  
What vain presumer's dare  
Against their Maker's hand to rise,  
Or tempt th' unequal war?

[Mountains, by his almighty wrath,  
From their old seats are torn;  
He shakes the earth from south to north,  
And all her pillars mourn.

He bids the sun forbear to rise,  
Th' obedient sun forbears;  
His hand with sackcloth spreads the skies,  
And seals up all the stars.

He walks upon the stormy sea,  
Flies on the stormy wind;  
There's none can trace his wondrous way,  
Or his dark footsteps find.]

Isaac Watts

## Hymn 87

God dwells with the humble and penitent.

Isa. 47:15,16.

Thus saith the high and lofty One:

"I sit upon my holy throne;  
My name is God, I dwell on high,  
Dwell in my own eternity.

"But I descend to worlds below,  
On earth I have a mansion too;  
The humble spirit and contrite  
Is an abode of my delight.

"The humble soul my words revive,  
I bid the mourning sinner live,  
Heal all the broken hearts I find,  
And ease the sorrows of the mind.

["When I contend against their sin,  
I make them know how vile they've been;  
But should my wrath for ever smoke,  
Their souls would sink beneath my stroke."]

O may thy pard'ning grace be nigh,  
Lest we should faint, despair, and die!  
Thus shall our better thoughts approve  
The methods of thy chast'ning love.

Isaac Watts

## Hymn 88

Life the day of grace and hope.

Eccl. 9:4-6,10.

Life is the time to serve the Lord,  
The time t' insure the great reward;  
And while the lamp holds out to burn,  
The vilest sinner may return.

[Life is the hour that God has giv'n  
To 'scape from hell and fly to heav'n;  
The day of grace, and mortals may  
Secure the blessings of the day.]

The living know that they must die,  
But all the dead forgotten lie;  
Their mem'ry and their sense is gone,  
Alike unknowing and unknown.

[Their hatred and their love is lost,  
Their envy buried in the dust;  
They have no share in all that's done  
Beneath the circuit of the sun.]

Then what my thoughts design to do,  
My hands, with all your might pursue;  
Since no device nor work is found,  
Nor faith, nor hope, beneath the ground.

There are no acts of pardon passed  
In the cold grave, to which we haste;  
But darkness, death, and long despair,  
Reign in eternal silence there.

Isaac Watts



## Hymn 89

Youth and judgment.

Eccl. 11:9.

Ye sons of Adam, vain and young,  
Indulge your eyes, indulge your tongue,  
Taste the delights your souls desire,  
And give a loose to all your fire;

Pursue the pleasures you design,  
And cheer your hearts with songs and wine;  
Enjoy the day of mirth, but know  
There is a day of judgment too.

God from on high beholds your thoughts,  
His book records your secret faults;  
The works of darkness you have done  
Must all appear before the sun.

The vengeance to your follies due  
Should strike your hearts with terror through:  
How will you stand before his face,  
Or answer for his injured grace?

Almighty God! turn off their eyes  
From these alluring vanities;  
And let the thunder of thy word  
Awake their souls to fear the Lord.

Isaac Watts

## Hymn 9

The promises of the covenant of grace.

Isa. 55:1,2; Zech. 13:1; Mic. 7:19; Ezek. 36:25, etc.

In vain we lavish out our lives  
To gather empty wind;  
The choicest blessings earth can yield  
Will starve a hungry mind.

Come, and the Lord shall feed our souls  
With more substantial meat,  
With such as saints in glory love,  
With such as angels eat.

Our God will every want supply,  
And fill our hearts with peace;  
He gives by cov'nant and by oath  
The riches of his grace.

Come, and he'll cleanse our spotted souls,  
And wash away our stains  
In the dear fountain that his Son  
Poured from his dying veins.

[Our guilt shall vanish all away,  
Though black as hell before;  
Our sins shall sink beneath the sea,  
And shall be found no more.

And, lest pollution should o'erspread  
Our inward powers again,  
His Spirit shall bedew our souls,  
Like purifying rain.]

Our heart, that flinty, stubborn thing,  
That terrors cannot move,  
That fears no threat'nings of his wrath,  
Shall be dissolved by love.

Or he can take the flint away  
That would not be refined;  
And from the treasures of his grace  
Bestow a softer mind.

There shall his sacred Spirit dwell,  
And deep engrave his law,  
And every motion of our souls  
To swift obedience draw.

Thus will he pour salvation down,  
And we shall render praise;  
We the dear people of his love,  
And he our God of grace.

Isaac Watts

# Hymn 90

Youth and judgment.

Eccl. 11:9.

Lo! the young tribes of Adam rise,  
And through all nature rove  
Fulfil the wishes of their eyes,  
And taste the joys they love.

They give a loose to wild desires;  
But let the sinners know  
The strict account that God requires  
Of all the works they do.

The Judge prepares his throne on high,  
The frightened earth and seas  
Avoid the fury of his eye,  
And flee before his face.

How shall I bear that dreadful day,  
And stand the fiery test?  
I give all mortal joys away,  
To be for ever blessed.

Isaac Watts

# Hymn 91

Advice to youth; or, Old age and death in an unconverted state.

Eccl. 12:1,7; Isa. 45:20.

Now in the heat of youthful blood  
Remember your Creator God:  
Behold, the months come hast'ning on,  
When you shall say, "My joys are gone!"

Behold, the aged sinner goes,  
Laden with guilt and heavy woes,  
Down to the regions of the dead,  
With endless curses on his head.

The dust returns to dust again;  
The soul, in agonies of pain,  
Ascends to God, not there to dwell,  
But hears her doom, and sinks to hell.

Eternal King! I fear thy name;  
Teach me to know how frail I am;  
And when my soul must hence remove,  
Give me a mansion in thy love.

Isaac Watts

## Hymn 92

Christ the wisdom of God.

Prov. 8:1,22-32.

Shall Wisdom cry aloud,  
And not her speech be heard?  
The voice of God's eternal Word,  
Deserves it no regard?

"I was his chief delight,  
His everlasting Son,  
Before the first of all his works,  
Creation, was begun.

["Before the flying clouds,  
Before the solid land,  
Before the fields, before the floods,  
I dwelt at his right hand.

"When he adorned the skies,  
And built them, I was there,  
To order where the sun should rise,  
And marshal every star.

"When he poured out the sea,  
And spread the flowing deep,  
I gave the flood a firm decree  
In its own bounds to keep.]

"Upon the empty air  
The earth was balanced well.  
With joy I saw the mansion where  
The sons of men should dwell.

"My busy thoughts at first  
On their salvation ran,  
Ere sin was born, or Adam's dust  
Was fashioned to a man.

"Then come, receive my grace,  
Ye children, and be wise;  
Happy the man that keeps my ways;  
The man that shuns them dies."

Isaac Watts

## Hymn 93

Christ, or Wisdom, obeyed or resisted.

Prov. 8:34-36.

Thus saith the Wisdom of the Lord,  
"Blest is the man that hears my word,  
Keeps daily watch before my gates,  
And at my feet for mercy waits.

"The soul that seeks me shall obtain  
Immortal wealth and heav'nly gain;  
Immortal life is his reward;  
Life, and the favor of the Lord.

"But the vile wretch that flies from me  
Doth his own soul an injury;  
Fools that against my grace rebel  
Seek death, and love the road to hell."

Isaac Watts



# Hymn 94

Justification by faith, not by works.

Rom. 3:19-22.

Vain are the hopes the sons of men  
On their own works have built;  
Their hearts by nature all unclean,  
And all their actions guilt.

Let Jew and Gentile stop their mouths  
Without a murm'ring word,  
And the whole race of Adam stand  
Guilty before the Lord.

In vain we ask God's righteous law  
To justify us now;  
Since to convince and to condemn  
Is all the law can do.

Jesus, how glorious is thy grace!  
When in thy name we trust,  
Our faith receives a righteousness  
That makes the sinner just.

Isaac Watts

# Hymn 95

Regeneration.

John 1:13; 3:3, etc.

Not all the outward forms on earth,  
Nor rites that God has giv'n,  
Nor will of man, nor blood, nor birth,  
Can raise a soul to heav'n.

The sovereign will of God alone  
Creates us heirs of grace  
Born in the image of his Son,  
A new, peculiar race.

The Spirit, like some heav'nly wind,  
Blows on the sons of flesh,  
New-models all the carnal mind,  
And forms the man afresh.

Our quickened souls awake, and rise  
From the long sleep of death;  
On heav'nly things we fix our eyes,  
And praise employs our breath.

Isaac Watts

# Hymn 96

Election excludes boasting.

1 Cor. 1:26-31.

But few among the carnal wise,  
But few of noble race,  
Obtain the favor of thine eyes,  
Almighty King of Grace.

He takes the men of meanest name  
For sons and heirs of God;  
And thus he pours abundant shame  
On honorable blood.

He calls the fool, and makes him know  
The myst'ries of his grace,  
To bring aspiring wisdom low,  
And all its pride abase.

Nature has all its glories lost  
When brought before his throne;  
No flesh shall in his presence boast,  
But in the Lord alone.

Isaac Watts

# Hymn 97

Christ our wisdom, righteousness, etc.

1 Cor. 1:30.

Buried in shadows of the night  
We lie till Christ restores the light;  
Wisdom descends to heal the blind,  
And chase the darkness of the mind.

Our guilty souls are drowned in tears  
Till his atoning blood appears;  
Then we awake from deep distress,  
And sing, "The Lord our Righteousness."

Our very frame is mixed with sin,  
His Spirit makes our natures clean  
Such virtues from his suff'rings flow,  
At once to cleanse and pardon too.

Jesus beholds where Satan reigns,  
Binding his slaves in heavy chains;  
He sets the pris'ners free, and breaks  
The iron bondage from our necks.

Poor helpless worms in thee possess  
Grace, wisdom, power, and righteousness;  
Thou art our mighty All, and we  
Give our whole selves, O Lord, to thee.

Isaac Watts

# Hymn 98

Christ our wisdom, righteousness, etc.

1 Cor. 1:30.

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

Our guilty spirits dread  
To meet the wrath of Heav'n;  
But, in his righteousness arrayed,  
We see our sins forgiv'n.

Unholy and impure  
Are all our thoughts and ways;  
His hands infected nature cure  
With sanctifying grace.

The powers of hell agree  
To hold our souls in vain;  
He sets the sons of bondage free,  
And breaks the cursed chain

Lord, we adore thy ways  
To bring us near to God;  
Thy sovereign power, thy healing grace,  
And thine atoning blood.

Isaac Watts

# Hymn 99

Stones made children of Abraham.

Matt. 3:9.

Vain are the hopes that rebels place  
Upon their birth and blood,  
Descended from a pious race;  
Their fathers now with God.

He from the caves of earth and hell  
Can take the hardest stones,  
And fill the house of Abram well  
With new-created sons.

Such wondrous power doth he possess  
Who formed our mortal frame,  
Who called the world from emptiness,  
The world obeyed and came.

Isaac Watts

# I Love the Volumes of Thy Word

I love the volumes of Thy Word;  
What light and joy those leaves afford  
To souls benighted and distressed!  
Thy precepts guide my doubtful way,  
Thy fear forbids my feet to stray,  
Thy promise leads my heart to rest.

From the discoveries of Thy law  
The perfect rules of life I draw;  
These are my study and delight:  
Not honey so invites the taste,  
Nor gold that hath the furnace past  
Appears so pleasing to the sight.

Thy threat'nings wake my slumb'ring eyes,  
And warn me where my danger lies;  
But 'tis Thy blessèd Gospel, Lord,  
That makes my guilty conscience clean,  
Converts my soul, subdues my sin,  
And gives a free, but large reward.

Who knows the errors of his thoughts?  
My God, forgive my secret faults,  
And from presumptuous sins restrain:  
Accept my poor attempts of praise,  
That I have read Thy book of grace,  
And book of nature, not in vain.

Isaac Watts

## Let Dogs Delight To Bark And Bite

Let dogs delight to bark and bite,  
For God hath made them so;  
Let bears and lions growl and fight,  
For 'tis their nature too.  
But, children, you should never let  
Such angry passions rise;  
Your little hands were never made  
To tear each other's eyes.

Isaac Watts



# Love Between Brothers And Sisters

Whatever brawls disturb the street,  
There should be peace at home;  
Where sisters dwell and brothers meet,  
Quarrels should never come.  
Birds in their little nests agree;  
And 'tis a shameful sight,  
When children of one family  
Fall out and chide and fight.

Isaac Watts

# Our Saviour's Golden Rule

Be you to others kind and true,  
As you'd have others be to you;  
And neither do nor say to men  
Whate'er you would not take again.

Isaac Watts

# Praise For Creation And Providence

I sing the mighty power of God,  
that made the mountains rise,  
That spread the flowing seas abroad,  
and built the lofty skies.  
I sing the wisdom that ordained  
the sun to rule the day;  
The moon shines full at God's command,  
and all the stars obey.

I sing the goodness of the Lord,  
who filled the earth with food,  
Who formed the creatures through the Word,  
and then pronounced them good.  
Lord, how Thy wonders are displayed,  
wherever I turn my eye,  
If I survey the ground I tread,  
or gaze upon the sky.

There's not a plant or flower below,  
but makes Thy glories known,  
And clouds arise, and tempests blow,  
by order from Thy throne;  
While all that borrows life from Thee  
is ever in Thy care;  
And everywhere that we can be,  
Thou, God art present there.

Isaac Watts

# Psalm 100

A plain translation. Praise to our Creator.

Ye nations round the earth, rejoice  
Before the Lord, your sovereign King;  
Serve him with cheerful heart and voice,  
With all your tongues his glory sing.

The Lord is God; 'tis he alone  
Doth life, and breath, and being give;  
We are his work, and not our own,  
The sheep that on his pastures live.

Enter his gates with songs of joy,  
With praises to his courts repair;  
And make it your divine employ  
To pay your thanks and honors there.

The Lord is good, the Lord is kind,  
Great is his grace, his mercy sure;  
And the whole race of man shall find  
His truth from age to age endure.

Isaac Watts

# Psalm 101

The magistrate's Psalm.

Mercy and judgment are my song;  
And since they both to thee belong,  
My gracious God, my righteous King,  
To thee my songs and vows I bring.

If I am raised to bear the sword,  
I'll take my counsels from thy word;  
Thy justice and thy heav'nly grace  
Shall be the pattern of my ways.

Let wisdom all my actions guide,  
And let my God with me reside;  
No wicked thing shall dwell with me  
Which may provoke thy jealousy.

No sons of slander, rage, and strife  
Shall be companions of my life;  
The haughty look, the heart of pride,  
Within my doors shall ne'er abide.

[I'll search the land, and raise the just  
To posts of honor, wealth, and trust;  
The men that work thy holy will  
Shall be my friends and fav'rites still.]

In vain shall sinners hope to rise  
By flatt'ring or malicious lies;  
And while the innocent I guard,  
The bold offender sha'n't be spared.

The impious crew, that factious band,  
Shall hide their heads or quit the land;  
And all that break the public rest,  
Where I have power, shall be suppressed.

Isaac Watts

# Psalm 102 Part 1

v.1-13,20,21

C. M.

A prayer of the afflicted.

Hear me, O God, nor hide thy face;  
But answer, lest I die;  
Hast thou not built a throne of grace  
To hear when sinners cry?

My days are wasted like the smoke  
Dissolving in the air;  
My strength is dried, my heart is broke,  
And sinking in despair.

My spirits flag like with'ring grass  
Burnt with excessive heat;  
In secret groans my minutes pass,  
And I forget to eat.

As on some lonely building's top  
The sparrow tells her moan,  
Far from the tents of joy and hope  
I sit and grieve alone.

My soul is like a wilderness,  
Where beasts of midnight howl;  
There the sad raven finds her place,  
And there the screaming owl.

Dark, dismal thoughts, and boding fears,  
Dwell in my troubled breast;  
While sharp reproaches wound my ears,  
Nor give my spirit rest.

My cup is mingled with my woes,  
And tears are my repast;  
My daily bread, like ashes, grows  
Unpleasant to my taste.

Sense can afford no real joy  
To souls that feel thy frown;  
Lord, 'twas thy hand advanced me high,  
Thy hand hath cast me down.

My looks like withered leaves appear;  
And life's declining light  
Grows faint as evening shadows are  
That vanish into night.

But thou for ever art the same,  
O my eternal God;  
Ages to come shall know thy name,  
And spread thy works abroad.

Thou wilt arise and show thy face,  
Nor will my Lord delay  
Beyond th' appointed hour of grace,  
That long-expected day.

He hears his saints, he knows their cry,  
And by mysterious ways  
Redeems the pris'ners doomed to die,  
And fills their tongues with praise.

Isaac Watts

## Psalm 102 Part 2

v.13-21

C. M.

Prayer heard, and Zion restored.

Let Zion and her sons rejoice,  
Behold the promised hour;  
Her God hath heard her mourning voice,  
And comes t' exalt his power.

Her dust and ruins that remain  
Are precious in our eyes;  
Those ruins shall be built again,  
And all that dust shall rise.

The Lord will raise Jerusalem  
And stand in glory there;  
Nations shall bow before his name,  
And kings attend with fear.

He sits a sovereign on his throne,  
With pity in his eyes;  
He hears the dying pris'ners' groan,  
And sees their sighs arise.

He frees the souls condemned to death,  
And when his saints complain,  
It shan't be said, "That praying breath  
Was ever spent in vain."

This shall be known when we are dead,  
And left on long record;  
That ages yet unborn may read,  
And trust, and praise the Lord.

Isaac Watts



# Psalm 102 Part 3

v.23-28

L. M.

Man's mortality, and Christ's eternity.

It is the Lord our Savior's hand  
Weakens our strength amidst the race;  
Disease and death at his command  
Arrest us, and cut short our days.

Spare us, O Lord, aloud we pray,  
Nor let our sun go down at noon;  
Thy years are one eternal day,  
And must thy children die so soon?

Yet in the midst of death and grief  
This thought our sorrow should assuage:  
Our Father and our Savior live;  
Christ is the same through every age.

'Twas he this earth's foundation laid;  
Heav'n is the building of his hand;  
This earth grows old, these heav'ns shall fade  
And all be changed at his command.

The starry curtains of the sky,  
Like garments, shall be laid aside;  
But still thy throne stands firm on high,  
Thy church for ever must abide.

Before thy face thy church shall live,  
And on thy throne thy children reign;  
This dying world shall they survive,  
And the dead saints be raised again.

Isaac Watts

# Psalm 103 Part 1

v.1-7

L. M.

Blessing God for his goodness to soul and body.

Bless, O my soul, the living God,  
Call home thy thoughts that rove abroad;  
Let all the powers within me join  
In work and worship so divine.

Bless, O my soul, the God of grace;  
His favors claim thy highest praise:  
Why should the wonders he hath wrought  
Be lost in silence and forgot?

'Tis he, my soul, that sent his Son  
To die for crimes which thou hast done;  
He owns the ransom, and forgives  
The hourly follies of our lives.

The vices of the mind he heals,  
And cures the pains that nature feels  
Redeems the soul from hell, and saves  
Our wasting life from threat'ning graves.

Our youth decayed, his power repairs;  
His mercy crowns our growing years;  
He satisfies our mouth with good,  
And fills our hopes with heav'nly food.

He sees th' oppressor and th' oppressed,  
And often gives the suff'ers rest;  
But will his justice more display  
In the last great rewarding day.

[His power he showed by Moses' hands,  
And gave to Isr'el his commands;  
But sent his truth and mercy down  
To all the nations by his Son.

Let the whole earth his power confess,  
Let the whole earth adore his grace;  
The Gentile with the Jew shall join  
In work and worship so divine.]

Isaac Watts

## Psalm 103 Part 2

v.8-18

L. M.

God's gentle chastisement; or, His tender mercy to his people.

The Lord, how wondrous are his ways!  
How firm his truth! how large his grace!  
He takes his mercy for his throne,  
And thence he makes his glories known.

Not half so high his power hath spread  
The starry heav'ns above our head,  
As his rich love exceeds our praise,  
Exceeds the highest hopes we raise.

Not half so far hath nature placed  
The rising morning from the west,  
As his forgiving grace removes  
The daily guilt of those he loves.

How slowly doth his wrath arise!  
On swifter wings salvation flies;  
And if he lets his anger burn,  
How soon his frowns to pity turn

Amidst his wrath compassion shines;  
His strokes are lighter than our sins  
And while his rod corrects his saints,  
His ear indulges their complaints.

So fathers their young sons chastise  
With gentle hand and melting eyes;  
The children weep beneath the smart,  
And move the pity of their heart.

PAUSE.

The mighty God, the wise and just,  
Knows that our frame is feeble dust;  
And will no heavy loads impose

Beyond the strength that he bestows.

He knows how soon our nature dies,  
Blasted by every wind that flies;  
Like grass we spring, and die as soon,  
Or morning flowers that fade at noon.

But his eternal love is sure  
To all the saints, and shall endure;  
From age to age his truth shall reign,  
Nor children's children hope in vain.

Isaac Watts

# Psalm 103 Part 3

v.19-22

S. M.

God's universal dominion; or, Angels praise the Lord.

The Lord, the sovereign King,  
Hath fixed his throne on high;  
O'er all the heav'nly world he rules,  
And all beneath the sky.

Ye angels, great in might,  
And swift to do his will,  
Bless ye the Lord, whose voice ye hear,  
Whose pleasure ye fulfil.

Let the bright hosts who wait  
The orders of their King,  
And guard his churches when they pray,  
Join in the praise they sing.

While all his wondrous works  
Through his vast kingdom show  
Their Maker's glory, thou, my soul,  
Shalt sing his graces too.

Isaac Watts

# Psalm 104

The glory of God in creation and providence.

My soul, thy great Creator praise:  
When clothed in his celestial rays,  
He in full majesty appears,  
And, like a robe, his glory wears.

The heav'ns are for his curtains spread,  
The unfathomed deep he makes his bed.  
Clouds are his chariot when he flies  
On winged storms across the skies.

Angels, whom his own breath inspires,  
His ministers, are flaming fires;  
And swift as thought their armies move  
To bear his vengeance or his love.

The world's foundations by his hand  
Are poised, and shall for ever stand;  
He binds the ocean in his chain,  
Lest it should drown the earth again.

When earth was covered with the flood,  
Which high above the mountains stood,  
He thundered, and the ocean fled,  
Confined to its appointed bed.

The swelling billows know their bound,  
And in their channels walk their round;  
Yet thence conveyed by secret veins,  
They spring on hills and drench the plains.

He bids the crystal fountains flow,  
And cheer the valleys as they go;  
Tame heifers there their thirst allay,  
And for the stream wild asses bray.

From pleasant trees which shade the brink,  
The lark and linnet light to drink

Their songs the lark and linnet raise,  
And chide our silence in his praise.

PAUSE I.

God from his cloudy cistern pours  
On the parched earth enriching showers;  
The grove, the garden, and the field,  
A thousand joyful blessings yield.

He makes the grassy food arise,  
And gives the cattle large supplies  
With herbs for man of various power,  
To nourish nature or to dire.

What noble fruit the vines produce!  
The olive yields a shining juice;  
Our hearts are cheered with gen'rous wine,  
With inward joy our faces shine.

O bless his name, ye Britons, fed  
With nature's chief supporter, bread;  
While bread your vital strength imparts,  
Serve him with vigor in your hearts.

PAUSE II.

Behold, the stately cedar stands,  
Raised in the forest by his hands;  
Birds to the boughs for shelter fly,  
And build their nests secure on high.

To craggy hills ascends the goat,  
And at the airy mountain's foot  
The feebler creatures make their cell;  
He gives them wisdom where to dwell.

He sets the sun his circling race,  
Appoints the moon to change her face;  
And when thick darkness veils the day,  
Calls out wild beasts to hunt their prey.



Fierce lions lead their young abroad,  
And, roaring, ask their meat from God;  
But when the morning beams arise,  
The savage beast to covert flies.

Then man to daily labor goes;  
The night was made for his repose;  
Sleep is thy gift, that sweet relief  
From tiresome toil and wasting grief.

How strange thy works! how great thy skill!  
And every land thy riches fill:  
Thy wisdom round the world we see;  
This spacious earth is full of thee.

Nor less thy glories in the deep,  
Where fish in millions swim and creep  
With wondrous motions, swift or slow,  
Still wand'ring in the paths below.

There ships divide their wat'ry way,  
And flocks of scaly monsters play;  
There dwells the huge leviathan,  
And foams and sports in spite of man.

PAUSE III.

Vast are thy works, Almighty Lord;  
All nature rests upon thy word,  
And the whole race of creatures stands  
Waiting their portion from thy hands.

While each receives his diff'rent food,  
Their cheerful looks pronounce it good:  
Eagles and bears, and whales and worms,  
Rejoice and praise in diff'rent forms.

But when thy face is hid, they mourn,  
And, dying, to their dust return;  
Both man and beast their souls resign;  
Life, breath, and spirit, all is thine.

Yet thou canst breathe on dust again,  
And fill the world with beasts and men;  
A word of thy creating breath  
Repairs the wastes of time and death.

His works, the wonders of his might,  
Are honored with his own delight;  
How awful are his glorious ways!  
The Lord is dreadful in his praise.

The earth stands trembling at thy stroke,  
And at thy touch the mountains smoke;  
Yet humble souls may see thy face,  
And tell their wants to sovereign grace.

In thee my hopes and wishes meet,  
And make my meditations sweet;  
Thy praises shall my breath employ,  
Till it expire in endless joy.

While haughty sinners die accursed,  
Their glory buried with their dust,  
I to my God, my heav'nly King,  
Immortal hallelujahs sing.

Isaac Watts

# Psalm 105 Abridged

God's conduct of Israel, and the plagues of Egypt.

Give thanks to God, invoke his name,  
And tell the world his grace;  
Sound through the earth his deeds of fame,  
That all may seek his face.

His cov'nant, which he kept in mind  
For num'rous ages past,  
To num'rous ages yet behind  
In equal force shall last.

He sware to Abraham and his seed,  
And made the blessing sure;  
Gentiles the ancient promise read,  
And find his truth endure.

"Thy seed shall make all nations blest,"  
(Said the Almighty voice,)  
"And Canaan's land shall be their rest,  
The type of heav'nly joys."

[How large the grant! how rich the grace,  
To give them Canaan's land,  
When they were strangers in the place,  
A little feeble band!

Like pilgrims through the countries round  
Securely they removed;  
And haughty kings that on them frowned  
Severely he reprov'd.

"Touch mine anointed, and my arm  
Shall soon revenge the wrong:  
The man that does my prophets harm,  
Shall know their God is strong."

Then let the world forbear its rage,  
Nor put the church in fear;

Isr'el must live through every age,  
And be th' Almighty's care.]

PAUSE I.

When Pharaoh dared to vex the saints,  
And thus provoked their God,  
Moses was sent at their complaints,  
Armed with his dreadful rod.

He called for darkness; darkness came  
Like an o'erwhelming flood;  
He turned each lake and every stream  
To lakes and streams of blood.

He gave the sign, and noisome flies  
Through the whole country spread;  
And frogs in croaking armies rise  
About the monarch's bed.

Through fields, and towns, and palaces,  
The tenfold vengeance flew;  
Locusts in swarms devoured their trees,  
And hail their cattle slew.

Then by an angel's midnight stroke  
The flower of Egypt died;  
The strength of every house was broke,  
Their glory and their pride.

Now let the world forbear its rage,  
Nor put the church in fear;  
Isr'el must live through every age,  
And be th' Almighty's care.

PAUSE II.

Thus were the tribes from bondage brought,  
And left the hated ground;  
Each some Egyptian spoils had got,  
And not one feeble found.

The Lord himself chose out their way,  
And marked their journeys right;  
Gave them a leading cloud by day,  
A fiery guide by night.

They thirst, and waters from the rock  
In rich abundance flow;  
And following still the course they took,  
Ran all the desert through.

O wondrous stream! O blessed type  
Of ever-flowing grace!  
So Christ, our Rock, maintains our life  
Through all this wilderness.

Thus guarded by th' Almighty hand,  
The chosen tribes possessed  
Canaan, the rich, the promised land,  
And there enjoyed their rest.

Then let the world forbear its rage,  
The church renounce her fear;  
Isr'el must live through every age,  
And be th' Almighty's care.

Isaac Watts

# Psalm 106 Part 1

v.1-5

L. M.

Praise to God; or, Communion with saints.

To God, the great, the ever-blest,  
Let songs of honor be addressed;  
His mercy firm for ever stands  
Give him the thanks his love demands.

Who knows the wonders of thy ways?  
Who shall fulfil thy boundless praise?  
Blest are the souls that fear thee still,  
And pay their duty to thy will.

Remember what thy mercy did  
For Jacob's race, thy chosen seed;  
And with the same salvation bless  
The meanest suppliant of thy grace.

O may I see thy tribes rejoice,  
And aid their triumphs with my voice!  
This is my glory, Lord, to be  
Joined to thy saints, and near to thee.

Isaac Watts

## Psalm 106 Part 2

v.7,8,12ff

S. M.

Israel punished and pardoned; or, God's unchangeable love.

God of eternal love,  
How fickle are our ways!  
And yet how oft did Isr'el prove  
Thy constancy of grace!

They saw thy wonders wrought,  
And then thy praise they sung;  
But soon thy works of power forgot,  
And murmured with their tongue.

Now they believe his word  
While rocks with rivers flow;  
Now with their lusts provoke the Lord,  
And he reduced them low.

Yet when they mourned their faults,  
He hearkened to their groans,  
Brought his own cov'nant to his thoughts,  
And called them still his sons.

Their names were in his book,  
He saved them from their foes  
Oft he chastised, but ne'er forsook  
The people that he chose.

Let Isr'el bless the Lord,  
Who loved their ancient race  
And Christians join the solemn word,  
Amen, to all the praise.

Isaac Watts

# Psalm 107 Last Part

Colonies planted; or, Nations blessed and punished.  
A Psalm for New England.

When God, provoked with daring crimes,  
Scourges the madness of the times,  
He turns their fields to barren sand,  
And dries the rivers from the land.

His word can raise the springs again,  
And make the withered mountains green;  
Send showery blessings from the skies,  
And harvests in the desert rise.

[Where nothing dwelt but beasts of prey,  
Or men as fierce and wild as they,  
He bids th' oppressed and poor repair,  
And builds them towns and cities there.

They sow the fields, and trees they plant,  
Whose yearly fruit supplies their want;  
Their race grows up from fruitful stocks,  
Their wealth increases with their flocks.

Thus they are blessed; but if they sin,  
He lets the heathen nations in;  
A savage crew invades their lands,  
Their princes die by barb'rous hands.

Their captive sons, exposed to scorn,  
Wander unpitied and forlorn;  
The country lies unfenced, untilled,  
And desolation spreads the field.

Yet if the humbled nation mourns,  
Again his dreadful hand he turns;  
Again he makes their cities thrive,  
And bids the dying churches live.]

The righteous, with a joyful sense,



Admire the works of Providence;  
And tongues of atheists shall no more  
BlaspHEME the God that saints adore.

How few with pious care record  
These wondrous dealings of the Lord!  
But wise observers still shall find  
The Lord is holy, just, and kind.

Isaac Watts

# Psalm 107 Part 1

Israel led to Canaan, and Christians to heaven.

Give thanks to God; he reigns above;  
Kind are his thoughts, his name is Love;  
His mercy ages past have known,  
And ages long to come shall own.

Let the redeemed of the Lord  
The wonders of his grace record;  
Isr'el, the nation whom he chose,  
And rescued from their mighty foes.

[When God's almighty arm had broke  
Their fetters and th' Egyptian yoke,  
They traced the desert, wand'ring round  
A wild and solitary ground.

There they could find no leading road,  
Nor city for a fixed abode;  
Nor food, nor fountain, to assuage  
Their burning thirst or hunger's rage.]

In their distress, to God they cried  
God was their Savior and their Guide;  
He led their march far wand'ring round,  
'Twas the right path to Canaan's ground.

Thus, when our first release we gain  
From sin's old yoke, and Satan's chain,  
We have this desert world to pass,  
A dangerous and a tiresome place.

He feeds and clothes us all the way,  
He guides our footsteps lest we stray,  
He guards us with a powerful hand,  
And brings us to the heav'nly land.

O let the saints with joy record  
The truth and goodness of the Lord!

How great his works! how kind his ways!  
Let every tongue pronounce his praise.

Isaac Watts

## Psalm 107 Part 2

Correction for sin, and release by prayer.

From age to age exalt his name;  
God and his grace are still the same;  
He fills the hungry soul with food,  
And feeds the poor with every good.

But if their hearts rebel and rise  
Against the God that rules the skies;  
If they reject his heav'nly word,  
And slight the counsels of the Lord

He'll bring their spirits to the ground,  
And no deliv'rer shall be found;  
Laden with grief, they waste their breath  
In darkness and the shades of death.

Then to the Lord they raise their cries;  
He makes the dawning light arise,  
And scatters all that dismal shade  
That hung so heavy round their head.

He cuts the bars of brass in two,  
And lets the smiling pris'ners through;  
Takes off the load of guilt and grief,  
And gives the lab'ring soul relief.

O may the sons of men record  
The wondrous goodness of the Lord  
How great his works! how kind his ways!  
Let every tongue pronounce his praise.

Isaac Watts

## Psalm 107 Part 3

Intemperance punished and pardoned.

Vain man, on foolish pleasures bent,  
Prepares for his own punishment;  
What pains, what loathsome maladies,  
From luxury and lust arise!

The drunkard feels his vitals waste,  
Yet drowns his health to please his taste;  
Till all his active powers are lost,  
And fainting life draws near the dust.

The glutton groans, and loathes to eat,  
His soul abhors delicious meat;  
Nature, with heavy loads oppressed,  
Would yield to death to be released.

Then how the frightened sinners fly  
To God for help with earnest cry!  
He hears their groans, prolongs their breath,  
And saves them from approaching death.

No med'cines could effect the cure  
So quick, so easy, or so sure;  
The deadly sentence God repeals,  
He sends his sovereign word, and heals.

O may the sons of men record  
The wondrous goodness of the Lord!  
And let their thankful off'rings prove  
How they adore their Maker's love

Isaac Watts

## Psalm 107 Part 4

Deliverance from storms and shipwreck; or, The seaman's song.

Would you behold the works of God,  
His wonders in the world abroad,  
Go with the mariners, and trace  
The unknown regions of the seas.

They leave their native shores behind,  
And seize the favor of the wind;  
Till God command, and tempests rise  
That heave the ocean to the skies.

Now to the heav'ns they mount amain,  
Now sink to dreadful deeps again;  
What strange affrights young sailors feel,  
And like a stagg'ring drunkard reel!

When land is far, and death is nigh,  
Lost to all hope, to God they cry;  
His mercy hears the loud address,  
And sends salvation in distress.

He bids the winds their wrath assuage,  
The furious waves forget their rage;  
'Tis calm, and sailors smile to see  
The haven where they wished to be.

O may the sons of men record  
The wondrous goodness of the Lord!  
Let them their private off'rings bring,  
And in the church his glory sing.

Isaac Watts

# Psalm 109

v.1-5,31

C. M.

Love to enemies from the example of Christ.

God of my mercy and my praise,  
Thy glory is my song,  
Though sinners speak against thy grace  
With a blaspheming tongue.

When in the form of mortal man  
Thy Son on earth was found,  
With cruel slanders, false and vain,  
They compassed him around.

Their miseries his compassion move,  
Their peace he still pursued;  
They render hatred for his love,  
And evil for his good.

Their malice raged without a cause,  
Yet, with his dying breath,  
He prayed for murderers on his cross,  
And blessed his foes in death.

Lord, shall thy bright example shine  
In vain before my eyes?  
Give me a soul akin to thine,  
To love my enemies.

The Lord shall on my side engage,  
And, in my Savior's name,  
I shall defeat their pride and rage  
Who slander and condemn.

Isaac Watts

# Psalm 11

God loves the righteous and hates the wicked.

My refuge is the God of love;  
Why do my foes insult and cry,  
"Fly like a tim'rous, trembling dove,  
To distant woods or mountains fly?"

If government be all destroyed,  
(That firm foundation of our peace,)  
And violence make justice void,  
Where shall the righteous seek redress?

The Lord in heav'n has fixed his throne,  
His eye surveys the world below:  
To him all mortal things are known,  
His eyelids search our spirits through.

If he afflicts his saints so far,  
To prove their love and try their grace,  
What may the bold transgressors fear?  
His very soul abhors their ways.

On impious wretches he shall rain  
Tempests of brimstone, fire, and death;  
Such as he kindled on the plain  
Of Sodom, with his angry breath.

The righteous Lord loves righteous souls,  
Whose thoughts and actions are sincere;  
And with a gracious eye beholds  
The men that his own image bear.

Isaac Watts



# Psalm 110

Christ's kingdom and priesthood.

Jesus, our Lord, ascend thy throne,  
And near the Father sit;  
In Zion shall thy power be known,  
And make thy foes submit.

What wonders shall thy gospel do!  
Thy converts shall surpass  
The num'rous drops of morning dew,  
And own thy sovereign grace.

God hath pronounced a firm decree,  
Nor changes what he swore:  
"Eternal shall thy priesthood be,  
When Aaron is no more.

"Melchizedek, that wondrous priest,  
That king of high degree,  
That holy man who Abraham blessed,  
Was but a type of thee."

Jesus our Priest for ever lives  
To plead for us above;  
Jesus our King for ever gives  
The blessings of his love.

God shall exalt his glorious head,  
And his high throne maintain;  
Shall strike the powers and princes dead  
Who dare oppose his reign.

Isaac Watts

# Psalm 110 Part 1

Christ exalted, and multitudes converted; or, The success of the gospel.

Thus the eternal Father spake  
To Christ the Son: "Ascend and sit  
At my right hand, till I shall make  
Thy foes submissive at thy feet.

"From Zion shall thy word proceed;  
Thy word, the sceptre in thy hand,  
Shall make the hearts of rebels bleed,  
And bow their wills to thy command.

"That day shall show thy power is great,  
When saints shall flock with willing minds,  
And sinners crowd thy temple gate,  
Where holiness in beauty shines."

O blessed power! O glorious day!  
What a large vict'ry shall ensue!  
And converts, who thy grace obey,  
Exceed the drops of morning dew.

Isaac Watts

## Psalm 111 Part 2

The perfections of God.

Great is the Lord; his works of might  
Demand our noblest songs:  
Let his assembled saints unite  
Their harmony of tongues.

Great is the mercy of the Lord;  
He gives his children food;  
And, ever mindful of his word,  
He makes his promise good.

His Son, the great Redeemer, came  
To seal his cov'nant sure;  
Holy and reverend is his name,  
His ways are just and pure.

They that would grow divinely wise  
Must with his fear begin;  
Our fairest proof of knowledge lies  
In hating every sin.

Isaac Watts

# Psalm 112

The blessings of the liberal man.

That man is blest who stands in awe  
Of God, and loves his sacred law:  
His seed on earth shall be renowned;  
His house the seat of wealth shall be,  
An inexhausted treasury,  
And with successive honors crowned.

His lib'ral favors he extends,  
To some he gives, to others lends;  
A gen'rous pity fills his mind:  
Yet what his charity impairs,  
He saves by prudence in affairs  
And thus he's just to all mankind.

His hands, while they his alms bestowed,  
His glory's future harvest sowed;  
The sweet remembrance of the just,  
Like a green root, revives and bears  
A train of blessings for his heirs,  
When dying nature sleeps in dust.

Beset with threat'ning dangers round,  
Unmoved shall he maintain his ground;  
His conscience holds his courage up:  
The soul that's filled with virtue's light,  
Shines brightest in affliction's night,  
And sees in darkness beams of hope.

PAUSE.

[Ill tidings never can surprise  
His heart that fixed on God relies,  
Though waves and tempests roar around:  
Safe on the rock he sits, and sees  
The shipwreck of his enemies,  
And all their hope and glory drowned.

The wicked shall his triumph see,  
And gnash their teeth in agony,  
To find their expectations crossed;  
They and their envy, pride, and spite,  
Sink down to everlasting night,  
And all their names in darkness lost.]

Isaac Watts

# Psalm 113

Proper tune.

The majesty and condescension of God.

Ye that delight to serve the Lord,  
The honors of his name record,  
His sacred name for ever bless;  
Where'er the circling sun displays  
His rising beams, or setting rays,  
Let lands and seas his power confess.

Not time, nor nature's narrow rounds,  
Can give his vast dominion bounds,  
The heav'ns are far below his height:  
Let no created greatness dare  
With our eternal God compare,  
Armed with his uncreated might.

He bows his glorious head to view  
What the bright hosts of angels do,  
And bends his care to mortal things;  
His sovereign hand exalts the poor,  
He takes the needy from the door,  
And makes them company for kings.

When childless families despair,  
He sends the blessing of an heir,  
To rescue their expiring name;  
The mother, with a thankful voice,  
Proclaims his praises and her joys:  
Let every age advance his fame.

Isaac Watts

# Psalm 114

Miracles attending Israel's journey.

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

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

The mountains shook like frightened sheep,  
Like lambs the little hillocks leap;  
Not Sinai on her base could stand,  
Conscious of sovereign power at hand.

What power could make the deep divide?  
Make Jordan backward roll his tide?  
Why did ye leap, ye little hills?  
And whence the fright that Sinai feels?

Let every mountain, every flood,  
Retire and know th' approaching God,  
The King of Isr'el: see him here;  
Tremble, thou earth, adore and fear.

He thunders, and all nature mourns;  
The rock to standing pools he turns;  
Flints spring with fountains at his word,  
And fires and seas confess the Lord.

Isaac Watts

# Psalm 115

The true God our refuge; or, Idolatry reprov'd.

Not to ourselves, who are but dust,  
Not to ourselves is glory due,  
Eternal God, thou only just,  
Thou only gracious, wise, and true.

Shine forth in all thy dreadful name;  
Why should a heathen's haughty tongue  
Insult us, and, to raise our shame,  
Say, "Where's the God you've served so long?"

The God we serve maintains his throne  
Above the clouds, beyond the skies;  
Through all the earth his will is done;  
He knows our groans, he hears our cries.

But the vain idols they adore  
Are senseless shapes of stone and wood;  
At best a mass of glitt'ring ore,  
A silver saint or golden god.

[With eyes and ears they carve their head;  
Deaf are their ears, their eyes are blind;  
In vain are costly off'rings made,  
And vows are scattered in the wind.

Their feet were never made to move,  
Nor hands to save when mortals pray;  
Mortals that pay them fear or love  
Seem to be blind and deaf as they.]

O Isr'el! make the Lord thy hope,  
Thy help, thy refuge, and thy rest;  
The Lord shall build thy ruins up,  
And bless the people and the priest.

The dead no more can speak thy praise,  
They dwell in silence and the grave;



But we shall live to sing thy grace,  
And tell the world thy power to save.

Isaac Watts

# Psalm 116 Part 1

Recovery from sickness.

I love the Lord; he heard my cries,  
And pitied every groan;  
Long as I live, when troubles rise,  
I'll hasten to his throne.

I love the Lord; he bowed his ear,  
And chased my griefs away;  
O let my heart no more despair,  
While I have breath to pray!

My flesh declined, my spirits fell,  
And I drew near the dead;  
While inward pangs and fears of hell  
Perplexed my wakeful head.

"My God," I cried, "thy servant save,  
"Thou ever good and just;  
Thy power can rescue from the grave,  
Thy power is all my trust."

The Lord beheld me sore distressed,  
He bid my pains remove  
Return, my soul, to God thy rest,  
For thou hast known his love.

My God hath saved my soul from death,  
And dried my falling tears;  
Now to his praise I'll spend my breath,  
And my remaining years.

Isaac Watts

## Psalm 116 Part 2

v.12ff

C. M.

Vows made in trouble paid in the church.

What shall I render to my God  
For all his kindness shown?  
My feet shall visit thine abode,  
My songs address thy throne.

Among the saints that fill thine house  
My off'rings shall be paid;  
There shall my zeal perform the vows  
My soul in anguish made.

How much is mercy thy delight,  
Thou ever-blessed God!  
How dear thy servants in thy sight!  
How precious is their blood!

How happy all thy servants are!  
How great thy grace to me!  
My life, which thou hast made thy care,  
Lord, I devote to thee.

Now I am thine, for ever thine,  
Nor shall my purpose move  
Thy hand hath loosed my bonds of pain,  
And bound me with thy love.

Here in thy courts I leave my vow,  
And thy rich grace record;  
Witness, ye saints, who hear me now,  
If I forsake the Lord.

Isaac Watts

# Psalm 117

Praise to God from all nations.

O all ye nations, praise the Lord,  
Each with a diff'rent tongue;  
In every language learn his word,  
And let his name be sung.

His mercy reigns through every land;  
Proclaim his grace abroad;  
For ever firm his truth shall stand  
Praise ye the faithful God.

Isaac Watts

# Psalm 118

v.22-27

S. M.

An hosanna for the Lord's day; or, A new song of salvation by Christ.

See what a living stone  
The builders did refuse;  
Yet God hath built his church thereon,  
In spite of envious Jews.

The scribe and angry priest  
Reject thine only Son;  
Yet on this Rock shall Zion rest,  
As the chief corner-stone.

The work, O Lord, is thine,  
And wondrous in our eyes;  
This day declares it all divine,  
This day did Jesus rise.

This is the glorious day  
That our Redeemer made;  
Let us rejoice, and sing, and pray,  
Let all the church be glad.

Hosanna to the King  
Of David's royal blood;  
Bless him, ye saints, he comes to bring  
Salvation from your God.

We bless thine holy word,  
Which all this grace displays;  
And offer on thine altar, Lord,  
Our sacrifice of praise.

Isaac Watts

# Psalm 118 Part 1

v.6-15

C. M.

Deliverance from a tumult.

The Lord appears my helper now,  
Nor is my faith afraid  
What all the sons of earth can do,  
Since heav'n affords its aid.

'Tis safer, Lord, to hope in thee,  
And have my God my friend,  
Than trust in men of high degree,  
And on their truth depend.

Like bees, my foes beset me round,  
A large and angry swarm;  
But I shall all their rage confound  
By thine almighty arm.

'Tis through the Lord my heart is strong,  
In him my lips rejoice;  
While his salvation is my song,  
How cheerful is my voice!

Like angry bees, they girt me round;  
When God appears they fly;  
So burning thorns, with crackling sound,  
Make a fierce blaze and die.

Joy to the saints and peace belongs;  
The Lord protects their days:  
Let Isr'el tune immortal songs  
To his almighty grace.

Isaac Watts

## Psalm 118 Part 2

v.17-21

C. M.

Public praise for deliverance from death.

Lord, thou hast heard thy servant cry  
And rescued from the grave;  
Now shall he live; and none can die,  
If God resolve to save.

Thy praise, more constant than before,  
Shall fill his daily breath;  
Thy hand, that hath chastised him sore,  
Defends him still from death.

Open the gates of Zion now,  
For we shall worship there;  
The house where all the righteous go  
Thy mercy to declare.

Among th' assemblies of thy saints  
Our thankful voice we raise;  
There we have told thee our complaints,  
And there we speak thy praise.

Isaac Watts

# Psalm 118 Part 3

v.22,23

C. M.

Christ the foundation of his church.

Behold the sure foundation-stone  
Which God in Zion lays,  
To build our heav'nly hopes upon,  
And his eternal praise.

Chosen of God, to sinners dear,  
And saints adore the name;  
They trust their whole salvation here,  
Nor shall they suffer shame.

The foolish builders, scribe and priest,  
Reject it with disdain;  
Yet on this Rock the church shall rest,  
And envy rage in vain.

What though the gates of hell withstood,  
Yet must this building rise;  
'Tis thy own work, almighty God,  
And wondrous in our eyes.

Isaac Watts



# Psalm 118 Part 4

v.24-26

C. M.

Hosanna; the Lord's day; or, Christ's resurrection and our salvation.

This is the day the Lord hath made,  
He calls the hours his own;  
Let heav'n rejoice, let earth be glad,  
And praise surround the throne.

Today he rose and left the dead,  
And Satan's empire fell;  
Today the saints his triumphs spread,  
And all his wonders tell.

Hosanna to th' anointed King,  
To David's holy Son;  
Help us, O Lord; descend and bring  
Salvation from thy throne.

Blest be the Lord, who comes to men  
With messages of grace;  
Who comes in God his Father's name  
To save our sinful race.

Hosanna in the highest strains  
The church on earth can raise;  
The highest heav'ns, in which he reigns,  
Shall give him nobler praise.

Isaac Watts

# Psalm 119 Part 1

The blessedness of saints, and misery of sinners.

ver. 1-3

Blest are the undefiled in heart,  
Whose ways are right and clean;  
Who never from thy law depart,  
But fly from every sin.

Blest are the men that keep thy word,  
And practise thy commands;  
With their whole heart they seek the Lord,  
And serve thee with their hands.

ver. 165

Great is their peace who love thy law;  
How firm their souls abide!  
Nor can a bold temptation draw  
Their steady feet aside.

ver. 6

Then shall my heart have inward joy,  
And keep my face from shame,  
When all thy statutes I obey,  
And honor all thy name.

ver. 21,118

But haughty sinners God will hate,  
The proud shall die accursed;  
The sons of falsehood and deceit  
Are trodden to the dust.

ver. 119,155

Vile as the dross the wicked are;  
And those that leave thy ways

Shall see salvation from afar,  
But never taste thy grace.

Isaac Watts

## Psalm 119 Part 10

Pleading the promises.

ver. 38,49

Behold thy waiting servant, Lord,  
Devoted to thy fear;  
Remember and confirm thy word,  
For all my hopes are there.

ver. 41,58,107

Hast thou not writ salvation down,  
And promised quick'ning grace?  
Doth not my heart address thy throne?  
And yet thy love delays.

ver. 123,42

Mine eyes for thy salvation fail;  
O bear thy servant up!  
Nor let the scoffing lips prevail  
Who dare reproach my hope.

ver. 49,74

Didst thou not raise my faith, O Lord?  
Then let thy truth appear:  
Saints shall rejoice in my reward,  
And trust as well as fear.

Isaac Watts

# Psalm 119 Part 11

Breathing after holiness.

ver. 5,33

O that the Lord would guide my ways  
To keep his statutes still!  
O that my God would grant me grace  
To know and do his will!

ver. 29

O send thy Spirit down to write  
Thy law upon my heart!  
Nor let my tongue indulge deceit,  
Nor act the liar's part.

ver. 37,36

From vanity turn off my eyes;  
Let no corrupt design,  
Nor covetous desires, arise  
Within this soul of mine.

ver. 133

Order my footsteps by thy word,  
And make my heart sincere;  
Let sin have no dominion, Lord,  
But keep my conscience clear.

ver. 176

My soul hath gone too far astray,  
My feet too often slip;  
Yet since I've not forgot thy way,  
Restore thy wand'ring sheep.

ver. 35

Make me to walk in thy commands,  
'Tis a delightful road;  
Nor let my head, or heart, or hands,  
Offend against my God.

Isaac Watts

# Psalm 119 Part 12

Breathing after comfort and deliverance.

ver. 153

My God, consider my distress,  
Let mercy plead my cause;  
Though I have sinned against thy grace,  
I can't forget thy laws.

ver. 39,116

Forbid, forbid the sharp reproach  
Which I so justly fear;  
Uphold my life, uphold my hopes,  
Not let my shame appear.

ver. 122,135

Be thou a surety, Lord, for me,  
Nor let the proud oppress;  
But make thy waiting servant see  
The shining of thy face.

ver. 82

My eyes with expectation fail,  
My heart within me cries,  
"When will the Lord his truth fulfil,  
And make my comforts rise?"

ver. 132

Look down upon my sorrows, Lord,  
And show thy grace the same  
As thou art ever wont t' afford  
To those that love thy name.

Isaac Watts

## Psalm 119 Part 13

Holy fear, and tenderness of conscience.

ver. 10

With my whole heart I've sought thy face:  
O let me never stray  
From thy commands, O God of grace,  
Nor tread the sinner's way.

ver. 11

Thy word I've hid within my heart  
To keep my conscience clean,  
And be an everlasting guard  
From every rising sin.

ver. 63,53,158

I'm a companion of the saints  
Who fear and love the Lord;  
My sorrows rise, my nature faints,  
When men transgress thy word.

ver. 161,163

While sinners do thy gospel wrong  
My spirit stands in awe;  
My soul abhors a lying tongue,  
But loves thy righteous law.

ver. 161,120

My heart with sacred rev'rence hears  
The threat'nings of thy word;  
My flesh with holy trembling fears  
The judgments of the Lord.

ver. 166,174



My God, I long, I hope, I wait,  
For thy salvation still;  
While thy whole law is my delight,  
And I obey thy will.

Isaac Watts

## Psalm 119 Part 14

Benefit of afflictions, and support under them.

ver. 153,81,82

Consider all my sorrows, Lord,  
And thy deliv'rance send;  
My soul for thy salvation faints  
When will my troubles end?

ver. 71

Yet I have found 'tis good for me  
To bear my Father's rod;  
Afflictions make me learn thy law,  
And live upon my God.

ver. 50

This is the comfort I enjoy  
When new distress begins-  
I read thy word, I run thy way,  
And hate my former sins.

ver. 92

Had not thy word been my delight  
When earthly joys were fled,  
My soul, oppressed with sorrow's weight  
Had sunk amongst the dead.

ver. 75

I know thy judgments, Lord, are right,  
Though they may seem severe;  
The sharpest suff'rings I endure  
Flow from thy faithful care.

ver. 67

Before I knew thy chast'ning rod  
My feet were apt to stray;  
But now I learn to keep thy word,  
Nor wander from thy way.

Isaac Watts

## Psalm 119 Part 16

Prayer for quickening grace.

ver. 25,37

My soul lies cleaving to the dust;  
Lord, give me life divine;  
From vain desires and every lust  
Turn off these eyes of mine.

I need the influence of thy grace  
To speed me in thy way,  
Lest I should loiter in my race,  
Or turn my feet astray.

ver. 107

When sore afflictions press me down,  
I need thy quick'ning powers;  
Thy word that I have rested on  
Shall help my heaviest hours.

ver. 156,40

Are not thy mercies sovereign still,  
And thou a faithful God?  
Wilt thou not grant me warmer zeal  
To run the heav'nly road?

ver. 159,40

Does not my heart thy precepts love,  
And long to see thy face?  
And yet how slow my spirits move  
Without enliv'ning grace!

ver. 93

Then shall I love thy gospel more,  
And ne'er forget thy word,

When I have felt its quick'ning power,  
To draw me near the Lord.

Isaac Watts

## Psalm 119 Part 17

Courage and perseverance under persecution.

ver. 143, 28

When pain and anguish seize me, Lord,  
All my support is from thy word:  
My soul dissolves for heaviness;  
Uphold me with thy strength'ning grace.

ver. 51,69,110

The proud have framed their scoffs and lies,  
They watch my feet with envious eyes,  
And tempt my soul to snares and sin,  
Yet thy commands I ne'er decline.

ver. 161,78

They hate me, Lord, without a cause,  
They hate to see me love thy laws;  
But I will trust and fear thy name,  
Till pride and malice die with shame.

Isaac Watts

## Psalm 119 Part 2

Secret devotion and spiritual-mindedness.

ver. 147,55

To thee, before the dawning light  
My gracious God, I pray;  
I meditate thy name by night,  
And keep thy law by day.

ver. 81

My spirit faints to see thy grace,  
Thy promise bears me up;  
And while salvation long delays,  
Thy word supports my hope.

ver. 164

Seven times a day I lift my hands,  
And pay my thanks to thee;  
Thy righteous providence demands  
Repeated praise from me.

ver. 62

When midnight darkness veils the skies,  
I call thy works to mind;  
My thoughts in warm devotion rise,  
And sweet acceptance find.

Isaac Watts

## Psalm 119 Part 3

Professions of sincerity, repentance, and obedience.

ver. 57,60

Thou art my portion, O my God;  
Soon as I know thy way,  
My heart makes haste t' obey thy word,  
And suffers no delay.

ver. 30,14

I choose the path of heav'nly truth,  
And glory in my choice;  
Not all the riches of the earth  
Could make me so rejoice.

The testimonies of thy grace  
I set before my eyes;  
Thence I derive my daily strength,  
And there my comfort lies.

ver. 59

If once I wander from thy path,  
I think upon my ways,  
Then turn my feet to thy commands,  
And trust thy pard'ning grace.

ver. 94,114

Now I am thine, for ever thine,  
O save thy servant, Lord;  
Thou art my shield, my hiding-place;  
My hope is in thy word.

ver. 112

Thou hast inclined this heart of mine  
Thy statutes to fulfil;



And thus, till mortal life shall end,  
Would I perform thy will.

Isaac Watts

## Psalm 119 Part 4

Instruction from scripture.

ver. 9

How shall the young secure their hearts,  
And guard their lives from sin?  
Thy word the choicest rules imparts  
To keep the conscience clean.

ver. 130

When once it enters to the mind,  
It spreads such light abroad,  
The meanest souls instruction find,  
And raise their thoughts to God.

ver. 105

'Tis like the sun, a heav'nly light,  
That guides us all the day;  
And through the dangers of the night,  
A lamp to lead our way.

ver. 99,100

The men that keep thy law with care,  
And meditate thy word,  
Grow wiser than their teachers are,  
And better know the Lord.

ver. 104,113

Thy precepts make me truly wise:  
I hate the sinner's road;  
I hate my own vain thoughts that rise,  
But love thy law, my God.

ver. 89-91

[The starry heavens thy rule obey,  
The earth maintains her place;  
And these thy servants night and day  
Thy skill and power express.

But still thy law and gospel, Lord,  
Have lessons more divine;  
Not earth stands firmer than thy word,  
Nor stars so nobly shine.]

ver. 160,140,9,116

Thy word is everlasting truth,  
How pure is every page!  
That holy book shall guide our youth,  
And well support our age.

Isaac Watts

## Psalm 119 Part 5

Delight in Scripture; or, The word of God dwelling in us.

ver. 97

O how I love thy holy law!  
'Tis daily my delight;  
And thence my meditations draw  
Divine advice by night.

ver. 148

My waking eyes prevent the day  
To meditate thy word;  
My soul with longing melts away  
To hear thy gospel, Lord.

ver. 3,13,54

How doth thy word my heart engage!  
How well employ my tongue!  
And in my tiresome pilgrimage,  
Yields me a heav'nly song.

ver. 19,103

Am I a stranger or at home,  
'Tis my perpetual feast;  
Not honey dropping from the comb  
So much allures the taste.

ver. 72,127

No treasures so enrich the mind;  
Nor shall thy word be sold  
For loads of silver well refined,  
Nor heaps of choicest gold.

ver. 28,49,175

When nature sinks, and spirits droop,  
Thy promises of grace  
Are pillars to support my hope,  
And there I write thy praise.

Isaac Watts

## Psalm 119 Part 6

Holiness and comfort from the word.

ver. 128

Lord, I esteem thy judgments right,  
And all thy statutes just;  
Thence I maintain a constant fight  
With every flatt'ring lust.

ver. 97,9

Thy precepts often I survey;  
I keep thy law in sight,  
Through all the business of the day,  
To form my actions right.

ver. 62

My heart in midnight silence cries,  
"How sweet thy comforts be!"  
My thoughts in holy wonder rise,  
And bring their thanks to thee.

ver. 162

And when my spirit drinks her fill  
At some good word of thine,  
Not mighty men that share the spoil  
Have joys compared to mine.

Isaac Watts

## Psalm 119 Part 7

Imperfection of nature, and perfection of scripture.

ver. 96, paraphrased.

Let all the heathen writers join  
To form one perfect book;  
Great God! if once compared with thine,  
How mean their writings look!

Not the most perfect rules they gave  
Could show one sin forgiv'n,  
Nor lead a step beyond the grave;  
But thine conduct to heav'n.

I've seen an end to what we call  
Perfection here below;  
How short the powers of nature fall,  
And can no further go!

Yet men would fain be just with God  
By works their hands have wrought;  
But thy commands, exceeding broad,  
Extend to every thought.

In vain we boast perfection here,  
While sin defiles our frame,  
And sinks our virtues down so far,  
They scarce deserve the name.

Our faith, and love, and every grace,  
Fall far below thy word;  
But perfect truth and righteousness  
Dwell only with the Lord.

Isaac Watts

## Psalm 119 Part 8

The word of God is the saint's portion.

ver. 111, paraphrased.

Lord, I have made thy word my choice,  
My lasting heritage;  
There shall my noblest powers rejoice,  
My warmest thoughts engage.

I'll read the histories of thy love,  
And keep thy laws in sight,  
While through the promises I rove,  
With ever fresh delight.

'Tis a broad land of wealth unknown,  
Where springs of life arise,  
Seeds of immortal bliss are sown,  
And hidden glory lies.

The best relief that mourners have,  
It makes our sorrows blest;  
Our fairest hope beyond the grave,  
And our eternal rest.

Isaac Watts



## Psalm 119 Part 9

Desire of knowledge; or, The teachings of the Spirit with the word.

ver. 64,68,18

Thy mercies fill the earth, O Lord;  
How good thy works appear!  
Open mine eyes to read thy word,  
And see thy wonders there.

ver. 73,125

My heart was fashioned by thy hand;  
My service is thy due:  
O make thy servant understand  
The duties he must do.

ver. 19

Since I'm a stranger here below,  
Let not thy path be hid;  
But mark the road my feet should go,  
And be my constant guide

ver. 26

When I confessed my wand'ring ways,  
Thou heard'st my soul complain;  
Grant me the teachings of thy grace,  
Or I shall stray again.

ver. 33,34

If God to me his statutes show,  
And heav'nly truth impart,  
His work for ever I'll pursue,  
His law shall rule my heart.

ver. 50,71

This was my comfort when I bore  
Variety of grief;  
It made me learn thy word the more,  
And fly to that relief.

ver. 51

[In vain the proud deride me now;  
I'll ne'er forget thy law,  
Nor let that blessed gospel go,  
Whence all my hopes I draw.

ver. 27,171

When I have learned my Father's will,  
I'll teach the world his ways;  
My thankful lips, inspired with zeal,  
Shall loud pronounce his praise.]

Isaac Watts

## Psalm 119. Last Part

Sanctified afflictions; or, Delight in the word of God.

ver. 67,59

Father, I bless thy gentle hand;  
How kind was thy chastising rod,  
That forced my conscience to a stand,  
And brought my wand'ring soul to God!

Foolish and vain, I went astray  
Ere I had felt thy scourges, Lord;  
I left my guide, and lost my way;  
But now I love and keep thy word.

ver. 71

'Tis good for me to wear the yoke,  
For pride is apt to rise and swell;  
'Tis good to bear my Father's stroke,  
That I might learn his statutes well.

ver. 72

The law that issues from thy mouth  
Shall raise my cheerful passions more  
Than all the treasures of the south,  
Or western hills of golden ore.

ver. 73

Thy hands have made my mortal frame,  
Thy Spirit formed my soul within;  
Teach me to know thy wondrous name,  
And guard me safe from death and sin.

ver. 74

Then all that love and fear the Lord  
At my salvation shall rejoice;

For I have hoped in thy word,  
And made thy grace my only choice.

Isaac Watts

# Psalm 12

The saint's safety and hope in evil times.

Lord, if thou dost not soon appear,  
Virtue and truth will fly away;  
A faithful man amongst us here  
Will scarce be found, if thou delay.

The whole discourse, when neighbors meet,  
Is filled with trifles loose and vain;  
Their lips are flattery and deceit,  
And their proud language is profane.

But lips that with deceit abound  
Shall not maintain their triumph long;  
The God of vengeance will confound  
The flattering and blaspheming tongue.

"Yet shall our words be free," they cry;  
"Our tongues shall be controlled by none:  
Where is the Lord will ask us why?  
Or say our lips are not our own?"

The Lord, who sees the poor oppressed,  
And hears th' oppressor's haughty strain,  
Will rise to give his children rest,  
Nor shall they trust his word in vain.

Thy word, O Lord, though often tried,  
Void of deceit shall still appear;  
Not silver, sev'n times purified  
From dross and mixture, shines so clear.

Thy grace shall in the darkest hour  
Defend the holy soul from harm;  
Though when the vilest men have power,  
On every side will sinners swarm.

Isaac Watts

# Psalm 120

Complaint of quarrelsome neighbors; or, A devout wish for peace.

Thou God of love, thou ever-blest,  
Pity my suff'ring state;  
When wilt thou set my soul at rest  
From lips that love deceit?

Hard lot of mine! my days are cast  
Among the sons of strife,  
Whose never-ceasing brawling waste  
My golden hours of life.

O might I fly to change my place,  
How would I choose to dwell  
In some wide lonesome wilderness,  
And leave these gates of hell!

Peace is the blessing that I seek,  
How lovely are its charms!  
I am for peace; but when I speak,  
They all declare for arms.

New passions still their souls engage,  
And keep their malice strong:  
What shall be done to curb thy rage,  
O thou devouring tongue!

Should burning arrows smite thee through  
Strict justice would approve;  
But I had rather spare my foe,  
And melt his heart with love.

Isaac Watts

# Psalm 121

Divine protection.

Up to the hills I lift mine eyes,  
Th' eternal hills beyond the skies;  
Thence all her help my soul derives;  
There my Almighty refuge lives.

He lives; the everlasting God,  
That built the world, that spread the flood;  
The heav'ns with all their hosts he made,  
And the dark regions of the dead.

He guides our feet, he guards our way;  
His morning smiles bless all the day;  
He spreads the evening veil, and keeps  
The silent hours while Isr'el sleeps.

Isr'el, a name divinely blest,  
May rise secure, securely rest;  
Thy holy Guardian's wakeful eyes  
Admit no slumber nor surprise.

No sun shall smite thy head by day,  
Nor the pale moon with sickly ray  
Shall blast thy couch; no baleful star  
Dart his malignant fire so far.

Should earth and hell with malice burn,  
Still thou shalt go, and still return,  
Safe in the Lord; his heav'nly care  
Defends thy life from every snare.

On thee foul spirits have no power;  
And in thy last departing hour,  
Angels that trace the airy road  
Shall bear thee homeward to thy God.

Isaac Watts

# Psalm 122

Going to church.

How did my heart rejoice to hear  
My friends devoutly say,  
"In Zion let us all appear,  
And keep the solemn day!"

I love her gates, I love the road;  
The church, adorned with grace,  
Stands like a palace built for God,  
To show his milder face.

Up to her courts with joys unknown  
The holy tribes repair;  
The Son of David holds his throne,  
And sits in judgment there.

He hears our praises and complaints;  
And while his awful voice  
Divides the sinners from the saints,  
We tremble and rejoice.

Peace be within this sacred place,  
And joy a constant guest!  
With holy gifts and heav'nly grace  
Be her attendants blest!

My Soul shall pray for Zion still,  
While life or breath remains;  
There my best friends, my kindred dwell,  
There God my Savior reigns.

Isaac Watts



# Psalm 123

Pleading with submission.

O thou whose grace and justice reign  
Enthroned above the skies,  
To thee our hearts would tell their pain,  
To thee we lift our eyes.

As servants watch their master's hand,  
And fear the angry stroke;  
Or maids before their mistress stand,  
And wait a peaceful look;

So for our sins we justly feel  
Thy discipline, O God;  
Yet wait the gracious moment still,  
Till thou remove thy rod.

Those that in wealth and pleasure live,  
Our daily groans deride,  
And thy delays of mercy give  
Fresh courage to their pride.

Our foes insult us, but our hope  
In thy compassion lies;  
This thought shall bear our spirits up,  
That God will not despise.

Isaac Watts

# Psalm 124

A song for the fifth of November.

Had not the Lord, may Isr'el say,  
Had not the Lord maintained our side,  
When men, to make our lives a prey,  
Rose like the swelling of the tide;

The swelling tide had stopped our breath,  
So fiercely did the waters roll,  
We had been swallowed deep in death;  
Proud waters had o'erwhelmed our soul.

We leap for joy, we shout and sing,  
Who just escaped the fatal stroke;  
So flies the bird with cheerful wing,  
When once the fowler's snare is broke.

For ever blessed be the Lord,  
Who broke the fowler's cursed snare,  
Who saved us from the murd'ring sword,  
And made our lives and souls his care.

Our help is in Jehovah's name,  
Who formed the earth and built the skies:  
He that upholds that wondrous frame  
Guards his own church with watchful eyes.

Isaac Watts

# Psalm 125

The saint's trial and safety.

Unshaken as the sacred hill,  
And firm as mountains be,  
Firm as a rock the soul shall rest  
That leans, O Lord, on thee.

Not walls nor hills could guard so well  
Old Salem's happy ground,  
As those eternal arms of love  
That every saint surround.

While tyrants are a smarting scourge  
To drive them near to God,  
Divine compassion does allay  
The fury of the rod.

Deal gently, Lord, with souls sincere,  
And lead them safely on  
To the bright gates of Paradise,  
Where Christ their Lord is gone.

But if we trace those crooked ways  
That the old serpent drew,  
The wrath that drove him first to hell  
Shall smite his followers too.

Isaac Watts

# Psalm 126

Surprising deliverance.

When God restored our captive state,  
Joy was our song, and grace our theme;  
The grace beyond our hopes so great  
That joy appeared a painted dream.

The scoffer owns thy hand, and pays  
Unwilling honors to thy name;  
While we with pleasure shout thy praise,  
With cheerful notes thy love proclaim.

When we review our dismal fears,  
'Twas hard to think they'd vanish so;  
With God we left our flowing tears,  
He makes our joys like rivers flow.

The man that in his furrowed field  
His scattered seed with sadness leaves,  
Will shout to see the harvest yield  
A welcome load of joyful sheaves.

Isaac Watts

# Psalm 127

The blessing of God on the business and comforts of life.

If God succeed not, all the cost  
And pains to build the house are lost;  
If God the city will not keep,  
The watchful guards as well may sleep.

What if you rise before the sun,  
And work and toil when day is done;  
Careful and sparing eat your bread,  
To shun that poverty you dread;

'Tis all in vain, till God hath blessed;  
He can make rich, yet give us rest:  
Children and friends are blessings too,  
If God our Sovereign make them so.

Happy the man to whom he sends  
Obedient children, faithful friends:  
How sweet our daily comforts prove  
When they are seasoned with his love!

Isaac Watts

# Psalm 128

Family blessings.

O happy man, whose soul is filled  
With zeal and reverent awe!  
His lips to God their honors yield,  
His life adorns the law.

A careful providence shall stand  
And ever guard thy head,  
Shall on the labors of thy hand  
Its kindly blessings shed.

[Thy wife shall be a fruitful vine;  
Thy children round thy board,  
Each like a plant of honor shine,  
And learn to fear the Lord.]

The Lord shall thy best hopes fulfil  
For months and years to come;  
The Lord, who dwells on Zion's hill,  
Shall send thee blessings home.

This is the man whose happy eyes  
Shall see his house increase;  
Shall see the sinking church arise,  
Then leave the world in peace.

Isaac Watts

# Psalm 129

Persecutors punished.

Up from my youth, may Isr'el say,  
Have I been nursed in tears;  
My griefs were constant as the day,  
And tedious as the years.

Up from my youth I bore the rage  
Of all the sons of strife;  
Oft they assailed my riper age,  
But not destroyed my life.

Their cruel plow had torn my flesh  
With furrows long and deep;  
Hourly they vexed my wounds afresh,  
Nor let my sorrows sleep.

The Lord grew angry on his throne,  
And, with impartial eye,  
Measured the mischiefs they had done,  
Then let his arrows fly.

How was their insolence surprised  
To hear his thunders roll!  
And all the foes of Zion seized  
With horror to the soul!

Thus shall the men that hate the saints  
Be blasted from the sky;  
Their glory fades, their courage faints  
And all their projects die.

[What though they flourish tall and fair,  
They have no root beneath;  
Their growth shall perish in despair,  
And lie despised in death.]

[So corn that on the house-top stands  
No hope of harvest gives;

The reaper ne'er shall fill his hands,  
Nor binder fold the sheaves.

It springs and withers on the place;  
No traveller bestows  
A word of blessing on the grass,  
Nor minds it as he goes.]

Isaac Watts



# Psalm 13

Pleading with God under desertion.

How long, O Lord, shall I complain,  
Like one that seeks his God in vain?  
Canst thou thy face for ever hide,  
And I still pray, and be denied?

Shall I for ever be forgot,  
As one whom thou regardest not  
Still shall my soul thine absence mourn,  
And still despair of thy return?

How long shall my poor troubled breast  
Be with these anxious thoughts oppressed?  
And Satan, my malicious foe,  
Rejoice to see me sunk so low?

Hear, Lord, and grant me quick relief,  
Before my death conclude my grief:  
If thou withhold thy heav'nly light,  
I sleep in everlasting night.

How will the powers of darkness boast,  
If but one praying soul be lost!  
But I have trusted in thy grace,  
And shall again behold thy face.

Whate'er my fears or foes suggest,  
Thou art my hope, my joy, my rest;  
My heart shall feel thy love, and raise  
My cheerful voice to songs of praise.

Isaac Watts

# Psalm 130

Pardoning grace.

Out of the deeps of long distress,  
The borders of despair,  
I sent my cries to seek thy grace,  
My groans to move thine ear.

Great God, should thy severer eye,  
And thine impartial hand,  
Mark and revenge iniquity,  
No mortal flesh could stand.

But there are pardons with my God  
For crimes of high degree;  
Thy Son has bought them with his blood,  
To draw us near to thee.

[I wait for thy salvation, Lord,  
With strong desires I wait;  
My soul, invited by thy word,  
Stands watching at thy gate.]

[Just as the guards that keep the night  
Long for the morning skies,  
Watch the first beams of breaking light,  
And meet them with their eyes;

So waits my soul to see thy grace,  
And, more intent than they,  
Meets the first openings of thy face,  
And finds a brighter day.]

[Then in the Lord let Isr'el trust,  
Let Isr'el seek his face;  
The Lord is good as well as just,  
And plenteous is his grace.

There's full redemption at his throne  
For sinners long enslaved;

The great Redeemer is his Son,  
And Isr'el shall be saved.]

Isaac Watts

# Psalm 131

Humility and submission.

Is there ambition in my heart?  
Search, gracious God, and see;  
Or do I act a haughty part?  
Lord, I appeal to thee.

I charge my thoughts, be humble still,  
And all my carriage mild,  
Content, my Father, with thy will,  
And quiet as a child.

The patient soul, the lowly mind,  
Shall have a large reward:  
Let saints in sorrow lie resigned,  
And trust a faithful Lord.

Isaac Watts

# Psalm 132

v.5,13-18

L. M.

At the settlement of a church, or the ordination of a minister.

Where shall we go to seek and find  
An habitation for our God,  
A dwelling for th' Eternal Mind,  
Among the sons of flesh and blood?

The God of Jacob chose the hill  
Of Zion for his ancient rest;  
And Zion is his dwelling still,  
His church is with his presence blessed.

Here will I fix my gracious throne,  
And reign for ever, saith the Lord;  
Here shall my power and love be known,  
And blessings shall attend my word.

Here will I meet the hungry poor,  
And fill their souls with living bread;  
Sinners that wait before my door  
With sweet provision shall be fed.

Girded with truth, and clothed with grace,  
My priests, my ministers, shall shine  
Not Aaron in his costly dress  
Made an appearance so divine.

The saints, unable to contain  
Their inward joys, shall shout and sing;  
The Son of David here shall reign,  
And Zion triumph in her King.

[Jesus shall see a num'rous seed  
Born here t' uphold his glorious name;  
His crown shall flourish on his head,  
While all his foes are clothed with shame.]



# Psalm 133

Brotherly love.

Lo! what an entertaining sight  
Are brethren that agree!  
Brethren, whose cheerful hearts unite  
In bands of piety!

When streams of love from Christ the spring  
Descend to every soul,  
And heav'nly peace, with balmy wing,  
Shades and bedews the whole;

'Tis like the oil, divinely sweet,  
On Aaron's reverend head  
The trickling drops perfumed his feet,  
And o'er his garments spread.

'Tis pleasant as the morning dews  
That fall on Zion's hill,  
Where God his mildest glory shows,  
And makes his grace distil.

Isaac Watts

# Psalm 134

Daily and nightly devotion.

Ye that obey th' immortal King,  
Attend his holy place;  
Bow to the glories of his power,  
And bless his wondrous grace.

Lift up your hands by morning light,  
And send your souls on high;  
Raise your admiring thoughts by night  
Above the starry sky.

The God of Zion cheers our hearts  
With rays of quick'ning grace;  
The God that spread the heav'ns abroad,  
And rules the swelling seas.

Isaac Watts



# Psalm 135

Praise due to God, not to idols.

Awake, ye saints; to praise your King,  
Your sweetest passions raise,  
Your pious pleasure, while you sing,  
Increasing with the praise.

Great is the Lord, and works unknown  
Are his divine employ;  
But still his saints are near his throne,  
His treasure and his joy.

Heav'n, earth, and sea confess his hand;  
He bids the vapors rise;  
Lightning and storm at his command  
Sweep through the sounding skies.

All power that gods or kings have claimed  
Is found with him alone  
But heathen gods should ne'er be named  
Where our Jehovah's known.

Which of the stocks or stones they trust  
Can give them showers of rain?  
In vain they worship glitt'ring dust,  
And pray to gold in vain.

[Their gods have tongues that cannot talk,  
Such as their makers gave;  
Their feet were ne'er designed to walk,  
Nor hands have power to save.

Blind are their eyes, their ears are deaf,  
Nor hear when mortals pray;  
Mortals that wait for their relief  
Are blind and deaf as they.]

O Britain, know thy living God,  
Serve him with faith and fear;

He makes thy churches his abode,  
And claims thine honors there.

Isaac Watts

# Psalm 135 Part 1

v.1-4,14,19-21

L. M.

The church is God's house and care.

Praise ye the Lord, exalt his name,  
While in his holy courts ye wait,  
Ye saints, that to his house belong,  
Or stand attending at his gate.

Praise ye the Lord, the Lord is good;  
To praise his name is sweet employ:  
Isr'el he chose of old, and still  
His church is his peculiar joy.

The Lord himself will judge his saints;  
He treats his servants as his friends;  
And when he hears their sore complaints,  
Repents the sorrows that he sends.

Through every age the Lord declares  
His name, and breaks th' oppressor's rod  
He gives his suff'ring servants rest,  
And will be known th' Almighty God.

Bless ye the Lord, who taste his love,  
People and priest, exalt his name:  
Amongst his saints he ever dwells;  
His church is his Jerusalem.

Isaac Watts

## Psalm 135 Part 2

v.5-12

L. M.

The works of creation, providence, redemption of Israel, and destruction of enemies.

Great is the Lord, exalted high  
Above all powers and every throne:  
Whate'er he please, in earth or sea,  
Or heav'n or hell, his hand hath done.

At his command the vapors rise,  
The lightnings flash, the thunders roar;  
He pours the rain, he brings the wind  
And tempest from his airy store.

'Twas he those dreadful tokens sent,  
O Egypt, through thy stubborn land,  
When all thy first-born, beasts and men,  
Fell dead by his avenging hand.

What mighty nations, mighty kings,  
He slew, and their whole country gave  
To Isr'el, whom his hand redeemed,  
No more to be proud Pharaoh's slave!

His power the same, the same his grace,  
That saves us from the hosts of hell;  
And heav'n he gives us to possess,  
Whence those apostate angels fell.

Isaac Watts

# Psalm 136

God's wonders of creation, providence, redemption of Israel, and salvation of his people.

Give thanks to God the sovereign Lord;  
His mercies still endure;  
And be the King of kings adored;  
His truth is ever sure.

What wonders hath his wisdom done!  
How mighty is his hand!  
Heav'n, earth, and sea, he framed alone;  
How wide is his command

The sun supplies the day with light;  
How bright his counsels shine!  
The moon and stars adorn the night;  
His works are all divine.

[He struck the sons of Egypt dead;  
How dreadful is his rod!  
And thence with joy his people led;  
How gracious is our God!

He cleft the swelling sea in two;  
His arm is great in might;  
And gave the tribes a passage through;  
His power and grace unite.

But Pharaoh's army there he drowned;  
How glorious are his ways!  
And brought his saints through desert ground;  
Eternal be his praise!

Great monarchs fell beneath his hand;  
Victorious is his sword;  
While Isr'el took the promised land;  
And faithful is his word.]

He saw the nations dead in sin;

He felt his pity move:  
How sad the state the world was in!  
How boundless was his love!

He sent to save us from our woe;  
His goodness never fails;  
From death, and hell, and every foe;  
And still his grace prevails.

Give thanks to God the heav'nly King;  
His mercies still endure:  
Let the whole earth his praises sing;  
His truth is ever sure.

Isaac Watts

# Psalm 136 Abridged

God's wonders of creation, providence, redemption, and salvation.

Give to our God immortal praise;  
Mercy and truth are all his ways:  
Wonders of grace to God belong,  
Repeat his mercies in your song.

Give to the Lord of lords renown,  
The King of kings with glory crown:  
His mercies ever shall endure,  
When lords and kings are known no more.

He built the earth, he spread the sky,  
And fixed the starry lights on high:  
Wonders of grace to God belong,  
Repeat his mercies in your song.

He fills the sun with morning light;  
He bids the moon direct the night:  
His mercies ever shall endure,  
When suns and moons shall shine no more.

The Jews he freed from Pharaoh's hand,  
And brought them to the promised land  
Wonders of grace to God belong,  
Repeat his mercies in your song.

He saw the Gentiles dead in sin,  
And felt his pity work within  
His mercies ever shall endure,  
When death and sin shall reign no more.

He sent his Son with power to save  
From guilt, and darkness, and the grave  
Wonders of grace to God belong,  
Repeat his mercies in your song.

Through this vain world he guides our feet,  
And leads us to his heav'nly seat

His mercies ever shall endure,  
When this vain world shall be no more.

Isaac Watts



# Psalm 139 Part 1

The all-seeing God.

Lord, thou hast searched and seen me through,  
Thine eye commands with piercing view  
My rising and my resting hours,  
My heart and flesh with all their powers.

My thoughts, before they are my own,  
Are to my God distinctly known;  
He knows the words I mean to speak  
Ere from my op'ning lips they break.

Within thy circling power I stand;  
On every side I find thy hand;  
Awake, asleep, at home, abroad,  
I am surrounded still with God.

Amazing knowledge, vast and great!  
What large extent! what lofty height!  
My soul, with all the powers I boast,  
Is in the boundless prospect lost.

O may these thoughts possess my breast,  
Where'er I rove, where'er I rest!  
Nor let my weaker passions dare  
Consent to sin, for God is there.

PAUSE I.

Could I so false, so faithless prove,  
To quit thy service and thy love,  
Where, Lord, could I thy presence shun.  
Or from thy dreadful glory run?

If up to heav'n I take my flight,  
'Tis there thou dwell'st enthroned in light  
Or dive to hell, there vengeance reigns,  
And Satan groans beneath thy chains.

If, mounted on a morning ray,  
I fly beyond the western sea,  
Thy swifter hand would first arrive,  
And there arrest thy fugitive.

Or should I try to shun thy sight  
Beneath the spreading veil of night,  
One glance of thine, one piercing ray,  
Would kindle darkness into day.

O may these thoughts possess my breast,  
Where'er I rove, where'er I rest!  
Nor let my weaker passions dare  
Consent to sin, for God is there.

PAUSE II.

The veil of night is no disguise,  
No screen from thy all-searching eyes;  
Thy hand can seize thy foes as soon  
Through midnight shades as blazing noon.

Midnight and noon in this agree,  
Great God, they're both alike to thee;  
Not death can hide what God will spy,  
And hell lies naked to his eye.

O may these thoughts possess my breast,  
Where'er I rove, where'er I rest!  
Nor let my weaker passions dare  
Consent to sin, for God is there.

Isaac Watts

## Psalm 139 Part 2

The wonderful formation of man.

'Twas from thy hand, my God, I came,  
A work of such a curious frame  
In me thy fearful wonders shine,  
And each proclaims thy skill divine.

Thine eyes did all my limbs survey,  
Which yet in dark confusion lay;  
Thou saw'st the daily growth they took,  
Formed by the model of thy book.

By thee my growing parts were named,  
And what thy sovereign counsels framed-  
The breathing lungs, the beating heart-  
Was copied with unerring art.

At last, to show my Maker's name,  
God stamped his image on my frame,  
And in some unknown moment joined  
The finished members to the mind.

There the young seeds of thought began,  
And all the passions of the man:  
Great God, our infant nature pays  
Immortal tribute to thy praise.

PAUSE.

Lord, since in my advancing age  
I've acted on life's busy stage,  
Thy thoughts of love to me surmount  
The power of numbers to recount.

I could survey the ocean o'er,  
And count each sand that makes the shore,  
Before my swiftest thoughts could trace  
The num'rous wonders of thy grace.

These on my heart are still impressed,  
With these I give my eyes to rest;  
And at my waking hour I find  
God and his love possess my mind.

Isaac Watts

## Psalm 139 Part 3

Sincerity professed, and grace tried; or, The heart-searching God.

My God, what inward grief I feel  
When impious men transgress thy will!  
I mourn to hear their lips profane  
Take thy tremendous name in vain.

Does not my soul detest and hate  
The sons of malice and deceit?  
Those that oppose thy laws and thee,  
I count them enemies to me.

Lord, search my soul, try every thought;  
Though my own heart accuse me not  
Of walking in a false disguise,  
I beg the trial of thine eyes.

Doth secret mischief lurk within?  
Do I indulge some unknown sin?  
O turn my feet whene'er I stray,  
And lead me in thy perfect way.

Isaac Watts

# Psalm 14 Part 1

By Nature all men are sinners.

Fools in their heart believe and say  
"That all religion's vain;  
There is no God that reigns on high,  
Or minds th' affairs of men."

From thoughts so dreadful and profane,  
Corrupt discourse proceeds;  
And in their impious hands are found  
Abominable deeds.

The Lord from his celestial throne  
Looked down on things below,  
To find the man that sought his grace,  
Or did his justice know.

By nature all are gone astray,  
Their practice all the same;  
There's none that fears his Maker's hand;  
There's none that loves his name.

Their tongues are used to speak deceit,  
Their slanders never cease;  
How swift to mischief are their feet,  
Nor know the paths of peace!

Such seeds of sin (that bitter root)  
In every heart are found;  
Nor can they bear diviner fruit,  
Till grace refine the ground.

Isaac Watts

## Psalm 14 Part 2

The folly of persecutors.

Are sinners now so senseless grown  
That they the saints devour?  
And never worship at thy throne,  
Nor fear thine awful power?

Great God! appear to their surprise;  
Reveal thy dreadful name;  
Let them no more thy wrath despise,  
Nor turn our hope to shame.

Dost thou not dwell among the just?  
And yet our foes deride,  
That we should make thy name our trust;  
Great God! confound their pride.

O that the joyful day were come  
To finish our distress!  
When God shall bring his children home  
Our songs shall never cease.

Isaac Watts

# Psalm 141

v.2-5

L. M.

Watchfulness and brotherly reproof.

A morning or evening Psalm.

My God, accept my early vows,  
Like morning incense in thine house;  
And let my nightly worship rise  
Sweet as the evening sacrifice.

Watch o'er my lips, and guard them, Lord,  
From every rash and heedless word;  
Nor let my feet incline to tread  
The guilty path where sinners lead.

O may the righteous, when I stray,  
Smite, and reprove my wand'ring way!  
Their gentle words, like ointment shed,  
Shall never bruise, but cheer my head.

When I behold them pressed with grief,  
I'll cry to heav'n for their relief;  
And by my warm petitions prove  
How much I prize their faithful love.

Isaac Watts



# Psalm 142

God is the hope of the helpless.

To God I made my sorrows known,  
From God I sought relief;  
In long complaints before his throne  
I poured out all my grief.

My soul was overwhelmed with woes,  
My heart began to break;  
My God, who all my burden knows,  
He knows the way I take.

On every side I cast mine eye,  
And found my helpers gone;  
While friends and strangers passed me by,  
Neglected or unknown.

Then did I raise a louder cry,  
And called thy mercy near,-  
"Thou art my portion when I die;  
Be thou my refuge here."

Lord, I am brought exceeding low,  
Now let thine ear attend,  
And make my foes who vex me know  
I've an almighty Friend.

From my sad prison set me free,  
Then shall I praise thy name,  
And holy men shall join with me  
Thy kindness to proclaim.

Isaac Watts

# Psalm 143

Complaint of heavy afflictions in mind and body.

My righteous Judge, my gracious God,  
Hear when I spread my hands abroad,  
And cry for succor from thy throne;  
O make thy truth and mercy known!

Let judgment not against me pass;  
Behold, thy servant pleads thy grace:  
Should justice call us to thy bar,  
No man alive is guiltless there.

Look down in pity, Lord, and see  
The mighty woes that burden me;  
Down to the dust my life is brought,  
Like one long buried and forgot.

I dwell in darkness and unseen,  
My heart is desolate within  
My thoughts in musing silence trace  
The ancient wonders of thy grace.

Thence I derive a glimpse of hope  
To bear my sinking spirits up;  
I stretch my hands to God again,  
And thirst like parched lands for rain

For thee I thirst, I pray, I mourn:  
When will thy smiling face return?  
Shall all my joys on earth remove?  
And God for ever hide his love?

My God, thy long delay to save  
Will sink thy pris'ner to the grave;  
My heart grows faint, and dim mine eye;  
Make haste to help before I die.

The night is witness to my tears,  
Distressing pains, distressing fears;

O might I hear thy morning voice,  
How would my wearied powers rejoice!

In thee I trust, to thee I sigh,  
And lift my heavy soul on high;  
For thee sit waiting all the day,  
And wear the tiresome hours away.

Break off my fetters, Lord, and show  
Which is the path my feet should go;  
If snares and foes beset the road,  
I flee to hide me near my God.

Teach me to do thy holy will,  
And lead me to thy heav'nly hill;  
Let the good Spirit of thy love  
Conduct me to thy courts above.

Then shall my soul no more complain,  
The tempter then shall rage in vain;  
And flesh, that was my foe before,  
Shall never vex my spirit more.

Isaac Watts

# Psalm 144 Part 1

v.1,2

C. M.

Assistance and victory in the spiritual warfare.

For ever blessed be the Lord,  
My Savior and my shield;  
He sends his Spirit with his word,  
To arm me for the field.

When sin and hell their force unite,  
He makes my soul his care,  
Instructs me to the heav'nly fight,  
And guards me through the war.

A friend and helper so divine  
Does my weak courage raise;  
He makes the glorious vict'ry mine,  
And his shall be the praise.

Isaac Watts

## Psalm 144 Part 2

v.3-6

C. M.

The vanity of man and condescension of God.

Lord, what is man, poor feeble man,  
Born of the earth at first?  
His life a shadow, light and vain,  
Still hasting to the dust.

O what is feeble, dying man,  
Or any of his race,  
That God should make it his concern  
To visit him with grace?

That God who darts his lightnings down,  
Who shakes the worlds above,  
And mountains tremble at his frown,  
How wondrous is his love!

Isaac Watts

# Psalm 144 Part 3

v.12-15

L. M.

Grace above riches; or, The happy nation.

Happy the city where their sons,  
Like pillars round a palace set,  
And daughters, bright as polished stones,  
Give strength and beauty to the state.

Happy the country where the sheep,  
Cattle, and corn, have large increase;  
Where men securely work or sleep,  
Nor sons of plunder break the peace.

Happy the nation thus endowed,  
But more divinely blest are those  
On whom the all-sufficient God  
Himself with all his grace bestows.

Isaac Watts

# Psalm 145

The greatness of God.

My God, my King, thy various praise  
Shall fill the remnant of my days;  
Thy grace employ my humble tongue  
Till death and glory raise the song.

The wings of every hour shall bear  
Some thankful tribute to thine ear;  
And every setting sun shall see  
New works of duty done for thee.

Thy truth and justice I'll proclaim;  
Thy bounty flows an endless stream;  
Thy mercy swift, thine anger slow,  
But dreadful to the stubborn foe.

Thy works with sovereign glory shine,  
And speak thy majesty divine;  
Let Britain round her shores proclaim  
The sound and honor of thy name.

Let distant times and nations raise  
The long succession of thy praise,  
And unborn ages make my song  
The joy and labor of their tongue.

But who can speak thy wondrous deeds?  
Thy greatness all our thoughts exceeds?  
Vast and unsearchable thy ways,  
Vast and immortal be thy praise!

Isaac Watts

# Psalm 145 Part 1

v.1-7,11-13

C. M.

The greatness of God.

Long as I live I'll bless thy name,  
My King, my God of love;  
My work and joy shall be the same  
In the bright world above.

Great is the Lord, his power unknown,  
And let his praise be great;  
I'll sing the honors of thy throne,  
Thy works of grace repeat.

Thy grace shall dwell upon my tongue;  
And while my lips rejoice,  
The men that hear my sacred song  
Shall join their cheerful voice.

Fathers to sons shall teach thy name,  
And children learn thy ways;  
Ages to come thy truth proclaim,  
And nations sound thy praise.

Thy glorious deeds of ancient date  
Shall through the world be known;  
Thine arm of power, thy heav'nly state,  
With public splendor shown.

The world is managed by thy hands,  
Thy saints are ruled by love;  
And thine eternal kingdom stands,  
Though rocks and hills remove.

Isaac Watts



## Psalm 145 Part 2

v.7ff

C. M.

The goodness of God.

Sweet is the memory of thy grace,  
My God, my heav'nly King;  
Let age to age thy righteousness  
In sounds of glory sing.

God reigns on high, but not confines  
His goodness to the skies;  
Through the whole earth his bounty shines,  
And every want supplies.

With longing eyes thy creatures wait  
On thee for daily food;  
Thy lib'ral hand provides their meat,  
And fills their mouths with good.

How kind are thy compassion's, Lord!  
How slow thine anger moves!  
But soon he sends his pard'ning word  
To cheer the souls he loves.

Creatures with all their endless race  
Thy power and praise proclaim;  
But saints that taste thy richer grace  
Delight to bless thy name.

Isaac Watts

## Psalm 145 Part 3

v.14,17ff

C. M.

Mercy to sufferers; or, God hearing prayer.

Let every tongue thy goodness speak,  
Thou sovereign Lord of all;  
Thy strength'ning hands uphold the weak,  
And raise the poor that fall.

When sorrow bows the spirit down,  
Or virtue lies distressed  
Beneath some proud oppressor's frown,  
Thou giv'st the mourners rest.

The Lord supports our tott'ring days,  
And guides our giddy youth;  
Holy and just are all his ways,  
And all his words are truth.

He knows the pains his servants feel,  
He hears his children cry,  
And their best wishes to fulfil,  
His grace is ever nigh.

His mercy never shall remove  
From men of heart sincere;  
He saves the souls whose humble love  
Is joined with holy fear.

[His stubborn foes his sword shall slay,  
And pierce their hearts with pain  
But none that serve the Lord shall say,  
"They sought his aid in vain."]

[My lips shall dwell upon his praise,  
And spread his fame abroad;  
Let all the sons of Adam raise  
The honors of their God.]



# Psalm 146

Praise to God for his goodness and truth.

Praise ye the Lord, my heart shall join  
In work so pleasant, so divine;  
Now, while the flesh is mine abode,  
And when my soul ascends to God.

Praise shall employ my noblest powers,  
While immortality endures;  
My days of praise shall ne'er be past,  
While life, and thought, and being last.

Why should I make a man my trust?  
Princes must die and turn to dust;  
Their breath departs, their pomp, and power,  
And thoughts, all vanish in an hour.

Happy the man whose hopes rely  
On Isr'el's God; he made the sky,  
And earth, and seas, with all their train,  
And none shall find his promise vain.

His truth for ever stands secure;  
He saves th' oppressed, he feeds the poor;  
He sends the lab'ring conscience peace,  
And grants the pris'ner sweet release.

The Lord hath eyes to give the blind;  
The Lord supports the sinking mind;  
He helps the stranger in distress,  
The widow and the fatherless.

He loves his saints, he knows them well,  
But turns the wicked down to hell:  
Thy God, O Zion! ever reigns;  
Praise him in everlasting strains.

Isaac Watts

# Psalm 147

v.7-9,13-18

C. M.

The seasons of the year.

With songs and honors sounding loud,  
Address the Lord on high;  
Over the heav'ns he spreads his cloud,  
And waters veil the sky.

He sends his showers of blessing down  
To cheer the plains below;  
He makes the grass the mountains crown,  
And corn in valleys grow.

He gives the grazing ox his meat,  
He hears the raven's cry;  
But man, who tastes his finest wheat,  
Should raise his honors high.

His steady counsels change the face  
Of the declining year;  
He bids the sun cut short his race,  
And wintry days appear.

His hoary frost, his fleecy snow,  
Descend and clothe the ground;  
The liquid streams forbear to flow,  
In icy fetters bound.

When from the dreadful stores on high  
He pours the rattling hail,  
The wretch that dares this God defy  
Shall find his courage fail.

He sends his word, and melts the snow,  
The fields no longer mourn;  
He calls the warmer gales to blow,  
And bids the spring return.

The changing wind, the flying cloud,  
Obey his mighty word:  
With songs and honors sounding loud,  
Praise ye the sovereign Lord.

Isaac Watts

# Psalm 147 Part 1

The Divine nature, providence, and grace.

Praise ye the Lord; 'tis good to raise  
Our hearts and voices in his praise;  
His nature and his works invite  
To make this duty our delight.

The Lord builds up Jerusalem,  
And gathers nations to his name;  
His mercy melts the stubborn soul,  
And makes the broken spirit whole.

He formed the stars, those heav'nly flames;  
He counts their numbers, calls their names;  
His wisdom's vast, and knows no bound,  
A deep where all our thoughts are drowned.

Great is our Lord, and great his might;  
And all his glories infinite:  
He crowns the meek, rewards the just,  
And treads the wicked to the dust.

PAUSE.

Sing to the Lord, exalt him high,  
Who spreads his clouds all round the sky;  
There he prepares the fruitful rain,  
Nor lets the drops descend in vain.

He makes the grass the hills adorn,  
And clothes the smiling fields with corn;  
The beasts with food his hands supply,  
And the young ravens when they cry.

What is the creature's skill or force,  
The sprightly man, the warlike horse,  
The nimble wit, the active limb?  
All are too mean delights for him.

But saints are lovely in his sight,  
He views his children with delight;  
He sees their hope, he knows their fear,  
And looks, and loves his image there.

Isaac Watts



## Psalm 147 Part 2

Summer and winter.

A Song for Great Britain.

O Britain, praise thy mighty God,  
And make his honors known abroad,  
He bid the ocean round thee flow;  
Not bars of brass could guard thee so.

Thy children are secure and blest;  
Thy shores have peace, thy cities rest;  
He feeds thy sons with finest wheat,  
And adds his blessing to their meat.

Thy changing seasons he ordains,  
Thine early and thy latter rains;  
His flakes of snow like wool he sends,  
And thus the springing corn defends.

With hoary frost he strews the ground;  
His hail descends with clatt'ring sound:  
Where is the man so vainly bold  
That dares defy his dreadful cold?

He bids the southern breezes blow;  
The ice dissolves, the waters flow:  
But he hath nobler works and ways  
To call the Britons to his praise.

To all the isle his laws are shown,  
His gospel through the nation known;  
He hath not thus revealed his word  
To every land: praise ye the Lord.

Isaac Watts

# Psalm 148

Proper Metre.

Praise to God from all creatures.

Ye tribes of Adam, join  
With heav'n, and earth, and seas,  
And offer notes divine  
To your Creator's praise:  
Ye holy throng  
Of angels bright,  
In worlds of light,  
Begin the song.

Thou sun with dazzling rays,  
And moon that rules the night,  
Shine to your Maker's praise,  
With stars of twinkling light:  
His power declare,  
Ye floods on high,  
And clouds that fly  
In empty air.

The shining worlds above  
In glorious order stand,  
Or in swift courses move,  
By his supreme command:  
He spake the word,  
And all their frame  
From nothing came,  
To praise the Lord.

He moved their mighty wheels  
In unknown ages past,  
And each his word fulfils  
While time and nature last:  
In diff'rent ways  
His works proclaim  
His wondrous name,  
And speak his praise.

PAUSE.

Let all the earth-born race,  
And monsters of the deep  
The fish that cleave the seas,  
Or in their bosom sleep;  
From sea and shore  
Their tribute pay,  
And still display  
Their Maker's power.

Ye vapors, hail, and snow,  
Praise ye th' almighty Lord,  
And stormy winds that blow,  
To execute his word:  
When lightnings shine,  
Or thunders roar,  
Let earth adore  
His hand divine.

Ye mountains near the skies,  
With lofty cedars there,  
And trees of humbler size,  
That fruit in plenty bear;  
Beasts wild and tame,  
Birds, flies, and worms,  
In various forms,  
Exalt his name.

Ye kings and judges, fear  
The Lord, the sovereign King;  
And while you rule us here,  
His heav'nly honors sing;  
Nor let the dream  
Of power and state  
Make you forget  
His power supreme.

Virgins and youths, engage  
To sound his praise divine,  
While infancy and age  
Their feebler voices join:

Wide as he reigns  
His name be sung  
By every tongue  
In endless strains.

Let all the nations fear  
The God that rules above;  
He brings his people near,  
And makes them taste his love:  
While earth and sky  
Attempt his praise,  
His saints shall raise  
His honors high.

Isaac Watts

# Psalm 148 Paraphrased

Universal praise to God.

Loud hallelujahs to the Lord,  
From distant worlds where creatures dwell;  
Let heav'n begin the solemn word,  
And sound it dreadful down to hell.

The Lord, how absolute he reigns!  
Let every angel bend the knee;  
Sing of his love in heav'nly strains,  
And speak how fierce his terrors be.

High on a throne his glories dwell,  
An awful throne of shining bliss;  
Fly through the world, O sun! and tell  
How dark thy beams compared to his.

Awake, ye tempests, and his fame  
In sounds of dreadful praise declare;  
And the sweet whisper of his name  
Fill every gentler breeze of air.

Let clouds, and winds, and waves agree  
To join their praise with blazing fire;  
Let the firm earth and rolling sea  
In this eternal song conspire.

Ye flowery plains, proclaim his skill;  
Valleys, lie low before his eye;  
And let his praise from every hill  
Rise tuneful to the neighb'ring sky.

Ye stubborn oaks, and stately pines,  
Bend your high branches and adore:  
Praise him, ye beasts, in diff'rent strains;  
The lamb must bleat, the lion roar.

Birds, ye must make his praise your theme;  
Nature demands a song from you;

While the dumb fish that cut the stream  
Leap up, and mean his praises too.

Mortals, can you refrain your tongue,  
When nature all around you sings?  
O for a shout from old and young,  
From humble swains and lofty kings!

Wide as his vast dominion lies  
Make the Creator's name be known;  
Loud as his thunder shout his praise,  
And sound it lofty as his throne.

Jehovah! 'tis a glorious word:  
O may it dwell on every tongue!  
But saints, who best have known the Lord,  
Are bound to raise the noblest song.

Speak of the wonders of that love  
Which Gabriel plays on every chord:  
From all below, and all above,  
Loud hallelujahs to the Lord!

Isaac Watts

# Psalm 149

Praise God, all his saints or, The saints judging the world.

All ye that love the Lord, rejoice,  
And let your songs be new;  
Amidst the church with cheerful voice  
His later wonders show.

The Jews, the people of his grace,  
Shall their Redeemer sing;  
And Gentile nations join the praise,  
While Zion owns her King.

The Lord takes pleasure in the just,  
Whom sinners treat with scorn;  
The meek that lie despised in dust  
Salvation shall adorn.

Saints should be joyful in their King,  
E'en on a dying bed;  
And like the souls in glory sing;  
For God shall raise the dead.

Then his high praise shall fill their tongues  
Their hands shall wield the sword;  
And vengeance shall attend their songs,  
The vengeance of the Lord.

When Christ the judgment-seat ascends,  
And bids the world appear,  
Thrones are prepared for all his friends  
Who humbly loved him here.

Then shall they rule with iron rod  
Nations that dared rebel;  
And join the sentence of their God  
On tyrants doomed to hell.

The royal sinners bound in chains  
New triumphs shall afford:

Such honor for the saints remains;  
Praise ye, and love the Lord!

Isaac Watts



# Psalm 15

Characters of a saint.

Who shall inhabit in thy hill,  
O God of holiness?  
Whom will the Lord admit to dwell  
So near his throne of grace?

The man that walks in pious ways,  
And works with righteous hands;  
That trusts his Maker's promises,  
And follows his commands.

He speaks the meaning of his heart,  
Nor slanders with his tongue;  
Will scarce believe an ill report,  
Nor do his neighbor wrong.

The wealthy sinner he contemns,  
Loves all that fear the Lord;  
And though to his own hurt he swears,  
Still he performs his word.

His hands disdain a golden bribe,  
And never gripe the poor:  
This man shall dwell with God on earth,  
And find his heav'n secure.

Isaac Watts

# Psalm 150

v.1,2,6

C. M.

A song of praise.

In God's own house pronounce his praise,  
His grace he there reveals;  
To heav'n your joy and wonder raise,  
For there his glory dwells.

Let all your sacred passions move,  
While you rehearse his deeds;  
But the great work of saving love  
Your highest praise exceeds.

All that have motion, life, and breath,  
Proclaim your Maker blest;  
Yet, when my voice expires in death,  
My soul shall praise him best.

Isaac Watts

# Psalm 16 Part 1

Confession of our poverty.

Preserve me, Lord, in time of need,  
For succor to thy throne I flee,  
But have no merits there to plead:  
My goodness cannot reach to thee.

Oft have my heart and tongue confessed  
How empty and how poor I am;  
My praise can never make thee blessed,  
Nor add new glories to thy name.

Yet, Lord, thy saints on earth may reap  
Some profit by the good we do;  
These are the company I keep,  
These are the choicest friends I know.

Let others choose the sons of mirth  
To give a relish to their wine;  
I love the men of heav'nly birth,  
Whose thoughts and language are divine.

Isaac Watts

## Psalm 16 Part 2

Christ's all-sufficiency.

How fast their guilt and sorrows rise  
Who haste to seek some idol-god!  
I will not taste their sacrifice,  
Their offerings of forbidden blood.

My God provides a richer cup,  
And nobler food to live upon;  
He for my life has offered up  
Jesus, his best-beloved Son.

His love is my perpetual feast;  
By day his counsels guide me right;  
And be his name for ever blessed,  
Who gives me sweet advice by night.

I set him still before mine eyes;  
At my right hand he stands prepared  
To keep my soul from all surprise,  
And be my everlasting guard.

Isaac Watts

## Psalm 16 Part 3

Courage in death, and hope of the resurrection.

When God is nigh, my faith is strong;  
His arm is my almighty prop:  
Be glad, my heart; rejoice, my tongue;  
My dying flesh shall rest in hope.

Though in the dust I lay my head,  
Yet, gracious God, thou wilt not leave  
My soul for ever with the dead,  
Nor lose thy children in the grave.

My flesh shall thy first call obey,  
Shake off the dust, and rise on high;  
Then shalt thou lead the wondrous way  
Up to thy throne above the sky.

There streams of endless pleasure flow;  
And full discoveries of thy grace  
(Which we but tasted here below)  
Spread heav'nly joys through all the place.

Isaac Watts

# Psalm 17

v.13-15

S. M.

Portion of saints and sinners.

Arise, my gracious God,  
And make the wicked flee;  
They are but thy chastising rod,  
To drive thy saints to thee.

Behold, the sinner dies,  
His haughty words are vain;  
Here in this life his pleasure lies,  
And all beyond is pain.

Then let his pride advance,  
And boast of all his store;  
The Lord is my inheritance,  
My soul can wish no more.

I shall behold the face  
Of my forgiving God;  
And stand complete in righteousness,  
Washed in my Savior's blood.

There's a new heav'n begun,  
When I awake from death,  
Dressed in the likeness of thy Son,  
And draw immortal breath.

Isaac Watts

# Psalm 18 Part 1

v.1-6,15-18

L. M.

Deliverance from despair.

Thee will I love, O Lord, my strength,  
My rock, my tower, my high defence:  
Thy mighty arm shall be my trust,  
For I have found salvation thence.

Death, and the terrors of the grave,  
Stood round me with their dismal shade;  
While floods of high temptations rose,  
And made my sinking soul afraid.

I saw the op'ning gates of hell,  
With endless pains and sorrows there,  
Which none but they that feel can tell;  
While I was hurried to despair.

In my distress I called my God,  
When I could scarce believe him mine:  
He bowed his ear to my complaint,  
Then did his grace appear divine.

With speed he flew to my relief,  
As on a cherub's wing he rode;  
Awful and bright as lightning shone  
The face of my deliverer, God.

Temptations fled at his rebuke,  
The blast of his almighty breath;  
He sent salvation from on high,  
And drew me from the deeps of death.

Great were my fears, my foes were great,  
Much was their strength, and more their rage;  
But Christ, my Lord, is conqueror still,  
In all the wars that devils wage.

My song for ever shall record  
That terrible, that joyful hour;  
And give the glory to the Lord,  
Due to his mercy and his power

Isaac Watts



## Psalm 18 Part 2

v.20-26

L. M.

Sincerity proved and rewarded.

Lord, thou hast seen my soul sincere,  
Hast made thy truth and love appear;  
Before mine eyes I set thy laws,  
And thou hast owned my righteous cause.

Since I have learned thy holy ways,  
I've walked upright before thy face;  
Or if my feet did e'er depart,  
'Twas never with a wicked heart.

What sore temptations broke my rest!  
What wars and strugglings in my breast!  
But through thy grace, that reigns within,  
I guard against my darling sin:

That sin which close besets me still,  
That works and strives against my will:  
When shall thy Spirit's sovereign power  
Destroy it, that it rise no more?

[With an impartial hand, the Lord  
Deals out to mortals their reward;  
The kind and faithful souls shall find  
A God as faithful and as kind.

The just and pure shall ever say,  
Thou art more pure, more just than they;  
And men that love revenge shall know  
God hath an arm of vengeance too.]

Isaac Watts

## Psalm 18 Part 3

v.30,31,34,35,46-50

L. M.

Rejoicing in God.

Just are thy ways, and true thy word,  
Great Rock of my secure abode:  
Who is a God beside the Lord?  
Or where's a refuge like our God?

'Tis he that girds me with his might,  
Gives me his holy sword to wield,  
And while with sin and hell I fight,  
Spreads his salvation for my shield.

He lives, and blessed be my Rock!  
The God of my salvation lives:  
The dark designs of hell are broke;  
Sweet is the peace my Father gives.

Before the scoffers of the age  
I will exalt my Father's name,  
Nor tremble at their mighty rage,  
But meet reproach, and bear the shame.

To David and his royal seed  
Thy grace for ever shall extend;  
Thy love to saints in Christ their Head  
Knows not a limit, nor an end.

Isaac Watts

# Psalm 19

The books of nature and of Scripture compared.

THE heav'ns declare thy glory, Lord,  
In every star thy wisdom shines  
But when our eyes behold thy word,  
We read thy name in fairer lines.

The rolling sun, the changing light,  
And nights and days, thy power confess  
But the blest volume thou hast writ  
Reveals thy justice and thy grace.

Sun, moon, and stars convey thy praise  
Round the whole earth, and never stand:  
So when thy truth begun its race,  
It touched and glanced on every land.

Nor shall thy spreading gospel rest  
Till through the world thy truth has run,  
Till Christ has all the nations blest  
That see the light or feel the sun.

Great Sun of Righteousness, arise,  
Bless the dark world with heav'nly light;  
Thy gospel makes the simple wise,  
Thy laws are pure, thy judgments right.

Thy noblest wonders here we view  
In souls renewed and sins forgiv'n;  
Lord, cleanse my sins, my soul renew,  
And make thy word my guide to heaven.

Isaac Watts

# Psalm 19 Part 1

The books of nature and scripture.  
For a Lord's-day morning

Behold, the lofty sky  
Declares its Maker God,  
And all his starry works on high  
Proclaim his power abroad.

The darkness and the light  
Still keep their course the same;  
While night to day, and day to night,  
Divinely teach his name.

In every diff'rent land  
Their general voice is known;  
They show the wonders of his hand,  
And orders of his throne.

Ye British lands, rejoice,  
Here he reveals his word;  
We are not left to nature's voice,  
To bid us know the Lord.

His statutes and commands  
Are set before our eyes;  
He puts his gospel in our hands,  
Where our salvation lies.

His laws are just and pure,  
His truth without deceit,  
His promises for ever sure,  
And his rewards are great.

[Not honey to the taste  
Affords so much delight,  
Nor gold that has the furnace passed  
So much allures the sight.

While of thy works I sing,

Thy glory to proclaim,  
Accept the praise, my God, my King  
In my Redeemer's name.]

Isaac Watts

## Psalm 19 Part 2

God's word most excellent; or, Sincerity and watchfulness.  
For a Lord's-day morning.

Behold, the morning sun  
Begins his glorious way;  
His beams through all the nations run,  
And life and light convey.

But where the gospel comes  
It spreads diviner light;  
It calls dead sinners from their tombs,  
And gives the blind their sight.

How perfect is thy word!  
And all thy judgments just!  
For ever sure thy promise, Lord,  
And men securely trust.

My gracious God, how plain  
Are thy directions giv'n!  
O may I never read in vain,  
But find the path to heav'n!

PAUSE.

I hear thy word with love,  
And I would fain obey:  
Send thy good Spirit from above  
To guide me, lest I stray.

O who can ever find  
The errors of his ways?  
Yet with a bold, presumptuous mind  
I would not dare transgress.

Warn me of every sin,  
Forgive my secret faults,  
And cleanse this guilty soul of mine,  
Whose crimes exceed my thoughts.

While with my heart and tongue  
I spread thy praise abroad,  
Accept the worship and the song,  
My Savior and my God.

Isaac Watts

## Psalm 2

Christ dying, rising, interceding, and reigning.

Acts 4:24, etc.

[Maker and sovereign Lord  
Of heav'n, and earth, and seas,  
Thy providence confirms thy word,  
And answers thy decrees.

The things so long foretold  
By David are fulfilled,  
When Jews and Gentiles joined to slay  
Jesus, thine holy child.]

Why did the Gentiles rage,  
And Jews, with one accord,  
Bend all their counsels to destroy  
Th' Anointed of the Lord?

Rulers and kings agree  
To form a vain design;  
Against the Lord their powers unite,  
Against his Christ they join.

The Lord derides their rage,  
And will support his throne;  
He that hath raised him from the dead  
Hath owned him for his Son.

PAUSE.

Now he's ascended high,  
And asks to rule the earth  
The merit of his blood he pleads,  
And pleads his heav'nly birth.

He asks, and God bestows  
A large inheritance;  
Far as the world's remotest ends



His kingdom shall advance.

The nations that rebel  
Must feel his iron rod;  
He'll vindicate those honors well  
Which he received from God.

[Be wise, ye rulers, now,  
And worship at his throne;  
With trembling joy, ye people, bow  
To God's exalted Son.

If once his wrath arise,  
Ye perish on the place;  
Then blessed is the soul that flies  
For refuge to his grace.]

Isaac Watts

# Psalm 20

Prayer and hope of victory.  
For a day of prayer in time of war.

Now may the God of power and grace  
Attend his people's humble cry!  
Jehovah hears when Isr'el prays,  
And brings deliverance from on high.

The name of Jacob's God defends  
Better than shields or brazen walls;  
He from his sanctuary sends  
Succor and strength, when Zion calls.

Well he remembers all our sighs,  
His love exceeds our best deserts;  
His love accepts the sacrifice  
Of humble groans and broken hearts.

In his salvation is our hope,  
And, in the name of Isr'el's God,  
Our troops shall lift their banners up,  
Our navies spread their flags abroad.

Some trust in horses trained for war,  
And some of chariots make their boasts:  
Our surest expectations are  
From thee, the Lord of heav'nly hosts.

[O may the memory of thy name  
Inspire our armies for the fight!  
Our foes shall fall and die with shame,  
Or quit the field with shameful flight.]

Now save us, Lord, from slavish fear,  
Now let our hopes be firm and strong,  
Till the salvation shall appear,  
And joy and triumph raise the song.



# Psalm 21

Our king is the care of Heaven.

The king, O Lord, with songs of praise,  
Shall in thy strength rejoice;  
And, blest with thy salvation, raise  
To heav'n his cheerful voice.

Thy sure defence through nations round  
Has spread his glorious name;  
And his successful actions crowned  
With majesty and fame.

Then let the king on God alone  
For timely aid rely;  
His mercy shall support the throne,  
And all our wants supply.

But, righteous Lord, his stubborn foes  
Shall feel thy dreadful hand;  
Thy vengeful arm shall find out those  
That hate his mild command.

When thou against them dost engage,  
Thy just but dreadful doom  
Shall, like a fiery oven's rage,  
Their hopes and them consume.

Thus, Lord, thy wondrous power declare,  
And thus exalt thy fame;  
Whilst we glad songs of praise prepare  
For thine almighty name.

Isaac Watts

## Psalm 22

Christ's sufferings and exaltation.

Now let our mournful songs record  
The dying sorrows of our Lord,  
When he complained in tears and blood,  
As one forsaken of his God.

The Jews beheld him thus forlorn,  
And shake their heads, and laugh in scorn:  
"He rescued others from the grave;  
Now let him try himself to save.

"This is the man did once pretend  
God was his Father and his Friend  
If God the blessed loved him so,  
Why doth he fail to help him now?"

Barbarous people! cruel priests!  
How they stood round like savage beasts!  
Like lions gaping to devour,  
When God had left him in their power.

They wound his head, his hands, his feet,  
Till streams of blood each other meet;  
By lot his garments they divide,  
And mock the pangs in which he died.

But God, his Father, heard his cry;  
Raised from the dead, he reigns on high,  
The nations learn his righteousness,  
And humble sinners taste his grace.

Isaac Watts

# Psalm 22 Part 1

v.1-16

C. M.

The sufferings and death of Christ.

Why has my God my soul forsook,  
Nor will a smile afford?  
(Thus David once in anguish spoke,  
And thus our dying Lord.)

Though 'tis thy chief delight to dwell  
Among thy praising saints,  
Yet thou canst hear a groan as well,  
And pity our complaints.

Our fathers trusted in thy name,  
And great deliv'rance found;  
But I'm a worm, despised of men,  
And trodden to the ground.

Shaking the head, they pass me by,  
And laugh my soul to scorn;  
"In vain he trusts in God," they cry,  
"Neglected and forlorn."

But thou art he who formed my flesh  
By thine almighty word;  
And since I hung upon the breast,  
My hope is in the Lord.

Why will my Father hide his face,  
When foes stand threat'ning round,  
In the dark hour of deep distress,  
And not a helper found?

PAUSE.

Behold thy darling left among  
The cruel and the proud,  
As bulls of Bashan, fierce and strong,

As lions roaring loud.

From earth and hell my sorrows meet  
To multiply the smart;  
They nail my hands, they pierce my feet,  
And try to vex my heart.

Yet if thy sovereign hand let loose  
The rage of earth and hell,  
Why will my heav'nly Father bruise  
The Son he loves so well?

My God, if possible it be,  
Withhold this bitter cup  
But I resign my will to thee,  
And drink the sorrows up).

My heart dissolves with pangs unknown,  
In groans I waste my breath;  
Thy heavy hand has brought me down  
Low as the dust of death.

Father, I give my spirit up,  
And trust it in thy hand;  
My dying flesh shall rest in hope,  
And rise at thy command.

Isaac Watts

## Psalm 22 Part 2

v.20,21,27-31

C. M.

Christ's sufferings and kingdom.

"Now from the roaring lion's rage,  
O Lord, protect thy Son,  
Nor leave thy darling to engage  
The powers of hell alone."

Thus did our suff'ring Savior pray,  
With mighty cries and tears;  
God heard him in that dreadful day,  
And chased away his fears.

Great was the vict'ry of his death,  
His throne exalted high;  
And all the kindreds of the earth  
Shall worship or shall die.

A num'rous offspring must arise  
From his expiring groans;  
They shall be reckoned in his eyes  
For daughters and for sons.

The meek and humble souls shall see  
His table richly spread;  
And all that seek the Lord shall be  
With joys immortal fed.

The isles shall know the righteousness  
Of our incarnate God,  
And nations yet unborn profess  
Salvation in his blood.

Isaac Watts



# Psalm 23

God our shepherd.

My Shepherd is the living Lord;  
Now shall my wants be well supplied;  
His providence and holy word  
Become my safety and my guide.

In pastures where salvation grows  
He makes me feed, he makes me rest;  
There living water gently flows,  
And all the food's divinely blest.

My wand'ring feet his ways mistake,  
But he restores my soul to peace,  
And leads me, for his mercy's sake,  
In the fair paths of righteousness.

Though I walk through the gloomy vale  
Where death and all its terrors are,  
My heart and hope shall never fail,  
For God my Shepherd's with me there.

Amidst the darkness and the deeps  
Thou art my comfort, thou my stay;  
Thy staff supports my feeble steps,  
Thy rod directs my doubtful way.

The sons of earth, and sons of hell,  
Gaze at thy goodness, and repine  
To see my table spread so well  
With living bread and cheerful wine.

[How I rejoice when on my head  
Thy Spirit condescends to rest!  
'Tis a divine anointing, shed  
Like oil of gladness at a feast.

Surely the mercies of the Lord  
Attend his household all their days;

There will I dwell to hear his word,  
To seek his face, and sing his praise.

Isaac Watts

# Psalm 24

Dwelling with God.

The earth for ever is the Lord's,  
With Adam's num'rous race;  
He raised its arches o'er the floods,  
And built it on the seas.

But who among the sons of men  
May visit thine abode?  
He that has hands from mischief clean,  
Whose heart is right with God.

This is the man may rise and take  
The blessings of his grace;  
This is the lot of those that seek  
The God of Jacob's face.

Now let our souls' immortal powers  
To meet the Lord prepare,  
Lift up their everlasting doors,  
The King of glory's near.

The King of glory! who can tell  
The wonders of his might?  
He rules the nations; but to dwell  
With saints is his delight.

Isaac Watts

# Psalm 25 Part 1

v.1-11

S. M.

Waiting for pardon and direction.

I Lift my soul to God,  
My trust is in his name:  
Let not my foes that seek my blood  
Still triumph in my shame.

Sin, and the powers of hell,  
Persuade me to despair:  
Lord, make me know thy cov'nant well,  
That I may 'scape the snare.

From the first dawning light  
Till the dark ev'ning rise,  
For thy salvation, Lord, I wait  
With ever-longing eyes.

Remember all thy grace,  
And lead me in thy truth;  
Forgive the sins of riper days,  
And follies of my youth.

The Lord is just and kind,  
The meek shall learn his ways,  
And every humble sinner find  
The methods of his grace.

For his own goodness' sake  
He saves my soul from shame:  
He pardons, though my guilt be great,  
Through my Redeemer's name.

Isaac Watts

## Psalm 25 Part 3

v.15-22

S. M.

Distress of soul; or, Backsliding and desertion.

Mine eyes and my desire  
Are ever to the Lord;  
I love to plead his promises,  
And rest upon his word.

Turn, turn thee to my soul,  
Bring thy salvation near;  
When will thy hand release my feet  
Out of the deadly snare?

When shall the sovereign grace  
Of my forgiving God  
Restore me from those dangerous ways  
My wand'ring feet have trod?

The tumult of my thoughts  
Doth but enlarge my woe;  
My spirit languishes, my heart  
Is desolate and low.

With ev'ry morning light  
My sorrow new begins;  
Look on my anguish and my pain,  
And pardon all my sins.

PAUSE.

Behold the hosts of hell,  
How cruel is their hate!  
Against my life they rise, and join  
Their fury with deceit.

O keep my soul from death,  
Nor put my hope to shame,  
For I have placed my only trust

In my Redeemer's name.

With humble faith I wait  
To see thy face again:  
Of Isr'el it shall ne'er be said,  
He sought the Lord in vain.

Isaac Watts

## Psalm 26

Self-examination; or, Evidences of grace.

Judge me, O Lord, and prove my ways,  
And try my reins, and try my heart  
My faith upon thy promise stays,  
Nor from thy law my feet depart.

I hate to walk, I hate to sit,  
With men of vanity and lies  
The scoffer and the hypocrite  
Are the abhorrence of mine eyes.

Amongst thy saints will I appear  
With frauds well washed in innocence;  
But when I stand before thy bar,  
The blood of Christ is my defence.

I love thy habitation, Lord,  
The temple where thine honors dwell;  
There shall I hear thine holy word,  
And there thy works of wonder tell.

Let not my soul be joined at last  
With men of treachery and blood,  
Since I my days on earth have passed  
Among the saints, and near my God.

Isaac Watts

# Psalm 27 Part 1

v.1-6

C. M.

The church is our delight and safety.

The Lord of glory is my light,  
And my salvation too;  
God is my strength, nor will I fear  
What all my foes can do.

One privilege my heart desires;  
O grant me an abode  
Among the churches of thy saints,  
The temples of my God!

There shall I offer my requests,  
And see thy beauty still;  
Shall hear thy messages of love,  
And there inquire thy will.

When troubles rise, and storms appear,  
There may his children hide;  
God has a strong pavilion where  
He makes my soul abide.

Now shall my head be lifted high  
Above my foes around,  
And songs of joy and victory  
Within thy temple sound.

Isaac Watts



## Psalm 27 Part 2

v.8,9,13,14

C. M.

Prayer and hope.

Soon as I heard my Father say,  
"Ye children, seek my grace,"  
My heart replied without delay,  
"I'll seek my Father's face."

Let not thy face be hid from me,  
Nor frown my soul away;  
God of my life, I fly to thee  
In a distressing day.

Should friends and kindred near and dear  
Leave me to want or die,  
My God would make my life his care,  
And all my need supply.

My fainting flesh had died with grief  
Had not my soul believed,  
To see thy grace provide relief;  
Nor was my hope deceived.

Wait on the Lord, ye trembling saints,  
And keep your courage up;  
He'll raise your spirit when it faints,  
And far exceed your hope.

Isaac Watts

# Psalm 29

Storm and thunder.

Give to the Lord, ye sons of fame,  
Give to the Lord renown and power,  
Ascribe due honors to his name,  
And his eternal might adore.

The Lord proclaims his power aloud  
Over the ocean and the land;  
His voice divides the wat'ry cloud,  
And lightnings blaze at his command.

He speaks, and tempest, hail, and wind,  
Lay the wide forest bare around:  
The fearful hart and frightened hind  
Leap at the terror of the sound.

To Lebanon he turns his voice,  
And lo, the stately cedars break;  
The mountains tremble at the noise,  
The valleys roar, the deserts quake.

The Lord sits sovereign on the flood,  
The Thund'rer reigns for ever king;  
But makes his church his blest abode,  
Where we his awful glories sing.

In gentler language there, the Lord  
The counsels of his grace imparts;  
Amidst the raging storm, his word  
Speaks peace and courage to our hearts.

Isaac Watts

# Psalm 3

Doubts and fears suppressed.

My God, how many are my fears!  
How fast my foes increase!  
Conspiring my eternal death,  
They break my present peace.

The lying tempter would persuade  
There's no relief in heav'n;  
And all my swelling sins appear  
Too big to be forgiv'n.

But thou, my glory and my strength,  
Shalt on the tempter tread,  
Shalt silence all my threatening guilt,  
And raise my drooping head.

[I cried, and from his holy lull  
He bowed a listening ear;  
I called my Father, and my God,  
And he subdued my fear.

He shed soft slumbers on mine eyes,  
In spite of all my foes;  
I woke, and wondered at the grace  
That guarded my repose.]

What though the hosts of death and hell  
All armed against me stood,  
Terrors no more shall shake my soul;  
My refuge is my God.

Arise, O Lord, fulfil thy grace,  
While I thy glory sing;  
My God has broke the serpent's teeth,  
And death has lost his sting.

Salvation to the Lord belongs;  
His arm alone can save:

Blessings attend thy people here,  
And reach beyond the grave.

Isaac Watts

# Psalm 30 Part 1

Sickness healed, and sorrow removed.

I Will extol thee, Lord, on high,  
At thy command diseases fly:  
Who but a God can speak and save  
From the dark borders of the grave?

Sing to the Lord, ye saints of his,  
And tell how large his goodness is;  
Let all your powers rejoice and bless  
While you record his holiness.

His anger but a moment stays;  
His love is life and length of days;  
Though grief and tears the night employ,  
The morning star restores the joy.

Isaac Watts

# Psalm 30 Part 2

v.6

L. M.

Health, sickness, and recovery.

Firm was my health, my day was bright,  
And I presumed 'twould ne'er be night;  
Fondly I said within my heart,  
"Pleasure and peace shall ne'er depart."

But I forgot thine arm was strong  
Which made my mountain stand so long:  
Soon as thy face began to hide,  
My health was gone, my comforts died.

I cried aloud to thee, my God,  
"What canst thou profit by my blood?  
Deep in the dust can I declare  
Thy truth, or sing thy goodness there?"

"Hear me, O God of grace," I said,  
"And bring me from among the dead:"  
Thy word rebuked the pains I felt,  
Thy pard'ning love removed my guilt.

My groans, and tears, and forms of woe  
Are turned to joy and praises now;  
I throw my sackcloth on the ground,  
And ease and gladness gird me round

My tongue, the glory of my frame,  
Shall ne'er be silent of thy name;  
Thy praise shall sound through earth and heav'n  
For sickness healed and sins forgiv'n.

Isaac Watts

# Psalm 31 Part 1

v.5,13-19,22,23

C. M.

Deliverance from death.

Unto thine hand, O God of truth,  
My spirit I commit;  
Thou hast redeemed my soul from death,  
And saved me from the pit.

The passions of my hope and fear  
Maintained a doubtful strife,  
While sorrow, pain, and sin conspired  
To take away my life.

"My times are in thine hand," I cried,  
"Though I draw near the dust;  
Thou art the refuge where I hide,  
The God in whom I trust.

O make thy reconciled face  
Upon thy servant shine,  
And save me for thy mercy's sake,  
For I'm entirely thine.

PAUSE.

['Twas in my haste my spirit said,  
"I must despair and die,  
I am cut off before thine eyes;  
But thou hast heard my cry.]

Thy goodness how divinely free!  
How wondrous is thy grace  
To those that fear thy majesty,  
And trust thy promises!

O love the Lord, all ye his saints,  
And sing his praises loud;  
He'll bend his ear to your complaints,

And recompense the proud.

Isaac Watts



## Psalm 31 Part 2

v.7-13,18-21

C. M.

Deliverance from slander and reproach.

My heart rejoices in thy name,  
My God, my help, my trust;  
Thou hast preserved my face from shame,  
Mine honor from the dust.

"My life is spent with grief," I cried,  
"My years consumed in groans,  
My strength decays, mine eyes are dried,  
And sorrow wastes my bones."

Among mine enemies my name  
Was a mere proverb grown,  
While to my neighbors I became  
Forgotten and unknown.

Slander and fear on every side  
Seized and beset me round  
I to the throne of grace applied,  
And speedy rescue found.

PAUSE.

How great deliverance thou hast wrought  
Before the sons of men!  
The lying lips to silence brought,  
And made their boastings vain!

Thy children from the strife of tongues  
Shall thy pavilion hide;  
Guard them from infamy and wrongs,  
And crush the sons of pride.

Within thy secret presence, Lord,  
Let me for ever dwell;  
No fenced city, walled and barred,

Secures a saint so well.

Isaac Watts

# Psalm 32

Forgiveness of sins upon confession.

O Blessed souls are they  
Whose sins are covered o'er!  
Divinely blest, to whom the Lord  
Imputes their guilt no more.

They mourn their follies past,  
And keep their hearts with care;  
Their lips and lives, without deceit,  
Shall prove their faith sincere.

While I concealed my guilt,  
I felt the fest'ring wound;  
Till I confessed my sins to thee,  
And ready pardon found.

Let sinners learn to pray,  
Let saints keep near the throne;  
Our help, in times of deep distress,  
Is found in God alone.

Isaac Watts

# Psalm 32 Part 1

Repentance and free pardon.

Blest is the man, for ever blest,  
Whose guilt is pardoned by his God;  
Whose sins with sorrow are confessed,  
And covered with his Savior's blood.

Blest is the man to whom the Lord  
Imputes not his iniquities;  
He pleads no merit of reward,  
And not on works, but grace relies.

From guile his heart and lips are free;  
His humble joy, his holy fear,  
With deep repentance well agree,  
And join to prove his faith sincere.

How glorious is that righteousness  
That hides and cancels all his sins,  
While a bright evidence of grace  
Through his whole life appears and shine!

Isaac Watts

## Psalm 32 Part 2

A guilty conscience eased by confession and pardon.

While I keep silence, and conceal  
My heavy guilt within my heart,  
What torments doth my conscience feel!  
What agonies of inward smart!

I spread my sins before the Lord,  
And all my secret faults confess;  
Thy gospel speaks a pard'ning word,  
Thine Holy Spirit seals the grace.

For this shall every humble soul  
Make swift addresses to thy seat;  
When floods of huge temptations roll,  
There shall they find a bless'd retreat.

How safe beneath thy wings I lie,  
When days grow dark and storms appear;  
And when I walk, thy watchful eye  
Shall guide me safe from every snare.

Isaac Watts

# Psalm 33 Part 1

Works of creation and providence.

Rejoice, ye righteous, in the Lord,  
This work belongs to you;  
Sing of his name, his ways, his word,  
How holy, just, and true!

His mercy and his righteousness  
Let heav'n and earth proclaim;  
His works of nature and of grace  
Reveal his wondrous name.

His wisdom and almighty word  
The heav'nly arches spread,  
And by the Spirit of the Lord  
Their shining hosts were made.

He bid the liquid waters flow  
To their appointed deep;  
The flowing seas their limits know,  
And their own station keep).

Ye tenants of the spacious earth,  
With fear before him stand  
He spake, and nature took its birth,  
And rests on his command.

He scorns the angry nations' rage,  
And breaks their vain designs;  
His counsel stands through every age,  
And in full glory shines.

Isaac Watts

## Psalm 33 Part 2

Creatures vain, and God all-sufficient.

Blest is the nation where the Lord  
Hath fixed his gracious throne,  
Where he reveals his heav'nly word,  
And calls their tribes his own.

His eye with infinite survey  
Does the whole world behold;  
He formed us all of equal clay,  
And knows our feeble mold.

Kings are not rescued by the force  
Of armies from the grave;  
Nor speed nor courage of a horse  
Can the bold rider save.

Vain is the strength of beasts or men,  
To hope for safety thence;  
But holy souls from God obtain  
A strong and sure defence.

God is their fear, and God their trust;  
When plagues or famine spread,  
His watchful eye secures the just  
Among ten thousand dead.

Lord, let our hearts in thee rejoice,  
And bless us from thy throne;  
For we have made thy word our choice,  
And trust thy grace alone.

Isaac Watts

# Psalm 34 Part 1

God's care of the saints; or, Deliverance by prayer.

Lord, I will bless thee all my days,  
Thy praise shall dwell upon my tongue  
My soul shall glory in thy grace,  
While saints rejoice to hear the song.

Come, magnify the Lord with me,  
Come, let us all exalt his name;  
I sought th' eternal God, and he  
Has not exposed my hope to shame.

I told him all my secret grief,  
My secret groaning reached his ears;  
He gave my inward pains relief;  
And calmed the tumult of my fears.

To him the poor lift up their eyes,  
Their faces feel the heav'nly shine;  
A beam of mercy from the skies  
Fills them with light and joy divine.

His holy angels pitch their tents  
Around the men that serve the Lord;  
O fear and love him, all his saints,  
Taste of his grace, and trust his word.

The wild young lions, pinched with pain  
And hunger, roar through all the wood;  
But none shall seek the Lord in vain,  
Nor want supplies of real good.

Isaac Watts



## Psalm 34 Part 2

v.11-22

L. M.

Religious education; or, Instructions of piety.

Children, in years and knowledge young,  
Your parents' hope, your parents' joy,  
Attend the counsels of my tongue,  
Let pious thoughts your minds employ

If you desire a length of days,  
And peace to crown your mortal state,  
Restrain your feet from impious ways,  
Your lips from slander and deceit.

The eyes of God regard his saints,  
His ears are open to their cries;  
He sets his frowning face against  
The sons of violence and lies.

To humble souls and broken hearts  
God with his grace is ever nigh;  
Pardon and hope his love imparts,  
When men in deep contrition lie.

He tells their tears, he counts their groans,  
His Son redeems their souls from death;  
His Spirit heals their broken bones,  
They in his praise employ their breath.

Isaac Watts

# Psalm 35 Part 1

v.1-9

C. M.

Prayer and faith of persecuted saints.

Now plead my cause, Almighty God,  
With all the sons of strife;  
And fight against the men of blood,  
Who fight against my life.

Draw out thy spear and stop their way,  
Lift thine avenging rod;  
But to my soul in mercy say,  
"I am thy Savior God!"

They plant their snares to catch my feet,  
And nets of mischief spread;  
Plunge the destroyers in the pit  
That their own hands have made.

Let fogs and darkness hide their way,  
And slipp'ry be their ground;  
Thy wrath shall make their lives a prey,  
And all their rage confound.

They fly like chaff before the wind,  
Before thine angry breath;  
The angel of the Lord behind  
Pursues them down to death.

They love the road that leads to hell;  
Then let the rebels die,  
Whose malice is implacable  
Against the Lord on high.

But if thou hast a chosen few  
Amongst that impious race,  
Divide them from the bloody crew,  
By thy surprising grace.

Then will I raise my tuneful voice,  
To make thy wonders known;  
In their salvation I'll rejoice,  
And bless thee for my own.

Isaac Watts

## Psalm 35 Part 2

v.12-14

C. M.

Love to enemies.

Behold the love, the gen'rous love,  
That holy David shows;  
Hark, how his sounding bowels move  
To his afflicted foes!

When they are sick his soul complains,  
And seems to feel the smart;  
The spirit of the gospel reigns,  
And melts his pious heart.

How did his flowing tears condole  
As for a brother dead!  
And fasting mortified his soul,  
While for their life he prayed.

They groaned, and cursed him on their bed,  
Yet still he pleads and mourns;  
And double blessings on his head  
The righteous God returns.

O glorious type of heav'nly grace!  
Thus Christ the Lord appears;  
While sinners curse, the Savior prays,  
And pities them with tears.

He, the true David, Isr'el's King,  
Blest and beloved of God,  
To save us rebels, dead in sin,  
Paid his own dearest blood.

Isaac Watts

# Psalm 36

v.5-9

L. M.

The perfections and providence of God.

High in the heav'ns, eternal God,  
Thy goodness in full glory shines  
Thy truth shall break through every cloud  
That veils and darkens thy designs.

For ever firm thy justice stands,  
As mountains their foundations keep;  
Wise are the wonders of thy hands;  
Thy judgments are a mighty deep.

Thy providence is kind and large,  
Both man and beast thy bounty share;  
The whole creation is thy charge,  
But saints are thy peculiar care.

My God! how excellent thy grace,  
Whence all our hope and comfort springs!  
The sons of Adam in distress  
Fly to the shadow of thy wings.

From the provisions of thy house  
We shall be fed with sweet repast;  
There mercy like a river flows,  
And brings salvation to our taste.

Life, like a fountain rich and free,  
Springs from the presence of the Lord;  
And in thy light our souls shall see  
The glories promised in thy word.

Isaac Watts

# Psalm 37 Part 1

v.1-15

C. M.

The cure of envy, fretfulness, and unbelief.

Why should I vex my soul, and fret  
To see the wicked rise?  
Or envy sinners waxing great  
By violence and lies?

As flowery grass, cut down at noon,  
Before the ev'ning fades,  
So shall their glories vanish soon  
In everlasting shades.

Then let me make the Lord my trust,  
And practise all that's good;  
So shall I dwell among the just,  
And he'll provide me food.

I to my God my ways commit,  
And cheerful wait his will;  
Thy hand, which guides my doubtful feet,  
Shall my desires fulfil.

Mine innocence shalt thou display,  
And make thy judgments known,  
Fair as the light of dawning day,  
And glorious as the noon.

The meek at last the earth possess,  
And are the heirs of heav'n;  
True riches, with abundant peace,  
To humble souls are giv'n.

PAUSE.

Rest in the Lord, and keep his way,  
Nor let your anger rise,  
Though Providence should long delay

To punish haughty vice.

Let sinners join to break your peace,  
And plot, and rage, and foam;  
The Lord derides them, for he sees  
Their day of vengeance come.

They have drawn out the threat'ning sword,  
Have bent the murd'rous bow,  
To slay the men that fear the Lord,  
And bring the righteous low.

My God shall break their bows, and burn  
Their persecuting darts,  
Shall their own swords against them turn,  
And pain surprise their hearts.

Isaac Watts

## Psalm 37 Part 2

v.16,21,26-31

C. M.

Charity to the poor.

Why do the wealthy wicked boast,  
And grow profanely bold?  
The meanest portion of the just  
Excels the sinner's gold.

The wicked borrows of his friends,  
But ne'er designs to pay;  
The saint is merciful and lends,  
Nor turns the poor away.

His alms with lib'ral heart he gives  
Amongst the sons of need;  
His mem'ry to long ages lives,  
And blessed is his seed.

His lips abhor to talk profane,  
To slander or defraud;  
His ready tongue declares to men  
What he has learned of God.

The law and gospel of the Lord  
Deep in his heart abide;  
Led by the Spirit and the word,  
His feet shall never slide.

When sinners fall, the righteous stand,  
Preserved from every snare;  
They shall possess the promised land,  
And dwell for ever there.

Isaac Watts



# Psalm 37 Part 3

v.23-87

C. M.

The way and end of the righteous and the wicked.

My God, the steps of pious men  
Are ordered by thy will;  
Though they should fall, they rise again,  
Thy hand supports them still.

The Lord delights to see their ways,  
Their virtue he approves;  
He'll ne'er deprive them of his grace,  
Nor leave the men he loves.

The heav'nly heritage is theirs,  
Their portion and their home;  
He feeds them now, and makes them heirs  
Of blessings long to come.

Wait on the Lord, ye sons of men,  
Nor fear when tyrants frown;  
Ye shall confess their pride was vain,  
When justice casts them down.

PAUSE.

The haughty sinner have I seen,  
Nor fearing man nor God,  
Like a tall bay-tree, fair and green,  
Spreading his arms abroad.

And lo! he vanished from the ground,  
Destroyed by hands unseen;  
Nor root, nor branch, nor leaf was found  
Where all that pride had been.

But mark the man of righteousness,  
His several steps attend;  
True pleasure runs through all his ways,

And peaceful is his end.

Isaac Watts

# Psalm 38

Guilt of conscience and relief

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

Thine arrows stick within my heart,  
My flesh is sorely pressed;  
Between the sorrow and the smart,  
My spirit finds no rest.

My sins a heavy load appear,  
And o'er my head are gone;  
Too heavy they for me to bear,  
Too hard for me t' atone.

My thoughts are like a troubled sea,  
My head still bending down;  
And I go mourning all the day,  
Beneath my Father's frown.

Lord, I am weak and broken sore,  
None of my powers are whole:  
The inward anguish makes me roar,  
The anguish of my soul.

All my desire to thee is known,  
Thine eye counts every tear;  
And every sigh, and every groan,  
Is noticed by thine ear.

Thou art my God, my only hope;  
My God will hear my cry;  
My God will bear my spirit up,  
When Satan bids me die.

[My foot is ever apt to slide,  
My foes rejoice to see 't;

They raise their pleasure and their pride  
When they supplant my feet.

But I'll confess my guilt to thee,  
And grieve for all my sin;  
I'll mourn how weak my graces be,  
And beg support divine.

My God, forgive my follies past,  
And be for ever nigh;  
O Lord of my salvation, haste,  
Before thy servant die.]

Isaac Watts

# Psalm 39 Part 1

v.1-3

C. M.

Watchfulness over the tongue.

Thus I resolved before the Lord,-  
"Now will I watch my tongue;  
Lest I let slip one sinful word,  
Or do my neighbor wrong."

And if I'm e'er constrained to stay  
With men of lives profane,  
I'll set a double guard that day,  
Nor let my talk be vain.

I'll scarce allow my lips to speak  
The pious thoughts I feel,  
Lest scoffers should th' occasion take  
To mock my holy zeal.

Yet if some proper hour appear,  
I'll not be overawed,  
But let the scoffing sinners hear  
That I can speak for God.

Isaac Watts

## Psalm 39 Part 2

v.4-7

C. M.

The vanity of man as mortal.

Teach me the measure of my days,  
Thou Maker of my frame;  
I would survey life's narrow space,  
And learn how frail I am.

A span is all that we can boast,  
An inch or two of time;  
Man is but vanity and dust  
In all his flower and prime.

See the vain race of mortals move  
Like shadows o'er the plain;  
They rage and strive, desire and love,  
But all the noise is vain.

Some walk in honor's gaudy show,  
Some dig for golden ore;  
They toil for heirs, they know not who,  
And straight are seen no more.

What should I wish or wait for, then,  
From creatures earth and dust?  
They make our expectations vain,  
And disappoint our trust.

Now I forbid my carnal hope,  
My fond desires recall;  
I give my mortal interest up,  
And make my God my all.

Isaac Watts

# Psalm 39 Part 3

v.9-13

C. M.

Sick-bed devotion.

God of my life, look gently down,  
Behold the pains I feel;  
But I am dumb before thy throne,  
Nor dare dispute thy will.

Diseases are thy servants, Lord,  
They come at thy command;  
I'll not attempt a murm'ring word  
Against thy chast'ning hand.

Yet I may plead with humble cries,  
Remove thy sharp rebukes;  
My strength consumes, my spirit dies,  
Through thy repeated strokes.

Crushed as a moth beneath thy hand,  
We moulder to the dust;  
Our feeble powers can ne'er withstand,  
And all our beauty's lost.

[This mortal life decays apace,  
How soon the bubble's broke!  
Adam and all his num'rous race  
Are vanity and smoke.]

I'm but a sojourner below,  
As all my fathers were;  
May I be well prepared to go,  
When I the summons hear.

But if my life be spared awhile,  
Before my last remove,  
Thy praise shall be my business still,  
And I'll declare thy love.





# Psalm 4

v. 1-3,5-7

L. M.

Hearing of prayer.

O God of grace and righteousness,  
Hear and attend when I complain;  
Thou hast enlarged me in distress,  
Bow down a gracious ear again.

Ye sons of men, in vain ye try  
To turn my glory into shame;  
How long will scoffers love to lie,  
And dare reproach my Savior's name?

Know that the Lord divides his saints  
From all the tribes of men beside;  
He hears the cry of penitents,  
For the dear sake of Christ that died.

When our obedient bands have done  
A thousand works of righteousness,  
We put our trust in God alone,  
And glory in his pardoning grace.

Let the unthinking many say,  
"Who will bestow some earthly good?"  
But, Lord, thy light and love we pray;  
Our souls desire this heav'nly food.

Then shall my cheerful powers rejoice,  
At grace and favors so divine;  
Nor will I change my happy choice  
For all their corn, and all their wine.

Isaac Watts

# Psalm 40

v.5-10

L. M.

Christ our sacrifice.

The wonders, Lord, thy love has wrought,  
Exceed our praise, surmount our thought;  
Should I attempt the long detail,  
My speech would faint, my numbers fail,

No blood of beasts on altars spilt  
Can cleanse the souls of men from guilt;  
But thou hast set before our eyes  
An all-sufficient sacrifice.

Lo! thine eternal Son appears,  
To thy designs he bows his ears,  
Assumes a body well prepared,  
And well performs a work so hard.

"Behold, I come," the Savior cries,  
With love and duty in his eyes,  
"I come to bear the heavy load  
Of sins, and do thy will, my God.

"Tis written in thy great decree,  
'Tis in thy book foretold of me,  
I must fulfil the Savior's part;  
And lo! thy law is in my heart!

"I'll magnify thy holy law,  
And rebels to obedience draw,  
When on my cross I'm lifted high,  
Or to my crown above the sky.

"The Spirit shall descend and show  
What thou hast done, and what I do  
The wond'ring world shall learn thy grace,  
Thy wisdom, and thy righteousness."



# Psalm 40 Part 1

v.1-8,5,17

C. M.

A song of deliverance from great distress.

I waited patient for the Lord,  
He bowed to hear my cry;  
He saw me resting on his word,  
And brought salvation nigh.

He raised me from a horrid pit,  
Where mourning long I lay,  
And from my bonds released my feet,  
Deep bonds of miry clay.

Firm on a rock he made me stand,  
And taught my cheerful tongue  
To praise the wonders of his hand,  
In a new thankful song.

I'll spread his works of grace abroad;  
The saints with joy shall hear,  
And sinners learn to make my God  
Their only hope and fear.

How many are thy thoughts of love!  
Thy mercies, Lord, how great!  
We have not words nor hours enough,  
Their numbers to repeat.

When I 'm afflicted, poor, and low,  
And light and peace depart,  
My God beholds my heavy woe,  
And bears me on his heart.

Isaac Watts

## Psalm 40 Part 2

v.6-9

C. M.

The incarnation and sacrifice of Christ.

Thus saith the Lord, "Your work is vain  
Give your burnt-offerings o'er;  
In dying goats, and bullocks slain,  
My soul delights no more."

Then spake the Savior, "Lo, I'm here,  
My God, to do thy will;  
Whate'er thy sacred books declare,  
Thy servant shall fulfil.

"Thy law is ever in my sight,  
I keep it near my heart;  
Mine ears are opened with delight  
To what thy lips impart."

And see, the blest Redeemer comes,  
Th' eternal Son appears,  
And at th' appointed time assumes  
The body God prepares.

Much he revealed his Father's grace,  
And much his truth he showed,  
And preached the way of righteousness  
Where great assemblies stood.

His Father's honor touched his heart,  
He pitied sinners' cries,  
And, to fulfil a Savior's part,  
Was made a sacrifice.

PAUSE.

No blood of beasts on altars shed  
Could wash the conscience clean;  
But the rich sacrifice he paid

Atones for all our sin.

Then was the great salvation spread,  
And Satan's kingdom shook;  
Thus by the woman's promised seed  
The serpent's head was broke.

Isaac Watts

# Psalm 41

v.1-8

L. M.

Charity to the poor; or, Pity to the afflicted.

Blest is the man whose bowels move,  
And melt with pity to the poor;  
Whose soul, by sympathizing love,  
Feels what his fellow saints endure.

His heart contrives for their relief  
More good than his own hands can do;  
He, in the time of gen'ral grief,  
Shall find the Lord has bowels too.

His soul shall live secure on earth,  
With secret blessings on his head,  
When drought, and pestilence, and dearth  
Around him multiply their dead.

Or if he languish on his couch,  
God will pronounce his sins forgiv'n;  
Will save him with a healing touch,  
Or take his willing soul to heav'n.

Isaac Watts

# Psalm 42 Part 1

v.1-5

C. M.

Desertion and hope; or, Complaint of absence from public worship.

With earnest longings of the mind,  
My God, to thee I look;  
So pants the hunted hart to find  
And taste the cooling brook.

When shall I see thy courts of grace,  
And meet my God again?  
So long an absence from thy face  
My heart endures with pain.

Temptations vex my weary soul,  
And tears are my repast;  
The foe insults without control,  
"And where's your God at last?"

'Tis with a mournful pleasure now  
I think on ancient days;  
Then to thy house did numbers go,  
And all our work was praise.

But why, my soul, sunk down so far  
Beneath this heavy load?  
Why do my thoughts indulge despair,  
And sin against my God?

Hope in the Lord, whose mighty hand  
Can all thy woes remove,  
For I shall yet before him stand,  
And sing restoring love.

Isaac Watts



# Psalm 44

v.1-8,8,15-26

C. M.

The church's complaint in persecution.

Lord, we have heard thy works of old,  
Thy works of power and grace,  
When to our ears our fathers told  
The wonders of their days.

How thou didst build thy churches here,  
And make thy gospel known;  
Amongst them did thine arm appear,  
Thy light and glory shone.

In God they boasted all the day,  
And in a cheerful throng  
Did thousands meet to praise and pray,  
And grace was all their song.

But now our souls are seized with shame,  
Confusion fills our face,  
To hear the enemy blaspheme,  
And fools reproach thy grace.

Yet have we not forgot our God,  
Nor falsely dealt with heav'n,  
Nor have our steps declined the road  
Of duty thou hast giv'n;

Though dragons all around us roar  
With their destructive breath,  
And thine own hand has bruised us sore  
Hard by the gates of death.

PAUSE.

We are exposed all day to die  
As martyrs for thy cause,  
As sheep for slaughter bound we lie

By sharp and bloody laws.

Awake, arise, Almighty Lord,  
Why sleeps thy wonted grace?  
Why should we look like men abhorred  
Or banished from thy face?

Wilt thou for ever cast us off,  
And still neglect our cries?  
For ever hide thine heav'nly love  
From our afflicted eyes?

Down to the dust our soul is bowed,  
And dies upon the ground;  
Rise for our help, rebuke the proud,  
And all their powers confound.

Redeem us from perpetual shame,  
Our Savior and our God;  
We plead the honors of thy name,  
The merits of thy blood.

Isaac Watts

# Psalm 45

The glory of Christ.

My Savior and my King,  
Thy beauties are divine;  
Thy lips with blessings overflow,  
And every grace is thine.

Now make thy glory known,  
Gird on thy dreadful sword,  
And ride in majesty to spread  
The conquests of thy word.

Strike through thy stubborn foes,  
Or melt their hearts t' obey,  
While justice, meekness, grace, and truth,  
Attend thy glorious way.

Thy laws, O God, are right;  
Thy throne shall ever stand;  
And thy victorious gospel proves  
A sceptre in thy hand.

[Thy Father and thy God  
Hath without measure shed  
His Spirit, like a joyful oil,  
T' anoint thy sacred head.]

[Behold, at thy right hand  
The Gentile church is seen,  
Like a fair bride in rich attire,  
And princes guard the queen.]

Fair bride, receive his love,  
Forget thy father's house;  
Forsake thy gods, thy idol gods,  
And pay thy Lord thy vows.

O let thy God and King  
Thy sweetest thoughts employ;

Thy children shall his honors sing  
In palaces of joy.

Isaac Watts

# Psalm 45 Part 1

The glory of Christ, and power of his gospel.

Now be my heart inspired to sing  
The glories of my Savior King,  
Jesus the Lord; how heav'nly fair  
His form! how bright his beauties are!

O'er all the sons of human race  
He shines with a superior grace;  
Love from his lips divinely flows,  
And blessings all his state compose.

Dress thee in arms, most mighty Lord,  
Gird on the terror of thy sword,  
In majesty and glory ride,  
With truth and meekness at thy side.

Thine anger, like a pointed dart,  
Shall pierce the foes of stubborn heart;  
Or words of mercy, kind and sweet,  
Shall melt the rebels at thy feet.

Thy throne, O God, for ever stands,  
Grace is the sceptre in thy hands;  
Thy laws and works are just and right,  
Justice and grace are thy delight.

God, thine own God, has richly shed  
His oil of gladness on thy head,  
And with his sacred Spirit blest  
His first-born Son above the rest.

Isaac Watts

## Psalm 45 Part 2

Christ and his church.

The King of saints, how fair his face,  
Adorned with majesty and grace!  
He comes with blessings from above,  
And wins the nations to his love.

At his right hand our eyes behold  
The queen arrayed in purest gold;  
The world admires her heav'nly dress,  
Her robe of joy and righteousness.

He forms her beauties like his own;  
He calls and seats her near his throne:  
Fair stranger, let thine heart forget  
The idols of thy native state.

So shall the King the more rejoice  
In thee, the favorite of his choice;  
Let him be loved, and yet adored,  
For he's thy Maker and thy Lord.

O happy hour, when thou shalt rise  
To his fair palace in the skies,  
And all thy sons (a numerous train)  
Each like a prince in glory reign!

Let endless honors crown his head;  
Let every age his praises spread;  
While we with cheerful songs approve  
The condescensions of his love.

Isaac Watts

# Psalm 46 Part 1

The church's safety and triumph among national desolation.

God is the refuge of his saints,  
When storms of sharp distress invade  
Ere we can offer our complaints,  
Behold him present with his aid.

Let mountains from their seats be hurled  
Down to the deep, and buried there,  
Convulsions shake the solid world,  
Our faith shall never yield to fear.

Loud may the troubled ocean roar,  
In sacred peace our souls abide,  
While every nation, every shore,  
Trembles, and dreads the swelling tide.

There is a stream, whose gentle flow  
Supplies the city of our God;  
Life, love, and joy still gliding through,  
And wat'ring our divine abode.

That sacred stream, thine holy word,  
That all our raging fear controls:  
Sweet peace thy promises afford,  
And give new strength to fainting souls.

Zion enjoys her Monarch's love,  
Secure against a threat'ning hour;  
Nor can her firm foundations move,  
Built on his truth, and armed with power.

Isaac Watts

## Psalm 46 Part 2

God fights for his church.

Let Zion in her King rejoice;  
Though tyrants rage, and kingdoms rise,  
He utters his almighty voice,  
The nations melt, the tumult dies.

The Lord of old for Jacob fought,  
And Jacob's God is still our aid:  
Behold the works his hand has wrought,  
What desolations he has made!

From sea to sea, through all the shores,  
He makes the noise of battle cease;  
When from on high his thunder roars,  
He awes the trembling world to peace.

He breaks the bow, he cuts the spear  
Chariots he burns with heav'nly flame;  
Keep silence, all the earth, and hear  
The sound and glory of his name.

"Be still, and learn that I am God;  
I'll be exalted o'er the lands;  
I will be known and feared abroad;  
But still my throne in Zion stands."

O Lord of hosts, Almighty King,  
While we so near thy presence dwell,  
Our faith shall sit secure, and sing  
Defiance to the gates of hell.

Isaac Watts



# Psalm 47

Christ ascending and reigning.

O for a shout of sacred joy  
To God the sovereign King!  
Let every land their tongues employ,  
And hymns of triumph sing.

Jesus our God ascends on high,  
His heav'nly guards around  
Attend him rising through the sky,  
With trumpets' joyful sound.

While angels shout and praise their King,  
Let mortals learn their strains;  
Let all the earth his honors sing;  
O'er all the earth he reigns.

Rehearse his praise with awe profound,  
Let knowledge lead the song,  
Nor mock him with a solemn sound  
Upon a thoughtless tongue.

In Isr'el stood his ancient throne,  
He loved that chosen race;  
But now he calls the world his own,  
And heathens taste his grace.

The British islands are the Lord's,  
There Abraham's God is known;  
While powers and princes, shields and swords,  
Submit before his throne.

Isaac Watts

# Psalm 48 Part 1

v.1-8

S. M.

The church is the honor and safety of a nation.

[Great is the Lord our God,  
And let his praise be great;  
He makes his churches his abode,  
His most delightful seat.

These temples of his grace,  
How beautiful they stand!  
The honors of our native place,  
And bulwarks of our land.]

In Zion God is known,  
A refuge in distress;  
How bright has his salvation shone  
Through all her palaces!

When kings against her joined,  
And saw the Lord was there,  
In wild confusion of the mind  
They fled with hasty fear.

When navies tall and proud  
Attempt to spoil our peace,  
He sends his tempests roaring loud,  
And sinks them in the seas.

Oft have our fathers told,  
Our eyes have often seen,  
How well our God secures the fold  
Where his own sheep have been.

In every new distress  
We'll to his house repair;  
We'll think upon his wondrous grace,  
And seek deliv'rance there.



## Psalm 48 Part 2

v.10-14

S. M.

The beauty of the church; or, Gospel worship and order.

Far as thy name is known,  
The world declares thy praise;  
Thy saints, O Lord, before thy throne,  
Their songs of honor raise.

With joy let Judah stand  
On Zion's chosen hill,  
Proclaim the wonders of thy hand,  
And counsels of thy will.

Let strangers walk around  
The city where we dwell,  
Compass and view thine holy ground,  
And mark the building well;

The orders of thy house,  
The worship of thy court,  
The cheerful songs, the solemn vows,  
And make a fair report.

How decent and how wise!  
How glorious to behold!  
Beyond the pomp that charms the eyes,  
And rites adorned with gold.

The God we worship now  
Will guide us till we die,  
Will be our God while here below,  
And ours above the sky.

Isaac Watts

## Psalm 49

The rich sinner's death, and the saint's resurrection.

Why do the proud insult the poor,  
And boast the large estates they have?  
How vain are riches to secure  
Their haughty owners from the grave!

They can't redeem one hour from death,  
With all the wealth in which they trust;  
Nor give a dying brother breath,  
When God commands him down to dust.

There the dark earth and dismal shade  
Shall clasp their naked bodies round;  
That flesh, so delicately fed,  
Lies cold and moulders in the ground.

Like thoughtless sheep the sinner dies,  
Laid in the grave for worms to eat:  
The saints shall in the morning rise,  
And find th' oppressor at their feet.

His honors perish in the dust,  
And pomp and beauty, birth and blood:  
That glorious day exalts the just  
To full dominion o'er the proud.

My Savior shall my life restore,  
And raise me from my dark abode;  
My flesh and soul shall part no more,  
But dwell for ever near my God.

Isaac Watts

# Psalm 49 Part 1

v.6-14

C. M.

Pride and death; or, The vanity of life and riches.

Why doth the man of riches grow  
To insolence and pride,  
To see his wealth and honors flow  
With every rising tide?

[Why doth he treat the poor with scorn,  
Made of the self-same clay,  
And boast as though his flesh was born  
Of better dust than they?]

Not all his treasures can procure  
His soul a short reprieve,  
Redeem from death one guilty hour,  
Or make his brother live.

[Life is a blessing can't be sold,  
The ransom is too high;  
Justice will ne'er be bribed with gold,  
That man may never die.]

He sees the brutish and the wise,  
The tim'rous and the brave,  
Quit their possessions, close their eyes,  
And hasten to the grave.

Yet 'tis his inward thought and pride,-  
My house shall ever stand  
And that my name may long abide,  
I'll give it to my land."

Vain are his thoughts, his hopes are lost,  
How soon his memory dies!  
His name is written in the dust  
Where his own carcass lies.

PAUSE.

This is the folly of their way;  
And yet their sons, as vain,  
Approve the words their fathers say,  
And act their works again.

Men void of wisdom and of grace,  
If honor raise them high,  
Live like the beast, a thoughtless race,  
And like the beast they die.

[Laid in the grave like silly sheep,  
Death feeds upon them there,  
Till the last trumpet break their sleep  
In terror and despair.]

Isaac Watts

## Psalm 49 Part 2

v.14,15

C. M.

Death and the resurrection.

Ye sons of pride, that hate the just  
And trample on the poor,  
When death has brought you down to dust,  
Your pomp shall rise no more.

The last great day shall change the scene;  
When will that hour appear?  
When shall the just revive, and reign  
O'er all that scorned them here?

God will my naked soul receive,  
When sep'rate from the flesh;  
And break the prison of the grave,  
To raise my bones afresh.

Heav'n is my everlasting home,  
Th' inheritance is sure:  
Let men of pride their rage resume,  
But I'll repine no more.

Isaac Watts



# Psalm 5

For the Lord's Day Morning.

Lord, in the morning thou shalt hear  
My voice ascending high;  
To thee will I direct my prayer,  
To thee lift up mine eye;

Up to the hills where Christ is gone  
To plead for all his saints,  
Presenting at his Father's throne  
Our songs and our complaints.

Thou art a God, before whose sight  
The wicked shall not stand;  
Sinners shall ne'er be thy delight,  
Nor dwell at thy right hand.

But to thy house will I resort,  
To taste thy mercies there;  
I will frequent thine holy court,  
And worship in thy fear.

O may thy Spirit guide my feet  
In ways of righteousness!  
Make every path of duty straight,  
And plain before my face.

PAUSE.

My watchful enemies combine  
To tempt my feet astray;  
They flatter, with a base design  
To make my soul their prey.

Lord, crush the serpent in the dust,  
And all his plots destroy;  
While those that in thy mercy trust,  
For ever shout for joy.

The men that love and fear thy name  
Shall see their hopes fulfilled;  
The mighty God will compass them  
With favor as a shield.

Isaac Watts

# Psalm 50

The last judgment.

The Lord, the Sovereign, sends his summons forth,  
Calls the south nations and awakes the north;  
From east to west the sounding orders spread,  
Through distant worlds and regions of the dead:  
No more shall atheists mock his long delay;  
His vengeance sleeps no more: behold the day!

Behold, the Judge descends, his guards are nigh;  
Tempest and fire attend him down the sky:  
Heav'n, earth, and hell, draw near; let all things come  
To hear his justice, and the sinner's doom:  
"But gather first my saints," the Judge commands,  
"Bring them, ye angels, from their distant lands.

"Behold, my cov'nant stands for ever good,  
Sealed by th' eternal Sacrifice in blood,  
And signed with all their names; the Greek, the Jew,  
That paid the ancient worship or the new,  
There's no distinction here; come, spread their thrones,  
And near me seat my fav'rites and my sons.

"I, their Almighty Savior and their God,  
I am their Judge: ye heav'ns, proclaim abroad  
My just eternal sentence, and declare  
Those awful truths that sinners dread to hear:  
Sinners in Zion, tremble and retire;  
I doom the painted hypocrite to fire.

"Not for the want of goats or bullocks slain  
Do I condemn thee; bulls and goats are vain  
Without the flames of love; in vain the store  
Of brutal off'rings that were mine before;  
Mine are the tamer beasts and savage breed,  
Flocks, herds, and fields and forests where they feed.

"If I were hungry, would I ask thee food?  
When did I thirst, or drink thy bullocks' blood?

Can I be flattered with thy cringing bows,  
Thy solemn chatt'rings and fantastic vows?  
Are my eyes charmed thy vestments to behold,  
Glaring in gems, and gay in woven gold?

"Unthinking wretch! how couldst thou hope to please  
A God, a Spirit, with such toys as these,  
While, with my grace and statutes on thy tongue,  
Thou lov'st deceit, and dost thy brother wrong?  
In vain to pious forms thy zeal pretends,  
Thieves and adulterers are thy chosen friends.

"Silent I waited with long-suff'ring love,  
But didst thou hope that I should ne'er reprove?  
And cherish such an impious thought within,  
That God, the Righteous, would indulge thy sin?  
Behold my terrors now: my thunders roll,  
And thy own crimes affright thy guilty soul."

Sinners, awake betimes; ye fools, be wise;  
Awake before this dreadful morning rise;  
Change your vain thoughts, your crooked works amend,  
Fly to the Savior, make the Judge your friend  
Lest, like a lion, his last vengeance tear  
Your trembling souls, and no deliv'rer near.

Isaac Watts

# Psalm 50 Part 1

v.1-6

C. M.

The last judgment

The Lord, the Judge, before his throne  
Bids the whole earth draw nigh,  
The nations near the rising sun,  
And near the western sky.

No more shall bold blasphemers say,  
"Judgment will ne'er begin;"  
No more abuse his long delay  
To impudence and sin.

Throned on a cloud our God shall come,  
Bright flames prepare his way;  
Thunder and darkness, fire and storm,  
Lead on the dreadful day.

Heav'n from above his call shall hear,  
Attending angels come,  
And earth and hell shall know and fear  
His justice and their doom.

"But gather all my saints," he cries,  
"That made their peace with God  
By the Redeemer's sacrifice,  
And sealed it with his blood.

"Their faith and works, brought forth to light  
Shall make the world confess,  
My sentence of reward is right,  
And heav'n adore my grace."

Isaac Watts

## Psalm 50 Part 2

v.10,11,14,15,23

C. M.

Obedience is better than sacrifice.

Thus saith the Lord, "The spacious fields,  
And flocks, and herds, are mine;  
O'er all the cattle of the hills  
I claim a right divine.

"I ask no sheep for sacrifice,  
Nor bullocks burnt with fire;  
To hope and love, to pray and praise,  
Is all that I require.

"Call upon me when trouble's near,  
My hand shall set thee free  
Then shall thy thankful lips declare  
The honor due to me.

"The man that offers humble praise,  
He glorifies me best;  
And those that tread my holy ways  
Shall my salvation taste."

Isaac Watts

# Psalm 50 Part 3

v.1,5,8,16,21,22

C. M.

The judgment of hypocrites.

When Christ to judgment shall descend,  
And saints surround their Lord,  
He calls the nations to attend,  
And hear his awful word.

"Not for the want of bullocks slain  
Will I the world reprove;  
Altars, and rites, and forms are vain,  
Without the fire of love.

"And what have hypocrites to do  
To bring their sacrifice?  
They call my statutes just and true,  
But deal in theft and lies.

"Could you expect to 'scape my sight,  
And sin without control?  
But I shall bring your crimes to light,  
With anguish in your soul."

Consider, ye that slight the Lord,  
Before his wrath appear,  
If once you fall beneath his sword,  
There's no deliv'rer there.

Isaac Watts

# Psalm 51 Part 1

A penitent pleading for pardon.

Show pity, Lord, O Lord, forgive,  
Let a repenting rebel live:  
Are not thy mercies large and free?  
May not a sinner trust in thee?

My crimes are great, but not surpass  
The power and glory of thy grace:  
Great God, thy nature hath no bound,  
So let thy pard'ning love be found.

O wash my soul from every sin,  
And make my guilty conscience clean;  
Here on my heart the burden lies,  
And past offences pain my eyes.

My lips with shame my sins confess  
Against thy law, against thy grace:  
Lord, should thy judgment grow severe,  
I am condemned, but thou art clear.

Should sudden vengeance seize my breath,  
I must pronounce thee just in death;  
And if my soul were sent to hell,  
Thy righteous law approves it well.

Yet save a trembling sinner, Lord,  
Whose hope, still hov'ring round thy word,  
Would light on some sweet promise there,  
Some sure support against despair.

Isaac Watts



## Psalm 51 Part 2

Original and actual sin confessed.

Lord, I am vile, conceived in sin;  
And born unholy and unclean;  
Sprung from the man whose guilty fall  
Corrupts the race, and taints us all.

Soon as we draw our infant breath,  
The seeds of sin grow up for death;  
Thy law demands a perfect heart,  
But we're defiled in every part.

[Great God, create my heart anew,  
And form my spirit pure and true;  
O make me wise betimes to spy  
My danger and my remedy.]

Behold, I fall before thy face;  
My only refuge is thy grace:  
No outward forms can make me clean  
The leprosy lies deep within.

No bleeding bird, nor bleeding beast,  
Nor hyssop branch, nor sprinkling priest,  
Nor running brook, nor flood, nor sea,  
Can wash the dismal stain away.

Jesus, my God, thy blood alone  
Hath power sufficient to atone;  
Thy blood can make me white as snow  
No Jewish types could cleanse me so.

While guilt disturbs and breaks my peace,  
Nor flesh nor soul hath rest or ease;  
Lord, let me hear thy pard'ning voice,  
And make my broken bones rejoice.

Isaac Watts

## Psalm 51 Part 3

The backslider restored.

O Thou that hear'st when sinners cry,  
Though all my crimes before thee lie,  
Behold them not with angry look,  
But blot their mem'ry from thy book.

Create my nature pure within,  
And form my soul averse to sin:  
Let thy good Spirit ne'er depart,  
Nor hide thy presence from my heart.

I cannot live without thy light  
Cast out and banished from thy sight:  
Thine holy joys, my God, restore,  
And guard me that I fall no more.

Though I have grieved thy Spirit, Lord,  
His help and comfort still afford;  
And let a wretch come near thy throne,  
To plead the merits of thy Son.

A broken heart, my God, my King,  
Is all the sacrifice I bring;  
The God of grace will ne'er despise  
A broken heart for sacrifice.

My soul lies humbled in the dust,  
And owns thy dreadful sentence just:  
Look down, O Lord, with pitying eye,  
And save the soul condemned to die.

Then will I teach the world thy ways;  
Sinners shall learn thy sovereign grace;  
I'll lead them to my Savior's blood,  
And they shall praise a pard'ning God.

O may thy love inspire my tongue!  
Salvation shall be all my song;

And all my powers shall join to bless  
The Lord, my strength and righteousness.

Isaac Watts

# Psalm 53

v.4-6

C. M.

Victory and deliverance from persecution.

Are all the foes of Zion fools,  
Who thus devour her saints?  
Do they not know her Savior rules,  
And pities her complaints?

They shall be seized with sad surprise;  
For God's revenging arm  
Scatters the bones of them that rise  
To do his children harm.

In vain the sons of Satan boast  
Of armies in array;  
When God has first despised their host  
They fall an easy prey.

O for a word from Zion's King,  
Her captives to restore!  
Jacob with all his tribes shall sing,  
And Judah weep no more.

Isaac Watts

# Psalm 55

v.1-8,16-18,22

C. M.

Support for the afflicted and tempted soul.

O God, my refuge, hear my cries,  
"Behold my flowing tears;  
For earth and hell my hurt devise,  
And triumph in my fears.

Their rage is leveled at my life,  
My soul with guilt they load,  
And fill my thoughts with inward strife,  
To shake my hope in God.

With inward pain my heart-strings sound,  
I groan with ev'ry breath;  
Horror and fear beset me round  
Amongst the shades of death.

O were I like a feathered dove,  
And innocence had wings,  
I'd fly, and make a long remove  
From all these restless things.

Let me to some wild desert go,  
And find a peaceful home;  
Where storms of malice never blow,  
Temptations never come.

Vain hopes, and vain inventions all  
To 'scape the rage of hell!  
The mighty God on whom I call,  
Can save me here as well.

PAUSE.

By morning light I'll seek his face,  
At noon repeat my cry;  
The night shall hear me ask his grace,

Nor will he long deny.

God shall preserve my soul from fear,  
Or shield me when afraid;  
Ten thousand angels must appear,  
If he command their aid.

I cast my burdens on the Lord,  
The Lord sustains them all;  
My courage rests upon his word,  
That saints shall never fall.

My highest hopes shall not be vain,  
My lips shall spread his praise;  
While cruel and deceitful men  
Scarce live out half their days.

Isaac Watts

# Psalm 56

Deliverance from oppression and falsehood.

O Thou whose justice reigns on high,  
And makes th' oppressor cease,  
Behold how envious sinners try  
To vex and break my peace.

The sons of violence and lies  
Join to devour me, Lord;  
But as my hourly dangers rise,  
My refuge is thy word.

In God most holy, just, and true,  
I have reposed my trust;  
Nor will I fear what flesh can do,  
The offspring of the dust.

They wrest my words to mischief still,  
Charge me with unknown faults;  
Mischief doth all their counsels fill,  
And malice all their thoughts.

Shall they escape without thy frown?  
Must their devices stand?  
O cast the haughty sinner down,  
And let him know thy hand.

PAUSE.

God counts the sorrows of his saints,  
Their groans affect his ears;  
Thou hast a book for my complaints,  
A bottle for my tears.

When to thy throne I raise my cry,  
The wicked fear and flee;  
So swift is prayer to reach the sky,  
So near is God to me.

In thee, most holy, just, and true,  
I have reposed my trust;  
Nor will I fear what man can do,  
The offspring of the dust.

Thy solemn vows are on me, Lord,  
Thou shalt receive my praise;  
I'll sing, "How faithful is thy word,  
How righteous all thy ways!"

Thou hast secured my soul from death,  
O set thy pris'ner free!  
That heart and hand, and life and breath,  
May be employ'd for thee.

Isaac Watts



# Psalm 57

Praise for protection, grace, and truth.

My God, in whom are all the springs  
Of boundless love, and grace unknown,  
Hide me beneath thy spreading wings,  
Till the dark cloud is overblown.

Up to the heav'ns I send my cry,  
The Lord will my desires perform;  
He sends his angel from the sky,  
And saves me from the threat'ning storm.

Be thou exalted, O my God,  
Above the heav'ns, where angels dwell;  
Thy power on earth be known abroad,  
And land to land thy wonders tell.

My heart is fixed; my song shall raise  
Immortal honors to thy name;  
Awake, my tongue, to sound his praise,  
My tongue, the glory of my frame.

High o'er the earth his mercy reigns,  
And reaches to the utmost sky;  
His truth to endless years remains,  
When lower worlds dissolve and die.

Be thou exalted, O my God,  
Above the heav'ns, where angels dwell;  
Thy power on earth be known abroad,  
And land to land thy wonders tell.

Isaac Watts

# Psalm 58

Warning to magistrates.

Judges, who rule the world by laws,  
Will ye despise the righteous cause,  
When th' injured poor before you stands?  
Dare ye condemn the righteous poor,  
And let rich sinners 'scape secure,  
While gold and greatness bribe your hands?

Have ye forgot, or never knew,  
That God will judge the judges too?  
High in the heav'ns his justice reigns;  
Yet you invade the rights of God,  
And send your bold decrees abroad,  
To bind the conscience in your chains.

A poisoned arrow is your tongue,  
The arrow sharp, the poison strong,  
And death attends where'er it wounds:  
You hear no counsels, cries, or tears;  
So the deaf adder stops her ears  
Against the power of charming sounds.

Break out their teeth, eternal God,  
Those teeth of lions dyed in blood;  
And crush the serpents in the dust:  
As empty chaff when whirlwinds rise  
Before the sweeping tempest flies,  
So let their hopes and names be lost.

Th' Almighty thunders from the sky,  
Their grandeur melts, their titles die,  
As hills of snow dissolve and run,  
Or snails that perish in their slime,  
Or births that come before their time,  
Vain births, that never see the sun.

Thus shall the vengeance of the Lord  
Safety and joy to saints afford;

And all that hear shall join and say,  
"Sure there's a God that rules on high,  
A God that hears his children cry,  
And will their suff'rings well repay."

Isaac Watts

# Psalm 6

Complaint in sickness.

In anger, Lord, rebuke me not;  
Withdraw the dreadful storm;  
Nor let thy fury grow so hot  
Against a feeble worm.

My soul's bowed down with heavy cares,  
My flesh with pain oppressed;  
My couch is witness to my tears,  
My tears forbid my rest.

Sorrow and pain wear out my days,  
I waste the night with cries,  
Counting the minutes as they pass,  
Till the slow morning rise.

Shall I be still tormented more?  
Mine eye consumed with grief?  
How long, my God, how long before  
Thine hand afford relief?

He hears when dust and ashes speak,  
He pities all our groans;  
He saves us for his mercy's sake,  
And heals our broken bones.

The virtue of his sovereign word  
Restores our fainting breath;  
For silent graves praise not the Lord,  
Nor is he known in death.

Isaac Watts

# Psalm 60

v.1-5,10-12

C. M.

On a day of humiliation for disappointments in war.

Lord, hast thou cast the nation off?  
Must we for ever mourn?  
Wilt thou indulge immortal wrath?  
Shall mercy ne'er return?

The terror of one frown of thine  
Melts all our strength away;  
Like men that totter drunk with wine,  
We tremble in dismay.

Great Britain shakes beneath thy stroke  
And dreads thy threat'ning hand;  
O heal the island thou hast broke,  
Confirm the wav'ring land.

Lift up a banner in the field  
For those that fear thy name;  
Save thy beloved with thy shield,  
And put our foes to shame.

Go with our armies to the fight,  
Like a confed'rate God;  
In vain confed'rate powers unite  
Against thy lifted rod.

Our troops shall gain a wide renown  
By thine assisting hand  
'Tis God that treads the mighty down,  
And makes the feeble stand.

Isaac Watts

# Psalm 61

v.1-6

S. M.

Safety in God.

When, overwhelm'd with grief,  
My heart within me dies,  
Helpless, and far from all relief,  
To heav'n I lift mine eyes.

O lead me to the rock  
That's high above my head,  
And make the covert of thy wings  
My shelter and my shade.

Within thy presence, Lord,  
For ever I'll abide;  
Thou art the tower of my defence,  
The refuge where I hide.

Thou givest me the lot  
Of those that fear thy name;  
If endless life be their reward,  
I shall possess the same.

Isaac Watts

# Psalm 62

v.5-12

L. M.

No trust in the creatures; or, Faith in Divine grace and power.

My spirit looks to God alone;  
My rock and refuge is his throne;  
In all my fears, in all my straits,  
My soul on his salvation waits.

Trust him, ye saints, in all your ways,  
Pour out your hearts before his face:  
When helpers fail, and foes invade,  
God is our all-sufficient aid.

False are the men of high degree,  
The baser sort are vanity;  
Laid in the balance, both appear  
Light as a puff of empty air.

Make not increasing gold your trust,  
Nor set your hearts on glitt'ring dust  
Why will you grasp the fleeting smoke,  
And not believe what God has spoke?

Once has his awful voice declared,  
Once and again my ears have heard,  
"All power is his eternal due;  
He must be feared and trusted too."

For sovereign power reigns not alone,  
Grace is a partner of the throne:  
Thy grace and justice, mighty Lord,  
Shall well divide our last reward.

Isaac Watts

## Psalm 63

Longing after God; or, The love of God better than life.

Great God, indulge my humble claim,  
Thou art my hope, my joy, my rest;  
The glories that compose thy name  
Stand all engaged to make me blest.

Thou great and good, thou just and wise,  
Thou art my Father and my God;  
And I am thine by sacred ties;  
Thy son, thy servant, bought with blood

With heart, and eyes, and lifted hands,  
For thee I long, to thee I look,  
As travellers in thirsty lands  
Pant for the cooling water-brook.

With early feet I love t' appear  
Among thy saints, and seek thy face;  
Oft have I seen thy glory there,  
And felt the power of sovereign grace.

Not fruits nor wines that tempt our taste,  
Nor all the joys our senses know,  
Could make me so divinely blest,  
Or raise my cheerful passions so.

My life itself without thy love  
No taste of pleasure could afford;  
'Twould but a tiresome burden prove,  
If I were banish'd from the Lord.

Amidst the wakeful hours of night,  
When busy cares afflict my head,  
One thought of thee gives new delight,  
And adds refreshment to my bed.

I'll lift my hands, I'll raise my voice,  
While I have breath to pray or praise;



This work shall make my heart rejoice,  
And spend the remnant of my days.

Isaac Watts

# Psalm 63 Part 1

v.1-5

C. M.

The morning of a Lord's day.

Early, my God, without delay,  
I haste to seek thy face;  
My thirsty spirit faints away  
Without thy cheering grace.

So pilgrims on the scorching sand,  
Beneath a burning sky,  
Long for a cooling stream at hand,  
And they must drink or die.

I've seen thy glory and thy power  
Through all thy temple shine;  
My God, repeat that heav'nly hour,  
That vision so divine.

Not all the blessings of a feast  
Can please my soul so well,  
As when thy richer grace I taste,  
And in thy presence dwell.

Not life itself, with all her joys,  
Can my best passions move,  
Or raise so high my cheerful voice,  
As thy forgiving love.

Thus till my last expiring day  
I'll bless my God and King;  
Thus will I lift my hands to pray,  
And tune my lips to sing.

Isaac Watts

## Psalm 63 Part 2

v.6-10

C. M.

Midnight thoughts recollected.

'Twas in the watches of the night  
I thought upon thy power,  
I kept thy lovely face in sight  
Amidst the darkest hour.

My flesh lay resting on my bed,  
My soul arose on high:  
"My God, my life, my hope," I said,  
"Bring thy salvation nigh."

My spirit labors up thine hill,  
And climbs the heav'nly road;  
But thy right hand upholds me still,  
While I pursue my God.

Thy mercy stretches o'er my head  
The shadow of thy wings;  
My heart rejoices in thine aid,  
My tongue awakes and sings.

But the destroyers of my peace  
Shall fret and rage in vain;  
The tempter shall for ever cease,  
And all my sins be slain.

Thy sword shall give my foes to death,  
And send them down to dwell  
In the dark caverns of the earth,  
Or to the deeps of hell.

Isaac Watts

# Psalm 65 Part 1

v.1-5

L. M.

Public prayer and praise.

The praise of Zion waits for thee,  
My God, and praise becomes thy house;  
There shall thy saints thy glory see,  
And there perform their public vows.

O thou whose mercy bends the skies  
To save when humble sinners pray,  
All lands to thee shall lift their eyes,  
And islands of the northern sea.

Against my will my sins prevail,  
But grace shall purge away their stain;  
The blood of Christ will never fail  
To wash my garments white again.

Blest is the man whom thou shalt choose,  
And give him kind access to thee;  
Give him a place within thy house,  
To taste thy love divinely free.

PAUSE.

Let Babel fear when Zion prays;  
Babel, prepare for long distress,  
When Zion's God himself arrays  
In terror and in righteousness.

With dreadful glory God fulfils  
What his afflicted saints request;  
And with almighty wrath reveals  
His love, to give his churches rest.

Then shall the flocking nations run  
To Zion's hill, and own their Lord;  
The rising and the setting sun

Shall see the Savior's name adored.

Isaac Watts

# Psalm 65 Part 2

v.5-13

L. M.

Divine providence in air, earth, and sea.

The God of our salvation hears  
The groans of Zion mixed with tears;  
Yet when he comes with kind designs,  
Through all the way his terror shines.

On him the race of man depends,  
Far as the earth's remotest ends,  
Where the Creator's name is known  
By nature's feeble light alone.

Sailors, that travel o'er the flood,  
Address their frightened souls to God,  
When tempests rage and billows roar  
At dreadful distance from the shore.

He bids the noisy tempests cease;  
He calms the raging crowd to peace,  
When a tumultuous nation raves  
Wild as the winds, and loud as waves.

Whole kingdoms, shaken by the storm,  
He settles in a peaceful form;  
Mountains, established by his hand,  
Firm on their old foundations stand.

Behold his ensigns sweep the sky,  
New comets blaze, and lightnings fly;  
The heathen lands, with swift surprise,  
From the bright horrors turn their eyes.

At his command the morning ray  
Smiles in the east, and leads the day;  
He guides the sun's declining wheels  
Over the tops of western hills.

Seasons and times obey his voice;  
The ev'ning and the morn rejoice  
To see the earth made soft with showers,  
Laden with fruit, and dressed in flowers.

'Tis from his wat'ry stores on high  
He gives the thirsty ground supply;  
He walks upon the clouds, and thence  
Doth his enriching drops dispense.

The desert grows a fruitful field,  
Abundant food the valleys yield;  
The valleys shout with cheerful voice,  
And neighb'ring hills repeat their joys.

The pastures smile in green array;  
There lambs and larger cattle play;  
The larger cattle and the lamb  
Each in his language speaks thy name.

Thy works pronounce thy power divine;  
O'er every field thy glories shine;  
Through every month thy gifts appear;  
Great God, thy goodness crowns the year!

Isaac Watts

## Psalm 65 Part 3

The blessings of the spring; or, God gives rain.  
A Psalm for the husbandman.

Good is the Lord, the heav'nly King,  
Who makes the earth his care;  
Visits the pastures ev'ry spring,  
And bids the grass appear.

The clouds, like rivers raised on high,  
Pour out at thy command  
Their wat'ry blessings from the sky,  
To cheer the thirsty land.

The softened ridges of the field  
Permit the corn to spring;  
The valleys rich provision yield,  
And the poor lab'ers sing.

The little hills, on every side,  
Rejoice at falling showers;  
The meadows, dressed in all their pride,  
Perfume the air with flowers.

The barren clods, refreshed with rain,  
Promise a joyful crop;  
The parching grounds look green again,  
And raise the reaper's hope.

The various months thy goodness crowns;  
How bounteous are thy ways!  
The bleating flocks spread o'er the downs,  
And shepherds shout thy praise.

Isaac Watts



# Psalm 66 Part 1

Governing power and goodness; or, Our graces tried by afflictions.

Sing, all ye nations, to the Lord,  
Sing with a joyful noise;  
With melody of sound record  
His honors and your joys.

Say to the Power that shakes the sky,  
"How terrible art thou!  
Sinners before thy presence fly,  
Or at thy feet they bow."

[Come, see the wonders of our God,  
How glorious are his ways!  
In Moses' hand he puts his rod,  
And cleaves the frightened seas.

He made the ebbing channel dry,  
While Isr'el passed the flood  
There did the church begin their joy,  
And triumph in their God.]

He rules by his resistless might:  
Will rebel mortals dare  
Provoke th' Eternal to the fight,  
And tempt that dreadful war?

O bless our God, and never cease;  
Ye saints, fulfil his praise;  
He keeps our life, maintains our peace,  
And guides our doubtful ways.

Lord, thou hast proved our suff'ring souls,  
To make our graces shine;  
So silver bears the burning coals,  
The metal to refine.

Through wat'ry deeps, and fiery ways,  
We march at thy command;

Led to possess the promised place  
By thine unerring hand.

Isaac Watts

# Psalm 67

The nation's prosperity, and the church's increase.

Shine, mighty God, on Britain shine,  
With beams of heav'nly grace;  
Reveal thy power through all our coasts,  
And show thy smiling face.

[Amidst our isle, exalted high,  
Do thou our glory stand,  
And, like a wall of guardian fire,  
Surround the fav'rite land.]

When shall thy name, from shore to shore,  
Sound all the earth abroad;  
And distant nations know and love  
Their Savior and their God?

Sing to the Lord, ye distant lands,  
Sing loud with solemn voice;  
While British tongues exalt his praise,  
And British hearts rejoice.

He, the great Lord, the sovereign Judge,  
That sits enthroned above,  
Wisely commands the worlds he made  
In justice and in love.

Earth shall obey her Maker's will,  
And yield a full increase;  
Our God will crown his chosen isle  
With fruitfulness and peace.

God the Redeemer scatters round  
His choicest favors here,  
While the creation's utmost bound  
Shall see, adore, and fear.

Isaac Watts

# Psalm 68 Part 1

v.1-6,32-35

L. M.

The vengeance and compassion of God.

Let God arise in all his might,  
And put the troops of hell to flight,  
As smoke that sought to cloud the skies  
Before the rising tempest flies.

[He comes arrayed in burning flames  
Justice and Vengeance are his names:  
Behold his fainting foes expire,  
Like melting wax before the fire.]

He rides and thunders through the sky;  
His name, Jehovah, sounds on high  
Sing to his name, ye sons of grace;  
Ye saints, rejoice before his face.

The widow and the fatherless  
Fly to his aid in sharp distress;  
In him the poor and helpless find  
A Judge that's just, a Father kind.

He breaks the captive's heavy chain,  
And prisoners see the light again;  
But rebels that dispute his will  
Shall dwell in chains and darkness still.

PAUSE.

Kingdoms and thrones to God belong;  
Crown him, ye nations, in your song:  
His wondrous names and powers rehearse;  
His honors shall enrich your verse.

He shakes the heav'ns with loud alarms;  
How terrible is God in arms!  
In Isr'el are his mercies known,

Isr'el is his peculiar throne.

Proclaim him King, pronounce him blest;  
He's your defence, your joy, your rest:  
When terrors rise and nations faint,  
God is the strength of every saint.

Isaac Watts

# Psalm 68 Part 2

v.17,18

L. M.

Christ's ascension, and the gift of the Spirit.

Lord, when thou didst ascend on high,  
Ten thousand angels filled the sky;  
Those heav'nly guards around thee wait,  
Like chariots that attend thy state.

Not Sinai's mountain could appear  
More glorious when the Lord was there;  
While he pronounced his dreadful law,  
And struck the chosen tribes with awe.

How bright the triumph none can tell,  
When the rebellious powers of hell,  
That thousand souls had captive made,  
Were all in chains like captives led.

Raised by his Father to the throne,  
He sent the promised Spirit down  
With gifts and grace for rebel men,  
That God might dwell on earth again.

Isaac Watts

# Psalm 68 Part 3

v.19,9,20-22

L. M.

Praise for temporal blessings; or, Common and special mercies.

We bless the Lord, the just, the good,  
Who fills our hearts with joy and food:  
Who pours his blessings from the skies,  
And loads our days with rich supplies.

He sends the sun his circuit round,  
To cheer the fruits, to warm the ground;  
He bids the clouds with plenteous rain  
Refresh the thirsty earth again.

'Tis to his care we owe our breath,  
And all our near escapes from death;  
Safety and health to God belong;  
He heals the weak, and guards the strong.

He makes the saint and sinner prove  
The common blessings of his love;  
But the wide diff'rence that remains,  
Is endless joy, or endless pains.

The Lord, that bruised the serpent's head,  
On all the serpent's seed shall tread;  
The stubborn sinner's hope confound,  
And smite him with a lasting wound.

But his right hand his saints shall raise  
From the deep earth, or deeper seas,  
And bring them to his courts above;  
There shall they taste his special love.

Isaac Watts

# Psalm 69 Part 1

v.1-14

C. M.

The sufferings of Christ for our salvation.

"Save me, O God, the swelling floods  
Break in upon my soul;  
I sink, and sorrows o'er my head  
Like mighty waters roll.

"I cry till all my voice be gone,  
In tears I waste the day:  
My God, behold my longing eyes,  
And shorten thy delay.

"They hate my soul without a cause,  
And still their number grows  
More than the hairs around my head,  
And mighty are my foes.

"'Twas then I paid that dreadful debt  
That men could never pay,  
And gave those honors to thy law  
Which sinners took away."

Thus in the great Messiah's name,  
The royal prophet mourns;  
Thus he awakes our hearts to grief,  
And gives us joy by turns.

"Now shall the saints rejoice, and find  
Salvation in my name;  
For I have borne their heavy load  
Of sorrow, pain, and shame.

"Grief, like a garment, clothed me round,  
And sackcloth was my dress,  
While I procured for naked souls  
A robe of righteousness.



"Amongst my brethren and the Jews  
I like a stranger stood,  
And bore their vile reproach, to bring  
The Gentiles near to God.

"I came in sinful mortals' stead,  
To do my Father's will;  
Yet when I cleansed my Father's house,  
They scandalized my zeal.

"My fasting and my holy groans  
Were made the drunkard's song;  
But God, from his celestial throne,  
Heard my complaining tongue.

"He saved me from the dreadful deep,  
Nor let my soul be drowned;  
He raised and fixed my sinking feet  
On well-established ground.

"'Twas in a most accepted hour  
My prayer arose on high;  
And for my sake my God shall hear  
The dying sinner's cry.

Isaac Watts

## Psalm 69 Part 2

v.14-21,26,29,32

C. M.

The passion and exaltation of Christ.

Now let our lips with holy fear  
And mournful pleasure sing  
The suff'rings of our great High Priest,  
The sorrows of our King.

He sinks in floods of deep distress;  
How high the waters rise!  
While to his heav'nly Father's ear  
He sends perpetual cries.

"Hear me, O Lord, and save thy Son,  
Nor hide thy shining face;  
Why should thy fav'rite look like one  
Forsaken of thy grace?

"With rage they persecute the man  
That groans beneath thy wound,  
While for a sacrifice I pour  
My life upon the ground.

"They tread my honor to the dust,  
And laugh when I complain;  
Their sharp insulting slanders add  
Fresh anguish to my pain.

"All my reproach is known to thee,  
The scandal and the shame  
Reproach has broke my bleeding heart,  
And lies defiled my name.

"I looked for pity, but in vain;  
My kindred are my grief:  
I ask my friends for comfort round,  
But meet with no relief.

"With vinegar they mock my thirst,  
They give me gall for food;  
And sporting with my dying groans,  
They triumph in my blood.

"Shine into my distressed soul,  
Let thy compassions save;  
And though my flesh sink down to death,  
Redeem it from the grave.

"I shall arise to praise thy name,  
Shall reign in worlds unknown;  
And thy salvation, O my God,  
Shall seat me on thy throne."

Isaac Watts

## Psalm 69 Part 3

Christ's obedience and death; or, God glorified and sinners saved.

Father, I sing thy wondrous grace,  
I bless my Savior's name;  
He bought salvation for the poor,  
And bore the sinner's shame.

His deep distress has raised us high;  
His duty and his zeal  
Fulfilled the law which mortals broke,  
And finished all thy will.

His dying groans, his living songs,  
Shall better please my God  
Than harp or trumpet's solemn sound,  
Than goat's or bullock's blood.

This shall his humble followers see,  
And set their hearts at rest  
They by his death draw near to thee,  
And live for ever blest.

Let heav'n and all that dwell on high  
To God their voices raise,  
While lands and seas assist the sky,  
And join t' advance the praise.

Zion is thine, most holy God,  
Thy Son shall bless her gates;  
And glory purchased by his blood  
For thy own Isr'el waits.

Isaac Watts

# Psalm 7

God's care of his people.

My trust is in my heav'nly Friend,  
My hope in thee, my God;  
Rise, and my helpless life defend  
From those that seek my blood.

With insolence and fury they  
My soul in pieces tear,  
As hungry lions rend the prey,  
When no deliverer's near.

If I had e'er provoked them first,  
Or once abused my foe,  
Then let him tread my life to dust,  
And lay mine honor low.

If there be malice found in me,  
I know thy piercing eyes;  
I should not dare appeal to thee,  
Nor ask my God to rise.

Arise, my God, lift up thy hand,  
Their pride and power control;  
Awake to judgment, and command  
Deliverance for my soul.

PAUSE.

[Let sinners, and their wicked rage,  
Be humbled to the dust;  
Shall not the God of truth engage  
To vindicate the just?

He knows the heart, he tries the reins,  
He will defend th' upright  
His sharpest arrows he ordains  
Against the sons of spite.

For me their malice digged a pit,  
But there themselves are cast;  
My God makes all their mischief light  
On their own heads at last.]

That cruel, persecuting race  
Must feel his dreadful sword:  
Awake, my soul, and praise the grace  
And justice of the Lord.

Isaac Watts

# Psalm 71 Part 1

v.5-9

C. M.

The aged saint's reflection and hope.

My God, my everlasting hope,  
I live upon thy truth;  
Thine hands have held my childhood up,  
And strengthened all my youth.

My flesh was fashioned by thy power,  
With all these limbs of mine;  
And from my mother's painful hour,  
I've been entirely thine.

Still has my life new wonders seen  
Repeated every year;  
Behold, my days that yet remain,  
I trust them to thy care.

Cast me not off when strength declines,  
When hoary hairs arise;  
And round me let thy glory shine,  
Whene'er thy servant dies.

Then in the hist'ry of my age,  
When men review my days,  
They'll read thy love in every page,  
In every line thy praise.

Isaac Watts

## Psalm 71 Part 2

v.14-16,22-24

C. M.

Christ our strength and righteousness.

My Savior, my almighty Friend,  
When I begin thy praise,  
Where will the growing numbers end,  
The numbers of thy grace?

Thou art my everlasting trust,  
Thy goodness I adore;  
And since I knew thy graces first,  
I speak thy glories more.

My feet shall travel all the length  
Of the celestial road,  
And march with courage in thy strength,  
To see my Father God.

When I am filled with sore distress  
For some surprising sin,  
I'll plead thy perfect righteousness,  
And mention none but thine.

How will my lips rejoice to tell  
The vict'ries of my King!  
My soul, redeemed from sin and hell,  
Shall thy salvation sing.

My tongue shall all the day proclaim  
My Savior and my God;  
His death has brought my foes to shame,  
And drowned them in his blood.

Awake, awake, my tuneful powers;  
With this delightful song  
I'll entertain the darkest hours,  
Nor think the season long.





# Psalm 71 Part 3

v.17-21

C. M.

The aged Christian's prayer and song.

God of my childhood and my youth,  
The guide of all my days,  
I have declared thy heav'nly truth,  
And told thy wondrous ways.

Wilt thou forsake my hoary hairs,  
And leave my fainting heart?  
Who shall sustain my sinking years,  
If God my strength depart?

Let me thy power and truth proclaim  
To the surviving age;  
And leave a savor of thy name  
When I shall quit the stage.

The land of silence and of death  
Attends my next remove;  
O may these poor remains of breath  
Teach the wide world thy love!

PAUSE.

Thy righteousness is deep and high,  
Unsearchable thy deeds;  
Thy glory spreads beyond the sky,  
And all my praise exceeds.

Oft have I heard thy threat'nings roar,  
And oft endured the grief;  
But when thy hand has pressed me sore,  
Thy grace was my relief.

By long experience have I known  
Thy sovereign power to save;  
At thy command I venture down

Securely to the grave.

When I lie buried deep in dust,  
My flesh shall be thy care;  
These withering limbs with thee I trust,  
To raise them strong and fair.

Isaac Watts

# Psalm 72 Part 1

The kingdom of Christ.

Great God, whose universal sway  
The known and unknown worlds obey,  
Now give the kingdom to thy Son,  
Extend his power, exalt his throne.

Thy sceptre well becomes his hands,  
All heav'n submits to his commands;  
His justice shall avenge the poor,  
And pride and rage prevail no more.

With power he vindicates the just,  
And treads th' oppressor in the dust;  
His worship and his fear shall last,  
Till hours, and years, and time be past.

As rain on meadows newly mown,  
So shall he send his influence down;  
His grace on fainting souls distils,  
Like heav'nly dew on thirsty hills.

The heathen lands that lie beneath  
The shades of overspreading death,  
Revive at his first dawning light,  
And deserts blossom at the sight.

The saints shall flourish in his days,  
Dressed in the robes of joy and praise  
Peace, like a river from his throne,  
Shall flow to nations yet unknown.

Isaac Watts

## Psalm 72 Part 2

Christ's kingdom among the Gentiles.

Jesus shall reign where'er the sun  
Does his successive journeys run;  
His kingdom stretch from shore to shore,  
Till moons shall wax and wane no more.

[Behold the islands with their kings,  
And Europe her best tribute brings;  
From north to south the princes meet,  
To pay their homage at his feet.

There Persia, glorious to behold,  
There India shines in eastern gold;  
And barb'rous nations at his word  
Submit, and bow, and own their Lord.]

For him shall endless prayer be made,  
And praises throng to crown his head;  
His name like sweet perfume shall rise  
With every morning sacrifice.

People and realms of every tongue  
Dwell on his love with sweetest song;  
And infant voices shall proclaim  
Their early blessings on his name.

Blessings abound where'er he reigns,  
The pris'ner leaps to lose his chains;  
The weary find eternal rest,  
And all the sons of want are blest.

[Where he displays his healing power  
Death and the curse are known no more;  
In him the tribes of Adam boast  
More blessings than their father lost.

Let every creature rise and bring  
Peculiar honors to our King;

Angels descend with songs again,  
And earth repeat the long Amen.]

Isaac Watts

# Psalm 73

v.22,3,6,17-20

L. M.

The prosperity of sinners cursed.

Lord, what a thoughtless wretch was I,  
To mourn, and murmur, and repine,  
To see the wicked placed on high,  
In pride and robes of honor shine!

But O their end, their dreadful end!  
Thy sanctuary taught me so;  
On slipp'ry rocks I see them stand,  
And fiery billows roll below.

Now let them boast how tall they rise,  
I'll never envy them again;  
There they may stand with haughty eyes,  
Till they plunge deep in endless pain.

Their fancied joys, how fast they flee!  
Just like a dream when man awakes;  
Their songs of softest harmony  
Are but a preface to their plagues.

Now I esteem their mirth and wine  
Too dear to purchase with my blood;  
Lord, 'tis enough that thou art mine,  
My life, my portion, and my God.

Isaac Watts

# Psalm 73 Part 1

Afflicted saints happy, and prosperous sinners cursed.

Now I'm convinced the Lord is kind  
To men of heart sincere;  
Yet once my foolish thoughts repined,  
And bordered on despair.

I grieved to see the wicked thrive,  
And spoke with angry breath,  
"How pleasant and profane they live!  
How peaceful is their death!

"With well-fed flesh and haughty eyes,  
They lay their fears to sleep;  
Against the heav'ns their slanders rise,  
While saints in silence weep.

"In vain I lift my hands to pray,  
And cleanse my heart in vain;  
For I am chastened all the day,  
The night renews my pain."

Yet while my tongue indulged complaints,  
I felt my heart reprove,-  
"Sure I shall thus offend thy saints,  
And grieve the men I love."

But still I found my doubts too hard,  
The conflict too severe,  
Till I retired to search thy word,  
And learn thy secrets there.

There, as in some prophetic glass,  
I saw the sinner's feet  
High mounted on a slipp'ry place,  
Beside a fiery pit.

I heard the wretch profanely boast,  
Till at thy frown he fell;



His honors in a dream were lost,  
And he awakes in hell.

Lord, what an envious fool I was!  
How like a thoughtless beast!  
Thus to suspect thy promised grace,  
And think the wicked blest.

Yet I was kept from full despair,  
Upheld by power unknown;  
That blessed hand that broke the snare  
Shall guide me to thy throne.

Isaac Watts

## Psalm 73 Part 2

v.23-28

C. M.

God our portion here and hereafter.

God, my supporter and my hope,  
My help for ever near,  
Thine arm of mercy held me up,  
When sinking in despair.

Thy counsels, Lord, shall guide my feet  
Through this dark wilderness;  
Thine hand conduct me near thy seat,  
To dwell before thy face.

Were I in heav'n without my God,  
'Twould be no joy to me;  
And whilst this earth is my abode,  
I long for none but thee.

What if the springs of life were broke,  
And flesh and heart should faint?  
God is my soul's eternal rock,  
The strength of every saint.

Behold, the sinners that remove  
Far from thy presence die;  
Not all the idol gods they love  
Can save them when they cry.

But to draw near to thee, my God,  
Shall be my sweet employ;  
My tongue shall sound thy works abroad,  
And tell the world my joy.

Isaac Watts

# Psalm 74

The church pleading with God under sore persecutions.

Will God for ever cast us off?  
His wrath for ever smoke  
Against the people of his love,  
His little chosen flock?

Think of the tribes so dearly bought  
With their Redeemer's blood;  
Nor let thy Zion be forgot,  
Where once thy glory stood.

Lift up thy feet and march in haste,  
Aloud our ruin calls;  
See what a wide and fearful waste  
Is made within thy walls.

Where once thy churches prayed and sang,  
Thy foes profanely roar;  
Over thy gates their ensigns hang,  
Sad tokens of their power.

How are the seats of worship broke!  
They tear the buildings down,  
And he that deals the heaviest stroke  
Procures the chief renown.

With flames they threaten to destroy  
Thy children in their nest;  
"Come, let us burn at once," they cry,  
"The temple and the priest."

And still, to heighten our distress,  
Thy presence is withdrawn;  
Thy wonted signs of power and grace,  
Thy power and grace are gone.

No prophet speaks to calm our woes,  
But all the seers mourn;

There's not a soul amongst us knows  
The time of thy return.

PAUSE.

How long, eternal God, how long  
Shall men of pride blaspheme?  
Shall saints be made their endless song,  
And bear immortal shame?

Canst thou for ever sit and hear  
Thine holy name profaned?  
And still thy jealousy forbear,  
And still withhold thine hand?

What strange deliv'rance hast thou shown  
In ages long before!  
And now no other God we own,  
No other God adore.

Thou didst divide the raging sea  
By thy resistless might,  
To make thy tribes a wondrous way,  
And then secure their flight.

Is not the world of nature thine,  
The darkness and the day?  
Didst thou not bid the morning shine,  
And mark the sun his way?

Hath not thy power formed every coast,  
And set the earth its bounds,  
With summer's heat, and winter's frost,  
In their perpetual rounds?

And shall the sons of earth and dust  
That sacred power blaspheme?  
Will not thy hand that formed them first  
Avenge thine injured name?

Think oh the cov'nant thou hast made,  
And all thy words of love;

Nor let the birds of prey invade,  
And vex thy mourning dove.

Our foes would triumph in our blood,  
And make our hope their jest;  
Plead thy own cause, Almighty God,  
And give thy children rest.

Isaac Watts

# Psalm 75

Power and government from God alone.

[Applied to the glorious Revolution by King William, or the happy accession of King George to the throne.]

To thee, most Holy and most High,  
To thee we bring our thankful praise;  
Thy works declare thy name is nigh,  
Thy works of wonder and of grace.

Britain was doomed to be a slave,  
Her frame dissolved, her fears were great;  
When God a new supporter gave,  
To bear the pillars of the state.

He from thy hand received his crown,  
And sware to rule by wholesome laws;  
His foot shall tread th' oppressor down,  
His arm defend the righteous cause.

Let haughty sinners sink their pride,  
Nor lift so high their scornful head;  
But lay their foolish thoughts aside,  
And own the king that God hath made.

Such honors never come by chance,  
Nor do the winds promotion blow;  
'Tis God the Judge doth one advance,  
'Tis God that lays another low.

No vain pretence to royal birth  
Shall fix a tyrant on the throne:  
God, the great Sovereign of the earth,  
Will rise and make his justice known.

[His hand holds out the dreadful cup  
Of vengeance mixed with various plagues,  
To make the wicked drink them up,  
Wring out and taste the bitter dregs.]

Now shall the Lord exalt the just;  
And while he tramples on the proud,  
And lays their glory in the dust,  
My lips shall sing his praise aloud.]

Isaac Watts

# Psalm 76

Israel saved, and the Assyrians destroyed.

In Judah God of old was known;  
His name in Isr'el great;  
In Salem stood his holy throne,  
And Zion was his seat.

Among the praises of his saints  
His dwelling there he chose;  
There he received their just complaints  
Against their haughty foes.

From Zion went his dreadful word,  
And broke the threat'ning spear,  
The bow, the arrows, and the sword,  
And crushed th' Assyrian war.

What are the earth's wide kingdoms else  
But mighty hills of prey?  
The hill on which Jehovah dwells  
Is glorious more than they.

'Twas Zion's King that stopped the breath  
Of captains and their bands;  
The men of might slept fast in death,  
And never found their hands.

At thy rebuke, O Jacob's God,  
Both horse and chariot fell:  
Who knows the terrors of thy rod?  
Thy vengeance who can tell?

What power can stand before thy sight,  
When once thy wrath appears?  
When heav'n shines round with dreadful light,  
The earth lies still and fears.

When God in his own sovereign ways  
Comes down to save th' oppressed,



The wrath of man shall work his praise,  
And he'll restrain the rest.

[Vow to the Lord, and tribute bring,  
Ye princes, fear his frown;  
His terror shakes the proudest king,  
And cuts an army down.

The thunder of his sharp rebuke  
Our haughty foes shall feel;  
For Jacob's God hath not forsook  
But dwells in Zion still.]

Isaac Watts

# Psalm 77 Part 1

Melancholy assaulting, and hope prevailing.

To God I cried with mournful voice,  
I sought his gracious ear,  
In the sad day when troubles rose,  
And filled the night with fear.

Sad were my days, and dark my nights,  
My soul refused relief;  
I thought on God the just and wise,  
But thoughts increased my grief.

Still I complained, and still oppressed,  
My heart began to break;  
My God, thy wrath forbade my rest,  
And kept my eyes awake.

My overwhelming sorrows grew,  
Till I could speak no more;  
Then I within myself withdrew,  
And called thy judgments o'er.

I called back years and ancient times  
When I beheld thy face;  
My spirit searched for secret crimes  
That might withhold thy grace.

I called thy mercies to my mind  
Which I enjoyed before;  
And will the Lord no more be kind?  
His face appear no more?

Will he for ever cast me off?  
His promise ever fail?  
Has he forgot his tender love?  
Shall anger still prevail?

But I forbid this hopeless thought;  
This dark, despairing frame,

Rememb'ring what thy hand hath wrought;  
Thy hand is still the same.

I'll think again of all thy ways,  
And talk thy wonders o'er;  
Thy wonders of recovering grace,  
When flesh could hope no more.

Grace dwells with justice on the throne;  
And men that love thy word  
Have in thy sanctuary known  
The counsels of the Lord.

Isaac Watts

## Psalm 77 Part 2

Comfort derived from ancient providences.

"How awful is thy chast'ning rod!"  
May thy own children say:  
"The great, the wise, the dreadful God!  
How holy is his way !"

I'll meditate his works of old,  
The King that reigns above;  
I'll hear his ancient wonders told,  
And learn to trust his love.

Long did the house of Joseph lie  
With Egypt's yoke oppressed;  
Long he delayed to hear their cry,  
or gave his people rest.

The sons of good old Jacob seemed  
Abandoned to their foes;  
But his almighty arm redeemed  
The nation that he chose.

Isr'el, his people and his sheep,  
Must follow where he calls;  
He bade them venture through the deep,  
And made the waves their walls.

The waters saw thee, mighty God!  
The waters saw thee come;  
Backward they fled, and frightened stood,  
To make thine armies room.

Strange was thy journey through the sea  
Thy footsteps, Lord, unknown;  
Terrors attend the wondrous way  
That brings thy mercies down.

[Thy voice, with terror in the sound,  
Through clouds and darkness broke;

All heav'n in lightning shone around,  
And earth with thunder shook.

Thine arrows through the skies were hurled;  
How glorious is the Lord!  
Surprise and trembling seized the world,  
And his own saints adored.

He gave them water from the rock,  
And safe, by Moses' hand,  
Through a dry desert led his flock  
Home to the promised land.]

Isaac Watts

# Psalm 78 Part 1

Providences of God recorded.

Let children hear the mighty deeds  
Which God performed of old,  
Which in our younger years we saw,  
And which our fathers told.

He bids us make his glories known,  
His works of power and grace;  
And we'll convey his wonders down  
Through every rising race.

Our lips shall tell them to our sons,  
And they again to theirs;  
That generations yet unborn  
May teach them to their heirs.

Thus shall they learn in God alone  
Their hope securely stands;  
That they may ne'er forget his works,  
But practise his commands.

Isaac Watts

## Psalm 78 Part 2

Israel's rebellion and punishment.

O What a stiff rebellious house  
Was Jacob's ancient race!  
False to their own most solemn vows,  
And to their Maker's grace.

They broke the cov'nant of his love,  
And did his laws despise;  
Forgot the works he wrought to prove  
His power before their eyes.

They saw the plagues on Egypt light  
From his revenging hand;  
What dreadful tokens of his might  
Spread o'er the stubborn land!

They saw him cleave the mighty sea,  
And marched in safety through,  
With wat'ry walls to guard their way,  
Till they had 'scaped the foe.

A wondrous pillar marked the road,  
Composed of shade and light;  
By day it proved a shelt'ring cloud,  
A leading fire by night.

He from the rock their thirst supplied  
The gushing waters fell,  
And ran in rivers by their side,  
A constant miracle.

Yet they provoked the Lord most High,  
And dared distrust his hand:  
"Can he with bread our host supply  
Amidst this desert land?"

The Lord with indignation heard,  
And caused his wrath to flame;

His terrors ever stand prepared  
To vindicate his name.

Isaac Watts



## Psalm 78 Part 3

The punishment of luxury and intemperance.

When Isr'el sins, the Lord reproveth  
And fills their hearts with dread;  
Yet he forgives the men he loves,  
And sends them heav'nly bread.

He fed them with a lib'ral hand,  
And made his treasures known;  
He gave the midnight clouds command  
To pour provision down.

The manna, like a morning shower,  
Lay thick around their feet  
The corn of heav'n, so light, so pure,  
As though 'twere angels' meat.

But they in murm'ring language said,  
"Manna is all our feast;  
We loathe this light, this airy bread;  
We must have flesh to taste."

"Ye shall have flesh to please your lust,"  
The Lord in wrath replied,  
And sent them quails like sand or dust,  
Heaped up from side to side.

He gave them all their own desire,  
And greedy as they fed,  
His vengeance burnt with secret fire,  
And smote the rebels dead.

When some were slain, the rest returned  
And sought the Lord with tears;  
Under the rod they feared and mourned,  
But soon forgot their fears.

Oft he chastised and still forgave,  
Till, by his gracious hand,

The nation he resolved to save  
Possessed the promised land.

Isaac Watts

## Psalm 8

God's sovereignty and goodness.

O Lord, our heav'nly King,  
Thy name is all divine;  
Thy glories round the earth are spread,  
And o'er the heav'ns they shine.

When to thy works on high  
I raise my wondering eyes,  
And see the moon, complete in light,  
Adorn the darksome skies

When I survey the stars,  
And all their shining forms,  
Lord, what is man, that worthless thing,  
Akin to dust and worms?

Lord, what is worthless man,  
That thou shouldst love him so?  
Next to thine angels is he placed,  
And lord of all below.

Thine honors crown his head,  
While beasts, like slaves, obey;  
And birds that cut the air with wings,  
And fish that cleave the sea.

How rich thy bounties are!  
And wondrous are thy ways  
Of dust and worms thy power can frame  
A monument of praise.

[Out of the mouths of babes  
And sucklings thou canst draw  
Surprising honors to thy name,  
And strike the world with awe.

O Lord, our heav'nly King,  
Thy name is all divine;

Thy glories round the earth are spread,  
And o'er the heav'ns they shine.]

Isaac Watts

# Psalm 8 Part 1

v.1,2, paraphrased.

L. M.

The hosanna of children.

Almighty Ruler of the skies,  
Through the wide earth thy name is spread;  
And thine eternal glories rise  
O'er all the heav'ns thy hands have made.

To thee the voices of the young  
A monument of honor raise;  
And babes, with uninstructed tongue,  
Declare the wonders of thy praise.

Thy power assists their tender age  
To bring proud rebels to the ground,  
To still the bold blasphemer's rage,  
And all their policies confound.

Children amidst thy temple throng  
To see their great Redeemer's face;  
The Son of David is their song,  
And young hosannas fill the place.

The frowning scribes and angry priests  
In vain their impious cavils bring;  
Revenge sits silent in their breasts,  
While Jewish babes proclaim their King.

Isaac Watts

## Psalm 8 Part 2

v. 3ff, paraphrased.

L. M.

Adam and Christ, lords of the old and new creation.

Lord, what was man, when made at first,  
Adam the offspring of the dust,  
That thou shouldst set him and his race  
But just below an angel's place?

That thou shouldst raise his nature so,  
And make him lord of all below;  
Make every beast and bird submit,  
And lay the fishes at his feet?

But, O! what brighter glories wait  
To crown the Second Adam's state!  
What honors shall thy Son adorn,  
Who condescended to be born!

See him below his angels made;  
See him in dust amongst the dead,  
To save a ruined world from sin;  
But he shall reign with power divine.

The world to come, redeemed from all  
The miseries that attend the fall,  
New made and glorious, shall submit  
At our exalted Savior's feet.

Isaac Watts

# Psalm 80

The church's prayer under affliction; or, The vineyard of God wasted.

Great Shepherd of thine Israel,  
Who didst between the cherubs dwell,  
And lead the tribes, thy chosen sheep,  
Safe through the desert and the deep;

Thy church is in the desert now,  
Shine from on high and guide us through;  
Turn us to thee, thy love restore,  
We shall be saved and sigh no more.

Great God, whom heav'nly hosts obey,  
How long shall we lament and pray,  
And wait in vain thy kind return?  
How long shall thy fierce anger burn?

Instead of wine and cheerful bread  
Thy saints with their own tears are fed:  
Turn us to thee, thy love restore,  
We shall be saved, and sigh no more.

PAUSE I.

Hast thou not planted with thy hands  
A lovely vine in heathen lands?  
Did not thy power defend it round,  
And heav'nly dews enrich the ground?

How did the spreading branches shoot,  
And bless the nations with the fruit!  
But now, dear Lord, look down and see  
Thy mourning vine, that lovely tree.

Why is its beauty thus defaced?  
Why hast thou laid her fences waste?  
Strangers and foes against her join,  
And every beast devours the vine.

Return, Almighty God, return,  
Nor let thy bleeding vineyard mourn;  
Turn us to thee, thy love restore,  
We shall be saved, and sigh no more.

PAUSE II.

Lord, when this vine in Canaan grew,  
Thou wast its strength and glory too;  
Attacked in vain by all its foes,  
Till the fair Branch of Promise rose:

Fair Branch, ordained of old to shoot  
From David's stock, from Jacob's root;  
Himself a noble vine, and we  
The lesser branches of the tree.

'Tis thy own Son; and he shall stand  
Girt with thy strength at thy right hand;  
Thy first-born Son, adorned and blest  
With power and grace above the rest.

O for his sake attend our cry,  
Shine on thy churches lest they die;  
Turn us to thee, thy love restore,  
We shall be saved, and sigh no more.

Isaac Watts



# Psalm 81

v.1,8-16

S. M.

The warnings of God to his people.

Sing to the Lord aloud,  
And make a joyful noise;  
God is our strength, our Savior God;  
Let Isr'el hear his voice.

"From vile idolatry  
Preserve my worship clean;  
I am the Lord, who set thee free  
From slavery and sin.

"Stretch thy desires abroad,  
And I'll supply them well:  
But if ye will refuse your God,  
If Isr'el will rebel;

"I'll leave them," saith the Lord,  
"To their own lusts a prey,  
And let them run the dang'rous road,  
'Tis their own chosen way.

"Yet, O! that all my saints  
Would hearken to my voice!  
Soon I would ease their sore complaints,  
And bid their hearts rejoice.

"While I destroy their foes,  
I'd richly feed my flock;  
And they should taste the stream that flows  
From their eternal rock."

Isaac Watts

## Psalm 82

God the supreme Governor; or, Magistrates warned.

Among th' assemblies of the great  
A greater Ruler takes his seat;  
The God of heav'n, as Judge, surveys  
Those gods on earth, and all their ways.

Why will ye, then, frame wicked laws?  
Or why support th' unrighteous cause?  
When will ye once defend the poor,  
That sinners vex the saints no more?

They know not, Lord, nor will they know;  
Dark are the ways in which they go;  
Their name of earthly gods is vain,  
For they shall fall and die like men.

Arise, O Lord, and let thy Son  
Possess his universal throne,  
And rule the nations with his rod;  
He is our Judge, and he our God.

Isaac Watts

# Psalm 83

A complaint against persecutors.

And will the God of grace  
Perpetual silence keep?  
The God of justice hold his peace,  
And let his vengeance sleep?

Behold, what cursed snares  
The men of mischief spread!  
The men that hate thy saints and thee  
Lift up their threat'ning head.

Against thy hidden ones  
Their counsels they employ,  
And malice, with her watchful eye,  
Pursues them to destroy.

The noble and the base  
Into thy pastures leap;  
The lion and the stupid ass  
Conspire to vex thy sheep.

"Come, let us join," they cry,  
"To root them from the ground,  
Till not the name of saints remain,  
Nor mem'ry shall be found."

Awake, Almighty God,  
And call thy wrath to mind;  
Give them like forests to the fire,  
Or stubble to the wind.

Convince their madness, Lord,  
And make them seek thy name;  
Or else their stubborn rage confound,  
That they may die in shame.

Then shall the nations know  
That glorious, dreadful word,

Jehovah is thy name alone,  
And thou the sovereign Lord.

Isaac Watts

# Psalm 84

v.1-4,10, paraphrased

C. M.

Delight in ordinances of worship; or, God present in his churches.

My soul, how lovely is the place  
To which thy God resorts!  
'Tis heav'n to see his smiling face,  
Though in his earthly courts.

There the great Monarch of the skies  
His saving power displays,  
And light breaks in upon our eyes  
With kind and quick'ning rays.

With his rich gifts the heav'nly Dove  
Descends and fills the place,  
While Christ reveals his wondrous love,  
And sheds abroad his grace.

There, mighty God, thy words declare  
The secrets of thy will;  
And still we seek thy mercy there,  
And sing thy praises still.

PAUSE.

My heart and flesh cry out for thee,  
While far from thine abode;  
When shall I tread thy courts, and see  
My Savior and my God?

The sparrow builds herself a nest,  
And suffers no remove;  
O make me, like the sparrows, blest,  
To dwell but where I love.

To sit one day beneath thine eye,  
And hear thy gracious voice,  
Exceeds a whole eternity

Employed in carnal joys.

Lord, at thy threshold I would wait  
While Jesus is within,  
Rather than fill a throne of state,  
Or live in tents of sin.

Could I command the spacious land,  
And the more boundless sea,  
For one blest hour at thy right hand  
I'd give them both away.

Isaac Watts

# Psalm 84 Part 1

The pleasure of public worship.

How pleasant, how divinely fair,  
O Lord of hosts, thy dwellings are!  
With long desire my spirit faints  
To meet th' assemblies of thy saints.

My flesh would rest in thine abode,  
My panting heart cries out for God;  
My God! my King! why should I be  
So far from all my joys and thee?

The sparrow chooses where to rest,  
And for her young provides her nest;  
But will my God to sparrows grant  
That pleasure which his children want?

Blest are the saints who sit on high  
Around thy throne of majesty;  
Thy brightest glories shine above,  
And all their work is praise and love.

Blest are the souls who find a place  
Within the temple of thy grace;  
There they behold thy gentler rays,  
And seek thy face, and learn thy praise.

Blest are the men whose hearts are set  
To find the way to Zion's gate;  
God is their strength, and through the road  
They lean upon their helper God.

Cheerful they walk with growing strength,  
Till all shall meet in heav'n at length,  
Till all before thy face appear,  
And join in nobler worship there.

Isaac Watts

## Psalm 84 Part 2

God and his church; or, Grace and glory.

Great God, attend, while Zion sings  
The joy that from thy presence springs:  
To spend one day with thee on earth  
Exceeds a thousand days of mirth.

Might I enjoy the meanest place  
Within thy house, O God of grace,  
Not tents of ease, nor thrones of power,  
Should tempt my feet to leave thy door.

God is our sun, he makes our day;  
God is our shield, he guards our way  
From all th' assaults of hell and sin,  
From foes without and foes within.

All needful grace will God bestow,  
And crown that grace with glory too!  
He gives us all things, and withholds  
No real good from upright souls.

O God, our King, whose sovereign sway  
The glorious hosts of heav'n obey,  
And devils at thy presence flee,  
Blest is the man that trusts in thee.

Isaac Watts



# Psalm 85 Part 1

v.1-8

L. M.

Waiting for an answer to prayer; or, Deliverance begun and completed.

Lord, thou hast called thy grace to mind,  
Thou hast reversed our heavy doom;  
So God forgave when Isr'el sinned,  
And brought his wand'ring captives home.

Thou hast begun to set us free,  
And made thy fiercest wrath abate;  
Now let our hearts be turned to thee,  
And thy salvation be complete.

Revive our dying graces, Lord,  
And let thy saints in thee rejoice;  
Make known thy truth, fulfil thy word;  
We wait for praise to tune our voice.

We wait to hear what God will say;  
He'll speak, and give his people peace;  
But let them run no more astray,  
Lest his returning wrath increase.

Isaac Watts

## Psalm 85 Part 2

v.9ff

L. M.

Salvation by Christ.

Salvation is for ever nigh  
The souls that fear and trust the Lord  
And grace descending from on high  
Fresh hopes of glory shall afford.

Mercy and truth on earth are met,  
Since Christ the Lord came down from heav'n;  
By his obedience so complete,  
Justice is pleased, and peace is giv'n.

Now truth and honor shall abound,  
Religion dwell on earth again,  
And heav'nly influence bless the ground  
In our Redeemer's gentle reign.

His righteousness is gone before  
To give us free access to God;  
Our wand'ring feet shall stray no more,  
But mark his steps and keep the road.

Isaac Watts

# Psalm 86

v.8-13

C. M.

A general song of praise to God.

Among the princes, earthly gods,  
There's none hath power divine;  
Nor is their nature, mighty Lord,  
Nor are their works, like thine.

The nations thou hast made shall bring  
Their off'rings round thy throne;  
For thou alone dost wondrous things,  
For thou art God alone.

Lord, I would walk with holy feet;  
Teach me thine heav'nly ways,  
And my poor scattered thoughts unite  
In God my Father's praise.

Great is thy mercy, and my tongue  
Shall those sweet wonders tell,  
How by thy grace my sinking soul  
Rose from the deeps of hell.

Isaac Watts

# Psalm 87

The church the birth-place of the saints.

God in his earthly temple lays  
Foundations for his heav'nly praise:  
He likes the tents of Jacob well,  
But still in Zion loves to dwell.

His mercy visits every house  
That pay their night and morning vows;  
But makes a more delightful stay  
Where churches meet to praise and pray.

What glories were described of old!  
What wonders are of Zion told!  
Thou city of our God below,  
Thy fame shall Tyre and Egypt know.

Egypt and Tyre, and Greek and Jew,  
Shall there begin their lives anew;  
Angels and men shall join to sing  
The hill where living waters spring.

When God makes up his last account  
Of natives in his holy mount,  
'Twill be an honor to appear  
As one new-born or nourished there!

Isaac Watts

# Psalm 89

The covenant made with Christ; or, The true David.

For ever shall my song record  
The truth and mercy of the Lord;  
Mercy and truth for ever stand,  
Like heav'n, established by his hand.

Thus to his Son he sware, and said,  
"With thee my cov'nant first is made;  
In thee shall dying sinners live,  
Glory and grace are thine to give.

"Be thou my Prophet, thou my Priest;  
Thy children shall be ever blest;  
Thou art my chosen King: thy throne  
Shall stand eternal like my own.

"There's none of all my sons above  
So much my image or my love;  
Celestial powers thy subjects are:  
Then what can earth to thee compare?

"David, my servant, whom I chose  
To guard my flock, to crush my foes,  
And raised him to the Jewish throne,  
Was but a shadow of my Son."

Now let the church rejoice and sing  
Jesus, her Savior and her King;  
Angels his heav'nly wonders show,  
And saints declare his works below.

Isaac Watts

# Psalm 89 Last Part

v.47ff

8,8,8,8,8,8

Life, death, and the resurrection.

Think, mighty God, on feeble man;  
How few his hours! how short his span!  
Short from the cradle to the grave  
Who can secure his vital breath  
Against the bold demands of death,  
With skill to fly, or power to save?

Lord, shall it be for ever said,  
"The race of man was only made  
For sickness, sorrow, and the dust?"  
Are not thy servants day by day  
Sent to their graves, and turned to clay?  
Lord, where's thy kindness to the just?

Hast thou not promised to thy Son  
And all his seed a heav'nly crown?  
But flesh and sense indulge despair:  
For ever blessed be the Lord,  
That faith can read his holy word,  
And find a resurrection there.

For ever blessed be the Lord,  
Who gives his saints a long reward  
For all their toil, reproach, and pain:  
Let all below and all above  
Join to proclaim thy wondrous love,  
And each repeat their loud Amen.

Isaac Watts

# Psalm 89 Part 1

The faithfulness of God.

My never-ceasing songs shall show  
The mercies of the Lord;  
And make succeeding ages know  
How faithful is his word.

The sacred truths his lips pronounce  
Shall firm as heav'n endure;  
And if he speak a promise once,  
Th' eternal grace is sure.

How long the race of David held  
The promised Jewish throne!  
But there's a nobler cov'nant sealed  
To David's greater Son.

His seed for ever shall possess  
A throne above the skies;  
The meanest subject of his grace  
Shall to that glory rise.

Lord God of hosts, thy wondrous ways  
Are sung by saints above;  
And saints on earth their honors raise  
To thy unchanging love.

Isaac Watts

## Psalm 89 Part 2

v.7ff

C. M.

The power and majesty of God; or, Reverential worship.

With rev'rence let the saints appear,  
And bow before the Lord;  
His high commands with rev'rence hear,  
And tremble at his word.

How terrible thy glories be!  
How bright thine armies shine!  
Where is the power that vies with thee,  
Or truth compared to thine?

The northern pole and southern rest  
On thy supporting hand;  
Darkness and day, from east to west,  
Move round at thy command.

Thy words the raging winds control,  
And rule the boist'rous deep;  
Thou mak'st the sleeping billows roll,  
The rolling billows sleep.

Heav'n, earth, and air, and sea, are thine,  
And the dark world of hell;  
How did thine arm in vengeance shine  
When Egypt durst rebel!

Justice and judgment are thy throne,  
Yet wondrous is thy grace;  
While truth and mercy, joined in one,  
Invite us near thy face.

Isaac Watts



# Psalm 89 Part 3

v.15ff

C. M.

A blessed gospel.

Blest are the souls that hear and know  
The gospel's joyful sound;  
Peace shall attend the path they go,  
And light their steps surround.

Their joy shall bear their spirits up  
Through their Redeemer's name;  
His righteousness exalts their hope,  
Nor Satan dares condemn.

The Lord, our glory and defence,  
Strength and salvation gives;  
Isr'el, thy King for ever reigns,  
Thy God for ever lives.

Isaac Watts

# Psalm 89 Part 4

v.19ff

C. M.

Christ's mediatorial kingdom; or, His Divine and human nature

Hear what the Lord in vision said,  
And made his mercy known:  
"Sinners, behold your help is laid  
On my Almighty Son.

"Behold the Man my wisdom chose  
Among your mortal race:  
His head my holy oil o'erflows,  
The Spirit of my grace.

"High shall he reign on David's throne,  
My people's better King;  
My arm shall beat his rivals down,  
And still new subjects bring.

"My truth shall guard him in his way,  
With mercy by his side,  
While in my name through earth and sea  
He shall in triumph ride.

"Me for his Father and his God  
He shall for ever own,  
Call me his rock, his high abode,  
And I'll support my Son.

"My first-born Son arrayed in grace  
At my right hand shall sit;  
Beneath him angels know their place,  
And monarchs at his feet.

"My cov'nant stands for ever fast,  
My promises are strong;  
Firm as the heav'ns his throne shall last,  
His seed endure as long."



## Psalm 89 Part 5

v.30ff

C. M.

The covenant of grace unchangeable.

"Yet," saith the Lord, "if David's race,  
The children of my Son,  
Should break my laws, abuse my grace,  
And tempt mine anger down;

"Their sins I'll visit with the rod  
And make their folly smart;  
But I'll not cease to be their God,  
Nor from my truth depart.

"My cov'nant I will ne'er revoke,  
But keep my grace in mind  
And what eternal love hath spoke  
Eternal truth shall bind.

"Once have I sworn (I need no more)  
And pledged my holiness,  
To seal the sacred promise sure  
To David and his race.

"The sun shall see his offspring rise  
And spread from sea to sea,  
Long as he travels round the skies  
To give the nations day.

"Sure as the moon that rules the night  
His kingdom shall endure,  
Till the fixed laws of shade and light  
Shall be observed no more.

Isaac Watts

# Psalm 89 Part 6

v.47ff

L. M.

Mortality and hope. A funeral psalm.

Remember, Lord, our mortal state,  
How frail our life! how short the date!  
Where is the man that draws his breath  
Safe from disease, secure from death'?

Lord, while we see whole nations die,  
Our flesh and sense repine and cry,  
"Must death for ever rage and reign?  
Or hast thou made mankind in vain?

"Where is thy promise to the just?  
Are not thy servants turned to dust?"  
But faith forbids these mournful sighs,  
And sees the sleeping dust arise.

That glorious hour, that dreadful day,  
Wipes the reproach of saints away,  
And clears the honor of thy word:  
Awake, our souls, and bless the Lord.

Isaac Watts

# Psalm 9 Part 1

Wrath and mercy from the judgment-seat.

With my whole heart I'll raise my song,  
Thy wonders I'll proclaim;  
Thou, sovereign Judge of right and wrong,  
Wilt put my foes to shame.

I'll sing thy majesty and grace;  
My God prepares his throne  
To judge the world in righteousness,  
And make his vengeance known.

Then shall the Lord a refuge prove  
For all the poor oppressed;  
To save the people of his love,  
And give the weary rest.

The men that know thy name will trust  
In thy abundant grace;  
For thou hast ne'er forsook the just,  
Who humbly seek thy face.

Sing praises to the righteous Lord,  
Who dwells on Zion's hill,  
Who executes his threatening word,  
And doth his grace fulfil.

Isaac Watts

## Psalm 9 Part 2

v.12

C. M.

The wisdom and equity of Providence.

When the great Judge, supreme and just,  
Shall once inquire for blood,  
The humble souls that mourn in dust  
Shall find a faithful God.

He from the dreadful gates of death  
Does his own children raise;  
In Zion's gates, with cheerful breath,  
They sing their Father's praise.

His foes shall fall, with heedless feet,  
Into the pit they made;  
And sinners perish in the net  
That their own hands had spread.

Thus, by thy judgments, mighty God,  
Are thy deep counsels known;  
When men of mischief are destroyed,  
The snare must be their own.

PAUSE.

The wicked shall sink down to hell;  
Thy wrath devour the lands  
That dare forget thee, or rebel  
Against thy known commands.

Though saints to sore distress are brought,  
And wait and long complain,  
Their cries shall not be still forgot,  
Nor shall their hopes be vain.

[Rise, great Redeemer, from thy seat,  
To judge and save the poor;  
Let nations tremble at thy feet,

And man prevail no more.

Thy thunder shall affright the proud,  
And put their hearts to pain;  
Make them confess that thou art God,  
And they but feeble men.]

Isaac Watts



# Psalm 90

Man mortal, and God eternal  
A mournful song at a funeral.

Through every age, eternal God,  
Thou art our rest, our safe abode;  
High was thy throne ere heav'n was made,  
Or earth thy humble footstool laid.

Long hadst thou reigned ere time began,  
Or dust was fashioned to a man;  
And long thy kingdom shall endure  
When earth and time shall be no more.

But man, weak man, is born to die,  
Made up of guilt and vanity;  
Thy dreadful sentence, Lord, was just,  
"Return, ye sinners, to your dust."

[A thousand of our years amount  
Scarce to a day in thine account;  
Like yesterday's departed light,  
Or the last watch of ending night.

PAUSE.

Death, like an overflowing stream,  
Sweeps us away; our life's a dream,  
An empty tale, a morning flower,  
Cut down and withered in an hour.]

[Our age to seventy years is set;  
How short the time! how frail the state!  
And if to eighty we arrive,  
We rather sigh and groan than live.

But O how oft thy wrath appears,  
And cuts off our expected years!  
Thy wrath awakes our humble dread;  
We fear the power that strikes us dead.]

Teach us, O Lord, how frail is man;  
And kindly lengthen out our span,  
Till a wise care of piety  
Fit us to die, and dwell with thee.

Isaac Watts

# Psalm 90 Part 1 Our God, Our Help

v.1-5

C. M.

Man frail, and God eternal.

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

Under the shadow of thy throne  
Thy saints have dwelt secure;  
Sufficient is thine arm alone,  
And our defence is sure.

Before the hills in order stood,  
Or earth received her frame,  
From everlasting thou art God,  
To endless years the same.

Thy word commands our flesh to dust,  
'Return, ye sons of men:'  
All nations rose from earth at first,  
And turn to earth again.

A thousand ages in thy sight  
Are like an evening gone;  
Short as the watch that ends the night  
Before the rising sun.

[The busy tribes of flesh and blood,  
With all their lives and cares,  
Are carried downwards by the flood,  
And lost in following years.

Time, like an ever-rolling stream,  
Bears all its sons away;  
They fly, forgotten, as a dream  
Dies at the op'ning day.

Like flowery fields the nations stand  
Pleased with the morning light;  
The flowers beneath the mower's hand  
Lie with'ring ere 'tis night.]

Our God, our help in ages past,  
Our hope for years to come,  
Be thou our guard while troubles last,  
And our eternal home.

Isaac Watts

## Psalm 90 Part 2

v.8-12

C. M.

Infirmities and mortality the effect of sin.

Lord, if thine eye surveys our faults,  
And justice grows severe,  
Thy dreadful wrath exceeds our thoughts,  
And burns beyond our fear.

Thine anger turns our frame to dust;  
By one offence to thee  
Adam with all his sons have lost  
Their immortality.

Life, like a vain amusement, flies,  
A fable or a song;  
By swift degrees our nature dies,  
Nor can our joys be long.

'Tis but a few whose days amount  
To threescore years and ten;  
And all beyond that short account  
Is sorrow, toil, and pain.

[Our vitals with laborious strife  
Bear up the crazy load,  
And drag those poor remains of life  
Along the tiresome road.]

Almighty God, reveal thy love,  
And not thy wrath alone;  
O let our sweet experience prove  
The mercies of thy throne!

Our souls would learn the heav'nly art  
T' improve the hours we have,  
That we may act the wiser part,  
And live beyond the grave.



# Psalm 90 Part 3

v.13ff

C. M.

Breathing after heaven.

Return, O God of love, return;  
Earth is a tiresome place:  
How long shall we, thy children, mourn  
Our absence from thy face?

Let heav'n succeed our painful years,  
Let sin and sorrow cease,  
And in proportion to our tears  
So make our joys increase.

Thy wonders to thy servants show,  
Make thy own work complete;  
Then shall our souls thy glory know,  
And own thy love was great.

Then shall we shine before thy throne  
In all thy beauty, Lord;  
And the poor service we have done  
Meet a Divine reward.

Isaac Watts

# Psalm 91 Part 1

v.1-7

L. M.

Safety in public diseases and dangers.

He that hath made his refuge God  
Shall find a most secure abode,  
Shall walk all day beneath his shade,  
And there at night shall rest his head.

Then will I say, "My God, thy power  
Shall be my fortress and my tower;  
I, that am formed of feeble dust,  
Make thine almighty arm my trust."

Thrice happy man! thy Maker's care  
Shall keep thee from the fowler's snare;  
Satan, the fowler, who betrays  
Unguarded souls a thousand ways.

Just as a hen protects her brood  
From birds of prey that seek their blood,  
Under her feathers, so the Lord  
Makes his own arm his people's guard.

If burning beams of noon conspire  
To dart a pestilential fire,  
God is their life; his wings are spread  
To shield them with a healthful shade.

If vapors with malignant breath  
Rise thick, and scatter midnight death,  
Isr'el is safe; the poisoned air  
Grows pure, if Isr'el's God be there.

PAUSE.

What though a thousand at thy side,  
At thy right hand ten thousand died,  
Thy God his chosen people saves



Amongst the dead, amidst the graves.

So when he sent his angel down  
To make his wrath in Egypt known,  
And slew their sons, his careful eye  
Passed all the doors of Jacob by.

But if the fire, or plague, or sword,  
Receive commission from the Lord  
To strike his saints among the rest,  
Their very pains and deaths are blest.

The sword, the pestilence, or fire,  
Shall but fulfil their best desire;  
From sins and sorrows set them free,  
And bring thy children, Lord, to thee.

Isaac Watts

## Psalm 91 Part 2

v.9-16

C. M.

Protection from death, guard of angels, victory and deliverance.

Ye sons of men, a feeble race,  
Exposed to every snare,  
Come, make the Lord your dwelling-place,  
And try and trust his care.

No ill shall enter where you dwell;  
Or if the plague come nigh,  
And sweep the wicked down to hell,  
'Twill raise his saints on high.

He'll give his angels charge to keep  
Your feet in all their ways;  
To watch your pillow while you sleep,  
And guard your happy days.

Their hands shall bear you, lest you fall  
And dash against the stones:  
Are they not servants at his call,  
And sent t' attend his sons?

Adders and lions ye shall tread;  
The tempters wiles defeat;  
He that hath broke the serpent's head  
Puts him beneath your feet.

"Because on me they set their love,  
I'll save them," saith the Lord;  
"I'll bear their joyful souls above  
Destruction and the sword.

"My grace shall answer when they call,  
In trouble I'll be nigh;  
My power shall help them when they fall,  
And raise them when they die.

"Those that on earth my name have known  
I'll honor them in heav'n;  
There my salvation shall be shown,  
And endless life be giv'n."

Isaac Watts

# Psalm 92 Part 1

A Psalm for the Lord's day.

Sweet is the work, my God, my King,  
To praise thy name, give thanks and sing,  
To show thy love by morning light,  
And talk of all thy truth at night.

Sweet is the day of sacred rest,  
No mortal cares shall seize my breast;  
O may my heart in tune be found,  
Like David's harp of solemn sound!

My heart shall triumph in my Lord,  
And bless his works, and bless his word;  
Thy works of grace, how bright they shine!  
How deep thy counsels! how divine!

Fools never raise their thoughts so high;  
Like brutes they live, like brutes they die;  
Like grass they flourish, till thy breath  
Blast them in everlasting death.

But I shall share a glorious part  
When grace hath well refined my heart;  
And fresh supplies of joy are shed,  
Like holy oil, to cheer my head.

Sin (my worst enemy before)  
Shall vex my eyes and ears no more;  
My inward foes shall all be slain,  
Nor Satan break my peace again.

Then shall I see, and hear, and know  
All I desired or wished below;  
And every power find sweet employ  
In that eternal world of joy.

Isaac Watts

## Psalm 92 Part 2

v.12ff

L. M.

The church is the garden of God.

Lord, 'tis a pleasant thing to stand  
In gardens planted by thine hand;  
Let me within thy courts be seen,  
Like a young cedar, fresh and green.

There grow thy saints in faith and love,  
Blest with thine influence from above;  
Not Lebanon with all its trees  
Yields such a comely sight as these.

The plants of grace shall ever live;  
(Nature decays, but grace must thrive  
Time, that doth all things else impair,  
Still makes them flourish strong and fair.

Laden with fruits of age, they show  
The Lord is holy, just, and true;  
None that attend his gates shall find  
A God unfaithful or unkind.

Isaac Watts

# Psalm 93

The eternal and sovereign God.

Jehovah reigns; he dwells in light,  
Girded with majesty and might:  
The world, created by his hands,  
Still on its first foundation stands.

But ere this spacious world was made,  
Or had its first foundation laid,  
Thy throne eternal ages stood,  
Thyself the ever-living God.

Like floods, the angry nations rise,  
And aim their rage against the skies;  
Vain floods, that aim their rage so high!  
At thy rebuke the billows die.

For ever shall thy throne endure;  
Thy promise stands for ever sure;  
And everlasting holiness  
Becomes the dwellings of thy grace.

Isaac Watts

# Psalm 94 Part 1

v.1,2,7-14

C. M.

Saints chastised, and sinners destroyed; or, Instructive afflictions.

O God, to whom revenge belongs,  
"Proclaim thy wrath aloud;  
Let sovereign power redress our wrongs,  
Let justice smite the proud.

They say, "The Lord nor sees nor hears:"  
When will the fools be wise?  
Can he be deaf who formed their ears?  
Or blind, who made their eyes?

He knows their impious thoughts are vain,  
And they shall feel his power;  
His wrath shall pierce their souls with pain  
In some surprising hour.

But if thy saints deserve rebuke,  
Thou hast a gentler rod;  
Thy providence's and thy book  
Shall make them know their God.

Blest is the man thy hands chastise,  
And to his duty draw;  
Thy scourges make thy children wise  
When they forget thy law.

But God will ne'er cast off his saints,  
Nor his own promise break  
He pardons his inheritance  
For their Redeemer's sake.

Isaac Watts

## Psalm 94 Part 2

v.16-23

C. M.

God our support and comfort.

Who will arise and plead my right  
Against my num'rous foes,  
While earth and hell their force unite,  
And all my hopes oppose?

Had not the Lord, my rock, my help,  
Sustained my fainting head,  
My life had now in silence dwelt,  
My soul amongst the dead.

"Alas! my sliding feet!" I cried;  
Thy promise was my prop;  
Thy grace stood constant by my side,  
Thy Spirit bore me up.

While multitudes of mournful thoughts  
Within my bosom roll,  
Thy boundless love forgives my faults,  
Thy comforts cheer my soul.

Powers of iniquity may rise,  
And frame pernicious laws;  
But God my refuge rules the skies,  
He will defend my cause.

Let malice vent her rage aloud,  
Let bold blasphemers scoff;  
The Lord our God shall judge the proud  
And cut the sinners off.

Isaac Watts



# Psalm 95

A Psalm before prayer.

Sing to the Lord Jehovah's name,  
And in his strength rejoice;  
When his salvation is our theme,  
Exalted be our voice.

With thanks approach his awful sight,  
And psalms of honor sing;  
The Lord's a God of boundless might,  
The whole creation's King.

Let princes hear, let angels know,  
How mean their natures seem,  
Those gods on high and gods below,  
When once compared with him.

Earth, with its caverns dark and deep,  
Lies in his spacious hand;  
He fixed the seas what bounds to keep,  
And where the hills must stand.

Come, and with humble souls adore,  
Come, kneel before his face  
O may the creatures of his power  
Be children of his grace!

Now is the time; he bends his ear,  
And waits for your request;  
Come, lest he rouse his wrath and swear,  
"Ye shall not see my rest."

Isaac Watts

# Psalm 96

v.1,10ff

C. M.

Christ's first and second coming.

Sing to the Lord, ye distant lands,  
Ye tribes of every tongue;  
His new-discovered grace demands  
A new and nobler song.

Say to the nations, Jesus reigns,  
God's own almighty Son;  
His power the sinking world sustains,  
And grace surrounds his throne.

Let heav'n proclaim the joyful day,  
Joy through the earth be seen;  
Let cities shine in bright array,  
And fields in cheerful green.

Let an unusual joy surprise  
The islands of the sea:  
Ye mountains, sink; ye valleys, rise;  
Prepare the Lord his way.

Behold, he comes, he comes to bless  
The nations as their God;  
To show the world his righteousness,  
And send his truth abroad.

But when his voice shall raise the dead,  
And bid the world draw near,  
How will the guilty nations dread  
To see their Judge appear!

Isaac Watts

# Psalm 97

v.1,3,5-7,11

C. M.

Christ's incarnation, and the last judgment.

Ye islands of the northern sea,  
Rejoice, the Savior reigns;  
His word, like fire, prepares his way,  
And mountains melt to plains.

His presence sinks the proudest hills,  
And makes the valleys rise;  
The humble soul enjoys his smiles,  
The haughty sinner dies.

The heav'ns his rightful power proclaim,  
The idol-gods around  
Fill their own worshippers with shame,  
And totter to the ground.

Adoring angels at his birth  
Make the Redeemer known:  
Thus shall he come to judge the earth,  
And angels guard his throne.

His foes shall tremble at his sight,  
And hills and seas retire;  
His children take their unknown flight,  
And leave the world in fire.

The seeds of joy and glory sown  
For saints in darkness here,  
Shall rise and spring in worlds unknown,  
And a rich harvest bear.

Isaac Watts

# Psalm 97 Part 1

v.1-5

L. M.

Christ reigning in heaven, and coming to judgment.

He reigns! the Lord, the Savior reigns;  
Praise him in evangelic strains  
Let the whole earth in songs rejoice,  
And distant islands join their voice.

Deep are his counsels, and unknown,  
But grace and truth support his throne;  
Though gloomy clouds his ways surround,  
Justice is their eternal ground.

In robes of judgment, lo! he comes,  
Shakes the wide earth and cleaves the tombs;  
Before him burns devouring fire;  
The mountains melt, the seas retire.

His enemies, with sore dismay,  
Fly from the sight, and shun the day;  
Then lift your heads, ye saints, on high,  
And sing, for your redemption's nigh.

Isaac Watts

## Psalm 97 Part 2

v.6-9

L. M.

Christ's incarnation.

The Lord is come; the heav'ns proclaim  
His birth; the nations learn his name;  
An unknown star directs the road  
Of eastern sages to their God.

All ye bright armies of the skies,  
Go, worship where the Savior lies;  
Angels and kings before him bow,  
Those gods on high and gods below.

Let idols totter to the ground,  
And their own worshippers confound  
But Judah shout, but Zion sing,  
And earth confess her sovereign King.

Isaac Watts

## Psalm 97 Part 3

Grace and glory.

Th' Almighty reigns exalted high  
O'er all the earth, o'er all the sky;  
Though clouds and darkness veil his feet,  
His dwelling is the mercy-seat.

O ye that love his holy name,  
Hate every work of sin and shame;  
He guards the souls of all his friends,  
And from the snares of hell defends.

Immortal light and joys unknown  
Are for the saints in darkness sown  
Those glorious seeds shall spring and rise,  
And the bright harvest bless our eyes.

Rejoice, ye righteous, and record  
The sacred honors of the Lord:  
None but the soul that feels his grace  
Can triumph in his holiness.

Isaac Watts

# Psalm 98 Part 1

Praise for the gospel.

To our Almighty Maker, God,  
New honors be addressed;  
His great salvation shines abroad,  
And makes the nations blest.

He spake the word to Abraham first;  
His truth fulfils the grace;  
The Gentiles make his name their trust,  
And learn his righteousness.

Let the whole earth his love proclaim  
With all her diff'rent tongues,  
And spread the honors of his name  
In melody and songs.

Isaac Watts

## Psalm 98 Part 2

The Messiah's coming and kingdom.

Joy to the world! the Lord is come!  
Let earth receive her King;  
Let every heart prepare him room,  
And heav'n and nature sing.

Joy to the earth! the Savior reigns!  
Let men their songs employ,  
While fields and floods, rocks, hills, and plains,  
Repeat the sounding joy.

No more let sins and sorrows grow,  
Nor thorns infest the ground;  
He comes to make his blessings flow  
Far as the curse is found.

He rules the world with truth and grace,  
And makes the nations prove  
The glories of his righteousness,  
And wonders of his love.

Isaac Watts



# Psalm 99 Part 1

Christ's kingdom and majesty.

The God Jehovah reigns!  
Let all the nations fear;  
Let sinners tremble at his throne,  
And saints be humble there.

Jesus the Savior reigns!  
Let earth adore its Lord;  
Bright cherubs his attendants stand,  
Swift to fulfil his word.

In Zion is his throne,  
His honors are Divine;  
His church shall make his wonders known,  
For there his glories shine.

How holy is his name!  
How terrible his praise!  
Justice, and truth, and judgment join  
In all his works of grace.

Isaac Watts

## Psalm 99 Part 2

A holy God worshiped with reverence.

Exalt the Lord our God,  
And worship at his feet;  
His nature is all holiness,  
And mercy is his seat.

When Isr'el was his church,  
When Aaron was his priest,  
When Moses cried, when Samuel prayed,  
He gave his people rest.

Oft he forgave their sins,  
Nor would destroy their race;  
And oft he made his vengeance known,  
When they abused his grace.

Exalt the Lord our God,  
Whose grace is still the same;  
Still he's a God of holiness,  
And jealous for his name.

Isaac Watts

# Psalm I: The Man Is Ever Blessed

The man is ever bless'd  
Who shuns the sinners' ways,  
Among their councils never stands,  
Nor takes the scorner's place;

But makes the law of God  
His study and delight,  
Amidst the labours of the day,  
And watches of the night.

He like a tree shall thrive,  
With waters near the root;  
Fresh as the leaf his name shall live;  
His works are heav'nly fruit.

Not so the ungodly race,  
They no such blessings find;  
Their hopes shall flee, like empty chaff  
Before the driving wind.

How will they bear to stand  
Before that judgement-seat,  
When all the saints, at Christ's right hand,  
In full assembly meet.

He knows, and he approves,  
The way the righteous go;  
But sinners and their works shall meet  
A dreadful overthrow.

Isaac Watts

## Psalm Ii: Why Did The Nations

Why did the nations join to slay  
The Lord's anointed Son?  
Why did they cast His laws away  
And tread His gospel down?

The Lord, that sits above the skies,  
Derides their rage below;  
He speaks with vengeance in His eyes  
And strikes their spirits through.

"I call Him My Eternal Son,  
And raise Him from the dead;  
I make My holy hill His throne,  
And wide His Kingdom spread."

"Ask me, My Son, and then enjoy  
The utmost heathen lands:  
Thy rod of iron shall destroy  
The rebel that withstands."

Be wise, ye rulers of the earth,  
Obey the anointed Lord,  
Adore the King of Heav'nly birth,  
And tremble at His word.

With humble love address his throne;  
For if He frown, you die:  
Those are secure, and those alone,  
Who on His grace rely.

Isaac Watts

## Psalm Iii: My God, How Many Are My Fears

My God, how many are my fears!  
How fast my foes increase!  
Conspiring my eternal death,  
They break my present peace.

The lying tempter would persuade  
There's no relief from heaven;  
And all my swelling sins appear  
Too big to be forgiven.

But thou, my glory and my strength,  
Shall on the tempter tread,  
Shall silence all my threat'ning guilt,  
And raise my drooping head.

I cried, and from his holy hill  
He bowed a list'ning ear;  
I called my Father, and my God,  
And He subdued my fear.

He shed soft slumbers on mine eyes,  
In spite of all my foes;  
I woke, and wondered at the grace  
That guarded my repose.

What through the hosts of death and hell  
All armed against me stood,  
Terrors no more shall shake my soul;  
My refuge is my God.

Arise O Lord, fulfill thy grace,  
While I thy glory sing;  
My God has broke the serpent's teeth,  
And death has lost his sting.

Salvation to the Lord belongs;  
His arm alone can save:  
Blessings attend thy people here,  
And reach beyond the grave.

Isaac Watts

## Psalm Lxxii: Great God

Great God, whose universal sway  
The known and unknown worlds obey,  
Now give the kingdom to thy Son,  
Extend his power, exalt his throne.

The scepter well becomes his hands;  
All heaven submits to his commands;  
His justice shall avenge the poor,  
And pride and rage prevail no more.

With power he vindicates the just,  
And treads the oppressor in the dust:  
His worship and his fear shall last  
Till the full course of time be past.

As rain on meadows newly mown,  
So shall he send his influence down:  
His grace on fainting souls distils,  
Like heavenly dew on thirsty hills.

The heathen lands, that lie beneath  
The shades of overspreading death,  
Revive at his first dawning light;  
And deserts blossom at the sight.

The saints shall flourish in his days,  
Decked in the robes of joy and praise;  
Peace, like a river, from his throne  
Shall flow to nations yet unknown.

Jesus shall reign where'er the Sun  
Doth his successive journeys run;  
His kingdom stretch from shore to shore,  
Till suns shall rise and set no more.

For him shall endless prayer be made,  
And praises throng to crown his head;  
His name like sweet perfume shall rise  
With every morning sacrifice.

People and realms of every tongue  
Dwell on his love with sweetest song;  
And infant voices shall proclaim  
Their young Hosannas to his name.

Blessings abound where'er he reigns;  
The prisoner leaps to lose his chains;  
The weary find eternal rest;  
And all the sons of want are blest.

Where he displays his healing power,  
Death and the curse are known no more:  
In him the tribes of Adam boast  
More blessings than their father lost.

Let every creature rise, and bring  
Its grateful honors to our King;  
Angels descend with songs again,  
And earth prolong the joyful strain.

Isaac Watts



# Psalm Lxxiii: Now I'M Convinced The Lord Is Kind

Now I 'm convinced the Lord is kind  
To men of heart sincere;  
Yet once my foolish thoughts repined,  
And bordered on despair.

I grieved to see the wicked thrive,  
And spoke with angry breath,  
"How pleasant and profane they live !  
How peaceful is their death !

"With well-fed flesh and haughty eyes,  
They lay their fears to sleep;  
Against the heav'ns their slanders rise,  
While saints in silence weep.

"In vain I lift my hands to pray,  
And cleanse my heart in vain;  
For I am chastened all the day,  
The night renews my pain."

Yet while my tongue indulged complaints,  
I felt my heart reprove,  
"Sure I shall thus offend thy saints,  
And grieve the men I love."

But still I found my doubts too hard,  
The conflict too severe,  
Till I retired to search thy word,  
And learn thy secrets there.

There, as in some prophetic glass,  
I saw the sinner's feet  
High mounted on a slipp'ry place,  
Beside a fiery pit.

I heard the wretch profanely boast,  
Till at thy frown he fell;  
His honors in a dream were lost,  
And he awakes in hell.

Lord, what an envious fool I was!  
How like a thoughtless beast  
Thus to suspect thy promised grace,  
And think the wicked blessed.

Yet I was kept from full despair,  
Upheld by power unknown;  
That blessed hand that broke the snare  
Shall guide me to thy throne.

God, my supporter and my hope,  
My help for ever near,  
Thine arm of mercy held me up,  
When sinking in despair.

Thy counsels, Lord, shall guide my feet  
Through this dark wilderness;  
Thine hand conduct me near thy seat,  
To dwell before thy face.

Were I in heav'n without my God,  
'twould be no joy to me;  
And whilst this earth is my abode,  
I long for none but thee.

What if the springs of life were broke,  
And flesh and heart should faint?  
God is my soul's eternal rock,  
The strength of ev'ry saint.

Behold, the sinners that remove  
Far from thy presence die;  
Not all the idol gods they love  
Can save them when they cry.

But to draw near to thee, my God,  
Shall be my sweet employ;  
My tongue shall sound thy works abroad,  
And tell the world my joy.

Lord, what a thoughtless wretch was I,

To mourn, and murmur, and repine,  
To see the wicked placed on high,  
In pride and robes of' honour shine!

But O their end, their dreadful end!  
Thy sanctuary taught me so;  
On slipp'ry rocks I see them stand,  
And fiery billows roll below.

Now let them boast how tall they rise,  
I'll never envy them again;  
There they may stand with haughty eyes,  
Till they plunge deep in endless pain.

Their fancied joys, how fast they flee!  
Just like a dream when man awakes;  
Their songs of softest harmony  
Are but a preface to their plagues.

Now I esteem their mirth and wine  
Too dear to purchase with my blood;  
Lord, 'tis enough that thou art mine,  
My life, my portion, and my God.

Sure there's a righteous God,  
Nor is religion vain;  
Though men of vice may boast aloud,  
And men of grace complain.

I saw the wicked rise,  
And felt my heart repine,  
While haughty fools with scornful eyes  
In robes of' honor shine.

Pampered with wanton ease,  
Their flesh looks full and fair;  
Their wealth rolls in like flowing seas,  
And grows without their care.

Free from the plagues and pains  
That pious souls endure;  
Through all their life oppression reigns,

And racks the humble poor.

Their impious tongues blaspheme  
The everlasting God;  
Their malice blasts the good man's name,  
And spreads their lies abroad.

But I with flowing tears  
Indulged my doubts to rise;  
"Is there a God that sees or hears  
The things below the skies?"

The tumults of my thought  
Held me in hard suspense,  
Till to thy house my feet were brought,  
To learn thy justice thence.

Thy word with light and power  
Did my mistake amend;  
I viewed the sinners' life before,  
But here I learned their end.

On what a slippery steep  
The thoughtless wretches go;  
And O that dreadful fiery deep  
That waits their fall below!

Lord, at thy feet I bow,  
My thoughts no more repine;  
I call my God my portion now,  
And all my powers are thine.

Isaac Watts

# Psalm Lxxiv: Will God For Ever Cast Us Off?

Will God for ever east us off?  
His wrath for ever smoke  
Against the people of' his love,  
His little chosen flock?

Think of the tribes so dearly bought  
With their Redeemer's blood;  
Nor let thy Zion be forgot,  
Where once thy glory stood.

Lift up thy feet and march in haste,  
Aloud our ruin calls;  
See what a wide and fearful waste  
Is made within thy walls.

Where once thy churches prayed and sang,  
Thy foes profanely roar;  
Over thy gates their ensigns hang,  
Sad tokens of their power.

How are the seats of worship broke!  
They tear the buildings down,  
And he that deals the heaviest stroke  
Procures the chief renown.

With flames they threaten to destroy  
Thy children in their nest;  
"Come, let us burn at once," they cry,  
"The temple and the priest."

And still, to heighten our distress,  
Thy presence is withdrawn;  
Thy wonted signs of power and grace,  
Thy power and grace are gone.

No prophet speaks to calm our woes,  
But all the seers mourn;  
There's not a soul amongst us knows  
The time of thy return.

How long, eternal God, how long  
Shall men of pride blaspheme?  
Shall saints be made their endless song,  
And bear immortal shame?

Canst thou for ever sit and bear  
Thine holy name profaned?  
And still thy jealousy forbear,  
And still withhold thine hand?

What strange deliv'rance hast thou shown  
In ages long before !  
And now no other God we own,  
No other God adore.

Thou didst divide the raging sea  
By thy resistless might,  
To make thy tribes a wondrous way,  
And then secure their flight.

Is not the world of nature thine,  
The darkness and the day?  
Didst thou not bid the morning shine,  
And mark the sun his way?

Hath not thy power formed ev'ry coast,  
And set the earth its bounds,  
With summer's heat, and winter's frost,  
In their perpetual rounds?

And shall the sons of earth and dust  
That sacred power blaspheme?  
Will not thy hand that formed them first  
Avenge thine injured name?

Think on the cov'nant thou hast made,  
And all thy words of love;  
Nor let the birds of prey invade,  
And vex thy mourning dove.

Our foes would triumph in our blood,

And make our hope their jest;  
Plead thy own cause, Almighty God,  
And give thy children rest.

Isaac Watts

## Psalm VIII: O Lord, Our Lord

O Lord, our Lord, how wondrous great  
Is thine exalted name!  
The glories of thy heav'nly state  
Let men and babes proclaim.

When I behold thy works on high  
The moon that rules the night,  
And stars that well adorn the sky,  
Those moving worlds of light.

Lord, what is man, or all his race,  
Who dwells so far below,  
That thou should visit him with grace,  
And love his nature so?

That thine eternal Son should bear  
To take a mortal form;  
Made lower than His angels are,  
To save a dying worm?

Yet while He lived on earth unknown,  
And men would not adore,  
The obedient seas and fishes own  
His Godhead and his power.

The waves lay spread beneath His feat;  
And fish, at his command,  
Bring their large shoals to Peter's net,  
Bring tribute to his hand.

Those lesser glories of the son  
Shone through the fleshly cloud;  
Now, we behold Him on His throne,  
And men confess Him God.

Let Him be crowned with majesty,  
Who bowed His head to death;  
And be His honors sounded high,  
By all things that have breath.



Jesus, our Lord, how wondrous great  
Is thine exalted name!  
The glories of thy heavenly state  
Let the whole earth proclaim.

Isaac Watts

# Psalm Xix: The Heavens Declare Thy Glory, Lord

The heavens declare thy glory, Lord,  
In every star thy wisdom shines;  
But when our eyes behold thy word,  
We read thy name in fairer lines.

The rolling sun, the changing light,  
And night and day, thy power confess;  
But the blest volume thou hast writ  
Reveals thy justice and thy grace.

Sun, moon, and stars convey thy praise  
Round the whole earth, and never stand;  
So when thy truth began its race,  
It touched and glanced on every land.

Nor shall thy spreading gospel rest  
Till through the world thy truth has run  
Till Christ has all the nations blest,  
That see the light or feel the sun.

Great Sun of righteousness, arise,  
Bless the dark world with heavenly light:  
Thy gospel makes the simple wise;  
Thy laws are pure, thy judgments right.

Isaac Watts

# Psalm Xlvi: God Is The Refuge

God is the refuge of his saints,  
When storms of sharp distress invade;  
Ere we can offer our complaints,  
Behold him present with his aid!

Let mountains from their seats be hurled  
Down to the deep, and buried there,  
Convulsions shake the solid world,  
Our faith shall never yield to fear.

Loud may the troubled ocean roar;  
In sacred peace our souls abide;  
While every nation, every shore,  
Trembles, and dreads the swelling tide.

There is a stream, whose gentle flow  
Supplies the city of our God,  
Life, love, and joy still gliding through,  
And watering our divine abode.

Zion enjoys her monarch's love,  
Secure against the threatening hour;  
Nor can her firm foundation move,  
Built on his faithfulness and power.

Let Zion in her King rejoice,  
Though Satan rage, and kingdoms rise:  
He utters his almighty voice,  
The nations melt, the tumult dies.

The Lord of old for Jacob fought;  
And Jacob's God is still our aid:  
Behold the works his hand hath wrought!  
What desolations he hath made!

From sea to sea, through all their shores,  
He makes the noise of battle cease;  
When from on high his thunder roars,  
He awes the trembling world to peace.

He breaks the bow, he cuts the spear;  
Chariots he burns with heavenly flame:  
Keep silence, all the earth, and hear  
The sound and glory of his name:

"Be still, and learn that I am God,  
Exalted over all the lands;  
I will be known and feared abroad;  
For still my throne in Zion stands."

O Lord of hosts, almighty King!  
While we so near thy presence dwell,  
Our faith shall rest secure, and sing  
Defiance to the gates of hell.

Isaac Watts

## Psalm Xxxii: Happy The Man

Happy the man to whom his God  
No more imputes his sin,  
But, washed in the Redeemer's blood,  
Hath made his garments clean.

Happy beyond expression he  
Who debts are thus discharged;  
And from the guilty bondage free,  
He feels his soul enlarged.

His spirit hates deceit and lies,  
His words are all sincere;  
He guards his heart, he guards his eyes,  
To keep his conscience clear.

While I my inward guilt suppressed,  
No quiet could I find;  
Thy wrath lay burning in my breast,  
And racked my tortured mind.

Then I confessed my troubled thoughts,  
My secret sins revealed;  
Thy pard'ning grace forgave my faults,  
Thy grace my pardon sealed.

This shall invite thy saints to pray;  
When like a raging flood  
Temptations rise, our strength and stay  
Is a forgiving God.

Isaac Watts

# Psalm Xxxiii: Rejoice, Ye Righteous

Rejoice, ye righteous, in the Lord,  
This work belongs to you;  
Sing of his name, his ways, his word,  
How holy, just, and true.

His mercy and his righteousness  
Let heav'n and earth proclaim;  
His works of nature and of grace  
Reveal his wondrous name.

His wisdom and almighty word  
The heav'nly arches spread,  
And by the Spirit of the Lord  
Their shining hosts were made.

He bid the liquid waters flow  
To their appointed deep;  
The flowing seas their limits know  
And their own station keep.

Ye tenants of the spacious earth,  
With fear before him stand;  
He spake, and nature took its birth,  
And rests on his command.

He scorns the angry nations' rage,  
And breaks their vain designs;  
His counsel stands through ev'ry age,  
And in full glory shines.

Blessed is the nation where the Lord  
Hath fixed his gracious throne,  
Where he reveals his heav'nly word,  
And calls their tribes his own.

His eye with infinite survey  
Does the whole world behold;  
He formed us all of equal clay,  
And knows our feeble mould.

Kings are not rescued by the force  
Of armies from the grave;  
Nor speed nor courage of a horse  
Can the bold rider save.

Vain is the strength of beasts or men,  
To hope for safety thence;  
But holy souls from God obtain  
A strong and sure defense.

God is their fear, and God their trust;  
When plagues or famine spread,  
His watchful eye secures the just  
Among ten thousand dead.

Lord, let our hearts in thee rejoice,  
And bless us from thy throne;  
For we have made thy word our choice,  
And trust thy grace alone.

Isaac Watts

## Psalm Xxxiv: Lord, I Will Bless Thee

Lord, I will bless thee all my days,  
Thy praise shall dwell upon my tongue;  
My soul shall glory in thy grace,  
While saints rejoice to hear the song.

Come, magnify the Lord with me,  
Come, let us all exalt his name;  
I sought th'eternal God, and he  
Has not exposed my hope to shame.

I told him all my secret grief,  
My secret groaning reached his ears;  
He gave my inward pains relief;  
And calmed the tumult of my fears.

To him the poor lift up their eyes,  
Their faces feel the heav'nly shine;  
A beam of mercy from the skies  
Fills them with light and joy divine.

His holy angels pitch their tents  
Around the men that serve the Lord;  
O fear and love him, all his saints,  
Taste of' his grace, and trust his word.

The wild young lions, pinched with pain  
And hunger, roar through all the wood;  
But none shall seek the Lord in vain,  
Nor want supplies of real good.

Children, in years and knowledge young,  
Your parents' hope, your parents' joy,  
Attend the counsels of my tongue,  
Let pious thoughts your minds employ.

If you desire a length of days,  
And peace to crown your mortal state,  
Restrain your feet from impious ways,  
Your lips from slander and deceit.



The eyes of God regard his saints,  
His ears are open to their cries;  
He sets his frowning face against  
The sons of violence anti lies.

To humble souls and broken hearts  
God with his grace is ever nigh;  
Pardon and hope his love imparts,  
When men in deep contrition lie.

He tells their tears, he counts their groans,  
His Son redeems their souls from death;  
His Spirit heals their broken bones,  
They in his praise employ their breath.

Isaac Watts

# Psalm Xxxv: Now Plead My Cause, Almighty God

Now plead my cause, Almighty God,  
With all the sons of strife;  
And fight against the men of blood,  
Who fight against my life.

Draw out thy spear and stop their way,  
Lift thine avenging rod;  
But to my soul in mercy say,  
"I am thy Savior God!"

They plant their snares to catch my feet,  
And nets of mischief spread;  
Plunge the destroyers in the pit  
That their own hands have made.

Let fogs and darkness hide their way,  
And slipp'ry be their ground;  
Thy wrath shall make their lives a prey,  
And all their rage confound.

They fly like chaff before the wind,  
Before thine angry breath;  
The angel of the Lord behind  
Pursues them down to death.

They love the road that leads to hell;  
Then let the rebels die,  
Whose malice is implacable  
Against the Lord on high.

But if thou hast a chosen few  
Amongst that impious race,  
Divide them from the bloody crew,  
By thy surprising grace.

Then will I raise my tuneful voice,  
To make thy wonders known;  
In their salvation I'll rejoice,  
And bless thee for my own.

Behold the love, the gen'rous love,  
That holy David shows;  
Hark, how his sounding bowels move  
To his afflicted foes !

When they are sick his soul complains,  
And seems to feel the smart;  
The spirit of the gospel reigns,  
And melts his pious heart.

How did his flowing tears condole  
As for a brother dead !  
And fasting mortified his soul,  
While for their life he prayed.

They groaned, and cursed him on their bed,  
Yet still he pleads and mourns;  
And double blessings on his head  
The righteous God returns,

Glorious type of heav'nly grace !  
Thus Christ the Lord appears;  
While sinners curse, the Savior prays,  
And pities them with tears.

He, the true David, Isr'el's King,  
Blessed and beloved of God,  
To save us rebels, dead in sin,  
Paid his own dearest blood.

Isaac Watts

## Psalm Xxxvi: High In The Heav'Ns

High in the heav'ns, eternal God,  
Thy goodness in full glory shines;  
Thy truth shall break through ev'ry cloud  
That veils and darkens thy designs.

For ever firm thy justice stands,  
As mountains their foundations keep;  
Wise are the wonders of thy hands;  
Thy judgments are a mighty deep.

Thy providence is kind and large,  
Both man and beast thy bounty share;  
The whole creation is thy charge,  
But saints are thy peculiar care.

My God! how excellent thy grace,  
Whence all our hope and comfort springs !  
The sons of Adam in distress  
Fly to the shadow of thy wings.

From the provisions of thy house  
We shall be fed with sweet repast;  
There mercy like a river flows,  
And brings salvation to our taste.

Life, like a fountain rich and free,  
Springs from the presence of the Lord;  
And in thy light our souls shall see  
The glories promised in thy word.

While men grow bold in wicked ways,  
And yet a God they own,  
My heart within me often says,  
"Their thoughts believe there's none."

Their thoughts and ways at once declare,  
Whate'er their lips profess,  
God hath no wrath for them to fear,  
Nor will they seek his grace.

What strange self-flatt'ry blinds their eyes!  
But there's a hast'ning hour,  
When they shall see with sore surprise  
The terrors of thy power.

Thy justice shall maintain its throne,  
Though mountains melt away;  
Thy judgments are a world unknown,  
A deep, unfathomed sea.

Above the heav'ns created rounds,  
Thy mercies, Lord, extend;  
Thy truth outlives the narrow bounds  
Where time and nature end.

Safety to man thy goodness brings,  
Nor overlooks the beast;  
Beneath the shadow of thy wings  
Thy children choose to rest.

[From thee, when creature-streams run low,  
And mortal comforts die,  
Perpetual springs of life shall flow,  
And raise our pleasures high.

Though all created light decay,  
And death close up our eyes,  
Thy presence makes eternal day,  
Where clouds can never rise.]

When man grows bold in sin,  
My heart within me cries,  
"He hath no faith of God within,  
Nor fear before his eyes."

[He walks awhile concealed  
In a self-flatt'ring dream,  
Till his dark crimes at once revealed  
Expose his hateful name.]

His heart is false and foul,

His words are smooth and fair;  
Wisdom is banished from his soul,  
And leaves no goodness there.

He plots upon his bed  
New mischiefs to fulfil;  
He sets his heart, and hand, and head,  
To practice all that's ill.

But there's a dreadful God,  
Though men renounce his fear;  
His justice, hid behind the cloud,  
Shall one great day appear.

His truth transcends the sky,  
In heav'n his mercies dwell;  
Deep as the sea his judgments lie,  
His anger burns to hell.

How excellent his love,  
Whence all our safety springs !  
O never let my soul remove  
From underneath his wings.

Isaac Watts

# The Incomprehensible

FAR in the Heavens my God retires:  
My God, the mark of my desires,  
And hides his lovely face;  
When he descends within my view,  
He charms my reason to pursue,  
But leaves it tir'd and fainting in th' unequal chase.

Or if I reach unusual height  
Till near his presence brought,  
There floods of glory check my flight,  
Cramp the bold pinions of my wit,  
And all untune my thought;  
Plunged in a sea of light I roll,  
Where wisdom, justice, mercy, shines;  
Infinite rays in crossing lines  
Beat thick confusion on my sight, and overwhelm my soul....  
Great God! behold my reason lies  
Adoring: yet my love would rise  
On pinions not her own:  
Faith shall direct her humble flight,  
Through all the trackless seas of light,  
To Thee, th' Eternal Fair, the infinite Unknown.

Isaac Watts

# Whatever Brawls Disturb The Street

Once there was a little boy,  
With curly hair and pleasant eye—  
A boy who always told the truth,  
And never, never told a lie.  
And when he trotted off to school,  
The children all about would cry,  
'There goes the curly-headed boy—  
The boy that never tells a lie.'  
And everybody loved him so,  
Because he always told the truth,  
That every day, as he grew up,  
'Twas said, 'There goes the honest youth.'  
And when the people that stood near  
Would turn to ask the reason why,  
The answer would be always this:  
'Because he never tells a lie.'

Isaac Watts