Spiritual SONGS: BEING THE Marrow of the Scripture, IN SONGS of PRAISE TO Almighty GOD; FROM The Old and New Testament. WITH A Hundred Divine HYMNS on several Occasions: As now Practised in several Congregations in and about London.

The Second Edition: With a TABLE of Contents.

By BENJAMIN KEACH, Author of The War with the Devil.

EPH. V. 19. COL. III. 16.

LONDON: Printed for John Marsham, at the Bible in Grace-Church-Street. 1700. Where you may be supplied with most of the AUTHOR's WORKS.
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| Several                                     |      |
SEVERAL
Scripture Songs
Taken out of the Old and New-Testament:
With some other
Spiritual Songs; &c.

Moses's Song, on Exod. 15.

1 I To the Lord, will sing,
    Triumph in him also;
The Horses and the Riders he
Into the Sea did throw.

2 Jehovah is my Song,
   And my Salvation;
My God, for whom I will prepare
   An Habitation:

3 My Father's God was he,
    Whole Glory I'll proclaim,
Jehovah is a Man of War,
    Jehovah is his Name.

4 Proud Pharaoh, and his Host,
Into the Sea are cast,
And his great Captains drowned be;
    As through the Sea they past.

5 They down to th' bottom sank,
    Ev'n like unto a Stone;
Jehovah thy Right Hand in Pow'r,
    Most Glorious is become:

6 Thy Right Hand hath destroy'd
    Those that against thee rose;
    And
Spiritual Songs.

And in thy Glorious Excellency,
Thou hast o'erthrown thy Foes.

The second Part.

1 Thou didst send forth thy Wrath,
Like stubble them to waste,
Lord, thou didst blow, and the proud Waves,
O'erwhelm'd them with a Blast.
2 The Sea stood up in heaps
For Israel, (on each side)
The Enemy said, I will pursue,
I will the Spoil divide?

3 My Lust I will fulfill,
My Sword draw out will I?
My Hand shall now cut them all off,
And Ruin utterly?
4 Thou with thy Wind didst blow,
And they were covered,
They in the Mighty Waters sunk,
As if they had been Lead.

5 Lord, who is like to Thee,
In Holyne's Glor'us,
Fearful in Praife, and also doth
Things that are marvellous.

A Propheticall Part of Moses's Song,
Deut. 32.

1 Give Ear, O Heavens, I will speak,
and let also the Earth;
Hear

Spiritual Songs.

Hear the good Words of my own Mouth,
which now I shall bring forth,
2 My Doctrin like the Rain shall drop;
my Speech distil shall as
The Dew does on the tender Herbs,
and showers on the Grass.
3 Because that I Jehovah's Name
will publish and make known;
I will ascribe greatness to God,
yea, and to him alone.
4 He is the Rock, and Perfect too
his Ways and Judgments be;
A God of Truth, and without Sin,
both Just and Right is he.
3 Because their Rock unto our Rock
is not to be compar'd;
Yea, though our Enemies themselves,
as Judges should be heard:
5 Vengeance is mine, I will repay,
in time their Feet shall slide,
Their dreadful Day it does draw near,
and Woe shall them betide.
6 Because the Lord his Saints shall judge,
and for them he'll Repent,
When none shut up, or lift he fees,
when all their Powers's spent.
7 Then sing ye Nations with his Saints,
revenge their Blood will he,
And render Vengeance to his Foes,
but kind to his Saints be.
Spiritual Songs.

The Song of the Prophet Isaiah, chap. 5.

1 I To my Well-beloved, now, and of his Vine-yard (will Sing a sweet Song) which he has set, upon a fruitful Hill;
2 He Fenced it, and gather'd out the Stones that did offend, He Planted it with choicest Vine, and it he did defend:
3 A Tower in the midst he built, and made a Wine-Press too, And lookt that it should bring forth Fruit, his Glory great to show;
4 But it brought forth Wild Grapes: Alas! to thee, Jerusalem, And Judah also I'll appeal, and to all thinking Men;
5 Twixt Me and my Vine-yard to Judge; what further do could I Unto my Vine-yard? when I loo'kt, no Fruit could I espy:
6 Instead of Grapes, it did bring forth Wild Grapes: O then go to, Unto my Vine-yard, I'll declare what 'tis that I will do.
7 I'll take away the Hedge thereof, my Anger shall be shown, Eat up it shall, and it's strong Wall shall quite be overthrown;
8 And I will lay it Waste, and it not Dig, nor Prune again; But there shall come Bryers and Thorns, and on it fall no Rain.
9 For the House of Israel, and the Men of Judah be The pleasant Vine-yard of the Lord; but when he lookt to see 10 Judgment and true Justice done, Oppression did espy; And when he look'd for Righteousness, behold! a bitter Cry.

Spiritual Songs.

Isaiah's Joyful Song. Isa. 12.

1 Jehovah I will give thee Praise, this is the very Day, For thou dost sweetly Comfort me, thine Anger's turn'd away:
2 Behold thou my Salvation art, I will not be afraid, Jehovah is my Strength and Song, my Trust and saving Aid:
3 Therefore with Gladness I will draw Water out of the Wells Of Salvation (for they be thy People Israel.  

B b 3 4 And...
4 And in that Day shall ye all say, praise the Lord, on his Name
Not only call, but for his Acts
lift up his glor'us Fame.

5 Sing ye unto the Lord, for he
most excellent things has done;
And this throughout the Earth also,
is now most fully known.

6 Cry out, and shout, and joyful be;
all that in Sion dwell;
For great the Holy One's in Thee,
O happy Israel!

The Song of Zacharias.

1 L et I s rael's great God and King
ternally be Bless'd,
Whole come from Heav'n to visit us,
and see our bonds, releas'd.

2 In D a v i d's Houfe a Saviour's rais'd,
to fit upon his throne;
This ever since the World began,
his P rophets have foreshown.

3 That he would save us from the Pow'r
and Malice of our Foes;
The Mercy to perform to them,
which he of old had chose.

4 He call'd to mind how he engag'd
his truth, by Covenants,
His Solemn Oath to Abraham sworn,
that he his Grace would grant

5 To serve him without fear; from all
our A d v e r s i e s freed;
And to continue all our days,
a H o l y L i f e to lead.

6 By the R e m i s s i o n of our S ins,
to make Salvation known,
To all his People every where,
his tender Mercy's shown.

7 The D a y - S t a r from on high is rose,
and those who also fit
In Darkness, he in the right way
of Peace will guide their Feet.

The Song of the Blessed Virgin. L u k e. 1.

1 M y Soul does magnify the Lord,
my Spirit does rejoice
In God, my Saviour, who deserveth
the Praife of Heart and Voice.

2 For his poor H a n d - M a i d he regards,
whole Mind was fore depreft;
And all Ages from hence forth shall
call me most truly Bleff'd.

B b 4 3.H
Spiritual Songs.

3 He that is great hath Wonders done, and holy is his Name;
His Mercies hath for ever been to his Saints, still the same.
4 He with his Strength hath pulled down the Mighty from their Seat;
And them of Low and Base Degree, are rais’d to Honour great.

5 He fill’d the Hungry Soul, with Good; the Rich Empty remain’d;
His Mercy he has call’d to mind, his People help have gain’d.
9 The Promise to our Fathers made, in which he long stood;
Engag’d to Abraham and his Seed, he hath at last made good.

The Song of Simeon, Luke, 2. 29.

Now let thy Servant, Lord, depart in Peace, to quiet Rest;
Since I have thy Salvation seen, and with the same am blest:
2 The Prophecies are now fulfill’d, thy Promises are true;
And thy Mysterious Love’s disclos’d, in all thy Peoples view.
3 A Light to lighten the Dark Earth, now this bright Sun appears,

The Gentiles shall enlighten’d be, sweet Comforts shall them cheer.
4 Well may the long expected Sight, make Israel’s Joy abound;
Before with special Favours Grace’d, but now with Glory Crown’d.

The Song of the Lamb out of the Revelations.

1 Alleluia, that serve the Lord, his Name see that ye Celebrate;
And ye, that Fear him sing aloud his Praise both small and great. Rev. 19. 5.
2 O thou great Ruler of the World, thy works our Wonder raise,
Thou blessed King of Saints, how true and Righteous are thy Ways. Rev. 15. 3.
3 Who would not Fear and Praise thy Name, thou only holy One:
The World will Worship thee, to whom thy Judgments are made known.
4 Most holy, holy, holy Lord, Almighty is thy Name,
Which was before all time, and is, and shall be still the fame. ch. 4. 8. 11.
5 All Glory, Pow’r, and Honour, thou art worthy to receive;
Spiritual Songs.

For all things by thy Pow'r were made, and by thy Pleasure live. ch. 5. 12.

To thee, of right, O Lamb of God, Riches and Pow'r belong; Wisdom and Honour, Glory, Strength, and every Praising Song.

Thou as our Sacrifice was slain, and by thy Precious Blood, From every Tongue and Nation hast redeem'd us unto God.

Blessing and Honour, Glory, Pow'r, by all in Earth and Heaven, To him that sits upon the Throne, and to the Lamb be given.

Part of Hannah's Song, 1 Sam. 2.

My heart doth in Jehovah joy, My Horn in Jah is lift on high; My Mouth's enlarged o'er my Foes, In thy Salvation joy will I.

There's none so Holy as the Lord, No, no, there is none beside thee Of other Rocks, there is not one; That to our God compar'd may be.

Talk ye no more so Proudly then, Let not Arrogancy once proceed Out of your Mouth, for God doth know, And 'tis by him Actions are weigh'd.

The Lord both Poor and Rich does make; He raiseth up and pulleth down; Thee Poor he up from Dust does take, And Beggars from the Dunghil Crown.

And sets them on a Princely Throne; In Glorious Power and Dignity; The Pillars of the Earth's the Lords, The World is his, him Glorifies.

He keeps the feet of all his Saints, Preferves them so they shall not fall; The Vile in darknels shall be still, For no man shall by strength prevail.

The Adversaries of the Lord, Shall broken be both great and small; The Lord from Heaven Thunder will, And in his Wrath destroy them all.

The Lord shall Reign most Glorious, Unto the ends of all the Earth; And his Anointed Horn exalt, Therefore his highest Praise sing forth.
The Song of the Lamb.

1 Break out ye Saints with joy and sing,
   to the Eternal King;
The Angels do blest Tidings bring,
   Hosannah in the highest.
2 In Bethlehem the Babe is born,
   cease, cease, your bitter Mourn,
Your Sorrow now to Singing turn,
   Hosannah in the highest.

3 He's come, he's come, O happy Day!
dark Shadows fly away,
The Substance's come to Christ I say,
   Hosannah in the highest.
4 See how the Cherubs clap their Wings,
   the Glor'us Host now sings;
Th' Eternal Day, see how it springs!
   Hosannah in the highest.

5 Behold the Lord Baptiz'd by John,
   and what a Glory shone!
The Father says, This is my Son!
   Hosannah in the highest.
6 He's come, he's come down from above,
   full of Eternal Love;
And also sealed by the Dove,
   Hosannah in the highest.
7 The Dumb do speak, the Blind do see;
   the Dead they raised be;
And

And Lepers cleans'd of Lepræ,
   Hosannah in the highest.
8 He Preaches with Authority,
   God's Kingdom doth draw nigh;
And pardons all Iniquity,
   Hosannah in the highest.
9 Behold him now beset with Grief,
   Angels bring him Relief,
They him adore because he's chief,
   Hosannah in the highest.
10 Behold him in his Agony,
   our sins on him did lie,
God's Justice he did satisfy,
   Hosannah in the highest.
11 Behold him now upon the Tree;
   he cry'd in Misery,
Oh! Why hast thou forsaken me?
   Hosannah in the highest.
12 Ah! hear him make most bitter Moan;
   hearken to his last Groan;
For now for us his Life is gone,
   Hosannah in the highest.

The Second Part.

1 The first day now it doth begin;
an end is put to Sin,
Eternal Righteousness brought in
   Hosannah in the highest.
2 The
2 The Grave did ope thou didst arise,
  ye Saints lift up your Eyes,
The Morning's come, all Darkness flies,
  Hosannah in the highest.

3 Infernal Spirits cry and howl,
  their overthrow condole,
For ever now their hopes are cool,
  Hosannah in the highest.

5 Now, Sin, Death, Devils and the Grave,
  and th'World which did inflave,
Are all all o'ercome, and their Death have
  Hosannah in the highest.

6 Behold how his sweet Arms were spread,
  whilst his dear Blood was shed,
That Sinners might be gathered,
  Hosannah in the highest.

7 Our sins upon thee, Lord, were laid,
  and all our Debts half paid;
Of Hell we need not be afraid,
  Hosannah in the highest.

8 God's dreadful Wrath thou didst appease;
  guilty Conscience to ease,
And now canst save whom thou dost please,
  Hosannah in the highest.

The third Part.

1 Christ will begin that Work, which he
  knows must be wrought, if we
Eternal.

Eternal Joys do ever see,
  Hosannah in the highest.
2 Lord thou wilt perfect it also,
  for very well we know,
Without thee we can nothing do,
  Hosannah in the highest.

3 We that Polluted once did ly
  in Filth and Misery,
Thou by thy Blood dost purifie,
  Hosannah in the highest.

4 We once were Cursed by God's Law,
  dreading Death, no help saw,
From that sad state thou dost us draw,
  Hosannah in the highest.

5 All kind of Sin thou dost pass by,
  where there's Sincerity,
When unto thee, by Faith, we fly,
  Hosannah in the highest.

6 From Death to Life, Saints raised be,
  once bound, but now set free,
And made one Spirit, O Lord, with thee,
  Hosannah in the highest.

The fourth Part.

1 O happy Union! (is it done?)
  with the Father and Son,
Are we United and made One?
  Hosannah in the highest.

2 Adoption.
2 Adoption is a precious thing,
Made Sons of th' Mighty King,
Most precious Joy from hence doth spring,
Hosannah in the highest.

3 Communion, Lord, also with Thee;
Nay, with th' whole Trinity,
What higher Blessings can there be?
Hosannah in the highest.

4 We at thy Table sit and Feed,
And have what our Souls need,
And find thy Blood, Lord, Drink indeed,
Hosannah in the highest.

5 Thou Supp'st with us, and we with thee,
A joyful sight to see;
Sweet is the Food and Company,
Hosannah in the highest.

6 Thou fayest, Thy Beloved's mine?
Ourselves, Lord, we resign
Up unto thee; for to be Thine;
Hosannah in the highest.

The fifth Part.

1 Thy Righteousness, O Lord, Divine,
Imputed is to thine,
By which they do most spotless shine;
Hosannah in the highest.

2 Thou art the Way to God to go,
Th' TRUTH by which we him know,
The

3 By thee we Justified be,
And from Sin are set free,
And God accepts us all in Thee,
Hosannah in the highest.

4 Thou art our Prophet, Priest, and King,
A Prophet that does bring
Such Light from whence true joys do spring,
Hosannah in the highest.

5 A Priest that stands 'twixt God and Men,
Who hast Assisted for sin.
And hast us brought to God again,
Hosannah in the highest.

5 A King that rules o'er all above,
And all that here do move;
He's King of kings, yet full of Love,
Hosannah in the highest.

The sixth Part.

1 Christ is our Meat, our Drink, our Health;
Our Peace, our Strength, Glory, Wealth;
All things besides thee are but Pelf,
Hosannah in the highest.

2 Our Mediator Surety,
And Advocate on high,
Thro' thee, God paffes all sin by;
Hosannah in the highest.

3 Our
3 Our Righteousness and Wisdom too,
Redemption, from all Woe,
Sanctification from thee does flow,
Hosannah in the highest.
4 What shall I say to Jesus call?
for he is All in All,
And Reign he shall o'er Great and Small,
Hosannah in the highest.

5 He hath Redeem'd us by his Blood,
when in our room he stood;
And made us Priests, and Kings, to God,
Hosannah in the highest.
6 And we on Earth with him shall reign
(when all his Foes are slain)
For quickly now he'll come again,
Hosannah in the highest.

A Song of Praise for the Marvellous Deliverance of our Sovereign King,
WILLIAM, with the Church, and whole Kingdom, from the Hellish Plot,
Discovered, Feb. 1695.

No change of Time shall ever shock
Our firm Affections, Lord to Thee;
For thou hast always been a Rock,
A Fortres and Defence to me.
2 Our KING Preserved is, O God,
By thy own hand and mighty Pow'r;
Thou Shald'n him when he is Abroad,
At home to him a resting Tow'r.

3 The Chariot of the King of kings,
Or Troops of mighty Angels round,
Encompasses him with Rapid Wings,
And all his Foes with Shame Confound.
4 Black Thund'ring Clouds most thick conspur'd,
With Threatning Rage our Face to Veil,
But at thy brightnes soon retir'd:
Upon our foes falls Fire and Hail.

5 The Lord doth on our Side engage;
From Heaven his Throne Our Cause upheld,
And snatch'd us from the Furious Rage
Of Threatning Waves that Proudly Swell'd;
6 God his resiltles Pow'r employ'd,
Our cruel Foes attempts to break;
Or else they might have soon destroy'd
The best Defence that we could make.

7 And Gods Designs shall still succeed;
Romes Bloody Sons can't stand the TEST,
He's a Strong Shield to all that need,
And on his sure Protection rest;
8 Who then deyerv'it to be Ador'd,
But God, on whom our Hopes depend,
Or who, except the mighty Lord,
Can with resiltless Pow'r defend.

9 O let th' Eternal God be Prais'd,
The Rock, on whole Defence we rest,
O'er highest Heav'n's his Name be rais'd,
Who with Salvation us hath bless'd.
Spiritual Songs.

10 Therefore to celebrate his Fame,
Our greatfull Voices to Heav'n we'll raise,
Let Nations round dread his great Name,
And all be Taught to Sing his Praise.

11 God to our King and Nation fends
(Tho' Vile we be) Salvation sweet,
Deliv'rance to his Saints extends,
To Praise his Name therefore tis meet.

12 Hofsannahs we to thee do owe,
Let all the Nations Worship thee;
And thee adore, yea thee alone,
The Father of Eternity.

13 Thy Name in Songs we will adore
Protect thy Saints, and Keep them Pure;
To thee lets live for Evermore,
Since from Curst Plots we are secure.

A Feast of Fat Things &c.

Sacred Hymns, &c.

Century I.

Hymn 1.

The Eternity of the Great God.

In th' Regions of Eternal Light,
Thou hast most Holy God;
From everlasting in thy Self,
Had thine own blessed abode:
Before this World by thee was fram'd;
Or, Earth's Foundations laid;
Or, the vast Heavens were spread forth
Or any Creature made.
A Feast of Fat Things

1 Thou didst in Glory, Lord, abide;
yth being hadst alone,
In thy own Self, and none beside,
was with the Holy One.
2 The Eternity of thy great Name,
help us, Lord, to Adore:
From everlasting thy dread Fame
shone, and shall Evermore.

3 Thou Happy wait in thy own Self,
and that in th’ high’st degree;
To thy essental Glory, Lord,
nothing can added be,

4 Thou needst not us; What canst thou
from any Creatures hand?
Yet to ascribe all Praife to Thee,
is thy most just Command.

full of MARROW.

'Round thy high Throne, and Thee adore
in Songs at thy Command.
5 Hosannahs they sing unto Thee,
O Lord, continually.
They worship and most perfect be;
but, Ah! what, Lord, am I?

6 A Person of polluted Lips!
how shall I then express
The depth of thy Immensity?
or thy Infiniteness?
I from thy Presence cannot go;
what place, alas! is there
To hide from Thee? for I do know,
Lord, thou art every where!

HYMN 2.
The Immensity of GOD,

The Praife of the dread Majesty
of the great God above,
With trembling Heart I would sing forth,
O with him fall in Love!

2 But what am I? poor forry Dust
that I should God admire!
Be silent then, and let’s give place
unto the Heavenly Quire!

3 Thousands, and ten Thousands more:
of glorious Angels, stand

HYMN 3.
On the Immensity and Omniscience of GOD.

Thy Knowledge, Lord, is infinite,
there’s nothing hid from Thee;
Thou seest i’th’ Dark as in the Light,
our Thoughts before thee be.

2 From sight of thy All-seeing Eye,
O whither can we go!
In all dark Places thou dost pry,
thine Eyes walk to and fro.

3 Thro’ the whole Earth, where can we hide?
O! whither can we fly?
Lord, from thy Presence; for thou art
far off, and also nigh!

4 Shall
A Feast of Fat Things

4 Shall we to Heaven mount aloft, lo, Thou art present there? Or, if we should go down to Hell, ev'n there thou dost appear?
5 Yea, should we take us morning Wings and dwell beyond the Sea, There would thy Hand have hold on us, and quickly with us be?
6 Nay, if we say, The Darkness shall shroud us, Lord, from thy Sight, Alas! the thick'nest Darkness is to Thee, like to the Light?
7 Yea, Darkness hideth not from Thee; but Night doth shine as Day: Let's Praise Thee then both Day and Night, and sing to Thee alway!

Hymn 4.
The Wisdom of God great.

1 We of thy Wisdom will, O Lord, not only speak but sing; For 'tis from hence that all true Good to us, O Lord, doth spring.
2 Thy Wisdom and most Sovereign Grace gloriously do shine; Let us see it with open Face, and Praise that Name of thine.

Hymn 5.
God's piercing Eyes.

1 Ye Saints remember God always, remember he is nigh; Nay, with us all in every place, and on us sets his Eye.
2 O Lord, out of thy piercing Sight there's none of us can go;
A Feast of Fat Things

Thou seest in Darkness as in Light;
and know’st all things we do.

3 ’Tis thy most great and glorious Name
we should for ever Fear;
And unto thee loud Praise proclaim,
when to thee we draw near.

4 Always let us, O Lord, we pray;
set Thee before our eyes,
And never grieve thy Spirit, Lord,
by our Iniquities.

5 Let’s have a reverent awe of Thee;
and always Thee adore
And worship in Sincerity;
so sing for Evermore.

HYMN 6.
The Power of God.

1 Who knows, Lord, what thy Power is,
thou Glorious art in Might;
Can ought be hard for Thee to do,
whole Power’s Infinite.

2 Thine Arm of Strength, most mighty King,
both Rocks and Hearts doth break;
God thou canst do every thing
which thou dost undertake.

3 O’er Men and Angels thou dost Reign,
all things thou dost uphold;
Thou art the strength of all thy Saints;
thy Power’s manifold.

4 Thou power hast for to Create,
redeeming Power’s in Thee;
Thou soon canst too annihilate
all things which we do fee.

5 None can before thy Power stand,
or thy dread Strength resist,
Thy Pleasure thou wilt do we know,
yea, all things thou dost lift.

6 We of thy Power therefore sing,
and in thy Might Rejoice;
To God our Strength, our hope and trust;
we will lift up our Voice.

HYMN 7.

1 We of thy Mercy, Lord, will sing;
O it is Infinite!
Of all our Joys it is the spring,
let’s Praise thee Day and Night.

2 Our Miseries will have an end,
but thy Mercies abide
From Age to Age, it does extend
like to a swelling Tide.

3 That flows over all Banks and Bounds
amazing to behold;
O’er all the World thy Mercy sounds,
O it is manifold!

4 Thou
A Feast of Fat Things

4 But thy redeeming Mercy, Lord, we chiefly do admire;
Christ is the Chanel where it runs,
to raise the Wonder higher!

5 O Mercy then! Mercy we need,
thy pardoning Mercy's sweet!
Preventing Mercy does, in Christ,
with every Mercy meet.

6 Sinners! take hold of Mercy then!
let Saints Mercy adore:
And for thy Mercy let all Men sing Praise for Evermore.

HYMN 8.
The Covenant and Faithfulness of GOD:

1 O Lord we will exalt thy Name,
and to thee we will sing;
Thy Faithfulness we will proclaim,
from whence our Hopes does spring.

2 We with our mouths will, Lord, make known
thy Faithfulness always;
P help us for to trust in it,
and that too all our Days!

3 Thy Covenant thou wilt hold fast;
as thou hast Sworn of Old;
Thy Promises from first to last,
fulfill'd shall we behold.

4 The Heavens they shall Praise the Lord,
for Wonders thou hast done;
And

HYMN 9.
A Sacred Hymn on GOD's Sovereignty:

1 Thou Lord who didst all Creatures make,
haist Power to dispose
Of them, as seemeth good to thee;
some therefore thou didst Chuse:

2 Unto Eternal Life and Bliss;
and others didst Pass-by:
Or didst them leave to their Hearts Lusts,
and vile Iniquity.

3 If thou hadst left all Adams Race
Unto their evil Way,
And not have giv'n one Soul thy Grace;
O who dur'th Thee gain-say!

4 Or, have charg'd thee to be Unjust,
since all deliv'rd to Die,
'Tis Infinite Grace that any be
saved Eternally.

5 Thou tend'st thy Sweet Gospel Light
to this, and to that Place,
A Feast of Fat Things

But doth to many Lands deny
the word of thine own Grace:
6 And some that hear it never feel
its Power on their heart;
All is as thou art pleas'd to act,
and sovereign Grace impart.
7 We therefore Lord exact thy Name,
that with our eyes do see,
Since thou hast made the difference,
all Praise belongs to thee.

HYMN 10

God's glorious Bounty: Or, Grace Shining
1 Thy Love, O Lord, is very great
to such vile Ones as we;
Such who lay Dead in Trespasses,
are quickened by thee:
2 Thy Bounty to these Souls of ours,
who can of it conceive:
And those thou dost Regenerate
this Bounty do receive.
3 'Tis they who are delivered
from that Foremost Estate,
They once were in, when they lay Dead;
whose souls, Lord, did thee Hate.
4 'Tis they whose Souls united be
unto thy self, O Lord,
And have Communion too with thee;
thou dost this Grace afford.
5 Death

HYMN 11

Abounding Mercy of God in Christ
1 Is there no Mercy in the Lord?
sinners! can you say so?
Of Mercy sing with one accord,
Mercy doth overflow!
2 The Waters which are in the Sea,
and Light that's in the Sun,
Are fewer than thy Mercies are;
to sinners quite undone.
3 Thy Bowels yearn in thee to those
who in their Blood do ly;
If they Believe thou wilt forgive
all their Iniquity:
4 But some will not thy Mercy have;
they it do not deserve;
Feast of Fat Things

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In the right Way, do it not crave; nor after it enquire!

3 But you that see the Chanel, where
   Mercy doth sweetly run,
   Exalt God's Name, and sing his Praise,
   until your Lives are done.

6 At Death, and in the Judgment-day,
   God's mercy you shall find,
   If you do leave your evil Ways
   and have a changed Mind.

7 Redeeming Mercy that is sweet,
   and Pardoning Mercy sure;
   In Christ all Mercies join and meet,
   and evermore endure.

Hymn 12.

The Patience of God.

1 What Wrenches, great God, hast thou long
   (conceiv'd they cannot be!)
By daring Rebels, who provoke
   Thee unto JEALOUSIE!

2 All Evils done in every place;
   before thine Eyes they are
   Throughout the World; And yet dost thou
   their Foes protect, and spare.

3 Tho' for Man's Treason down he fell,
   by thy revenging Hand;
   Yet

full of Marrow.

Yet he lifts up his bruised Bones
   his Maker to withstand;
4 And, though a feeble Foe he be,
   whom thou like Moths can crush,
   Yet still against the Beasts of
   thy Buckler he does rush.

5 O what vile Monsters are Mankind!
   thus given to Rebel!
   Strange thou dost not, Lord, finite the Earth,
   and send them quick to Hell!

6 Man's sin for Vengeance loudly cries,
   yet Patience doth abound;
   Though Justice cries, Cut these Trees down!
   Why Cumber they the Ground?

7 Thy Patience still forbears, we see;
   O it is Infinite!
   Therefore of it, we, Lord, will sing,
   and Praise Thee Day and Night.

Hymn 13.

Another on God's Patience.

1 Would Man forbear to seek revenge
   on such a cursed Foe,
   Who strives to Murder him each Day;
   and work his Overthrow?

2 But God waves all advantages
   of wrath, and vengeance too;
   And, by amazing Patience,
   doth daring Man out-do?
A Feast of Fat Things

3 The Creature doth disdain his God;
by whom he's cloth'd and fed,
Yet God still spares this rebel Worm,
who by the Devil's led
4 To fight against his Sovereign
with cruel spite and rage;
Yet God doth still forbear with him;
even from Age to Age.

5 Fools ask not where th' Almighty is,
but Glory to him give:
Is not his Being most fully prov'd
in suffering thee to Live?
6 Was he not GOD, he could not bear
such Weights as on him ly;
Weak Mortals soon are set on fire,
and for revenge do cry!

7 Why should not Patience make us sing,
and God's great Glory raise?
Lord, let thy Patience joyn with Love
towards me all my Dayes!

Hymn 14.

On the Birth of CHRIST.

1 A Wake my Soul, awake my Tongue;
my Glory wake and sing,
And celebrate the holy Birth,
the Birth of Israel's King!
2 Oh happy Night that brought forth Light,
which makes the Blind to see;

full of MARROW.

The day Spring from on high came down
to cheer and visit thee.
3 The careful Shepherds with their Flocks
were watching for the Morn,
but better News from Heav'n was brought;
your Saviour is now born!
4 In Bethlehem the Infant lies,
within a place obscure,
Your Saviours come, O sing Gods Praise!
O sing his Praise for ev'r.

The Second Part, 25th Psalm Tune.

1 Heaven is come down to Earth
Hither the Angels fly,
Hark how the Heavenly Quire doth sing,
Glory to God on high!
2 Blest News indeed, be glad;
Simeon O' ercome with joy,
Sings with the Infant in his Arms;
Now let thy Servant die!
3 Wise-men behold the Star,
Which was their steadfast Guide;
Until it pointed forth the Babe:
Let God be Glory'd!
4 Heaven and Earth rejoice
O, Lord! and shall not I?
Christ he is Born! Sinners sing Praise;
For you he came to Die! 

Hymn.
HYMN 15.

A Sacred Hymn of the Deity of Christ,

In Thee, Lord Christ, we may
Thy Father's Glory see;
Thou his brightness and glory art,
The God-head dwells in thee.
2 Thou art a Man, yet God,
In thee both Natures meet,
That God and Man thou mightst Unite
In Union great and sweet.
3 Thou must be Man to Die:
Sing Praise, ye Saints, sing Praise!
Christ must be God to Satisfy;
His Glory therefore raise!
4 Such that behold Thee, Lord,
The Father also see;
And such a Mediator did
Behove thee for to be.
5 Thou lay'st thy Hands on both,
And dost to each display
Most equally thy dearest Love;
And therefore we must say,
6 There's none, Lord, like to Thee
For in thy Self does shine
All Glories which the Father hath,
most Sacred and Divine.

HYMN 16.

On Christ's Suretiship.

Lord we've run out, and wasted all
our Riches and our Store;
And now our Credit is quite gone
thou wilt trust us no more;
Unless there is a Surety found
we must in Prison lie,
And bear thy dreadful Wrath, O God,
unto Eternity.
3 And therefore Jesus thou didst fend,
no Friend had we to bring;
All good from hence, we may perceive,
doth from thy Bowels spring.
4 'Twas from the Worth and Dignity
which in Christ's Person lay,
He did God's Justice satisfy,
and all our Debts defray.
5 O let Men dread how they despise
such sovereign Grace and Love,
Because Mysterious in their Eyes,
and also far above
6 Depraved Reason to conceive,
that such who guilty be,
Should, by another's Righteousness,
from Sin and Guilt be free.
7 All praise and glory unto God,
and to the Son whom we Adore;
And to the Holy Ghost likewise,
be Praise for Evermore.
A Hymn of Christ's divine Love, on Cant. iii.

1 Come nearer, come nearer yet, and more
thy sweetest Lips to mine?
For why, thy Love, who art all Love,
exceeds the choicest Wine!
2 Like to an Ointment Poured out,
is thy sweet Name, and Favour;
Wise Virgins compar'd thee about,
for thy good Ointments Savour.
3 O Draw me with thy Cords of Love,
we will run after thee;
The King into his Chambers hath
in Love Conducted me.
4 Thy rays will make our faces shine;
in thee we will rejoice;
Thy Love is better far than VVine;
thou art the upright's Choice!
5 But O thou, whom my Soul doth Love!
Tell me, O tell me soon,
Where feeds thy Flock; where is the place
thou mak'st them rest at Noon?
6 Why should I stray and lose my way!
till I at last do fall
Among thy fellows Flocks (as they
themselves do proudly Call.)
7 O fairest One; if thou wouldst know
where thou shouldst feed and ly,
The footsteps of the Flock will show
the way assuredly.

HYMN 18.

The Churches Spikenard, Cantic. the 1st.

Our King doth at his Table sit,
and I that Love him well,
Will pour my Spikenard on his feet,
which gives a fragrant Smell.
2 My well-Beloved is to me
a bundle of sweet Myrrh,
And with me he'll make his abode,
and from me never stir.
3 My well-Beloved is to me,
like to the choicest VVines;
Like Clusters of the Canhbie Trees,
amongst the fruitful Vines.
4 O blessed Jesus thou art fair,
my beauty is from thee!
Nay, thou art fair beyond compare,
and precious unto me!
5 Let others on their Dainties feed,
and drink the richest Wine;
My feasts doth all their feasts exceed;
when thou lay'st I am thine.
6 I therefore will commend him still,
and sing unto his Praise,
He Dy'd for me, therefore shall be
my Joy and Song always.
HYMN 19.

He's White & Reddy, sung at the Sacrament.

MY Hearts Delight is Red and white,
the Lilly and the Rose:
So sweet a Grace adorns his Face
ten Thousand he out-does!
2 Was he all White and was not Red?
no Sufferer for my Sin?
My Blood would rest on my own Head
and no Joy have within!

3 But my dear, Lord is White and Red,
this mixture pleasteth me;
Cause for my Sins he Suffered
who from all Sin was free!
4 What a reviving Sight is this?
a righteous Saviour's Blood
Is th' bath of Sin, the spring of Bliss
most Pure, most sweet and good!

5 His God-head, and his Government
are infinite and Pure;
His Eyes are like the Eyes of Doves;
motl constant, to indure.
6 His Mouth is most exceeding sweet;
he's altogether fo;
Down from his Head unto his Feet
all joys and comforts flow:
7 Oh Sing his Praise for this is he
my soul doth fo admire;
This is my Friend, if you would know,
this is my hearts desire!

HYMN 20.

Deliverance from the Pit: Or, A Hymn
of Thanksgiving for Gospel Salvation.

1 How great is this Salvation, Lord,
Which thou for us hast wrought,
By Jesus Christ our dearest Friend,
Who our poor Souls hath bought.
2 Thou didn't behold us when we lay
polluted in our Sin;
And to wash us found out a way
to make us clean agin.

3 We Slaves of Sin and Satan were,
and in strong bonds were bound;
And when we were near to the Pit
a Ransom then was found:
4 Thy Son out of Thy Bosome came,
our Souls to set quite free:
All Praise unto the blessed Lamb,
and equal Praise to Thee.

5 Of this Salvation we will Sing,
and will with one Accord
Praise Thee, from whom all Blessings spring;
ye Saints praise ye the Lord.

B 6 Tho
A Feast of Fat Things

6 Thou Savi¬r our Souls, O save this Land,
great things, Lord, Thou wilt do;
O haste, O Lord, quickly appear,
salvation-wonders show.

7 Our Dust shall make, our Souls unite;
and then our Glory shine;
Our Happines shall be compleat;
Hallelujah; Amen.

H Y M N 21.

Christ at the Sinners Door: Or, A Song of Praise on Gospel Salvation.

1 We, Lord, of thy Salvation have
a Declaration had:
O Sinners know Christ can you save;
rejoice in Him be glad.
2 Salvation is brought very near,
your Saviour also stands
Now, now, O Soul, ev’n at thy door,
O yield to his Commands!

3 Open to him, before his Wrath
is kindled in his Heart,
And he from you, with angry Frowns,
for ever doth depart.
4 If it a little kindled be,
O happy, happy he,
Thon holy One, who doth believe,
and puts his trust in Thee

5 Ye Saints Rejoyce, ye interest have
in this Salvation;
What is it you can further crave?
sing Praise to th’ Holy One:

6 Salvation is wrought out for you,
your God and Christ adore,
Blessings of life do over-flow;
sing Praise for evermore.

7 Rejoice that ye accepted be
in your eternal Head,
And quickn’d are, (and Union have;)
who once in sin lay dead.

H Y M N 22.

All Glory to God and the Lamb: Or, A Hymn of Thanksgiving for the great Salvation of Christ.

1 Now let us sing our Saviour’s Praise,
and spread his Glory forth;
His Honour wholly let us raise
that shines through all the Earth:
2 Who would not fear and praise thy Name
thou great and glorious One,
The World shall worship Thee, to whom
thy grace and goodness is shown.

3 All Glory, Pow’r, and Honour, Thou
art worthy to receive;

5 Ye
A Feast of Fat Things

For all things, Lord by the were made,
and by thy pleasure live.

To Thee of right, O Lamb of God,
salvation doth belong,
Wisdom and Praise, Glory and Strength,
and every sacred Song.

Tis thou alone salvation wrought,
by thine own arm was done,
Sing Praise ye Saints whom he hath bought,
praise ye the holy One.

Blessing and Honour, Glory Power,
by all in Earth and Heaven
To him that sits upon the Throne,
and to the Lamb be given.

HYMN 23

GOD's Glory displayed: or, A Hymn
of Praise on the great Salvation.

1 Was thy Ead, O holy God,
in our salvation;
But thy own Glory? therefore we
will praise thee every one:
2 Shall Man assume some part of it?
let him ashamed be;
All is of God, all is of Grace,
all glory be to Thee.

HYMN 24

The Soul Rent: or, Glory Shining. A Hymn
of Praise on Gospel Salvation.

1 ALL the seraphick Train above
are stooping down to low,
To learn o'th Church that Mystery
past Ages did not know:
2 But now the Vail is Rent in twain,
the Mystery is Unfold'd,
Justice and Mercy reconciled
we do herein behold.

3 Thou
A Feast of Fat Things

3 We now in Gospel days may go
into th’ Holy Place,
And in a bleeding JESUS see
God’s reconciled Face.

4 Ye Sinners then this Saviour view,
that for your sins was slain;
And this Salvation flight no more,
Oh look, view him again!

5 How can ye see him bleed, and still
retain your cursed sin?
How can ye see him call to you
and you will not come in?

6 O dearest Jesus, if a taste
of Love be here so sweet,
What will it be when we with Thee,
our dearest Lord, shall meet?

7 O let us sing to him always,
and him in Truth adore,
For the day’s near when we shall be
with him for evermore.

Hymn 25.


1 O Glorious and most Holy King,
the mighty Prince of Peace,
By thee alone, O holy One,
from Sin we have release!

2 O wondrous Love, yea, Love indeed,
that Thou so great and high,
Who didst proceed from God, should bleed,
and for poor Sinners dye.

3 The Curse which was, O Lord, our due
thou also didst endure;
And in th’ Grave lay till the Third Day
our freedom to procure.

4 O depth, O length, O breadth of Love,
one may compare with Thee,
So love to die that we so high
at last might raised be!

5 Shall Sinners flight thy Love, O Lord;
salvation not regard?
No sin like this so great it is,
was ever known or heard.

6 Ye Saints love you your Saviour dear,
ing forth his blessed Praise;
O love him, and to him adhere,
and serve him all your days.

Hymn 26.

Look unto Jesus. A Hymn of Praise.

1 L Look unto Jesus, Sinners look,
if you’d salvation have,
Who’s God, the Saviour, none else;
he is only he can save.

2 Come
A Feast of Fat Things

2 Come let's Rejoyce with Heart and Voice
*before our heavenly King,
Tribute of Praise let us always
unto our Saviour bring.

3 Before the wicked World and Hell
let us his Glory bear;
Lord manifest thy glorious Name
in Wonders every where!
4 Let sinners not neglect, O Lord,
salvation thou halt wrought;
For all that do thou wilt o'erthrow,
to hell they shall be brought.
5 O sinners look, and fall in love
with Jesus, him embrace;
With wonder now his Glory view
who's full of Grace and Truth.
6 Ye Saints and faved Ones rejoice,
and Hallelujahs sing;
For you are his and he is yours,
O praise your God and King!

HYMN 27.

1 Most free rich Grace unmix'd and
the Gospel does proclaim;
For which, O Lord, we do thee praise
and sing unto thy Name.

2 Come Saints and Sinners also taste
this Water, Milk, and Wine,
Wine without dregs that off the Lees
our Saviour did refine.
3 Here's Pardon without Wrath at all,
white Garments without stain;
A Conscience purged we may have here,
and Ease that's free from Pain.
4 We may have all if we receive
the blessed Lord of Life;
But such who do reject this Grace
shall one Day meet with Strife.
5 Wrath will pursue such wretched Souls;
and they escape shall not;
But bring upon themselves sad Woe,
yea, an Eternal blot.
6 Stand not then to dispute and Die;
free offered Grace receive;
Then good and thankful you shall be
when once you do Believe.
7 And you will say, Salvation's great,
and the great Lord adore;
And sing unto his holy Name
praises for evermore.
HYMN 28.


1 Love ye your lovely Lord, ye Saints,
   his praises also sing;
We will exalt thy Name, O Lord
   our God, and heavenly King:
2 To him that Angels do adore
   be Glory, Honour, Fame;
   Tis he that did salvation work,
   O sing unto his Name!
3 To him that wash'd us in his blood,
   who lov'd poor sinners first;
   To him that was made Sin for us,
   and was for us accurst;
4 To him be Glory and high Praise,
   O worship at his Feet!
   In him God's Attributes do shine;
   in Union also meet.
5 Who would not honour and admire,
   who would not Thee adore;
Who would not this Saviour desire,
   and prostrate fall before?
6 Come let us Hallelujah sing
   unto this mighty One;
   Let sinners bow unto this King
   who sits upon the Throne!

HYMN 29.

Christ Glory. A Hymn of Praise on
Gospel Salvation.

1 Sing praises unto God the Lord,
   and call upon his Name;
   Among the people all declare
   his Works, and spread his Fame.
2 Sing ye unto the Lord, I say,
   ye sing unto him Praise;
   And talk of his Salvation great,
   exalt your God always.
3 In honour of his Holy Name
   rejoice with one accord,
   And let the Hearts also rejoice
   of all that seek the Lord.
4 Seek ye the Lord, O seek the strength
   of his Eternal Might;
   O seek his Face continually
   in Christ, for that is right!
5 Lord thou to us Salvation hath
   made known most Graciously;
   But such who do the fame reject
   most wretchedly shall Die;
6 Wrath will break forth upon them all,
   that day is very near;
A Feast of Fat Things
But all thy Saints, when Christ doth come,
in Glory shall appear.

7 Ye Righteous then in God rejoice,
for you most happy be;
Salvation great your portion is,
and you the fame shall see.

HYMN 30.
The Saint indeed. Or, A Hymn of Praise
for Sanitation.

1 YE that are, Holy and Sincere
lift up your Hearts and Voice,
Sing to the Lord and do not fear,
you cause have to rejoice!
2 The Fruit of Christ's blest Death in you
most plainly does appear;
Yea, that you are God's own Elect,
and do his Image bear.
3 You shall ascend God's holy Hill
who undefiled be;
And shall with him in Glory dwell
unto Eternity.
4 But as for you that have a Name,
but live as others do,
You, you shall fall and perish all,
God will you overthrow.

HYMN 31.
A Sacred Hymn on Ephesians 4. 4, 5, 6.
Sung at the Administration of Holy
Baptism.

1 To the One Lord and Father dear;
who is high, and above all,
We will sing Praise, and always fear,
and on him ever call:
2 And the One Lord we will adore,
and Divine Worship give,
And sing his praise for evermore,
by whom 'tis we do live.
3 To the One Spirit, by whose pow'r
all Saints are Born again,
We will sing to, and every hour
under his Wings remain.
4 In the One Faith we will rejoice,
that Doctrine of Faith is one;

When
'A Feast of Fat Things'
And in that Faith we'll lift our voice and sing till Life is gone.

5 In Christ's One Baptism also let us establish'd be;
Let thee thy Children find it sweet who now have obey'd Thee.
6 Let such who for another plea'd, which is, Lord, none of thine, Ashamed be, and see the need of further Light Divine.

7 In unity of thy One Church let each of us abide,
And find our Comfort to be such which none meet with beside.

H Y M N 32.
The Drooping Spirit Revived.

1 Come drooping Saints, ye princely ones, why do your heads hang down?
Tho' some do fall yet Grace shall you with Glory ever Crown.
2 Christ bids you ever to Rejoyce, again he says Rejoyce,
Whatever Sin or Satan faith 'tis your Beloved's voice.
3 Why should you be discourag'd, O heirs of special Grace,
For

full of MARROW.
For goodly is your Heritage, and pleasant is your place!
4 What e'er discouragement you find, our Christ can answer all;
His Arms are ready to lift up when you are near to fall.
5 You have had a sweet taste of God, he is to you most dear;
You feel the power of his Word, be therefore of good cheer!

H Y M N 33.
Evil Thoughts abhor'd: Or, Heart-Purity

1 Thy power, Lord, is very great, to change the thoughts of men;
If evil thoughts so harmful be, O let us loath them then!
2 Lord, who can all his errors see? O cleanse my heart within,
From evil Thoughts; and keep thou me from all presumptious Sin!
3 O let not Sin have power to reign in me at any time;
And so shall I be free from stain; and escape the greatest crime!
4 Blessed, O blessed, are the Pure, who Pure are still in Heart, That
A Feast of Fat Things

That keep thy Testimonies sure;
And from all sin depart.

5 They're such that cause have to rejoice;
Thy Praises forth to sing;
And unto them new comforts shall
From thee, Lord, daily spring:

6 They pardon'd are, and in thy Love
Do evermore remain;
They born are also from above,
And shall with Jesus reign.

H Y M N 35

Ephraim mixed among the People.

1 THE Pure in heart are thy delight
O thou most holy One!
All they that do what things are right
May sing thy Praise alone.

2 All mixtures, Lord, in Doctrin
And Practice, thou dost hate;
Our selves, therefore, with wicked Men
Let's not associate!

3 And so shall we, Lord, with much joy
Our hearts lift up to Thee;
And nothing shall our Peace destroy
Whilst circumstance we be,

4 Let such that mingle not themselves
Thy Praises therefore sing;
And to thy People let men join
In Faith, to Praise our King.

5 Come out of Babel then all ye,
And be ye separate;

For thou alone, Lord, art our God;
Thy Name Exalted be!
A Feast of Fat Things

Depart all Godly ones, and flee before it is too late!
6 O touch not the polluted thing, and God will own you then; And drink you shall of his sweet Spring; thus sing, and say, Amen.

Hymn 36.
The good Samaritan.

1 Sinners rejoice who wounded be; your blest Physician's near; His Oyl will heal his Wine will cheer; our Sickness he did bear:
2 'Tis Jesus praise that we will raise, and set his glory forth; There's none like thee, all Saints do see, in Heaven or on Earth.

3 Thy Blood's our balm, who hither came to Die upon the Tree! Therefore, O Lord, with one accord we will sing Praise to thee.
4 Thou hast a Salve for every sore; didn't Dye that we might Live Therefore to thee continually all Praises we will give.

Hymn 37.
The voice of the Turtle heard in our Land.

1 Thy precious Blood was shed, O Lord; my soul to purge from Sin; Which purchas'd Grace my soul to change, when shall this work begin:
2 In sinners hearts, O now impart, that Grace that they may sing:
O own thy word, most holy Lord; our God, and gracious King!

3 The harmless Turtle's pleasant voice is heard, Lord, in this place; Let Fig-trees put forth their green Figs, young Converts deck with Grace.

4 Arise! the Summer will soon pass, your day of grace will end;
O come to Christ, whilst he doth call, and does his love commend!

5 See how the Saints do bud in Grace, what gracious fruits abound, Upon this liberty for all to hear the joyful sound:
6 Arise, ye who yet sleep in Sin, make haste to come and live; So shall you sing and joyful be, and honour to Christ give.
HYMN 38.

---Buy of me.

1 Come buy of thee? Lord let us see what 'tis that thou dost sell!
The Pearl of Price and Paradise,
O Lord what Tongue can tell
2 What their worth are? what Fool is there who doth refuse to buy?
A bargain's here! and 'twill appear so to Eternity.

3 This Pearl excells the rich Beryl,
the Onyx and the Sapphire;
Rubies so rare can't with't compare,
no, nor the gold of Ophir!
4 Begone vile Lusts as things are accurs'd,
let every Soul then say,
This Pearl will I purchase and buy, without further delay!

5 Let's look about, our Glass runs out,
and take such good Advice;
What e'er you see the terms to be,
to come unto the Price.
Sing, Sing, God's Praise, you ought always,
who this rich Pearl have;
What would you be, what more can ye ask, seek, desire, or crave?

HYMN

HYMN 39.

A Bleeding Christ, and the Bleeding Heart.

1 How gracious and how good, O Lord,
art thou to Sinners vile;
Thy Wrath is o'er, and thou on us,
in Jesus Christ, doth smile?
2 Sing Praise ye tender-hearted ones,
lift up God's Praise on high;
For you shall live for evermore,
yea, live and never die.

3 Behold a bleeding Christ! O see his side, how did it run
With purple Gore? Can ye forbear to grieve, shed tears, and mourn!
4 But did he die, and in our stead, that we might never die?
O love this Lord, and sing his Praise; and on him all rely!

5 The fruits of Christ's most blessed Death in bleeding Hearts appear;
Their sins, they see, have wounded him, and pierced him like a spear.
6 They look to him, therefore they mourn, and yet by Faith rejoice;
They can't but grieve, nor yet forbear to sing with cheerful Voice.

HYMN
HYMN 40.

Salvation great and Glorious.

1 Great God of Love send from above thy new Jerusalem; On Jesus's Head cause thou to spread his sparkling Diadem.

2 Hosannah sing continually, our Jesus comes apace; Bow every Knee; all Hell shall flee from th' terror of his Face.

3 Salvation high is now come nigh, salvation great indeed; O Sinners fee and Saved be by Jesus who did bleed! Here's Life for you that believe do, the terms most easy are; O come and Drink before you sink i'th' depths of Hell's dispair.

5 Sing Praise, sing Praise, God's honour raise, ye who salvation have; Dear Jesus love, who from above came, your poor Souls to Save:

6 Now Heavens work is here begun, the work of sing'ing Praise; Most holy live, rejoice and sing until you end your days.

HYMN 41.

The Tender Hearts Triumph.

1 You tender-Hearted souls rejoice; and sing God's Praise for'th; In sacred Hymns lift up your Voice whilst here you live on Earth:

2 For God bestowed hath on such new Covenant true Grace; And though they grieve and sorrow much, they shall lift up their Face.

3 'Tis a new Spirit that's in you, your heart of Stone is gone; The bleeding heart shall sweetly sing when this sad Life is done.

4 Sin unto you most grievous is, you cannot it endure; O is it thus! then sing God's Praise, for you shall sing for ever.

HYMN 42.

The broken and contrite Heart.

What cause of Joy ye Saints is here? have you a tender heart? Lift up your heads, be of good Cheer, you have a blessed part!
A Feast of Fat Things

2 O Lord, we praise thy holy Name,
for offering precious Grace;
Let us believe, so let us sing,
for happy is our cause:

3 Thy Word can break a heart of Stone;
O lay on gracious Blows,
To Sinners, and also to Saints,
let's see what Mercies flows.

4 A broken heart's a sacrifice
most choice, O Lord, to thee
Abroken Christ, and broken hearts,
most sweetly do agree.

5 Thou wilt, Lord, dwell with Convidee,
and them revive also;
Upon the humble, sincere Soul
all lasting blessings flow.

full of marrow.

3 In this may Saints rejoice always,
'tis this doth make them glad;
Such may rejoice well all their dayes
who are so bravely clad.

4 Your wedding Robes they are, O know,
richly Embroidered;
No Prince was e'er cloathed so,
that King did ever wed.

5 It shines bespangled with Gold;
and such who have it on
The King with joy doth them behold;
and loves to look upon.

6 How may we then continually
in Jesus Christ rejoice,
And sing to him melodiously,
with Heart and cheerful Voice?

HYMN 43.

Righteousness of Christ Glorious

Christ's Righteousness imputed is,
to those who do believe;
Sing Praise to Christ, and God on high,
who do this Grace receive.

2 Your wedding garment is a sign
of Joy and sweet Delight.
Sing praise, O Soul, for thou art his,
Sing praise both Day and Night.

HYMN 44.

Christ's Penny: or, The Laborours hire.

25th Psalm Tune.

1 Lord, happy are those Souls
Who hired are by Thee;
For such that thou approvest of
They Saved all shall be:

2 Great's their Reward, O Lord,
Their Penny is not small;
They have a God, a Christ have they,
A Crown; they shall have All.
A Feast of Fat Things

Then sing ye chosen Ones,
His Praises now set forth;
And in his Vineyard faithful be
Whil' ye do live on Earth.

Rewards of Grace excell,
Such which from Debts arise;
Rejoice in God ye Saints always,
And your dear Saviour prize.

HYMN 45.
The Blessed Death of the Saints: Sung at the Funeral of that Vertuous Gentlewoman, Mrs. ELIZABETH BRIGHT; Decemb. 7th. 1692.

1 Thy Word, O Lord, doth comfort those who on thee do Believe;
Yea, all of them which thou hast chose thy quick'ning Grace receive:

2 In Life it is a Cordial sweet,
at Death it doth revive;
Such Comforts do thy Saints meet with,
of which, Death can't deprive.

3 A Door of Blifs to weary Saints,
thou art (grim Death) become;
Secured is the Jewel safe,
whilst Earth the Corps intermarv.

4 By Death the Saints do enter Rest,
prepar'd ready above;
They are for ever swallow'd up
in endless Joys and Love.

Cease grieving then for such who are
to blessed Jesus gone:
For they in Glory shine most bright,
and the blest Prize have won.

HYMN 46.
The happy Death of the Godly: Sung at the Funeral of Mr. JOHN TREDWEL.

1 Return to God, your resting place;
ye sinners with all speed;
By Christ, to God you must approach;
for all things you do need.

2 Lord there's no rest for to be found:
but in thyself alone;
High Praises therefore forth shall found
unto the holy One!

3 We sing below, but they above,
in Crowns excelling Gold,
Triumph in their eternal bliss,
amazing to behold:

4 And each of them in Majesty
do represent a King;
Yea, Angels like in dignity,
and with the Cherub's sing:

5 Immortal Robes they all have on;
and shine like to the Sun;
Let us prepare to follow them;
our Glas' will soon be run,

6 Death,
A Feast of Fat Things

6 Death is a sleep, it is a rest from all our sorrows here; Let's so believe that we with Christ in glory may appear.

HYMN 47.

Ps. 17. 15. ---I shall be satisfied when I awake with thy Likeness. Sung at the Funeral of Mrs. Sarah Wilmot, July 14th, 1694.

1 Sing to the Lord, ye Saints of his, and thankfully express how sweet the due remembrance is of His pure Holiness.
2 And tho' his anger burns apace it quickly slacks again; But, Lord, thy favour and thy grace for ever doth remain.
3 Tho' sorrows lodge with us all night, which makes us weep and mourn, yet joy comes in at morning light, and makes a sweet return.
4 By death thy saints enter to joys prepar'd for them above; and there for ever shall remain in endless life and love.
5 O there they see as they are seen, with clear unclouded views!

full of MARROW.

6 There they hear Lord! nothing else but sweet and glorious news!
7 We shall be fully satisfied when we awake and rise:

HYMN 48.

Salvation Shining.

1 O sing ye now unto the Lord, a new and pleasant song; for he hath wrought by his right hand, to him doth praise belong.
2 Salvation is, Lord, wrought by thee, from sin from wrath and hell; o sing to God continually, all who in Sion dwell!
3 'Tis thee, O Lord, we will exalt, and spread thy glory forth.
4 Our enemies that are within, thou hast, O Lord, brought down; our foes also, that are without, by thee, are overthrown.

5 Ye:
A FEAST OF FAT THINGS.

5 Ye Righteous in the Lord rejoice,
his Holiness proclaim;
Be thankful, and with Heart and Voice
sing to his glorious Name:
For why, the Lord our God is good,
and he has heard our cry?
Since on our side, Lord thou hast stood,
let's praise thee till we Die.

H Y M N 49.

The Saints Holy Triumph.

1 'Remble all you who rest upon
a Form of Godliness;
As also ye that do draw back,
whether 'tis more or less:
2 Rejoice ye Saints and do not fear
you all are in Christ's hand;
There's not a Soul that is Sincere
but firmly it doth stand.
3 Upon a Rock, and ne'er shall move,
nor fall away; Before
God's own Elect, who do him love,
all trials shall endure.
4 Come Saints, Triumph, in the dear Lamb,
your Lord, that once did Die;
We that Believe in Jesus, have
'erafting cause of joy.
5 Come Law of God, what hast thou now
of us for to demand?
Thy

full of MARROW.

55 Thy Curses all did meet in Christ;
who in our stead did stand:
6 Thy, such do Sin thou canst not Curse,
thy Curses all did lie
Upon our bleeding Lord, when he,
our Sacrifice, did die?
7 Come Justice, where is now thy Charge;
what hast thou now to show?
We do to thee present the blood
which from Christ's sides did flow:
8 We shall not fall who do believe;
well may such sing; therefore
Draw back they can't so as to Die;
fing Praise for evermore.

H Y M N 50.

The Power of God's Word.

1 O Lord, 'tis matter of high Praise
thy Word on us doth shine;
But Happy they who feel it's rays,
and glorious Power Divine.
20 let poor Sinners feel their Sin
prick them, as with a sword;
And Purge out all that Filth within;
s shall we praise thy Word.
3 Enlightened Souls have cause to sing,
who Wounded were by thee;
True cause of joy to such doth spring;
for they, Lord, Healed be;

C. 4. 4 And
56  A Feast of Fat Things

4. And now in Robes, most richly decked,
    they to the King are brought;
Surpassing Angels; for have they
    a Robe so richly wrought.

5. We therefore throw our Crowns below
    thy High and Glorious Throne;
And must all say, both Night and Day,
    thou Worthy art alone.

6. All Glory, Pow'r, and Praise to have,
    by us for evermore;
Thus let us Sing unto our King,
    and him in Heart adore.

57  full of MARROW.

4. This Pardon is this Day
    To sinners offered;
Oh! is there none that will come in,
    Whilfe out thy Hands are spread!

5. You Happy are, O Souls,  
    Who now forgiven be;  
And also over a short time  
    You will it clearly see:  
6. Then Sing, tho' in the Dust  
    You ly a little while;  
A Day is near that will make all  
    God's pardon'd Ones to smile.

51  HYMN 51.
Boundless Mercy.

25th Psalm Tune.

1. OF Mercy still, O Lord,  
    We will together Sing;  
And in sweet sacred Songs of Praise  
    Exalt our glorious King:  
2. Let Heart and Tongue rejoice,  
    And say, Who's like to Thee?  
Among the gods there's none that Thus  
    Forgives Iniquity.

3. We did not Pardon crave,  
    When in our Blood we lay;  
But 'twas free Grace that moved Thee  
    Our cursed Debts to pay.

4. This

52  HYMN 52.
A Call to Obedience.

1. Thine Ordinances are, O Lord,  
    like Pipes that run with Wine;  
We praise Thee now with one accord,  
    for each Command of Thine.
2. Repent! Lord that's a mighty thing;  
    but all who do not fo,  
Thou down to Hell at last will bring,  
    thy Wrath to undergo.

3. Believe! and shall we saved be?  
    O Blessed be thy Name!  
For works can't not us justify,  
    since Sinners we became.
4. Baptized be! Lord, some we fear  
    do not of that approve;  
But
HYMN 53.

Spiritual joy increasing.

1. Rejoice ye that in Houses dwell,
   in Houses made of Clay,
   For Bodies of the Saints excell;
   and shall another Day:

2. Lord shew unto thy Servants all
   thy Favour and thy Grace;
   And let us all both Great and Small
   Behold thy glorious Face.

3. O put great joy into our Hearts,
   so will we sing to Thee:
   And cause have more than those whose Corn
   and Wines increased be:

4. Sing to the Lord in Righteousness,
   his face do you behold;
   In Christ, God doth you richly Bless
   with Blessings manifold.

5. God is your God, you Union have
   through Christ, with him again;
   Your Bodies and your Souls are his,
   to ever shall remain.

6. Some joy in Wealth, and others do
   in Pleasures much abound;
   But such alone have cause of joy
   that have Gods favour found.

HYMN 54.

Christ our Glorious Shepheard.

1. Now let us to our Shepheard sing;
   the Shepheard of the Sheep;
   Blessed are they, O Happy Souls,
   whom thou, Lord, Christ, doth keep:

2. And will you then go still astray,
   O fee the Shepheard's come,
   He's come to seek, to search and find,
   and convey you all Home.

3. He looks about to see if he
   can find you in his fold,
   Can you forbear for to return,
   how can your Love be cold?

4. Ah! he for you did shed his blood,
   he for his Sheep did Die!
   And will you, Souls, your dearest Lord
   again now Crucifie !

5. Beside, the Wolves are got abroad;
   O hear your Shepheard's Voice !
   Sing unto your blessed Lord,
   and in him all rejoice:

6. Thou art our Shepheard and our Guide,
   our Prophet, Priest and King.
   Thou.
A Feast of Fast Things
Thou art our Life, our Light, our Hope;
from thee, our joys do spring.

7 Then Ravish'd with thy Sacred Love,
let us thy Glory raise;
And mount our Souls to Heaven above,
in Songs of lasting Praise;
8 And hate to mind a Strangers Voice,
thy Doctrine let us hear,
That we with thee may all rejoice,
when thou, Lord, shalt appear.

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HYMN 55.
Truth in its Primitive Purity. Sung at the Administration of Baptism.

1 Now let us make a joyful Noise,
and sing unto the Lord;
And in God's Fear unite our Joys,
in him with one accord.
2 O blessed Day, in which we see
God's Ordinance restor'd!
Worthy art thou, O holy One,
to be in Truth ador'd.

3 Dark Clouds of Error God expells,
and Truth shines splendidly:
O may our Brethren be convinc'd,
give them a seeing Eye:
4 You that Believers are, arise,
and all Baptized be;

full of MARROW.

Take heed you do not still dispise
Christ's Holy Baptisme.
5 And let us all thy Name, O Lord,
for evermore adore;
That thy blest Institutions are
restor'd as heretofore.
6 If every Truth, Lord, be by us
receive'd in sincere Love,
It will to us an Evidence be,
we born are from above.

---

HYMN 56.
The Spiritual Bridegroom. Sung at the Administration of Baptism.

1 How pleasant is it, for to see
poor Sinners to espouse
Their dearest Lord, who only is,
the Blest Sharon's Rose.
2 'Tis thou, Lord Jesus, we do Preach;
and thy high Praisè sing;
Thou art our All, all Grace's from thee;
and spiritual Blessings spring.
3 O who is like, Lord, unto Thee,
thy Beauty doth exceed;
Thy Glory is so infinite;
in Thee's all things we need:
4 There's none thy Glory can set forth;
yet thou dost condescend
To be the Bridegroom of our Souls,
our Joy, our God, our Friend.
A Feast of Fat Things

5 Be thou to us above all things;
   Chief of ten Thousand be;
Let those enamouring Lips of thine,
   endear our Souls to Thee:
6 O let thy Saints be ravished
   with Love begetting Love;
Fill’d with eternal Joy Divine,
   which flow down from above!
7 O then with Angels sing the Praise
   of your most sacred Friend:
The Glory of Christ Jesus raise,
   until your Days shall end.

H Y M N 57.

God’s Temple Plants.

25th Psalm Tune.

1 Ye Sinners now come in,
   Christ doth invite you all;
Return, return, make Angels sing,
   Return for Christ doth call:
2 Lord, thou art Merciful,
   Most ready to forgive,
And Pardon all that come to Thee,
   And do thy Son receive.
3 O leave your wicked Ways
   Before it be too Late;
For those that love, and live in Sin,
   God’s Soul doth loathe and hate:
4 But

full of MARROW.

4 But like a Cedar Tree,
   Which Lebanon forth brings,
The Jusf shall grow and flourish so
   As laden Palm-Tree springs.
5 God’s Temple Plants shall thrive;
   In his blest Courts each one;
And still produce their fruitful juice,
   When they to Age are grown:
6 Still Fat and Flourish shall,
   God’s Justice to express;
Our Rock is he, most pure and free
   From all Unrighteousness.
7 Then sing his Praisies forth;
   Him Honour and Adore;
For you shall sing unto your King
   In Glory evermore.

H Y M N 58.

Christ’s Vine-yard.

1 Thy Vine-yard, Lord, was purchased,
   though wild it once did ly,
And Barren was as any Ground
   thou couldst on Earth eify;
2 But thou much cost and pains hast shewn,
   that it might fruitful be.
Thy Sun doth shine, and Rain doth fall
   on it continually.
3 All Praisfe therefore to God on High,
   how great is thy blest Care
H Y M N 59.

The Noble Vine.

1 There is on Earth a Noble Vine,
   set in a Fruitful Place;
The root thereof is all Divine,
   and full of Precious Grace:
The Lord by his right Hand did Plant
   this Vine, and Vineyard too;
And shines upon each Gracious Saint,
   and waters it also.

2 Into this Vineyard we are call’d,
   whilst others Idle stand;
Lord help us all to work therein,
   and yield to thy Command.

3 Thy care is great of thy own Church,
   thou watchest it each day;
But Fruitless Trees thou wilt pluck up,
   and throw them quite away.

4 But wilt prune such that fruitful be;
   we therefore thee adore,
And insweet Hymns we’ll sing to Thee;
   now and for Evermore.

H Y M N 60.

Redeeming Love.

O That we could as Angels do
   aloud God’s Praises sing,
   for Wonders of Redeeming Love,
   from whence Soul Peace doth spring.
Shall Man, who at the Gates of Hell
   did Pale and Speechless lie,
   Not find a Tongue, and time to Speak?
   Stones against such will Cry?

Then ye, th’ Redeemed of the Lord,
   your thankful Voices raise;
Who Reconciled are to God;
   Sing your Redeemers Praise:
Sing and Triumph in boundless Grace,
   which thus hath Set you Free;
Exalt, with shouts, all who Believe,
   your God continually.

H Y M N 61.

Spiritual Food.

O Our Souls O Lord, think thou upon,
   let us not them forget;
But cloathe them, O most holy One,
   and give them precious Meat:
Thou hast thought on our Souls, we know,
   when they in Blood did ly,
   For
A Feast of Fat Things

For which we praise thy Holy Name, and will thee magnify.

3 How Good art thou, O Lord, what plenteous Food have we; Our Paths drop Fatness, therefore we'll sing praises unto Thee.
4 Put us, O Lord in Remembrance the Needful thing to do; That Satan may never prevail, nor work our Overthrow.

HYMN 62.

The Honour of Christ's Servants.

1 Ye Servants of the Lord of Hosts, who in his Vine-yard be;
Who wait on him, and do his work, Praise him continually:
Your honour, O it is not small, if you accepted are;
And Servants be, then you are all both Sons, and Daughters fair.

3 Nay he Espoused hath you too, and in his Bosome will Lay you to all Eternity, your Souls with joy to fill.
4 O Then Sinners, yield now come in, Christ's Servants to become; So shall you have all Crowns at lift, and shine in his Kingdom.

HYMN 63.

Christ the Saints Strength and Guide.

O Lord we praise thee with our Souls, thou dost us Warning give of the great Dangers we are in, and tell's us how to Live.
Tis thou must give us Pow'r and Might, that we may Watchful be; give us Strength, that Day and Night we may sing Praise to Thee!

Our Steps direct, our Souls protect, and in the way of Peace lead us, we pray; then to the last Day our Joy will never cease.
Thou wilt not leave us, we do know, to Fight, or War, alone; But wilt assist us, evermore, until all Danger's gone.

Worthy art thou, therefore, O Lord, of Praise continually; Let all that is in us give Thanks, and Praise Thee till we Die.

The Praises of this, Lord, let us with joyful Hearts sing forth; there is none like unto him in Heaven nor on Earth.
HYMN 64.
---But they said, There is no Hope.

1 Lord, of thy Mercy we will sing;
thy Mercy hath no bound;
They that have said, There is no Hope,
thy Mercy sweet have found.
2 Sinners break forth, and in amaze,
do you Rejoyce, and say,
There's Hope, that we may Mercy find,
believe, and do not stay.

3 O Lord, thou dost not look that Men
should Worthiness obtain;
Or some inherent fitness get,
much less be born again,
Before that they take hold on Thee,
but presently Believe;
And, on thy Promise lay fast hold,
and Christ strait-way receive.

5 Glory to God, Glory to Christ,
let Sinners say no more,
There is no Hope; let all Believe,
and thy free Grace adore.

HYMN 65.

1 Thy Intercession, holy Lord,
doth yield us Joy and Peace.

full of MARROW.

We therefore will with one accord,
from Singing never cease;
O thou exalted Priest of God,
who hast thy Father's Ear;
Thy Blood was shed, and we are fed
and nourished by Thee;
And by thy Intercession are
preserved continually.
We need not fear what doth draw near,
because thy Prayer is heard;
for thou, according to our Day,
wilt Strength to us afford.

Ye Saints Rejoyce, lift up your Voice;
Christ is at God's right Hand;
Between God's Wrath and our poor Souls
he evermore doth stand.

HYMN 66.
Christ's Green Pastures. Sung at the Administration of Baptism.

1 O Thou Beloved of my Soul,
though hast a People free
from all base Mixtures, cleansed Clean;
O tell me where they be!
2 Thou hast thy Institutions,
and Ordinances pure;
Thou hast thy Churches; tell me when,
and where I may be sure!
3 Thou
A Feast of Fat Things

1. Thou hast Enclosures rich and fair, peculiar to thy Sheep,
   And dainty nourishing Pastures, where thou dost them always keep:

2. Thou in Communion fold's them up,
   In Winter keeps them dry;
   Thou giv'st them shades from heat of Sun;
   O tell us where they ly!

3. O add more Sheep unto thy Fold,
   Lord bring them in to Thee;
   That they thy Glory may behold,
   and Comforted all be:

4. Then shall they sing sweet Songs of Praise,
   And taste thy choicest Love;
   And ravish'd be too all their days,
   with Comforts from above

5. In height of Sion, Holy One,
   when shall we sweetly sing;
   Arise, O mighty Prince of Love,
   our Joy and Heav'nly King!

6. Bring in poor Sinners far and near;
   O fill thy House, O Lord,
   And we will Praise Thee evermore,
   with Joy, and one Accord.

---

HYMN 67.

The Fulness of Christ

1. 'Tis thy high Praise, O holy One,
   that we will ever raise,
   'Tis Jesus we must Magnify,
   and live to all our Days:

2. Thou
A Feast of Fat Things

Let all the Glory be ascribed,
the Honour and the Fame.

Our works alas imperfect are,
to Jesus we must fly,
His Righteousness, and his alone
is comely in thine Eye.

Tis Faith whereby we do receive free Pardon of our Sin;
Tis he alone who doth Revive that Glorious work within:
But Faith, which doth us Justify,
true Faith, O Lord, doth Purify the Heart, if it be there.

Ye Righteous sing unto the Lord, his Praise do you set forth
And let all People look to him, to the ends of the Earth.

HYMN 69.
The Ax lifted up: Or, Wrath Pursuing the Sinner.

1 O Lord, thou Just and Holy One,
wee the Admire do,
That Fruitless Trees are not cut down;
this doth thy Mercy show:
2 Thy Ax is up, O let us fear,
for thou most Righteous art,
The natural branches didst not spare;
therefore with trembling Heart

Let sinners now to Jesus fly,
that grafted they may be
in him, by Faith, most speedily;
no other way can we
Find out, for to escape thy Wrath;
and blest be thy Name,
That ever Jesus, out of Love,
to Save us, hither came.

O let us all good Trees be found,
and fruitful also be;
Make thou our Hearts Sincere and Sound,
and we'll rejoice in Thee.
And sing thy Praise, O Lord, most High,
for we have Blessings store;
Help us dear God, our Wants supply,
and we'll sing Evermore.

HYMN 70.
Hallelujah: Or, A Hymn of Praise on approaching Glory.

Rejoice ye gracious Ones,
For God hath heard your Moans,
And soon will ease you of your Grows,
Sing then Hallelujah.
2 Your Sins are pardon'd all,
Whether they're great or small;
And you from God shall never Fall,
Therefore Hallelujah.
D
3 To
A Feast of Fat Things

To free you from your fear
The mighty God is near,
To save you quickly he'll appear,
Therefore Hallelujah.

In God you interest have,
O therefore to him cleave;
For he his Saints will never leave,
Therefore Hallelujah.

To comfort great and small,
Babel shall quickly fall;
And Christ shall rule and reign o'er all,
Therefore Hallelujah.

HYMN 57

Treasure in Earthen Vessels: Or, All Glory to God.

1 O praise the Lord, and look to him,
   Sing praise unto his Name;
O all ye Saints of Heaven and Earth
   Set forth his glorious Name:
2 For sending his blest Word to us,
   And Ministers to raise,
   To preach the Gospel of his Son;
   Sing forth his glorious Praise!

3 We have thy treasure holy one,
   In Earthen Vessels, to
   That all the Glory might be known
   From thy own self to flow:
4 To thee of right, O Lamb of God,
   All Honour doth belong;
Wisdom

HYMN 54

Grace abounding: Or, A Call to come to Christ.

1 Hark, sinners, hark, the Trumpet sounds,
   A Call; it is to you
   To come to Christ; the sin abounds,
   God's grace doth overflow.
2 Rebels! (faith God) lay down your Arms,
   And make your Peace with Me;
   O quickly now, come in to Day,
   You shall be Forgiven be!
3 With thee, O Lord, there's Mercy found,
   Therefore we will Rejoice;
   God's
A Feast of Fat Things

God's grace, in Christ, it doth abound,
finners lift up your voice,
and shall be overcome with Love;
and never cease until you see
your hearts to God do move.

O quickly now, agree with him,
whom you offended have;
Saints praise him, and Sinners know
'tis Christ alone can Save
Your souls from Wrath, O Look to him!
so may, you sing likewise
So you shall have true Peace and be
free from all Enemies.

HYMN 73.

Hell in a Rage: Sung at the Administration of Baptism.

1 Lift up your voice, sing and rejoice,
where are your melting tears;
Do Sinners turn, and to Christ run,
this fills Satan with Fears;
This makes Hell sad, and Heaven glad,
the Cherub's claps their wings;
There's joy above to see what Love
is in the King of Kings.

2 To such as we that Chosen be,
and called by his Grace;
Who Naturally in flesh did ly,
condemn'd with Adam's Race,

4 But
A Feast of Fat Things

The Altar too art thou likewise,
And Gift that Sanctifies.

5 Thou God-Man, King, and Priest,
Almighty art yet Meek;
Thou art most just yet Merciful,
The guilty can't to Seek.

6 Thou never any fail'd,
That fought thee in their need;
Thou never quench'd the smoking Flax,
Nor broke the bruised Reed.

7 Thy Life a wonder was;
But here's a wonder more,
That thou that didst all Kingdoms make,
Shouldst make thyself so poor.

8 And wonderful it is,
That thou, who art all Life and Love,
Yet few, alas! Love Thee.

---

HYMN 76.

I will put a new Spirit within you;
Or, The Unwearied Saint.

1 O Blessed Lord, what hast thou done?
What kind of Spirit's this,
That makes thy Saints with joy to run,
And thy sweet Lips to kiss?

2 How heavy and how dull are they,
How dead and carnal too;
Who in the Old Nature do abide,
They nothing freely do.

3 No
A Feast of Fat Things

3 Thy Saints are sired with thy Love,
    they in thy ways rejoice;
And upwards they to thee do move,
    and sing with cheerful Voice.
4 Thy acceptance, Lord, of us,
    thy Love and Favour kind,
Is Wages now enough for us;
    this Blessing let us find.
5 And we will Praise thy Holy Name,
    and sing continually;
And of thy Ways ne'er weary be,
    until we come to Die.

HYMN 77.
God's Court, or, Glory near.

1 O All ye Nations on the Earth,
    praise ye the Lord always;
And all the People every where,
    set forth his glorious Praise.
2 For great his Goodness is to us,
    his Truth it does endure;
Wherefore Praise ye the Lord our God,
    praise him ye Saints for e'vr.
3 Ye, who attend God's holy Courts,
    and in his House do dwell,
Sing forth his Praise ev'n all your days,
    blest him with Israel.
4 You'll quickly hear the Lord doth reign,
    look up, and ready be;
Sion's in Travail, and ye shall
    her blest Deliverance see.

HYMN 78.

Sing Praise ye Saints, ye pardon'd Ones
    your Debts forgiven are,
For Christ hath Paid all you did Owe,
    sing Praise for evermore.
O Sinners fly with speed to Christ,
    God's Wrath in him is o'er,
Take hold of him and you shall sing
    sweet Praise for evermore.

And let the Saints rejoice in God,
    who cancels all their Score:
Who heals all our Infirmitities,
    and doth our Souls restore.
'Tis he that leads, 'tis he that guides,
    and gives us Rest and Peace;
Sing Christ's Praise, you pardon'd Ones,
    your joy shall never cease!

HYMN 79.
A Call to Young-Men.

1 Christ's Trumpet sounds yet once again,
    to bring poor sinners in;
'Tis Volunteers he would obtain,
    to fight against their Sin.
2 And faithful Laborours he likewise,
    is come to seek and call:

D 5 Young.
A Feast of Fat Things

Young Men, will you not now arise
And enter's Vineyard all.

3 Christ worthy is, his Service too,
Will raise you very high;
His Wages is a Crown of Life,
His Servants never Die.

4 Oh then desert and come away,
You serve a cruel God;
Desert his service now this Day,
And unto Jesus go!

5 When any come, the Angels sing,
it causes joy above;
All such who come may also sing,
For they enjoy his Love.

HYMN 80.

Unity of Saints.

1 United our hearts unto thy self,
O Lord, we do thee pray,
So will we sing thy Praises forth,
And walk with joy each day.

2 Thy Saints above united be,
They sing with one accord;
O let us with one Heart and Voice
Sing to the living Lord!

3 Singing together clearly shews,
Thy People should one be;

HYMN 81.

Infinite Mercy shining.

25th Psalm Tune.

Is of thy Mercy, Lord,
Of Goodness and of Love.
That we will sing and magnify,
Which shines from thee above.

2 We may, Lord, tell the Stars,
And Sands on the Sea-shore;
As we account thy Mercies can,
In number they are more.

3 In Christ it is alone,
The Fountain's opened,
From whence thy Love and Goodness flows,
And all things we do need:

4 Let sinners then believe,
And know assuredly,
Thou wilt forgive and pardon all,
Their great Iniquity.

5 And let thy Saints rejoice,
And sing with joy of Heart;
A Feast of Fat Things
For they shall one Day be with Thee,
And never more Depart.

H Y M N  82.

The joy of Repenting Tears.

1. Thy ways, O Lord, most pleasant be;
   and all thy Paths are Peace;
The joys of all that cleave to Thee,
   shall never, never, cease.
2. What are all sinful Pleasures here,
   which are sinners delight?
   Will they not hateful all appear,
   when sin is in their sight?

3. More joy is there in leaving it,
   and in Repenting Tears;
   Then they do find who it commit,
   who filled are with fears.
4. O Young-Men, Young-Men, will you then
   Christ's gracious Call Obey?
   Now hear his Voice, I say again,
   no longer do delay!

5. All Praise to God, thus let us say
   and sing continually;
   Who says to sinners, Hear and Live;
   Believe and do not Die.

H Y M N  83.

The Saints Holy Triumph in Christ.

Come let's Triumph in the dear Lamb,
our Lord, who once did Die;
We that believe in Jesus, shall have everlasting joy.

2. Come Law of God, what hast thou now
   of Saints for to demand?
   Thy CURSES all did meet in Christ,
   who did our Surety stand?

3. Come Justice, where is now thy Charge?
   what hast thou now to shew?
   We do to thee present the Blood
   that from Christ's sides did flow:
   0 blessed Wisdom infinite,
   'tis thou hast done the thing;
   Justice and Mercy now are join'd,
   by our most blessed King!

5. But woe to such who slight this Grace,
   Salvation to neglect;
   God's Attributes with angry face
   will them at last reject:
6. But Saints shall Hallelujabs sing,
   because they are set free;
   Their Crowns they throw, Lord, at thy feet,
   and will give Praise to Thee.
HYMN 84

Christ a Believers All: To be Sung at the Lord's-Supper.

1 Now unto Jesus Christ let's sing, before him let us fall; He that did our Salvation bring, ev'n he is All in All.  
2 Thou art, blest One, the Lord of Lords, thou art the King of Kings; Thou art the Sun of Righteousness, with Healing in thy Wings.  
3 Thou art our Meat, thou art our Drink, our Physick and our Health; Our Light, our Strength, our Joy and Crown, our Glory, and our Wealth:  
4 To Thee let us give all the Praise, thy Glory not divide, For God did thee to Glory raise, to pull down all Mankind's Pride.  
5 Salvation is in Thee alone, which is a thing not small: Pardon and Peace, and Life's in Thee, O thou art All in All!  
6 What is there more, what can we say, but in the greatest amaze, Even stand and think, and evermore sing forth thy Glorious Praise.

HYMN

HYMN 85

O Thou my fairest One! Thus my dear Lord doth speak, If thou wouldst know what thou must do, And with my Saints partake;  
1 Go up to yonder Mount, Thence look, and thou shalt 'spy, Clear as the Sun, what must be done, Presented to thine Eye?  
2 See! thou that Folded Flock, Whose Heart the Spirit eyes; Whom Gospel-Order calls into Distinct Societies?  
3 See! thou the Pastures where They do together Feed; The Shepheard stands with both his Hands To give them all they Need?  
4 Their Magna-Charta is My Word; that is thy Guide; 0 follow them that follow Me, And thy Foot ne'er shall slide!  
5 Thither I'll go, and join, There will I Feast and Feed; There will I sing my Shepheard's Praise, Who doth supply my Need!
HYMN 86.

---My beloved is mine. Sung at the Receiving of the Lord's-Supper.

1 O Blessed Day when we can say,
   Lord Jesus thou art mine!
   O Blessed Day when we can say,
   Lord Jesus I am thine!

2 Christ is ours by Deed of Gift,
   and that's a Title good;
   And Saints are his by Purchase Right,
   he Bought them with his Blood.

3 Say then, I'll have no Love but he,
   I like my Choice so well;
   And for his Spouse he will have Me,
   together let us Dwell.

4 He feeds among the Lillies White,
   there he doth most frequent
   Amongst his Saints is his delight,
   to smell their fragrant Scent.

5 Their Graces are his sweet Repast,
   their Prayers and Praises are
   A Banquet to him, and their Faith,
   is his delicious Fare.

6 O Let but Me and this Church be,
   a garden of delight;
   To thee Lord, and with one accord,
   we'll Praise thee Day and Night.

HYMN 87.


You that are born again rejoice,
   and sing God's Praises forth;
With one accord lift up your Voice,
   who experience the new Birth:
   And you that are not yet renewed,
   have cause to sing also;
   Because God doth afford the means,
   through which this Grace doth flow.

3 But none sweet Music truly make,
   in God's most holy Ear,
   But such who do thy Grace partake,
   and truly changed are.

4 O Tremble then, and take good Heed,
   rejoice with holy Dread;
   Lord whilst we live let's sing thy Praise,
   and do it as we read!

5 Ev'n sing with Grace in all our Hearts,
   and with thy Spirit too,
   Doth enrich our inward parts,
   that we thy Praise may shew.

HYMN 88.

A Hymn on Preparation for Ordinances.

Thou God, that must prepare
   our Hearts, we therefore cry,
A Feast of Fat Things

Cleave us from every Sin and Spot;
O purge Iniquity!

2 That we may hear and sing to Thee;
So as with thee to meet;
And find thy Word and Ordinance
to us exceeding sweet.

3 That so we may in thee rejoice,
and thy great Name adore;
And filled be with inward Peace,
and Praise thee evermore.

4 With Faith and Holy Diligence,
let us attend thy Word;
That cause we may have still to sing
unto our blessed Lord.

HYMN 66

Saints happy at Death. Sung at the Funeral of Mr. John Loyns, June the 26th. 1692. Who (to the great Grief of his Godly Friends) was accidentally Drowned in the River of Thames.

1 The Length of all our Life and Age,
O Lord, is in thy hand;
And we must go when thou dost call,
and yield to thy Command.

2 Our days are few, and pass away,
like as a shadow flies;
Let's ready be, O Lord we pray,
and shun all Vanities.

3 When

full of MARROW.

3 When we go out of our own Doors,
none knows what may befall,
Or come on us, e'er we return;
Life's uncertain to all.

4 O call to Mind, remember then,
our Time consumeth faft;
Why hast thou made the Sons of Men,
as things in vain to waste?

5 What Man is he that Liveth here,
and Death shall never see?
Or, from the hand of the dark Grave,
can, Lord, deliver'd be?

6 But blest are they, who die in Christ,
their Death to them is Gain;
Their Souls do go to Paradise;
the Wicked go to Pain.

7 Praised be God for Jesus Christ,
who gives such Victory
Unto thy Saints, e'er Sin and Death;
fing Praise continually.

8 The Godly ly in a sweet Sleep,
they sleep in Jesus do;
And no more Pain, nor Sorrow shall
for ever undergo.

HYMN 90

Saints the Salt of the Earth.

1 If Saints, O Lord, do Season all,
amongst whom they do Live,

Sale:
A Feast of Fat Things

Salt all with Grace, both Great and Small,
they may Sweet Relish give;
And blessed be thy glorious Name,
in England Salt is found;
Some Savoury Souls who do Proclaim
thy Grace, which doth abound.

3 But O the want of Salt, O Lord,
how few are Salted well;
How few are like to Salt indeed,
Salt thou thy Israel!
Now sing ye Saints who are this Salt,
and let all Season'd be
With your most Holy Gracious Lives,
great need of it we see.

5 The Earth will else Corrupt and Stink
O Salt it well therefore,
And Live to him that Salted you,
and sing for evermore.

HYMN 91.
—He is altogether Lovely.

25th Psalm Tune.

The gracious Words that drop
From Christ's sweet Mouth so free,
Are sweeter than the sweetest Myrrh,
To all that do Love Thee.
In short, This is the Man,
He's altogether Love;

1

Sharon the Garden of the World,
the Pride of Palestine;
Whole Natural Soil more Glory bore
than Solomon could resign;
A Feast of Fat Things

2 Could ne'er produce so sweet a Rose
as I will be to Thee.
So fair a Lily never grew,
Sharon must stoop to Me.

3 O Blessed Jesus, dost thou say,
who'll have a Rose so sweet!
Who will refuse our Sharons Rose,
that knows its fragrant scent?
Upon the Cross thou was Distill'd,
we taste in Distillation,
The sweetness of the absent Rose,
by Faith and Acceptation.

5 Thou art a Rose, my Soul's repose,
O let me never be,
My Dearest Lord, a Thorn to thee,
who art so sweet to me.
6 Thou art the Lily of the Vale,
a matchless Purity.
And I will sing thy Praise since thou
doost in my Bosom lie.

---

HYMN 93.

Cant. 5. 12. ---His Eyes are like the Eyes
of Doves.
1 I'll tell you further, that if such
A Person you shall see,
Whose Eyes like Doves are wash't with Milk
and Water this is he?

2 He

full of MARROW.

He hath a killing Eye, 'twill Pierce
through Adamantine Ears;
and wound a Rock but with a look,
and melt it into Tears.

Eyes that are clear and fitly set,
that can see all things past,
and all things present and to come,
as long as Time shall last:
Whose Eyes are Pure, Holy and Chaft,
ever defil'd with Sin;
That never was in the least Prompt
to take foul Objects in.

If such a One you meet, whose Eyes
like Flames, and Lamps of Fire
strikes Dead, and yet gives Life thereby,
tis he that I desire?
6 This is the Man I seek, and praise,
All-seeing, and All-Eye:
Tell him, if such a one you meet,
tis for his Love, I Die!

---

HYMN 44.

Desert Places rejoice: Or, Babel's downfall; the Snare broken and we are Escaped.

1 Let England, and God's Sion now
rejoice and sing Christ's Praise,
On whom the Gospel Sun doth shine,
and send it's glorious Rays.

2 Sing
Feast of Fat Things
2 Sing to the Lord, sing a new Song, praise him all ends of th'Earth.
O let this Ile of the great Sea, his Glory great set forth.

3 Let th' Wildernes and Desert place, lift up, to God their Voice; And all that hear of thy great Acts, in thee always rejoice.
4 Lord, we thy Glory will declare, and Praise Thee in this Land, For still to us thou art a Friend, and up for us doth stand.

5 Blessed are they who so do Hear, that for the time to come They are prepar'd, and ready be, before their dismal Doom:
6 God quickly will awake and rise, ye Saints rejoice therefore; Great Babel and all Enemies, shall e'er long be no more.

7 In vain are all their Hellish Plots, thy Name, O Lord, we Praise; Our King yet Lives; we Saved are, let's Praise Thee all our Days.

HYMN

HYMN 95.

Beautiful on the Mountains: Or, A Ransom found.

How beautiful upon the Mount, are they that Peace proclaim, That unto Rebels offer Grace, in their great Masters Name.
2 That unto Captives do declare glad Tidings; and do tell To Sinners, there's a Ransom found, to save their Souls from Hell. (Mr. D.)

3 Who say to Saints, who interest have in Thee, their dearest Lord, Thou wilt them all for ever Save; such Grace thou dost afford:
4 Mount Sinai's fiery Law can't break a Heart, that's like a stone; The Creature's Arrows at the Walls of Babel, in vain are thrown.
5 'Tis only Pardon that doth melt, and Love doth sinners draw: We therefore, Lord, will sing thy Praise; grace do's exceed the Law.
6 Those who are, Lord, united to thy self, in Faith and Love, May sing thy Praise on Earth, for they shall also sing above.

E. HYMN
A Hymn out of the Psalms, On the Resurrection and Joys at God's right Hand.

1 When I awake, O Lord,
I shall behold thy face,
In righteousness, be like to Thee,
Even filled with thy grace.

2 Full joys, Lord are with Thee,
Yea, in thy presence store,
And at thy right-hand also are
Pleasures for evermore,

3 Ye angels great in power,
Praise ye, and bless the Lord,
Which to obey, and do his will,
Immediately accord.

4 Yea, all in every place,
Praise ye his holy Name,
My heart, my tongue, and all my soul,
For ever do the same.

5 O praise Jehovah all
Ye nations far and nigh;
For great his truth and kindness is,
Praise him continually.

An Hymn containing some Select Verses out of the Book of Psalms.

1 Sing praises to our God, sing praises to our King;
Praise to the King of all the earth,
With understanding sing.

2 O praise the Lord, praise him, praise him,
Praise him with one accord;
Praise him, praise him, all ye that be
The servants of the Lord.

3 My soul give praise unto the Lord,
My spirit do the same;
And all the powers of my soul,
Praise ye his holy Name.

4 For he it is that doth forgive
All thine iniquities;
'Tis he that heals thy sad disease,
Yea, all infirmities.

5 Come, let us bow and praise the Lord,
Before him let us fall;
And kneel to him, and him adore,
For he hath made us all.

6 He is the Lord, he is our God,
For us he doth provide:
We are his flock, he doth us feed,
His sheep, he doth us guide.
HYMN 98.

A Hymn on the answer of Prayers, out of the Psalms.

1. To render thanks unto the Lord,
   how great a cause have I;
My Voice, my Pray'r, and my Complaint,
   he heard most readily.

2. Thou art my Strength, thou art my Stay,
   O Lord, I sing to Thee:
Thou art my Fort, my Fence and Aid,
   a loving God to me.

3. What thing is there that I can wish,
   but Thee, in Heav'n above;
And in the Earth, there is, Lord, none like Thee, that I can Love.

4. For why, the Well of Life so pure,
   doth ever flow from Thee;
And in thy Light we are full sure,
   thy lasting Light to see.

5. My Heart would faint but that in me
   my Faith is fixed fast;
Thy goodness in the Earth I see,
   which doth for ever last.

HYMN 99.

Another out of the Psalms.

25th Psalm Tune.

1. The Lord is my Defence,
   My Joy, my Mirth, my Song;
He is become my Saviour, and
   My Strength, and Refuge strong:
2. Thou art my God, and I
   Will render Thanks to Thee:
Thou art my God, and I will Praise
   Thy Mercy towards me.

3. O come let's to the Lord,
   Sing forth with joyful Voice;
To th' Rock of our Salvation,
   Lets make a joyful noise
4. Let us with holy Songs,
   Approach his Presence now;
And sing Sweet Psalms Triumphanty,
   Before him let us bow.

5. For he will quickly come
   And judge the Earth will he,
Yea all the world 'tis he will judge,
   In truth and equity.
6 O give thanks to the Lord,
For Gracious is he
Because thy mercy, does endure
For ever we'll Praise thee. [ver. 25]

H Y M N 100.
A Sacred Hymn on Sanctification.

1 The Fountain of true Holiness
Jehovah is most high;
His Name it is that we will bless
And Praise continually.

2 Thou perfect art, in Holiness,
Thy Glory let us see,
O shine upon us more or less,
And make us all like thee.

3 Amongst the Fruitful Lilies thou dost love Lord Christ to feed,
O let my Soul a Lily be,
No more a stinking Weed.

4 Until the Glorious Morn shall break,
And shadows flee away,
O let the Glorious Lord be mine,
And I ne'er from him stray!

5 O perfect Lord, thy handy-work
Begun upon my Heart;
Make up thy Jewels unto me,
Thy Image, Lord, impart!

6 Turn, my Beloved, to my Soul,
Be like a pleasant Roe;
And I will sing thy Praises forth,
Whilst in thy Paths I go.

A glorious Day is coming on,
When all shall sing thy Praise;
Tis Holiness thou wilt Perfect,
In those longed for Days.

The End of the first Century.