



H Y M N S

In Commemoration
Of the SUFFERINGS
O F
Our Blessed Saviour
JESUS CHRIST,
Compos'd
For the CELEBRATION of his
Holy Supper.

By JOSEPH STENNETT.

The Third Edition Enlarged.

Mat. 26. 30. *And when they had sung an Hymn
they went out to the Mount of Olives.*

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WHEREAS our
 Saviour instituted
 the Sacrament of
 his Body and Blood
 to be a perpetual Memorial of his
 Death, and concluded the same by
 Singing an Hymn together with
 his Disciples; his Authority and
 Example are sufficient to oblige us
 to do so likewise.

And that this Duty may be per-
 form'd with an humble Reverence
 of the Divine Majesty, and a deep
 Contrition for our numerous Sins,
 with Faith in the Assistance of the
 Holy Spirit, and steady Resolu-
 tion of Obedience to all the Laws
 of Jesus Christ; We recommend
 the following Hymns, the Design
 and Performance of which render
 them very proper to raise such Af-
 fections in us, as are suitable to so
 solemn an Occasion.

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To which may be added the Version of *Solomon's Song*, by the same Author; whereby we may arrive at a Knowledge of the Meaning of that Divine Poem, and which may serve to excite becoming Affections in our Minds on other Occasions.

<i>Jos. Masters,</i>	<i>Dan. Williams,</i>
<i>John Showor,</i>	<i>Rich. Allen,</i>
<i>Tho. Reynolds.</i>	<i>John Piggott,</i>
<i>Will. Harris,</i>	<i>John Foxon,</i>
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<i>Tho. Bradbury,</i>	<i>Eben. Wilson.</i>
<i>Benj. Scinton.</i>	

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ADVERTISEM E N T
T O T H E
R E A D E R.

MANY of the following Hymns were compos'd only for the Use of the Congregation under my peculiar Charge; but by means of the Copies taken by some Persons who heard them dictated in Publick, they were dispers'd into many Hands.

To hinder the Propagation of those Mistakes that slide into Copies hastily written, and which are multiplied by being often transcrib'd. from different Hands; and to oblige those of my Friends who desir'd perfect Copies for themselves, and who endeavour'd to persuade me they would be accepta-

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ble and useful to many other Congregations, I consented to make 'em publick.

The two first Impressions being gone off, and a third for some time desir'd; I thought meet to review them, that I might render them less imperfect, by correcting them in several places, which I have done, as well as added a few Hymns not publish'd before.

I have prescrib'd to my self, in the Composition of them all, to keep the Cross of Christ continually in View: seeing his Holy Supper is design'd evidently to set him forth before our Eyes, crucified among us. I have endeavour'd to assist the Devotion of those who communicate at his Sacred Table, by suggesting what I thought most proper to dispose 'em to Humility and Repentance, to Faith and Hope, to Admiration and Joy, to Love and Gratitude. And tho' the Matter of 'em, as well as the Expression, may seem very much diversified, so that some of them are much more directly adapted to excite this or that pious Affection or Christian Vertue than others; yet they are

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generally so order'd as to have an obvious regard to them all.

I have cited those Scriptures in the Margin from whence the Thoughts, and frequently the very Words, are taken; by which means the Reader, if he is pleas'd to turn to the Passages refer'd to, may easily explain to himself those Phrases and Allusions, which at the first glance appear somewhat hard and obscure.

I have chosen those Measures which suite the Tunes in most common Use among us; tho' they are not very favourable to a Vein of Poesy. It being impossible to express the Sense so elegantly, when 'tis cramp'd and confin'd to very short Lines, as when a larger Scope is allow'd.

I have carefully avoided those very bold Flights and those Heathenish Phrases which some have indulg'd even in Divine Poesy; for I cannot think 'em consistent with the Gravity, Purity, and Perspicuity which ought to be preserv'd in Hymns calculated for the immediate Service of God,

and for the common Edification of Christians.

And because some few Words that are less common here and there occur, where some plainer Word as expressive of the Sense, or as grateful to the Ear, did not present; lest these should amuse any Reader, and render some Passages difficult to him, I have subjoin'd a Table at the End to explain those Terms, that Persons of a mean Capacity, and not conversant with other Writings besides those of the Bible, or some plain Books of Devotion, might be able to sing these Hymns with Understanding.

They who reflect on what I have already said, will make considerable Allowances for the Defects they find in the Poetry. And perhaps the Imperfection of this Essay may be an Occasion of setting some better Hand to work, to oblige the Publick with poetical Compositions of this kind.

The Love of Truth, and a charitable Regard to some very serious and pious Christians, whose Minds have been so perplex'd with Scriptures about the Law-fulness

fulness of Singing in the Service of God, that they wholly omit this so very useful and agreeable part of Divine Worship, mov'd me to desire a very Worthy and Ingenious Friend to prefix to this Book of Hymns some Arguments on that Subject, with the Substance of which he had before entertain'd me, in giving me an Account how those Prejudices against singing of Psalms, &c. himself was formerly under, had been remov'd.

His Friendship, and the Hope I endeavour'd to make him conceive that what had convinc'd him, might (by the Blessing of God) have the same effect on some other Persons under the like Circumstances, made him willing not to refuse my Request; tho he has not given me the Liberty of mentioning his Name.

To this Edition I have also prefix'd a short Essay in Verse by way of Dedication to our BLESSED SAVIOUR, to whom these Hymns of right belong, as being consecrated to the Service of his Holy Table.

If any thing I have attempted shall redound to the Glory of his sacred Name, and to the spiritual Advantage of any part of his Church; as I shall account it an Honour, so it will be an Occasion of Joy and Satisfaction to me.

J. S.

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P R E F A C E,

By Another Hand.

I HAVE at the request of the Reverend Author, prefix'd this brief Discourse to the following Hymns, in vindication of the Practice of singing the Praises of God, as a part of Christian Worship. And I the more readily comply'd, because I have my self labour'd under the Prejudices of Education to the contrary; till convinc'd of what I now esteem my Duty, by the highest Authority, *viz.* That of Christ and his Apostles.

I will not doubt of a becoming Reception from those Christians who have different Sentiments; I shall only intreat the Favour, not to say Justice, of any such who shall read this Preface, to think it possible for them to have been mistaken, and to be equally willing to receive the Truth, on which
soever

soever side of the Question it shall appear to be.

One that reads over the New Testament with any attention, must observe a frequent Mention of *singing Psalms, and Hymns, and Spiritual Songs.*

The Evangelists * *Matthew* and *Mark* both inform us, that our blessed Saviour, together with his Disciples, *sung an Hymn* at the conclusion of the Lord's Supper, then instituted a standing Ordinance in the Church.

St. *Luke* in his History of the Acts of the Apostles tells us, that *Paul* and *Silas* being in Prison, and having been scourg'd on account of their Ministry, at midnight pray'd and *sung Praises to God, so that the Prisoners heard them.*

Acts 16.
25.

The Apostle *Paul* reproving the *Corinthians* for a vain Ostentation of their Gifts, particularly that of speaking in foreign Languages, tells † them, that they ought to *sing with Under-*

* *Mat.* 26. 30. and *Mark* 14. 26. And when they had sung an Hymn, &c.

† *1 Cor.* 14. 15. I will sing with the Spirit, and I will sing with the Understanding also.

standing;

standing; which could not be, whilst they were ignorant of the Language sung, tho it might be understood by the *Precentor*, or Person who dictated to the rest.

The same Apostle exhorts both the * *Ephesians* and † *Colossians* to *sing Psalms, and Hymns, and Spiritual Songs.*

The Apostle ‖ *James* also exhorts the scatter'd Christians of the twelve Tribes to whom he writes, to express their Joy on all occasions by *singing Psalms of Praise to God.*

* *Ephes.* 5. 19, 20. Speaking to your selves in Psalms, and Hymns, and Spiritual Songs; singing and making melody in your Hearts to the Lord; giving thanks always for all things to God and the Father, in the name of our Lord Jesus Christ.

† *Colos.* 3. 16, 17. Let the Word of God dwell in you richly in all Wisdom, teaching and admonishing one another in Psalms, and Hymns, and Spiritual Songs; singing with Grace in your Hearts to the Lord. And whatsoever ye do in Word or in Deed, do all in the Name of the Lord Jesus, giving Thanks to God and the Father by him.

‖ *James* 5. 13. Is any among you afflicted? let him pray: Is any merry? let him sing Psalms.

Now

Now what is to be collected from all these Examples, Precepts, and Regulations of this Practice, but that singing the Praises of God is a part of Divine Worship in the Christian Church? And certainly any one would make this Conclusion from reading these Passages, who had never heard of any Controversy about it. It is indeed possible to raise Objections against any thing: Grammatical Criticisms may be pretended, and a forc'd Construction may be put on the plainest Words; but if the same Rules be allow'd for the Interpretation of Scripture in general as must be made use of to evade the Force of the Texts I have mention'd, the plainest Precepts may be render'd doubtful, and the clearest Doctrines overthrown. However, since there are some who still remain unconvinc'd of this Duty, I shall endeavour, without stating them particularly, to obviate all their Objections, and confirm the Truth, by shewing,

1. That the Singing mention'd in the several recited Texts is Proper.
2. That it was practis'd as a part of Divine Worship.

3. That

3. That it was perform'd by joint Voices.

1. That the Singing mention'd in the several recited Texts, must be understood in a proper, and not a metaphorical sense. To this there can no Objection be made, but from some pretended Criticism on the Original: for every one that understands *English*, knows that *to sing* is to express Words with a tuneable Voice, according to the Rules of Musick; as proper *Speaking* is to express Words according to the Rules of Grammar: both being to be perform'd by Imitation and Practice, without an Acquaintance with the Theory of either; for they are equally natural, tho both reducible to artificial Rules. *Singing* in *English* is taken in no other sense, nor can any bare *English* Reader doubt whether this be the meaning.

As to the Original, the Word made use of by the * Evangelists is deriv'd from a Verb whose pri-

* Mat. 26. 30. ἤμῳσαςτες.
Mark 14. 30. ἤμῳσαςτε.
Acts 16. 25. ἤμῳσας.

mary Signification is to *ſing an Hymn* or Song of Praise.

Sometimes indeed it is taken absolutely to *Praise*, without determining the manner. But this is a certain Rule in the Interpretation of all Writings, to take Words in their first and moſt proper Signification, unleſs ſome good reaſon be aſſign'd why that Senſe cannot be admitted in the Place in queſtion. Now in the Inſtances under conſideration no ſuch reaſon can be produc'd, and therefore it ought to be render'd, as in our Tranſlation, they *ſung* an Hymn or Song of Praise.

In the Epistle to the * *Corinthians*, and that of † *St. James*, the Word us'd in the Original ſignifies properly to *ſing*. It is alſo ſometimes us'd for ſinging to or playing on a muſical Inſtrument; but when apply'd to the Voice, is never taken in any other ſenſe than that of ſtrictly *Singing*. In the Epistle to the ‖ *Coloſſians* we find another Word which alſo ſignifies pro-

* 1 Cor. 14. 15. Ψαλῶ τῷ πνεύματι,
Ψαλῶ ἢ καὶ τῷ νοῦ.

† James 5. 13. Ἐψαλμοῦ τις; ἱαλλέτω.

‖ Colof. 3. 16. Ἀδοῦτες.

perly

perly to ſing, but is ſometimes us'd to expreſs the writing a Poem or Copy of Verſes; which is a Senſe of the Word that I ſuppoſe no body will contend for in this place, and beſides which no other Senſe can be put on the Word, but that of proper *Singing*.

In the Epistle to the * *Ephesians* both the Words laſt mention'd are made uſe of. So that had *St. Paul* ever ſo much deſign'd to ſpeak of proper Singing, it was impoſſible for him by Words to have expreſs'd himſelf more clearly and determinately.

All this, I think, amounts to a full proof, that our Tranſlation is in this matter every where juſt, and that proper Singing is ſpoken of in all the Inſtances given. As to the particular Tunes in which the Words are to be expreſs'd, they are left as much at liberty as the Tone or different Elevation and Accenting the Voice in Speaking. Decency is the only Limitation; and as the Tone of the Voice ought not to be wanton and ludicrous, ſo neither ſhould the Muſical Tunes be light and airy: both ought

* Eph. 5. 19. Ἀδοῦτες καὶ ψαλλοῦτες.

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in Divine Worship to be grave and solemn, becoming our Addresses to God.

2. That this Singing mention'd in the several recited Texts was perform'd and enjoin'd as a part of Divine Worship.

The Eucharistical Hymn perform'd by our Lord and his Apostles, is acknowledg'd, even by those who deny that it was sung, to have been an Act of Praise and Thanksgiving to God. For it is agreed on all sides, that Hymning is praising, whether by Song or without; and to be sure God was the Object with whom they were then conversant.

In the Instance of *Paul* and *Silas* the Words here express, *They sung Praises unto God.*

To the *Ephesians* the Apostle thus expresses it: *Speaking to your selves in Psalms and Hymns, and spiritual Songs; singing and making melody in your Hearts to the Lord; giving Thanks always for all things unto God and the Father, in the Name of our Lord Jesus Christ.* And to the *Colossians* he says, in almost the same words: *Let the Word of God dwell in you richly in all Wisdom, teaching and admonishing one another*

another in Psalms and Hymns, and spiritual Songs; singing with Grace in your Hearts to the Lord: and whatsoever ye do in word or deed, do all in the Name of the Lord Jesus, giving Thanks to God and the Father by him. In both which places we may observe the Action, giving Thanks or Praise; the Object, God, thro the Mediator; and the external Mode, Singing.

The Apostle *James* has it: *Is any Jam. 5. 13 among you afflicted, let him pray? Is any merry, let him sing Psalms?* which amounts to thus much: That as Prayer is a proper manner of expressing our Wants and Grievs to God, so is Singing a proper way of expressing our Joy and Gratitude. And indeed Musick and Poetry are both proper to express and move the Passions. They heighten and improve the Affections of Love and Joy, whilst they gently calm the uneasy Sensations of Grief and Sorrow. Thus we find the Royal Psalmist singing one while lofty Hymns of Praise, anon a mournful penitential Song, and again fervent Prayers and Supplications for needful Blessings. So that nothing which is fit to be address'd to God, can be unfit to be sung before him.

1 Cor. 14.
15. What St. Paul says of this matter to the *Corinthians*; *I will sing with the Spirit, and I will sing with Understanding also*; plainly appears to be spoke of the publick Worship in the Church, being join'd with Prayer, which had suffer'd the same Abuse with Singing from the Vanity and Affectation of some in the Church, who had receiv'd the Gift of Tongues, and prided themselves in speaking before the People in an unknown Language: whereas they ought both to pray and to sing the Praises of God in such a Tongue, as that all present might understand, and join in the same Act of Worship with a sincere Devotion and a due Knowledg.

Now from what has been said under this Head it appears, That in all the recited places Singing is spoken of as being perform'd to God as the immediate Object: which is all that is necessary to constitute any Action Religious, or a part of Divine Worship.

3. I now come to shew that singing the Praises of God was perform'd by the conjoint Voices of several Persons together. It is said of our Lord and his Disciples, by both *Matthew* and
Mark

Mark, That they sung an Hymn [in the plural number] whereas Christ's blessing the Bread, and giving thanks when he took the Cup, are both express'd [in the singular number] as perform'd by Christ speaking singly, and the rest joining mentally only. And that they did so join with Christ in that Action, I suppose no body doubts; tho' it be said, *He gave thanks and he blessed*, that is, he in the name of them all, and on their behalf as well as for himself, solemnly pronounc'd their joint Supplications and Thanksgivings to God. But here the Phrase is alter'd, and the Evangelists tell us, That they sung an Hymn; that is, with joint Voices, as well as with united Hearts. Which as it is the plain and obvious meaning of the Expression, so there can no other reason be assign'd for the Variation of the Phrase.

St. *Luke* tells us, that the Prisoners heard *Paul* and *Silas* both performing their joint Devotions to God. I suppose no body imagines they pronounc'd their Prayers together. It must therefore be the Praises which they sung jointly, and that with a Voice so rais'd, as that their Fel-

low-Prisoners heard them.

There is another Passage in the History of the Acts, which I think, if duly consider'd, is to this purpose. In the 4th Chapter and 24th Verse it is said, That they [*i. e.* the Apostles that were then at Jerusalem, and the Believers that comforted with them, being assembled together] *lift up their Voice to God with one accord, and said, &c.* From the Context it appears, that the Worship then offer'd was a solemn Thanksgiving (tho concluded with a Petition) and that on a very eminent occasion, the Deliverance of Peter and John from the Rage of the Sanhedrim, by whom, after Examination, they were dismiss'd without Punishment, and this in accomplishment of David's Prophecy, *Psalms 2. 1.* Now the matter being Praise and Thanksgiving, and that express'd with united Voice as well as Heart, I see no room to doubt but that it was perform'd as an Hymn or sacred Song: unless it should be thought that they pronounc'd a bare Oration with united Voices; which is a sense I believe none ever yet contended for. We no where read of a Prayer's being pronounc'd by joint Voices, but of Praises

Praises being sung by joint Voices I have already given Instances. And the Action here being solemn Praise offer'd up by joint Voices, tho it be not said *they sung*, yet it is more than probable that they did sing; for tho all *saying* (which is the Word us'd) be not *singing*, yet to be sure all *singing* is *saying*.

These Instances, I think, are sufficient to prove that singing by conjoin'd Voices was practis'd in the Christian Church.

The Sum of what has been said, is, That from divers Texts of Scripture, collected out of the New Testament, it does appear, that the Praises of God were sung by conjoint Voices in the Christian Church, as a part of Divine Worship; and that this Duty is on several occasions regulated, injoin'd and recommended to the several Churches to whom the Apostles wrote their Epistles. From all this it naturally follows, that it is now the Duty of all Christians to sing the Praises of God, both in their publick Assemblys, and in their more private religious Exercises.

To

To this Account from Scripture, I shall add one foreign Testimony to prove that it was the constant Practice of the primitive Christians, in their religious Assemblies, to sing with conjoint Voices, Hymns or Songs of Praise to Christ as God. And that is of *Pliny* the younger who was Governour of all *Pontus*, and *Bithynia* in *Asia Minor*, together with the City of *Byzantium*, not as an ordinary Proconsul, but as the Emperor's immediate Lieutenant with extraordinary Power. This great Man had for some time, in obedience to his Master's Commands, exercis'd his Authority in a vigorous Prosecution of the Christians; but finding that if he proceed'd to punish all that acknowledg'd themselves Christians, he must in a manner lay waste his Provinces, he thought it necessary to write a Letter to the Emperor himself about this matter: wherein after having given a particular account of his Procedure against the Christians, and of their Obstinacy in persisting to Death, and of the great Numbers that had embrac'd this new Superstition, as he calls it; he relates what upon Examination he had found to be the Sum of the Christian Practice,

Practice. * *They affirm'd*, says he, *that the whole sum of that Offence or Error lay in this, that they were wont on a set day to meet together before Sun-rise, and to sing together a Hymn to Christ as a God, and oblige themselves by a Sacrament not to commit any Wickedness, but to abstain from Theft, Robbery, Adultery, to keep Faith, and to restore any Pledg intrusted with them; and after that they retir'd, and met again at a common Meal, in which was nothing extraordinary or criminal.* This Epistle was written to *Trajan* then Emperor, about 71 Years after the Death of our blessed Saviour, *Ann. Dom.* 104. and in the 7th Year of *Trajan's* Reign. By this unquestionable Authority we see what

* *Affirmabant autem hanc fuisse summam vel Culpæ suæ, vel Erroris, quod essent soliti stato die ante lucem convenire, carmenque Christo, quasi Deo, dicere secum invicem; seque Sacramento non in Scelus aliquod obstringere, sed ne Furta, ne Latrocinia, ne Adulteria committerent, ne fidem fallerent, ne depositum appellari abnegarent: quibus peractis morem sibi discedendi fuisse, rursusque cocundi ad capiendum Cibum promiscuum tamen & innoxium.* *Plin. Ep. lib. 10. Ep. 97.*
account

account the Christians of that time gave of their own Practice, viz. That in their religious Assemblies they sung Songs or Hymns to *Jesus Christ* as God.

Concerning the following Compo-
sures I shall only say, that the Subjects
are well chosen, and admirably a-
dapted to the Occasion, proper to ex-
cite becoming Affections at that great
Feast of Love, the Lord's Supper, in-
stituted in commemoration of that
perfect Sacrifice, by which alone we
are deliver'd from everlasting Destru-
tion, and intitled to eternal Blef-
sedness. The Poetry is chaste and po-
lite, the Expression clear and just, in e-
very respect becoming the noble Theme:
As such I recommend it both to the
Publick and Private Use of those de-
vout Christians, whose Breasts are
warm'd by a heavenly Fire, and whose
Souls are transported with a lively
Sense of Divine Love.

A

A HYMN,

Written by the same Hand, upon his
being convinc'd that *Singing* is a part
of Divine Worship.

ETERNAL intellectual Light,
With pure Illapse my Mind inspire;
And whilst I sing Thee great and bright,
Inflame my Breast with Heav'nly Fire.

Tho long mistaken, I withheld
Harmonious Song divine, thy Due;
Yet better Knowledge now instill'd,
Thy tuneful Praise my Voice shall shew.

Substantial Glory, from thy Throne
Around diffus'd, illumines Heaven;
With Life and Love fills ev'ry one,
To whom those happy Seats are given.

Nor there confin'd, thy Beams divine
Irradiate all thy Church below:
Thy Chosen with thy Brightness shine,
And by their Love, thy Grace they show.

To

To every Heart, by secret Ways
 Convey'd, Myfterious Influence!
 The bright Effufion of thy Rays,
 Gives Knowledg, Truth and Innocence.

When in deep Tronble, and opprest,
 Thy confolating Light fufains
 Thy drooping Saints; tho fore diftrest,
 Calm Peace and Joy fucceed their Pains.

So the returning Summer's Sun
 Does with fresh Vigor bright appear;
 The Clouds difpell'd, the Winter gon,
 Glad Plenty crowns the fmiling Year.

T H E

T H E
 D E D I C A T I O N .

O THOU whom Angels with their
 Hymns addrefs!
 To whom all Knees muft bow, all
 Tongues confefs!

Sacred to T H E E, this Sacrifice of Praise
 A willing Hand upon thy Altar lays,
 Encourag'd by that Goodnefs which approves
 A poor Man's Gift, tho but a Pair of Doves.
 May I have one accepting Smile from Thee,
 'Tis more than all the World's Applaufe to me.
 Happy!

Happy! if I a contrite Spirit bring,
 And feel my Breast warm'd with the Love
 sing;
 Happy! if these my Songs successful prove
 To make one Sinner look on Thee, and love;
 To make one Prodigal confess thy Charms,
 And fly for Pardon to thy dying Arms;
 To fan their pious Flame who Thee adore,
 And make the Souls that love Thee, love Thee
 more;
 Make 'em their Praises and their Vows renew,
 And give their All to Thee, to whom all Hearts
 are due.

(Way,
 LORD, what a Train of Woes attend thy
 From dark *Gethsemane* to *Golgotha*!
 What gloomy Terrors did conspire to roll
 Through all th' Apartments of thy inmost Soul!
 What Troubles in thy lab'ring Bosom met,
 And flow'd in Tears, flow'd in a bloody Sweat!
 What Clouds with Thunder charg'd, black
 Horror spread!
 And broke in Storms of Vengeance on thy Head!
 This

This dismal Night a darker Morn portends;
 Seiz'd by thy Foes, abandon'd by thy Friends;
 By one of them abjur'd, by one betray'd,
 And with a treacherous Kiss a Pris'ner made:
 From one Tribunal to another led,
 New Pretex'ts sought thy sacred Blood to shed:
 Charg'd with those Crimes thy righteous Soul
 abhor'd,
 And there condemn'd where thou should'st be
 ador'd.
 Humble and meek the passive Victim stands,
 By vilest Tongues blasphem'd, and struck by
 rudest Hands.
 A Prince to Universal Empire born,
 Scepters his Hand, and Crowns his Head had
 worn,
 Now holds a Reed, and wears a Wreath of
 Thorn.
 The savage Croud the King of Glory jeers,
 With loud Reproaches wound his patient
 Ears,
 And mix their foaming Spittle with his
 Tears.
 And

And now with slow and feeble Pace I try
 To trace thy Footsteps up Mount *Calvary*;
 There see those Hands, that made and scatter'd Bread,
 And Thousands with the growing Banquet fed,
 Those Hands that heal'd the Sick, and rais'd the Dead;
 That oft returning Sinners did embrace,
 And for them oft implor'd forgiving Grace,
 With pious Ardor lifted up to Heaven,
 Now pierc'd with Nails amid their Sinews driven:
 Thy sacred Feet the same rude Treatment know,
 And both in purple Streams their Torment show.
 I see that Face which Angels bow'd before,
 Clouded with Sorrow, bath'd in Sweat and Gore:
 Those Eyes that, mov'd with pity, did condole
 The various Woes of every human Soul,
 And stain'd their Lustre with their pious Streams,
 In shades of Death now quench their setting Beams.
 With cruel Men the Powers of Hell below
 The last Efforts of active Malice show,
 And at thy Breast their fiery Arrows throw.

Thy

Thy Father, who before the World decreed
 His only Son for Human Kind shou'd bleed,
 His Hand with Thunder arms, his Brow with Dread
 To strike Thee to the Regions of the Dead:
My God, My God, aloud the Saviour cries,
Why hast forsaken me? then bows his Head and dies.

His Passion Universal Nature moves,
 Except ungrateful Sinners whom he loves;
 The trembling Earth her Maker's Sufferings feels,
 Her Pillars shake, her low Foundation reels;
 The Rocks are torn by his expiring Groans;
 The rending Vale his sacred Priesthood owns:
 The Sun asham'd withdraws his sickly Light,
 And turns bright Noon into substantial Night,
 Afraid to view those gashly Wounds agen.
Nothing relentless but the Hearts of Men!

Dear LORD, I in thy Cross such Wonders see,
 Nothing besides has any Charms for me;

Beneath

Beneath thy Cross, O may I still reside ;
 View and review thy Feet, thy Hands, thy
 Head, thy Side !
 O how thy Sighs do from my Heart rebound !
 And all thy dying Pangs my Bosom wound !
 Nor is it Pity only makes me weep ;
 No single Passion strikes the Heart so deep :
 Hatred of Sin, and Love of Thee combine,
 With holy Rage repenting Sorrows join
 To make thy Torments intimately mine.
 Since 'twas my Sin for which my Saviour dy'd,
 'Tis just I should with him be crucify'd :
 My Sins procur'd the Cross, the Whip, the Steel,
 Made Thee unutterable Tortures feel :
 My Sins ! O that they never had been mine !
 I hate them as my Enemies and thine :
 My Sins ! O how their Horror makes me start,
 While I behold their Stains, and feel their Smart,
 And see 'em pierce thy Limbs, and break thy
 Heart !
 But since the Balm, that from thy Wounds did
 Could heal a Sinner dying at thy Side ;

Thy

Thy Smiles could calm frail *Peter's* guilty Fears,
 And thy Blood cleanse the Stain that he had
 soak'd in Tears :
 Since thou hast born th' unufferable Weight
 Of a World's Sins, both Numberless and Great ;
 LORD, hear a Penitent that prostrate lies,
 And at thy feet for pard'ning Mercy cries ;
 To be reveng'd on Sin implores thy Aid,
 Bathing with Tears thy Wounds, the Wounds
 his Sins have made.
 O let thy Hands that bled, their Balm apply !
 Tho Sin cries loud, thy Blood does louder cry ;
 Thy Smiles will make me live, thy Frowns
 will make me die.

But if I die, I'll perish at thy feet,
 And waiting at thy Cross my Sentence meet.
 Sure He, who dy'd for Sinners, won't despise
 A Sinner's broken Heart and flowing Eyes.
 O LORD, resolve my Doubts, dispel my Fears,
 Suppress my Sighs, and wipe away my Tears ;
 Or while thy Charms my wondring Thoughts
 employ,
 Turn Floods of Sorrow into Tears of Joy.

b 2

'Tis

'Tis done—Thy Groans and Cries thy Love
refund,

Writ with thy Blood, ingrav'd in ev'ry Wound:
The Torture of thy Cross my Pain allays,
Changing my mournful Sighs to Hymns of Praise.

O JESUS! how Divinely fair Thou art!

Thy Charms have reach'd the Center of my Heart,
Thy Graces all excite refin'd Desire;
How pure the Flame fed by Celestial Fire!
Strong are the Bands that Hearts in Friendship join,
But stronger Ties have link'd my Soul to Thine.
Had I ten thousand Hearts, those Hearts should be
A voluntary Sacrifice to Thee;
To Thee, whose every Scar so fully proves
Thy Flame exceeds ten thousand other Loves.
O'ercome with Love and Wonder, I resign
My Captive Heart, which now no more is mine:
I yield my Soul to thy Victorious Charms,
And fly for Grace to thy inviting Arms:
Life will be Death, if I'm exil'd from Thee;
Death will be Life, if I thy Face may see.

Thy

Thy Loveliness is equal to thy Love,
And far out-shines Angelick Forms above.

LORD, if thy Cross could ne'er thy Beauties hide,
How dost Thou shine at thy Great Father's Side!
Where the Ambitious Flames of Glory now
With emulous Beams salute thy lightning Brow;
Pointing, as in bright Crouds they dart around,
Where each rude Thorn thy Sacred Head did
wound:

While others Thee and their own Souls abuse,
Debase their Love, and prostitute their Muse;
O Thou to whom all Love and Praise belongs!
To Thee I give my Heart, to Thee my Songs.
Waters will rise as high as whence they flow;
So Minds, that came from Heaven, to Heaven
should go;
With holy Fervor to their Author move,
Who gave 'em Pow'r to think and Pow'r to love.

Eternal Beauty! I thy Rays admire,
Kindling my Flame at that immortal Fire,
Where

Where shining *Seraphs* light and cherish theirs;
Thou shalt my Praises have, and thou my Prayers.

May all harmonious Souls their Numbers join,
And each a pious Offering add to mine;
Make Earth below resemble Heav'n above,
Sing Holy Songs, and sing of Holy Love.
'Tis Love does with eternal Joys inspire
All the bright Orders of the Heav'nly Choir:
Seraphick Psalmists to this Noble Theme
Owe their sweet Musick and Poetick Flame.
O may the listning Saints on Earth aspire
To reach the Sound, and catch the holy Fire!
And in their turn with pure Devotion sing
The Praises of their Saviour and their King;
Till Echo thro Heav'n's Arches loud repeats
The Sound, inviting Angels from their Seats
To hear the Musick of the Church below,
While this from t'other Heav'n they scarce can
know:
Nor an Eclipse of Light and Pleasure fear,
Where they so much of *Grace*, so much of
Glory hear.

A

T A B L E

To find any H Y M N, if one
knows its Beginning.

	Hymn
A NGELS and Men your Songs renew, ———	24.
Behold the King of Glory sits ———	4.
Behold the Saviour of the World ———	43.
Come let us all, who here have seen ———	34.
Come let us go and die with him, ———	39.
Come let us bless the Glorious Name, ———	42.
Descend, O King of Saints, descend ———	6.
Eternal Father, how Divine, ———	29.
From Supper to Gethsemane ———	21.
Glory to God on High, ———	20.
Gracious Redeemer, how Divine, ———	12.
Happy are they our Lord has chose ———	35.
Hast thou, my Soul, thy Saviour view'd, ———	26.
How many Miracles of Love, ———	15.
How sweet, how charming is the Place ———	16.
How Glorious is this Holy Place ———	45.
Jehovah, we in Hymns of Praise ———	1.
Immortal Praise be given, ———	11.
In Grateful Hymns, ye Saints, display ———	10.
Jesus! O Word Divinely sweet! ———	47.
Let all who love our Saviour's Name, ———	32.
	Let

Let all who enter Sion's Gate,	40.
Lord, all thy Works thy Hand has form'd,	25.
Lord, thou hast treated us	31.
Lord, we approach thy Throne,	27.
My Blessed Saviour, is thy Love	22.
My Soul, let all thy nobler Powers	8.
O Lord, how shall we frame a Song	18.
O Lord, thou dost a broken Heart	23.
Others may tell of famous things	37.
Our Lord a Banquet has prepar'd,	23.
Sing Hallelujah to our King,	19.
That doleful Night when our dear Lord	3.
The God of Grace to human Race	13.
The Six of Righteousness has shin'd,	41.
Thou art all Love, my dearer Lord,	2.
Thou hast o'ercome - Lord, who can prove	48.
Thus we commemorate the Day	50.
'Tis finish'd, the Redeemer cries,	49.
To us our God his Love commends	5.
What mighty Conqueror do we see,	36.
What wondrous things we now behold	32.
When Christ, at Simon's Table plac'd,	38.
When Sin had brought Death with a Train	14.
Wherewith shall I a sinful Worm	17.
While thy Love's Pledges we receive	44.
With humble Boldness, trembling Joy,	9.
Ye happy Guests, who meet around	46.
You that the Holy Jesus love,	30.
You who our Lord's great Banquet share,	7.

The more difficult Words explain'd.

Antitype,	{ that which is represented by a Type or Figure.
assume,	receive.
attract,	draw.
commemorate,	bring to remembrance.
deplore,	bewail.
Effusion,	pouring forth.
exil'd,	banish'd.
expiate,	make Satisfaction for.
extinguish,	quench.
Hero,	a Man of a Noble Spirit.
imbibe,	drink up.
infernal,	hellish.
mystick,	secret, or obscure.
Odor,	sweet Smell.
prostrate,	with the Face to the Ground.
revere,	respect or reverence.
satiate,	satisfy.
vital,	living.
Victim,	sacrifice.
Symbol,	a Sign.

The more difficult words explained.

That which is explained
of a list in order.

That which is explained
of a list in order.

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of a list in order.

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of a list in order.

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H Y M N S

FOR THE

Lord's Supper.

H Y M N I.

JEHOVAH, we in Hymns of Praise
Thy matchless Grace adore,
That Grace that gave thy only Son, *Rom. 8. 32*
What couldst thou give us more?

He's *All in All*, his Saints in Him *Col. 3. 11.*
Divine Perfection view; *Eph. 1. 23.*
'Tis of his Fulness they receive *John 1. 16.*
All *Grace*, and *Glory* too. *Pf. 84. 11.*

He freely gave his Blood, the Price *1 Pet. 1.*
Of our Eternal Bliss: *10, 19.*
Since no less could atone for Sin, *Heb. 9. 22,*
His Love would give no less. *23.*

He in the Wine-press of thy Wrath *Lam. 1. 15.*
For guilty Men was crusht;
Humbled himself to die, and laid *Phil. 2. 8.*
His Honour in the Dust.

B

That

That we might at his Table sit,
And be replenish'd there

1 Cor. 11. With these Dear Pledges of his Grace,
26. Till we his Glory share.

H Y M N II.

1 John 4.
8, 16.

THOU art *All Love*, my dearest LORD,
Cant. 5. 16. Thou art *All Lovely* too :
Thy Love I at thy Table taste,
Psal. 27. 4. Thy Loveliness I view.

Isa. 53. 2, 3. Thy Divine Beauty, vail'd with Flesh,
Thy Enemys despise ;
Thy mangled Body they disdain,
And turn from Thee their Eyes.

Cant. 5. 9. But thou *more* Lovely art to me
&c. For all that thou hast born ;
John 13. Each Cloud sets off thy Lustre more,
31, 32. Thee all thy Scars adorn.

Isa. 63. 1, 2. Thy Garments tinctur'd with thy Blood,
The best and noblest Dye,
Psal. 45. 2. Out-shine the Robes that Princes wear ;
Thy Thorns their Gems out-vie.

Pf. 73. 25. That I may be *All Love* to Thee,
Cant. 1. And *Lovely* like Thee too,
15, 16. O cleanse me with thy precious Blood,
Zech. 13. 1. And me thy Beauty shew.
2 Cor. 3. 18.

My former Vows I now renew :
O LORD, as Thou art Mine ;
I freely give my Heart to Thee,
For ever I'll be Thine.

Psal. 119.
106.

Cant. 2. 16.

H Y M N III.

[As the 100 Psalm.]

That doleful Night, when our dear LORD Job. 18. 1.
Into the Garden did retreat,
To vent his Grief in Groans, and Cries, Luk. 22. 44
In Tears, and in a bloody Sweat ;

That ne'er to be forgotten Night,
When our Redeemer was betray'd ;
Before his Sufferings he took Bread, 1 Cor. 11.
Gave Thanks to God, broke it, and said, 23, 24, 25.

Take, eat, this is my Body broke
For you upon the Cursed Tree :
Perform this Ord'nance as I do, Mat. 26.
And when you do't, remember Me. 26, 27, 28.

He took the Cup too, crown'd with Wine,
Bless'd it, and to's Disciples said,
'Tis the New Test'ment in my Blood,
For you, and many others shed.

All you, my Friends, must drink of this,
Your Sin's Remission here you see ;
Perform this Ord'nance as I do,
And when you do't, remember Me.

Cant. 1. 4. Yes, LORD, we will remember Thee,
And thy Love more than fragrant Wine :
Rev. 5. 9. How can we e'er thy Cross forget,
10. Which made Thee ours, and made us Thine?

Psal. 137. Our right Hand first shall lose its Art,
5, 6. Our Tongues forget to speak or move,
E'er we'll prove thoughtless of thy Wounds,
Those Everlasting Marks of Love.)

1 Cor. 11. We'll thus commemorate thy Death,
26. Till thou appear on Earth again :
And, LORD, remember us, we pray ;
Rev. 11. Make haste to take thy Power, and reign,
17.

H Y M N I V.

Psal. 24. 7. Behold the King of Glory sits
Cant. 1. 12. At Table with his Guests :
Welcomes them all with gracious Smiles,
Them all with Dainties feasts.

No common Food he here presents,
John 6. No common Drink provides :
50—58. For Meat he gives his Flesh ; for Wine
Job. 19. 34. The Spear his Heart divides.

1 Cor. 11. LORD, give us Faith to raise our Thoughts
28, 29. Beyond the views of Sense :
Teach us thy Myſteries to discern,
And draw new Joys from thence.

Let's

Let's know thy wounded Body fell *Iſa.* 53. 5, 6.
An Offering for our Guilt ;
Let's know, to wash us from our Sins,
Thy Heart's pure Blood was spilt.

So shall our Minds and Voices join *1 Cor.* 14.
In sacred Harmony, 15.
To celebrate thy Grace, and sing
Hallelujah to Thee.

H Y M N V.

TO us our God his Love commends, *Rom.* 5. 8.
When by our Sins undone ;
That he might spare his Enemies,
He wou'd not spare his Son, *Rom.* 8. 32.

His only Son, on whom he plac'd *Prov.* 8.
All his Delight and Love, 22—30.
Before he form'd the Earth below,
Or spread the Heavens above.

He charg'd the Darling of his Soul *John* 3.
To veil his Glorious Face, 16, 17.
To wear our mortal Flesh, and feel
The Pains of Human Race ;

Our Sorrows and our Sins to bear, *Gal.* 3. 13,
Our heavy Cross sustain ; 14.
Upon a Tree to bleed and die,
That we might Life obtain :

B ;

This

- Col. 3. 3, 4. This Life is hid in God with Him,
Who fell a Sacrifice,
Heb. 2. 14. And Dying conquer'd Death for us,
Phil. 3. 21. That we like Him might rise ;
- Acts 2. 24. For he soon triumph'd o'er the Grave,
Acts 1. 9. And went to Heaven again ;
ver. 11. There intercedes, and thence will come
Rev. 20. 4. Among his Saints to reign.
- Heb. 10. 37 His Word assures he'll quickly come,
Rom. 8. Saints for his Coming pray,
19—22. The whole Creation for it groans,
Rev. 22. LORD Jesus, come away,
20.

H Y M N VI.

[As the 100 P'salm.]

- Joh. 14. 18. **D**escend, O King of Saints, descend :
Pf. 51. 12. By thy free Spirit's vital Heat
Fresh Joys to every Soul extend,
That at thy Table finds a Seat.)

- (O Prince of Peace, blest thou this Board
With those sweet Smiles which Angels cheer ;
Mat. 18. O give us Peace ; and tell us, LORD,
10. We're pardon'd, and accepted here.)
Luke 7. 47, 48.

- As thou our hungry Souls hast fed,
Mat. 5. 6. Our thirsty Souls sustain'd with Wine ;
John 6. Nourish us with this heav'nly Bread,
55, 56. And with this Sacred Blood of thine.

Teach

Teach us to wash our Garments clean : Rev. 7. 14.
In the pure Fountain of thy Blood ; Zech. 13. 1.
LORD, purge our Souls from every Stain
I'th' Streams of that All-cleansing Flood.

Each Sin of ours has been a Thorn, Isa. 53. 4,
A cruel Nail, a Whip, a Spear ; 5, 6.
By these thy sacred Flesh was torn,
These did thy Soul with Horror tear.

(Yet every Wound of thine does yield Luke 10. 34
A Balsam for a contrite Heart,
Which, on the painful Sore distil'd,
Heals and allays the tort'ring Smart.)

Amazing Love ! 'Tis Infinite ! Eph. 3. 18,
No Thoughts its endless Depth can sound ; 19.
It Heaven's high Arch exceeds for height, Pf. 108. 4.
And for Extent, the World's vast Round.

LORD, to advance thy Praises here, Pf. 51. 15.
Increase our Light, enlarge our Love ; Rev. 5. 9.
And by thy Grace our Souls prepare
For better Songs and Tunes above.

H Y M N VII.

(share,
YOU who our LORD's great Banquet
And welcome Places find Ma. 26.
His Table round, his Praises sound 30.
With well-tun'd Voice and Mind.

B 4

Re-

- Remember all his Acts of Love,
His Torments every one:
- Heb. 1. 6. Whom Angels fear'd, him Mortals jeer'd,
Mat. 27. Blasphem'd and spat upon.
30.
- Ver. 29. (See's Head all torn with Thorns, his Face
Cant. 5. 10. Divinely bright before)
16. Now mar'd more than the Sons of Men,
Isa. 52. 14. Reaking with Sweat and Gore.)
- Pf. 22. 16. See in his Hands and Feet the Nails
Piercing the tender Veins;
See how each Wound the blushing Ground
With precious Tincture stains.
- Job. 19. 34 See his Side spout a stream of Blood
And Water thro the Wound;
- 1 John 1. 7. A Stream wherein we're wash'd from Sin,
And all our Guilt is drown'd.
- But, Oh! what Terrors wrack'd his Soul
In that last Agony,
Mat. 27. When (e'er he dy'd) My God, he cry'd,
46. Why hast forsaken me!
- John 10. Thus groan'd and dy'd the Son of God,
10, 11. That we might ever live
- 1 Cor. 2. 9. There, where all Blis our Souls can with,
Or can contain, He'll give.
- Mean while the Myst'ries of his Grace
1 Cor. 11. His Table here displays;
26. O how his Love our Souls should move,
And Tongues to sing his Praise!

H Y M N

H Y M N VIII.

MY Soul, let all thy nobler Powers, Pf. 104. 1.
And Faculties combine:
Awake my Tongue, and to my Thoughts Pf. 57. 8.
Thy tuneful Numbers join.

All that's within me, bless and praise Pf. 103.
My Saviour and my King:
When he's the Subject of the Song,
Rev. 15.
Who can forbear to sing?
3, 4.

Holy and Reverend is his Name; Pf. 111. 9.
How glorious, and how sweet!
All Greatness, and all Goodness too
I th' Name of JESUS meet:

A Name vile Men shall one day dread, Rev. 6. 15,
As now th' Devils fear; 16, 17.
A Name the Heavenly Hosts adore, Jam. 2. 19.
To pardon'd Sinners dear; Mat. 8. 29.
Rev. 5. 11,
12.

(Most dear to them by strongest Ties
Of his Redeeming Love,
Which by a thousand Torments try'd,
Did ever constant prove.) Cant. 1. 3.

The Death and Hell unite their Powers
T' oppose his Enterprize;
The spotless Lamb resolves to fall Job. 10. 11
A willing Sacrifice.

So

- Heb. 2. 14. So conquering Sin, and Death, and Hell,
In Glory did arise,
Acts 1. 9. And in bright Triumph soon ascend
His Throne above the Skies.
- Jude 14. Thence in due time he will return,
With a Celestial Train,
1 Thess. 4. 16, 17. Of Saints and Angels, who shall sing
The Wonders of his Reign.

H Y M N IX.

- Heb. 10. 19. With humble Boldness, trembling Joy,
Psal. 2. 11. With Hope and awful Fear,
Heb. 12. 28. LORD, we thy Majesty address,
Ver. 22. And to thy Seat draw near.
- Gen. 18. 25. For Thou, Great Judge of all the Earth,
Heb. 4. 16. Now on a Throne of Grace,
Psal. 80. 1. Between the wondring Cherubs Wings
Reveal 'st thy glorious Face.
- Rom. 8. 34. At thy right Hand behold thy Son,
Who kindly intercedes:
Heb. 12. 24. His Blood cries louder than our Sins,
And for our Pardon pleads.
- Isa. 53. 5. Ah cruel Sins, how odious now,
And how deform'd are they,
Deu. 9. 26. While in that Crimson Fountain we
Their monstrous Hue survey!

These

- These with black Horror fill'd his Mind, *Mat. 26.*
Inrag'd his Wounds with Pain: *38.*
These rent with Grief his laboring Breast, *Pf. 22. 14.*
Exhausted every Vein.
- (Tho these our Crimes all testify *Jer. 14. 7.*
Our crying Guilt aloud; *Gen. 18. 21.*
LORD, vail no more thy shining Face *Lam. 3. 44.*
Within an angry Cloud.)

- Let thy Love's Rays attract from us *Luke 7.*
A Penitential Dew; *33, 47.*
And while our Vileness we lament,
Thy pard'ning Mercy shew:
- Then tho our Sins have numerous been *Pf. 40. 12.*
Like Sands upon the shore;
Peace like a River floods our Souls, *Isa. 48. 18.*
And Sins are seen no more.

H Y M N X.

[As the 100 Psalm.]

- IN grateful Hymns, ye Saints, display *Eph. 3. 18,*
JEHOVAH's Grace and boundless Love; *19.*
A Love, whose Flame inspires the Songs *Rev. 5. 9.*
Of all the Heav'nly Host above.
- Tho we on Earth can't sing like them, *Psal. 103.*
Let's praise him in a lower strain: *20, 21, 22.*
A fervent Mind, that breathes his Praise *1 Sam. 16.*
With stammering Lips, He'll not disdain.) *7.*

Enter

Eternal Father, we adore

Isa. 53.10. Thy Love, that mov'd Thee to expose
The sacred Body of thy Son
To bear the Wounds due to thy Foes.

I Cor. 15. And Thee, dear Saviour, we adore,
56. Who didst endure th' invenom'd Sting
Gal. 3.13. Of Death, and every dreadful Curse
Justice provok'd by Sin could bring.

While we behold Thee on thy Cross,
In every Wound thy Love appears,
Pf. 63. 3. Dearer than Life, more strong than Death,
Cant. 8. 6. Flowing in Streams of Blood and Tears.

Zech. 13.1 To bathe our Souls defil'd by Sin,
LORD, we approach this Sacred Flood;
To heal our broken Hearts, we seek
Luk. 10.34 The Sovereign Balm of thy Blood.

Isa. 55. 1. 'Tis from this Living Stream our Souls,
Our dying Souls new Life derive;
Pfal. 23.5. This is the Sacred Oil of Joy,
That can desponding Minds revive.

Pfal. 24.7. O King of Glory, on us shine,
Who thy own Table now surround;
Isa. 59. 2. Let not our Sins eclipse thy Face,
Job 33.24 Since thou hast such a Ransom found.

H Y M N

H Y M N XI.

[As the 25 *Psal.*]

Immortal Praise be given,
And Glory in the high'ft,
To th' God of Peace, who sent from Heaven
His own beloved Christ;

Him a Sin-Offering made
For Adam's Guilty Sons;
Our pressing Crimes upon him laid,
For which his Blood atones.

Such Torments He endur'd
As none e'er felt before,
That Joy and Bliss might be secur'd
To us for evermore.

(Hurry'd from Bar to Bar,
With Blows and Scoffs abus'd;
Revil'd by Herod's Men of War,
With Pilate's Scourges bruis'd.)

His sweet and Reverend Face
With Spittle all profan'd;
That Visage, full of Heav'nly Grace,
With his own Blood distain'd.

Stretch'd on the cruel Tree,
He bled, and groan'd, and cry'd;
And in a mortal Agony
Languish'd awhile, and dy'd.

But

- Heb.* 2.14. But dying left a Wound
Gen. 3.15. On the Old Serpent's Head,
 For which no Cure can e'er be found ;
Mat. 28. And soon rose from the Dead :
 1, 6.
Acts 1. 9, Then did to Heaven ascend,
 10. That we might thither go,
Joh. 14. 2. Where Love and Praises have no end,
1 Cor. 13. 8 Where Joys no Changes know.
Rev. 21. 4.

H Y M N XII.

Gracious Redeemer, how Divine,
 How wondrous is thy Love !

- Rev.* 5. The Subject of th' Eternal Songs
 9—14 Of Blessed Spirits above.
- Join in the sacred Harmony,
Isa. 7. 14. Ye Saints on Earth below,
Mat. 1. 23. To praise *Immanuel*, from whose **Name**
Cant. 1. 3. All fragrant Odors flow.
- Phil.* 2. 6, 7 He left his Crown, he left his Throne
 By his Great Father's side ;
 Wore Thorns, sustain'd a heavy Cross,
 Was scourg'd and crucify'd.
- Gal.* 3. 13, His was the Torment, his the Curse ;
 14. Tho' all the Guilt was ours :
Lev. 14. To cleanse us, on our Leprous Souls
 His Vital Blood he pours.

- Behold how every Wound of his
 A precious Balm distills, *Luke* 10.
 Which heals the Scars that Sin had made, 34
 With Joy the Sinner fills.
 (Grace ;
 Those Wounds are Mouths that preach his *Joh.* 12. 32.
 The Characters of Love ; *Gal.* 3. 1.
 The Seals of our expected Bliss *Rom.* 8. 32.
 In Paradise above.

We see thee at thy Table, **LORD**,
 By Faith, with great delight :
 O how refin'd those Joys will be
 When Faith is turn'd to Sight ! *2 Cor.* 5. 7.

H Y M N XIII.

- T**HE God of Grace to Human Race *Rom.* 5. 2.
 Does Terms of Peace propose ;
 He gives his Son, his only One,
 A Ransom for his Foes. *Rom.* 5. 10.
- Christ to fulfil his Father's Will,
 Himself as freely gave,
 An Offering whole, Body and Soul,
 A guilty World to save. *John* 10.
 11, 15.
1 Pet. 2.
 24.
Isa. 53. 10.
- The Spirit Divine, for this Design,
 Lights on him like a Dove :
 The Sacred Three in One agree,
 In this great Act of Love. *Mat.* 3. 16.
 1 *John* 5.
 7.

Pf. 85, 10. Justice and Grace like Friends embrace,
With equal Splendor shine;
No Gift could be so Rich, so Free,
So Glorious, so Divine.

Blest Saviour, why should we deny
To Thee, at thy Desire,

Rom. 12: An Offering whole, Body and Soul,
1, 2. As Reason does require?

Since thou for us hast born a Cross,

1 *John* 4. Tho free from every Crime;
19. How great should be our Love to Thee,
Rev. 5, 12. Our Praises how sublime!

H Y M N XIV.

[As the 100 Psalm.] (Train

Rom. 6, 23. **W**hen Sin had brought Death, with a
Rom. 3, 19. Of Miseries on the guilty World;
And wretched Man was doom'd to be
2 *Pet.* 2, 17. Into Eternal Darknes hurl'd;

Mar. 9, 44. (Where the tormenting Worm, that gnaws
45, 48. The festering Conscience, ne'er expires;
Rev. 20. Where tort'ring Brimstone always feeds
19, 15. The ne'er-to-be-extinguish'd Fires:)

Gen. 3, 24. When Justice wav'd the flaming Sword
1 *Tim.* 2, 5. Of Vengeance o'er the Sinner's Head;
The Son of God slept in, and stay'd
The Mortal Stroke, and thus he said:

The

Tho all the Offerings Men can bring
Can't for one single Crime atone;
O God, I come to do thy Will,
I'll bear their numerous Sins alone,
Pfal. 40, 6:
Ver. 7:
Heb. 10.
4—10.

A Mortal Nature I'll assume,
Human Infirmities I'll wear;
Hunger, and Thirst, and Weariness,
Sorrows and Pains I'll freely bear.
Heb. 2, 16:
Mat. 4, 2:
Job. 4, 6, 7:
Heb. 4, 15:

(Reproaches, tho they'll break my Heart,
I am resolv'd to undergo:
I'll suffer all that's on me laid
By God above, or Men below.
Pf. 69, 20.
Isa. 53, 10.
Pfal. 22.
12—18.

Tho all th' Infernal Powers conspite
My Great Design to overthrow;
Thro Showers of fiery Darts from Hell,
And thro Death's horrid Vale I'll go.)
Mat. 4, 1:
Luk. 22, 53.
Eph. 6, 16.
Pfal. 23, 4:

Thus said, the Father soon reply'd:
Content, I have a Ransom found;
Dear Son, to save a ruin'd World,
Ev'n Thee I with Delight shall wound.
Job 33, 24:
Isa. 53, 10.

Go execute thy brave Resolves,
Thy Sufferings shall rewarded be;
Many Thou shalt redeem, the rest
Shall all at last be judg'd by Thee.
Ver. 11, 12.
Act. 17, 31

How precious are these Thoughts of thine,
How glorious, *LORD*, these Acts of Love!
For these we sing thy Praise below;
For these Thou'rt better prais'd above.
Pfal. 139.
17, 18.
Rev. 5, 11,

H Y M N XV.

HOW many Miracles of Love,
 What *Mysteries* of Grace
 Has th' Ever-blessed *Jesus* shown
 To *Adam's* sinful Race!

Col. 1. 26,
 27.

That he should humbly condescend

Rom. 8. 3. Our mortal Flesh to wear;

Mat. 8. 17. Our Sickneses, our Sorrows all,
 And numerous Sins to bear!

Was't not enough, thou Holy **ONE**,

To lay aside thy **Crown**,

Phil. 2. 7. And, in a Servant's Form, on Earth

To wander up and down?

Joh. 11. 33 Was't not enough with Sighs and Tears

& *ver.* 35. Our Miseries to deplore,

Mat. 11. To teach us by thy blameless Life?

29, 30. But wouldst Thou still do more?

Whence is this unexampled Love

To wretched Human kind?

Ezek. 16. What to attract thy Heart couldst Thou

5, 6. In loathsome Sinners find?

Isa. 53. 4, 5. Yet loaded with our Sins and Pains,

Psal. 23. 4. Thou thro' Death's Vale wouldst go,

Pf. 16. 11. That we made Innocent and Free,

Mat. 7. 14. The way of Life might know.

Wor-

Worthy art thou, O *Lamb of God*,
 Among thy Saints to reign,
 Who to redeem them by thy Blood,
 Waft once an Offering slain.

Rev. 5. 12

H Y M N XVI.

HOW sweet, how charming is the Place,
 With God's bright Presence crown'd!
 Happy his Children, who his Board
 As Olive-Plants surround.

Pf. 84. 1, 2

Pf. 128. 3.

Eat of this Feast, says he, my Friends,

Who to my Courts repair;

Come, dearest Children, freely drink

The Wine which I prepare.

Cant. 5. 1.

Prov. 9. 5.

LORD, we accept thy bounteous Treat,
 With Wonder, Joy, and Love:

O may we in thy House have Place,

And never thence remove!

Psal. 27. 4.

Here may our Faith still on Thee feed,
 The only Food Divine;

To Faith thy Flesh is Meat indeed,

Thy Blood the Noblest Wine:

John 6.

50, &c.

Thy Blood, that purifying Juice,

To cleanse our Souls design'd;

To heal a Sinner's bleeding Heart,

And cheer his drooping Mind.

1 *Joh.* 1. 7.

Luk. 10. 34

- 1 Cor. 13. Here we are glad to view thy Love,
12. Thro Figures, and in part;
But how much greater Joy will't be
1 Job. 3. 2. To see thee as thou art!

H Y M N XVII.

[As the 100 Psalm.]

Mic. 6. 6. **W**Herewith shall I a sinful Worm
Jehovah's Holy Place draw nigh?
With what Oblations shall I bow
Before the Throne of God most High?

Ver. 7. Shall I Burnt Offerings to him bring,
Calves taken from their tender Dams?
Will God be pleas'd, if I should slay
A thousand and a thousand Rams?

(Shall I upon his Altar pour
Rivers of Oil ten thousand times;
Or my First-born an Offering make,
To expiate my odious Crimes?)

Psal. 40. 6. No — God is so incens'd by Sin,
Psal. 51. 16. Such Offerings all would be in vain;
Too mean to save the guilty Soul,
And purge it from so foul a Stain.

With broken Heart and fervent Cries,
Heb. 6. 18. Dear JESUS, to thy Cross I fly;
Tho other Refuge fail, on Thee
Heb. 7. 25. My Soul with safety can rely.

The

Hymn 18. Lord's Supper.

(The Blood descending from thy Wounds,
Becomes both Oil and Wine to ours; Luk. 10. 34.
No Ease, till thy kind Hand this Balm
Into the wounded Conscience pours.) Job 34. 29.

As at thy Table we behold
Thy All-sufficient Sacrifice,
Let's feel the Virtue of thy Blood, Isa. 53. 5.
Which heals, and cheers, and purifies. Job. 6. 54.
1 Job. 1. 7.

So while thy Sacred Courts we tread,
To Thee, O God, our Life and Joy, Psal. 43. 4.
We'll bring the Sacrifice of Praise, Psa. 116. 17.
In Praise our Hearts and Tongues employ. Psa. 103. 1.

H Y M N XVIII.

OLORD, how shall we frame a Song Job 37. 19,
To celebrate thy Fame! 20.
Our highest Flights are all too low
To reach thy Loftier Name.

(Yet should the Objects of thy Love
Thy Praises cease to shout,
To censure such Ingratitude,
The Stones would soon cry out.) Luk. 19. 40

What was there, LORD, in sinful Man Psa. 144. 3.
That could thy Pity move,
To draw him from the Gates of Hell
With charming Bands of Love! Hos. 11. 4.

A Love, by many Sorrows try'd,
Cant. 8. 6. And many a painful Wound; (Death,
 7. Whose Flame could not be quench'd by
 Could by no Floods be drown'd;

No not by all those Streams of Blood
John 19. 2. Which on thy Cross did meet,
Ver. 34. From thy pierc'd Heart, and bleeding Head,
Pf. 22. 16. And wounded Hands and Feet.

Eph. 3. 18. A Love whose Wonders far transcend
Exod. 25. The reach of Human View;
 19, 20. Whose *Myst'ries* the inquiring Crowd
Eph. 3. 10. Of *Cherubs* look into.
1 Pet. 1. 12.

O happy Men who tast this Grace,
1 Pet. 2. 3. Which Angels so admire;
2 Cor. 4. 18. And feel the Shines of that bright Face,
 Which they to see desire!

But when all *Mystick* Truth shall be
 Plac'd in a clearer Light;
1 Cor. 13. What Joy! *Christ* Face to Face to see
 12. With full and endless Sight!

H Y M N

H Y M N XIX.

SING *Hallelujah* to our King,
 Who nobly entertains *John* 6. 35.
 His Friends with Bread of Life, and Wine *ver.* 50. &c.
 That flow'd from all his Veins.

His Body pierc'd with numerous Wounds,
 Did as a Victim bleed; *John* 6. 53.
 That we might drink his sacred Blood,
 And on his Flesh might feed.

Wormwood and Gall was once his Meat, *Pf.* 69. 21.
 His Cup with Terror fill'd, *Luk.* 22. 42
 That we might tast the heav'nly Sweet
 His Royal Banquets yield.

When our Redeemer dy'd, he was
 Both Sacrifice and Priest: *Heb.* 9. 26.
 And now he lives, he is become *Luk.* 22.
 Th' Inviter, and the Feast. 19, 20.

We feed on Christ, and sup with him; *Rev.* 3. 20.
 At Table he presides
 As Ruler of the Feast, his share *Cant.* 1. 12.
 To every Guest divides.

While he Love's Banner here displays *Cant.* 2. 4.
 O'er our Triumphant Heads,
 Sin dies, each Grace revives, and soon *Cant.* 1. 12.
 Its precious Odor spreads.

C 4

Nor

Nor are our Pleasures bounded here,

For he's gone to prepare

John 14. 2. Mansions, where Heavenly Manna shall

Rev. 2.17. Be our Eternal Fare.

H Y M M XX.

[As the 25 Psalm.]

Luk. 2.14.

Glory to God on high,
Good Will to Men below :

If thus the Friendly Angels cry,
What Joy should Mortals show !

(Those Angels free from Sin,

Heb. 9. 14. No bloody Offering need :

Ver. 22. 'Twas for the guilty Sons of Men
Our Saviour came to bleed.)

Luke 2.13. (Yet the kind Heav'nly Host

With shouting rend the Sky,

2 Pet. 2. 4. Glad that the Thrones, their *Fellows* loff,

Heb. 2. 16. Redeem'd Men shall supply.)

What good, what welcome News !

Luk. 2. 10. What wondrous Love is here !

Rom. 5. 8. That God his only Son should bruise,

Isa. 53.10. So Lovely, and so Dear !

That poor Apostate Man

In Heav'n might ever dwell,

John 14. 2, 3. Who with wild Fury headlong ran

Mat. 7.13. The way that leads to Hell !

Dear

Dear LORD, with what Surprize

Do we thy Sufferings trace ; (Cries, *Eph. 3. 18,*

And mark thy Wounds, thy Groans, thy 19.

Thy Sorrows, and Disgrace !

(For all this hast Thou born

To expiate our Guilt :

Thy Flesh to heal our Sores was torn,

Thy Blood to cleanse us spilt.)

Isa. 53.4,5.

Thy Shame deserves Renown,

Thy Cross a Princely Throne ;

That Head becomes a Royal Crown,

Which wore a thorny one.

Phil. 2.

8—11.

Heb. 2. 9.

Mat. 27.

29.

And one day Thou our King

In Glory wilt appear,

And Troops of Saints and Angels bring

T' attend thy Triumph here.

2 Theff. 1.

7.

Jude 14.

Glory to God on high,

Good Will to Men below :

If thus the Friendly Angels cry,

What Joy should Mortals show !

Luk. 2.14.

H Y M M

H Y M N XXI.

[As the 100 Psalm.]

Mat. 26. 36. FROM Supper to Gethsemane
Away our blessed LORD does hast;
Thither let's follow him, and see
How he begins of Death to taste.

Psa. 40. 12. (He saw of Sins an endless Scroul,
Isa. 1. 18. Millions of Sins of Crimson Red,
Isa. 53. 6. All meeting on his spotless Soul,
While he stood charg'd in Sinners stead.

2 Cor. 5. 11. He knew the Terrors of the LORD,
Rom. 6. 23. The Censures of his righteous Law;
Gen. 3. 24. Naked the bright avenging Sword,
And brandish'd o'er his Head he saw.)

Mat. 26. 38. Horror and Anguish on him seize,
His Soul's o'erwhelm'd with mortal Fears;
Heb. 5. 7. He groans, and as his Pangs increase,
Luk. 22. 44 Sweats Drops of Blood, weeps Floods of
(Tears

But who can tell how much he felt
Gal. 3. 13. On that Curs'd Tree whereon he dy'd?
Psal. 22. While's Heart like flowing Wax did melt,
74. 15. His Strength was like a Potsherd dry'd.

There, as his panting Body hung,
Luk. 22. 53 The Powers of Darknefs all combin'd,
Eph. 6. 16. Their flaming Arrows at him flung,
Heb. 2. 18. To fill with thousand Wounds his Mind.
Men,

(Men, by whose cruel Hands he bled, *Acts* 2. 23.
Ungrateful Men, for whom he dy'd, *Ver.* 39.
As void of Pity as of Dread, *Mat.* 27.
BlaspHEME him, and his Pains deride. 39—43.

His very Friends, like timorous Sheep, *Mat.* 26.
Are scatter'd from their Shepherd now: 31.
His Father's Anger wounds him deep, *Ver.* 56.
Down to the Dust this makes him bow.) *Mat.* 27.
46.

No Pains, no Cost our God would spare, *1 Pet.* 1. 18.
Revolted Sinners to regain;
That they might Robes of Glory wear, *Rev.* 7. 9.
And with him in his Kingdom reign. *Rev.* 5. 10.

Praise him ye Angels round his Throne,
Who us in Thought and Might excel; *Psa.* 103. 20
Praise him, his Servants every one,
Who in these lower Regions dwell. *Psa.* 134. 1.

H Y M N XXII.

MY Blessed Saviour, is thy Love *Ephes.* 3.
So great, so full, so free? 18, 19.
Behold I give my Love, my Heart, *Cant.* 6. 3.
My Life, my All, to Thee.

I love Thee for the glorious Worth *Cant.* 5.
In thy Great Self I see: 9, &c.
I love Thee for that shameful Cross, *1 John* 4.
Thou hast endur'd for me. 19.

Joh. 15. 13. No Man of greater Love can boast
Than for his *Friend* to die:
Rom. 5. 10. But for thy *Enemies* thou wast slain;
What Love with thine can vie!

Phil. 2. 6. Tho in the very Form of God,
Heb. 1. 3. With Heavenly Glory crown'd,
Joh. 1. 14. Thou wouldst partake of Human Flesh,
Heb. 4. 15. Beset with Troubles round.

Rom. 8. 3. Thou wouldst like wretched Man be made
Heb. 4. 15. In every thing but Sin;
2Pet. 1. 4. That we as *like* Thee might become,
As we *unlike* have been:

Phil. 2. 5. Like Thee in Faith, in Meekness, Love,
2 Cor. 3. 18. In every beauteous Grace;
From Glory thus to Glory chang'd,
As we behold thy Face.

Cant. 1. 3, 4. O LORD, I'll treasure in my Soul
The Mem'ry of thy Love:
And thy Dear Name shall still to me
A grateful Odor prove.

Psal. 16. 3. (Thy Friends, *the Excellent on Earth*,
Shall be my chief delight:
Psal. 1. 2. And when alone, I'll make thy Law
Pf. 119. 97. My Study Day and Night.

Psal. 84. 1. Where Thou dost pitch thy Tent, and where
Psal. 26. 8. Thy Honour deigns to dwell,
Psal. 29. 9. There I'll fix mine, and there reside,
There thy Love's Wonders tell.

The

The Pledges of thy Love shall there
Revive this Heart of mine;
Thy Love, more fragrant and more sweet
Than Bowls of Generous Wine.} *Cant. 2. 5.*
Cant. 1. 2.

H Y M N XXIII.

[As the 100 Psalm.]

O UR LORD a Banquet has prepar'd, *Isa. 55. 1, 2.*
And every hungry Soul invites;
Among his Friends at Table sits,
To bless 'em with refin'd Delights. *Cant. 1. 1, 2.*

The Grape's pure Blood, and Flower of *Deut. 32.*
Are proper Symbols to describe (Wheat *14.*
The Heavenly Bread Believers eat, *John 6.*
The Sacred Wine which they imbibe. *53-58.*

(*Salem's* Great Prince, *Melchisedeck*,
Priest of an Order most Divine, *Gen. 14. 18.*
The conquering Patriarch met, and fed *Pf. 110. 4.*
His weary Troops with Bread and Wine.)

Of the same Order Christ our Priest, *Heb. 5. 10.*
The other's Antitype, and Lord, *Ch. 6. 10.*
For Bread his broken Body gives,
And does for Wine his Blood afford.)

JESUS the King of Righteousness, *Heb. 7. 1, 2.*
And Prince of Peace, to entertain
Victorious Saints who bear his Arms, *Rom. 8. 37.*
Was willing to be bruise'd and slain. *Jahn 6 53.*

From

- Col. 3. 4. From Thee alone, O LORD of Life,
 John 6. Our Souls their Life of Grace derive :
 32, 33. By Thee, the true and living Bread,
 Gal. 2. 20. We're daily fed and kept alive.
- 2 Cor. 5. To Thee, LORD, we resolve to live,
 15. To thee who dost our Life sustain ;
 1 Theff. 4. And with Thee hope to live at last,
 16, 17. With Thee eternally to reign.

H Y M N XXIV.

- Psal. 96. 1. (Angels and Men, your Songs renew,
 Sing All with pious Mirth ;
 Ps. 96. 11. Rejoice and shout, ye Heavens above,
 And be thou glad, O Earth.)
- Rom. 8. 3. His Son the GOD of Grace sent down
 With sinful Men to dwell,
 John 8. The wretched Captives to redeem
 34, 36. From the wide Jaws of Hell.
- Heb. 9. (So heinous were our Crimes, so great
 9—12. Our Guilt ; that nothing less
 1 Pet. 1. Than the Effusion of his Blood
 18, 19. Could purchase our Release.)
- Heb. 10. 19
 1 Theff. 1. His Blood his Father's Wrath atones,
 10. Quenches Infernal Fire,
 1 Cor. 15. Disarms Death of its poison'd Sting,
 55, 56, 57. Makes Hell's black Troops retire.
 Heb. 2. 14.

- He gain'd this Victory alone,
 We in the Triumph share ;
 He wore our Thorns, that we with Him
 Might Crowns of Glory wear.
- Thy Love, O LORD our Righteousness,
 Our highest Thoughts transcends ;
 Divinely Free, and knows no Bounds ;
 Constant, and never ends.
- O may that Joy thy Favor brings,
 In all our Souls abound !
 So while our King at Table sits,
 Our Tongues his Praise shall sound.
- Of the sweet Fruits of Paradise,
 Thou giv'st us here a Taste ;
 Wisely reserving for thy Friends
 The best Wine to the last,
- To that bright endless Day, when we
 Shall hidden Manna eat
 Amid the Heav'nly Eden, where
 Our Bliss shall be compleat.

Isa. 63. 3.

Rev. 7. 9.
& 2. 10.

Jer. 23. 6.

Eph. 2. 13.

Psal. 136.
1, &c.

Phil. 4. 7.

Cant. 1. 12.
Ver. 4.

Ephes. 1. 7.

13, 14.

John 2. 10.

Rev. 2. 17.

1 Cor. 7.

H Y M N XXV.

Pfal. 8. **L**ORD, all the Works thy Hand has form'd
In Earth and Heaven above,
Pf. 107. 8, And all thy Tracks of Providence
15, 21, 31. Shew Thee a God of Love.

1 *John* 4. But thy surprizing Acts of Grace
10. To Adam's guilty Seed,
Loudly proclaim to all the World,
& 4, 8, 16. That God is LOVE indeed.

To Objects who deserve thy Wrath
Rom. 5. Thy boundless Love extends;
8, 10. Thou'rt kinder to thy Enemies
Joh. 15, 13. Than Men are to their Friends:

Eph. 1. 4. (Love drew the Model of our Bliss
5, 6, 7. In the Decrees Divine;
Conducts the Work, and will at length
John 13, 1. Compleat the vast Design.)

Love brought Heav'n's Heir down from his
Mat. 1. 23. Into a Virgin's Womb; (Throne
Fasten'd him to a Cursed Tree,
Joh. 19. 41. And laid him in a Tomb.

(In his Words, Deeds, and Sufferings all,
Prov. 31. The Law of Kindness reign'd;
26. Love open'd all his ghastly Wounds,
1 *John* 4. Thro which his Life was drain'd.
10.

His

His Love as freely tenders now
That meritorious Blood, *John* 6.
That broken Body, to our Souls *1* 51, &c.
The best and sweetest Food.

Love carry'd him up to his Throne, *Joh.* 16. 17.
There to prepare us room;
And Love will bring him down again *Heb.* 9. 28.
At last, to lead us home. *1* *Thess.* 4. 17.

H Y M N XXVI.

[As the 100 Psalm.]

HAst Thou, my Soul, thy Saviour view'd *Acts* 5. 30.
As on the Cross he hung and bled?
Hast seen his Bruises, Wounds, and Tears, *Heb.* 5. 7, 8.
Seen him bow down his dying Head?

(Hast heard how rudely he was jeer'd *Mat.* 27.
By those that made him groan and die? *39*—*43*.
Hast heard him amid their cruel Scoffs,
Ev'n rend the Heavens with his Cry, *Mat.* 27.
46.

That doleful Cry, *My God, my God,*
Why hast thou thy Son forsook!
Hast mark'd the Anguish of his Words,
The mortal Horror of his Look?) *Ver.* 50.

All this is much, yet 'tis not All;
But thou no proper Terms canst find *I* *sa.* 53. 10.
To paint the Torments of his Soul,
The inward Bruises of his Mind.

D

All

Isa. 53. 6. All this and more than thou, my Soul,
Canst tell or think, he did endure,
To screen thee from his Father's Wrath,
And thy Eternal Bliss secure.

Isa. 52. 14. Look back once more, and view his Head,
His Back, his Hands, his Feet, his Side;
And tell if any Sight like this
Is found in all the World beside.

Phil. 3. 8. No, all to me is Dung and Dross,
But my dear JESUS crucify'd:
Cant. 2. 3. Under the Shadow of his Cross
I'll fit me down, and there abide.

Job. 15. 13. His Wounds, the noblest Proofs of Love,
Cant. 5. 16. His Beauty too I there shall see,
Ezek. 16. Darting thro' his reproachful Veil
Its sweet and powerful Beams on me.

H Y M N XXVII.

[As the 25 Psalm.]

Heb. 4. 16. LORD, we approach thy Throne,
Heb. 3. 15. To thee Thank-Offerings bring;
Psal. 29. 9. For in thy Temple every one
Should of thy Glory sing.

Pf. 68. 16. There Thou art pleas'd to dwell,
Pfal. 27. 4. And there thy Beauty shines;
There to thy Fav'rites Thou dost tell
Pf. 25. 14. Thy great, thy good Designs.

Thy

Thy Table they draw near,
To which thy Calls invite;
They find the best of Dainties there,
And There to dwell delight.

Thy Flesh is Meat indeed,
Thy Blood the richest Wine;
How blest are they who often feed
On this Repast of thine!

While by our Sins to Thee
We fill'd a bitter Cup,
Thou mad'st this Noble Treat, that we
Might at thy Table sup.

(May Joy, with humble Fear,
A true Devotion raise
In all who are assembled here,
To celebrate thy Praise.

So while thy Courts resound
With Songs, we shall confess
That no such Pleasure's to be found
I' th' Tents of Wickedness.)

And if such Feasts as this
Yield so much Sweet below,
What Joys swim in those Floods of Bliss,
Which at thy right Hand flow?

HYMN XXVIII.

Pf. 51. 17. **O** LORD, Thou dost a broken Heart
And contrite Mind approve,
Wilt humble Penitents receive
With Pity, Joy, and Love.

Psal. 2. 11. Teach us o'er all our Sins to weep,
And in thy Grace rejoice;

Pf. 130. 4. To mix Confessions of our Guilt
With a Thanksgiving Voice.

John 16. 8. **O** let thy Spirit's Convincing Power
9, 10, 11. Dispose us to repent;

1 John 2. 20. That Holy Oil will soften Rocks,
Acts 2. 37. Make flinty Hearts relent.

Joh. 14. 16. Let that reviving Comforter

Eph. 1. 13. Seal to us pard'ning Grace;

Isa. 59. 2. Nor let the Sins we loath, eclipse
The Lustre of thy Face.)

1 John 2. 1. Behold our Glorious Advocate
At thy right Hand inthron'd,

Heb. 9. 26. Who by the Offering of his Blood
Has for them all aton'd.

He for our great and numerous Sins

Isa. 53. 3, 4. Once numerous Torments bore;
For them the Scourges, Thorns, and Nails,
His Flesh so rudely tore.

Rivers

Rivers of Blood ran from his Wounds, *Pf.* 22. 14.
His Eyes wept briny Show'rs; *Heb.* 5. 7.
And all this Pain and Grief he felt
For Crimes intirely ours. *Isa.* 53. 5, 6.

LORD, since our Pardon cost so dear,
Yet comes to us so free,
Whence is it that our narrow Souls
Shew no more Love to Thee?

1 Pet. 1.
18, 19.

May this Endearing Love of thine,
By thousand Torments prov'd,
Increase our Love and Zeal to Thee,
Who us so much hast lov'd.

Luke 7. 47.

1 Cor. 6. 20.

HYMN XXIX.

[As the 100 Psalm.]

ETernal Father, how Divine,
How Noble is this Gift of thine!
That thou shouldst send thy only Son,
Rom. 8. 32.
That Holy, Lov'd, and Lovely One; *Mat.* 3. 17.

The noblest Object of thy Love,
Prov. 8. 31.
To leave his Throne and Crown above, *Phil.* 2. 6,
To dwell with Mortals here below, 7, 8.
And Death for them to undergo!

And Thou, blest Saviour, who didst come *Prov.* 8. 31.
So freely from thy Heav'nly Home, *Psal.* 46.
To make thy Self a Sacrifice 6, 7, 8.
For Criminals and Enemies:

D 3

How

How full of Wonder is that Love
Job. 17. 5. That could determine thee to move
 From thy Illustrious Palace, where
 The Heav'nly Host did Thee revere !

Isa. 6. com. (Where Flaming *Seraphs* bow'd before
 par'd with Thy awful Scepter, to adore
John 12. Thy Holy Holy Holy Name,
 37-42. And thy Perfections to proclaim !)

Love made thee all this Glory leave,
Heb. 10. 20 A Veil of Human Flesh receive,
Isa. 53. To live in Grief and Misery,
 And after all to bleed and die !

To die a Death the most accurst,
Phil. 2. 8. And of all Deaths the very worst ;
Mat. 27. To be with lingring Torments slain,
 28—31 Abus'd with Scoffs and vile Disdain !

All this Thou hast endur'd, that we
1 Cor. 1. Holy and Happy too might be ;
 30. And with Thee in thy Kingdom reign,
Rev. 20. 6. When Thou, dear LORD, shalt come again.

H Y M N

H Y M N XXX.

YOU that the Holy JESUS love,
 Give Honour to his Name ; *Cant. 1. 4.*
 The great Atchievements of his Grace
 In thankful Verse proclaim.

Tho' what your highest Thoughts surmounts
 Can never be exprest ; *Eph. 3. 18,*
 Yet something of it you may tell, *19.*
 And wonder out the rest.

Remember all his mighty Deeds,
 His Sorrows all review ; *Phil. 2. 6,*
 How he abas'd his Glorious Self, *7, 8.*
 To bleed and die for you.

Remember all the Shame and Scorn,
 The Vinegar and Gall, *Pf. 69. 21.*
 The gaping Wounds thro' which he pour'd *Mat. 27.*
 His Vital Juices all.

(His Sorrows, as his Vertues, were *Cant. 5.*
 Innumerable found ; *9, &c.*
 Troubles from Earth, from Heaven and Hell, *Isa. 53. 3.*
 His spotless Soul surround.

Crucify'd by the worst of Men, *Acts 3. 13,*
 Foraken by the best ; *14, 15.*
 With th' endless Number of our Sins, *Mat. 26.*
 Sin's mighty Weight oppress'd,) *56.*
Pf. 40. 12.

D 4

He

- Gal.* 3. 13. He felt the Curses of the Law,
Mat. 27. His Father's Wrath sustain'd ;
 46. Endur'd the cruel shock of all
Luke 22. The Powers of Hell unchain'd.
 53.
Acts 1. 9, But after all victorious prov'd,
 20. In Triumph did ascend,
2Tim. 4. 8. And now prepares us Crowns and Thrones,
Rev. 3. 21. And Joys that ne'er shall end.

H Y M N XXXI.

[As the 25 Psalm.]

- John* 6. 32, **L** ORD, Thou hast treated us
 33, 34. Thy Body, as upon the Cross,
 The painful Cross, it bled.
Mat. 26. Thy Blood's a precious Wine,
 27, 28. The Heart of God it cheers ;
Judg. 9. 13. With Heav'nly Sweets, and Joys Divine,
Rom. 8. It calms our guilty Fears.
 33, 34.
Job. 19. 34. A Living Spring thy Side,
 19. Thy pierc'd Side did impart,
Pf. 22. 14. Thro which a vital Juice did glide
 Down from thy melting Heart.
Pf. 22. 16. This Crimson Stream, with those
 Thy Hands and Feet did yield,
Zech. 13. 1. A Bath for Sinners does compose,
 In which they're cleans'd and heal'd.

Such

- Such Blessings, LORD, in Thee,
 If at thy Cross we meet,
 What Joys will in thy Kingdom be,
 Joys how Divinely Sweet!
 (When thou with Glory crown'd,
 Thy Saints on Thrones wilt place,
 And satiate all thy Guests around
 With th' Vision of thy Face.
 From that blest Paradise
 None e'er shall be exil'd ;
 None by a Serpent's tempting Voice,
 Of Joy and Life beguil'd.)
 The Tree of Life shall chase
 Death thence, and all its Fears :
 Rivers of Pleasure there have place,
 And there are none of Tears.

H Y M N XXXII.

[As the 100 Psalm.]

- L** ET all who love our Saviour's Name, *Cant.* 1.
 That Name so full of Heav'nly Grace, 3, 4.
 In Songs of Triumph spread his Fame
 Thro every Age, and every Place.
 He kindly laid aside his Crown,
 And Robes of awful Majesty ;
 And in a Servant's Form came down
 To bear a Cross, and on it die.

With

Heb. 5. 7.

Luk. 22. 44. (With Tears, and Sweat, and Blood imbrud,

Isa. 53. 7. This Holy Lamb was sacrific'd;

Mat. 27. Jeer'd by the barbarous Multitude,

40—44. And by profaner Priests despis'd.

1 Cor. 15. But dying thus, he pluck'd the Sting
54—57. From Death; and rising from the Grave,
Job 18. 14. He triumph'd o'er the mighty King
Heb. 2. 14. Of Terrors, as a Captive Slave.]

Acts 1. 9, Then to his Heav'nly Throne was rais'd,
10. Whence he'll descend again, to be
Phil. 2. 9, Thro' the whole World ador'd and prais'd
10, 11. By every Tongue, and every Knee.

(Tho' Tears, and Blood, and Spittle here
Clouded, profan'd, and marr'd his Face,
Rev. 1. 16. The Mid-day Sun is not so clear,
Now 'tis adorn'd with Heavenly Grace.)

Rev. 5. Angelick Songs his Beauties praise,
9, &c. While, clad in glorious Robes of Light,
Mat. 17. 2. He darts innumerable Rays
1 Tim. 6. Around, for mortal Eyes too bright.

16.
Ezek. 16. This Glory Adam's Sons partake,
5—15. Who once deform'd and odious were;
1 Job. 1. 7. For that pure Blood he shed, can make
A Leprous Sinner clean and fair.

2 Cor. 5. 4. Our Bodies too he will refine;
Phil. 3. 21. Vile Bodies, under which we groan,
Shall with Immortal Beauty shine,
Render'd all lovely like his Own.

HYMN

HYMN XXXIII.

WHAT wondrous things we now behold 1 Tim. 3.
At this Mysterious Board! 16.
What copious Matter for a Song Gal. 3. 1.
Of Praises they afford! Mat. 26.
30.

Extended on a Cross we see
The Lord whom we adore,
Both giving and receiving Wounds, Col. 2. 15.
Bath'd in triumphant Gore.

(No Victor's Robe so rich a Dye Jsa. 63. 1.
Before did ever stain,
No Champion such a Victory Heb. 2. 14,
Before did ever gain. 15.

Glory and Strength his Torments add
To all his mighty Deeds; Heb. 2. 19.
His Enemies fly, and fall the more,
The more he groans and bleeds.)

Tho' the Law's Curse lights on his Head, Gal. 3. 13.
While Satan wounds his Heel, Gen. 3. 15.
His Body's bruise'd by Men, his Heart 1 Cor. 15.
Death's cruel Sting does feel; 56.

Yet with firm Courage he o'er all
Bears up his Conquering Head,
Till on their Captive Necks his Feet Col. 2. 14,
In solemn Triumph tread. 15.

This

- Ia.* 63. 3. This Shock our Lord sustain'd Alone,
Heb. 10. But makes us share the Spoils ;
 12, 13, 14. He felt his Father's dreadful Frowns,
Mat. 27. That we might have his Smiles.
 26.
Rom. 8. 15.
Ia. 1. 6. To cure our Wounds and putrid Sores,
 & 53. 5. Was pierc'd in every Limb ;
Gal. 3. 13. His Cross, our Tree of Life, became
 & 4. 4, 5. A Tree of Death to him.
- Rev.* 1. 18. But tho once Dead, He's now Alive,
 And lives for evermore ;
 2 *Tim.* 3. Then let his Saints, whose Life is hid
 12. In Christ, his Name adore.

H Y M N XXXIV.

[As the 100 Psalm.]

- Pet.* 2. 3. COME let us all, who here have seen,
 And tasted of our Saviour's Grace,
 From his blest Table to his Cross,
 In Thought, his weary Footsteps trace.
- Luk.* 23. 33 Let's trace Him up to Calvary,
 Not leave him as his Followers did,
Mat. 26. Who having at his Table sup'd,
 56. Forsook their suffering Lord, and fled.
- John* 18. 1. (Into the Garden first he goes,
Mat. 26. Where Mortal Fears beset him round ;
 38. Sin's pressing Weight o'erwhelms his Soul,
Mark 14. And sinks his Body to the Ground.
 35- Here,

- Here, prostrate as he lies, he groans,
 Pouring out Prayers with fervent Cries,
 Till he sweats Drops of Blood, to mix
Luk. 22. 44 With Floods that issue from his Eyes.
Heb. 5. 7.
- Yet are his Sorrows but begun ;
 By one Disciple he's betray'd,
 Another Him with Oaths denies,
Mat. 26. The rest all run like Sheep afraid.)
 48.
Ver. 69, 80
Ver. 31, 56.
- Falsly accus'd, he's doom'd to die ;
 Loaded with Blaphemy and Scorn,
 He's rudely buffeted and bound,
Ver. 59, 60
 67, 68. His Sacred Flesh with Scourges torn.
Mat. 27. 2.
Ver. 26.
- His Temples wear a Wreath of Thorns,
 Spittle his reverend Face profanes ;
 His weary Shoulders bear a Cross,
Ver. 29. On which he suffers Mortal Pains.
John 19. 17, 18.
- Between two Thieves he lingring dies,
 While thousand Tortures on him meet ;
Mat. 27. His Heart's dissolv'd within, his Blood
 38. Flows out in Streams from Hands and Feet.
Psal. 22. 14, 15, 16.
- These Streams, join'd with that other Flood
John 19. That gush'd out from his wounded Side,
 34. Compose a Sovereign Bath, wherein
Zech. 13. 3. The Leprous Soul is purify'd.

H Y M N

H Y M N XXXV.

- Psal.* 65. 4. **H** Appy are they our LORD has chose
In his blest Courts to dwell ;
His Praifes still their Thoughts employ,
Psal. 29. 9. Their Tongues his Glory tell.
- Psal.* 27. 4. (There He his Loveliness makes known
To all who love his Name ;
Isa. 28. 5. To them He is a glorious Crown,
And beauteous Diadem.)
- Psal.* 23. 5. With a Celestial Banquet there
His Table's richly spread ;
Luke 22. The Wine's the Tincture of his Veins,
19, 20. His Body is the Bread.
- Cant.* 5. 1. (To entertain his happy Friends,
Psal. 23. 5. He oft repeats his Call ;
Mat. 22. Pours fragrant Oil upon their Heads,
11, 12. Gives Robes to clothe 'em all.
- Isa.* 57. 15. Nay, every contrite Mind to him
Pf. 51. 17. A Holy Temple proves :
For humble Souls are his Delight,
And He dwells where he loves.)
- He at the Door of every Heart
Rev. 3. 20. Does friendly Calls renew ;
" Open to Me, and you shall sup
" With Me, and I with you.

And

- And will the High and Lofly One
Vouchsafe to dwell with Men ?
Open *Eternal Doors*, and let
The King of Glory in.
Isa. 57. 15.
Pfal. 24.
7, &c.
- This Entertainment, LORD, of Thine,
So gen'rous and so free,
Cost many a Pang, and many a Groan,
And many a Wound to Thee,
1 Pet. 1.
18, 19.
- Eternal Praise to thy Great Name,
By all the Host of Heaven,
By every Nation, every Tongue,
And every Heart be given.
Revel. 5.
9, &c.

H Y M N XXXVI.

[As the 100 Psalm.]

- W**HAT mighty Conqueror do we see,
Whose Garments are distain'd
(with Blood,
Whose rich Apparel seems to be
All tinctur'd in a Crimson Flood ?
Isa. 63. 1.
- Like one who has the Winepress trod,
Whose Clothes the Grape has purpl'd o'er ?
'Tis the *Eternal Son* of God,
All full of Wounds, all stain'd with Gore.
Rev. 2.
Isa. 53. 5.
- A *Mighty Conqueror* indeed,
Who conquers by receiving Blows ;
To give Wounds, is content to bleed ;
And by his Death subdues his Foes.
Heb. 2. 14.
15.

He

Isa. 63. 3. He treads 'em down, tho' all Alone,
And with their Blood his Vesture's stain'd;
But first is all bath'd in his own,
His own by many a Wound is drain'd.)

Col. 2. 15. His Blood Hell's subtle Powers confounds,
To them a Mortal Liquor proves;

Luke 10. But is a Balm to heal our Wounds,
34. A Wine to cheer the Souls he loves.

Joh. 19. 34. The Vessels that contain'd this Juice,
& 20. 25. A Spear and ruder Nails did broach;
And while his Flesh they pierce and bruise,
Pf. 69. 20. His Heart is broken with Reproach.

Isa. 53. 5. But bruis'd, and broke, and mangled thus,
This Sacrifice our Pardon gain'd;
Mat. 26. And thus prepar'd, is Food to us,
26, 27. By which we live, and are sustain'd.

Pf. 78. 24. Thrice happy they, whose Tents around
Pf. 116. 13. Such Heavenly Blessings still are spread!
John 6. Whose Cup is with Salvation crown'd,
31, 32, 33. Their Board with True and Living Bread!

Rom. 5. 20. Praise Him whose Mercies know no end,
2 Chron. But to a vaster Sum arise
28. 9. Than Sins themselves; for these extend
Pf. 108. 4. To Heaven, but those above the Skies.

HYMN

HYMN XXXVII.

[As the 100 Psalm.]

Others may tell of famous things
Done by their Heroes and their Kings;
The LORD we serve, them all exceeds
For mighty Sufferings, mighty Deeds.

The Torments he has undergone, *1 Pet.* 1.
The glorious Trophies he has won, 12.
Armies of wondrous Angels cause *Rev.* 5.
To fill the Heavens with loud Applause.) 11, 12.

Deep in our Breasts let us record *1 Cor.* 11.
The Story of our Dying LORD: 24, 25, 26.
As we his kind Memorials view, *Mat.* 26.
Our Wonder, and our Songs renew. 30.

From Heaven the Lord of Glory came, *Jam.* 2. 1.
On Earth to bear Reproach and Shame; *Isa.* 50. 6.
The Son of God his Face to veil, *John* 1. 14.
Assumes a Body weak and frail.

(The King of Kings a Crown adorns, *Rev.* 19. 16
Instead of Gems, all set with Thorns: *Isa.* 6. 3.
He whom the Angels prais'd and blest, compar'd
Is made the Rabble's Scorn and Jest. with *John*
12. 41.)

The Meek, the Just, the Holy One *Mat.* 21. 5.
Under the Weight of Sin does groan. *Ath.* 3. 14,
The Prince of Life would learn to die, 15.
And be as Low as he was High.) *Phil.* 2. 6,
7, 8.

1 Tim. 4.8. He that distributes Crowns and Thrones,
 Rev. 3. 21. Hangs on a Tree, and bleeds, and groans:
 Ath. 10.39. He on a Cross relights his Breath,
 Rev. 1. 18. Who keeps the Keys of Hell and Death.

'Twas thus, because he'd have it so,

Job. 10.11 That we his Wondrous Love might know;
 Mat. 26. To rescue us, he was betray'd;
 48, 49, 50. To make us free, a Prisoner made;

Pf. 22.15. (To raise us, in the Dust did roll;
 Isa. 53.4,5. Bore many Wounds, to make us whole;
 To give us Pleasure, felt our Pain;
 Rom. 6.23. And dy'd, that we might Life obtain.

1 Cor. 15. Thus Sin, Death, and the Powers of Hell,
 54-57. Conquer'd, disarm'd, and wounded fell.
 Gal. 2.15. He mounted then his Throne above,
 Eph. 4. 8. And conquers Sinners by his Love.)
 2 Cor. 5.20.

LORD, since our Pardon, and our Bliss,

1 Cor. 6.20. Were bought at such a Price as this;
 1 Cor. 7. As Thou art ours, we're Thine alone;
 22, 23. Thine will we be, and not our own.

H Y M N

Hymn 38. Lord's Supper.

H Y M N XXXVIII.

WHEN Christ, at Simon's Table plac'd, Luke 7.
 His sacred Doctrine taught; 36, 37, 38.
 A Penitent behind him stood,
 Whom Love had thither brought.

She with Devotion kiss'd his Feet,
 Bath'd 'em with flowing Eyes;
 Then dries 'em with her spreading Locks,
 And fragrant Oil applies.

('Twas Love these Funeral Tears prepar'd Ver. 47.
 Before her LORD was dead; Mat. 26.
 Officers Love supply'd the Balm, 12.
 Before his Wounds had bled.

Her Faith the Virtue of his Blood
 Apply'd, before 'twas spilt;
 To wash her Soul from every Stain,
 And expiate her Guilt.) 1 John 1.7.

The Saviour's sympathizing Heart
 Her pious Sorrow feels;
 Commends her Faith, her Love applauds, Ver. 47, 50.
 His pard'ning Grace reveals.

Thus every Soul succeeds, that bows
 At the Redeemer's Feet;
 Those who repent, believe and love,
 Christ at his Table meet.

Rom. 5. 20, The Motions of thy Sovereign Grace,
 21. LORD, let no Sin controul;
 Forgiving Glances from thy Eyes
 Will ravish every Soul.

These Faithful Pledges of thy Love
 Declare Thee still the same :
 Luk. 22. 19 For these Memorials of thy Cross
 We praise thy Sacred Name.

H Y M N XXXIX.

[As the 100 Psalm.]
 Gal. 2. 20. COME let us go and die with Him,
 Who was content to die for us ;
 Isa. 53. 5, 6. Let's wound and crucify those Sins
 That nail'd our Saviour to his Cross.

2 Cor. 7. 11. (May Holy Indignation raise
 A Just Revenge in every Breast !
 Ps. 97. 10. May every Soul, that JESUS loves,
 The very Thoughts of Sin detest !

Rom. 2. 8, 9. Hence all ye viprous Brood of Vice,
 That bring a Train of endless Woes ;
 O how I loath and hate you now,
 As mine and as my Saviour's Foes !)

As 2. 23. Yours are the bloody Hands that seiz'd,
 That bound, that buffeted, that slew
 Ch. 3. 14, The Lord of Life, and on the Cross
 15. Your poison'd Arrows at him threw.

You

(You are the barbarous Enemies, Luk. 19. 14.
 Who still refuse that Christ should reign ; Ver. 27.
 Justice demands you should be drag'd Numb. 15.
 Without the Camp, and there be slain. 35.

Hence all your vain deluding Arts, Heb. 13.
 Which the unwary Soul beguile ; 11, 12, 13.
 These have no charms for one that sees Heb. 3. 13.
 Redeeming Mercy on him smile.) Gal. 6. 4.

My Robes, when wash'd in sacred Blood, Rev. 7. 13.
 Shall I again with Blots deface ? 14.
 My Soul, by Grace advanc'd to Heav'n, Ch. 3. 4.
 Shall I again to Hell debase ? Luke 10.
 15.

Prevent me, O Almighty Grace !
 Nor let me e'er so treacherous prove,
 To crucify my LORD afresh,
 And render Hate for all his Love ! Heb. 6. 6.
 Ps. 109. 4,
 5.

His Life the Model be of mine ; 1 Pet. 2.
 His Word the Rule to guide my Ways ; 21, 22. 6
 His Cross the Death of all my Crimes ; Col. 3. 16.
 His Love the Subject of my Praise. Rom. 6. 6.
 Rev. 5. 8.

HYMN XL.

- Heb. 12. 22.* **L**ET all, who enter *Sion's Gate,*
Pf. 100. 4. And in God's sacred Courts attend,
Heb. 4. 16. Praise him before his Holy Seat,
Eph. 3. 18. Whose Mercy knows no Bounds or End.
 19.
Pf. 103. 1. (To the Soul's inward Harmony
Pf. 100. 1. Join the sweet Musick of the Tongue ;
1 Cor. 14. No jarring Thought admitted be,
 15. No Mind untun'd, no Heart unstrung.)
Col. 3. 16.
Rom. 8. 32. Praise Him, who did not spare to send
 From Heaven his own Eternal Son,
Heb. 10. 20 To veil himself in Flesh, and end
Isa. 53. 2, 3. That Life in Blood which Tears begun.
John 1. 18. Praise that Redeemer, who forsook
Phil. 2. 6. The Bosom of his Father's Love;
 7. The Guilt of Sinners on him took,
2 Cor. 5. 21. The Pain without the Crime to prove.
Isa. 53. 8, 6.
Mat. 3. 16. And praise that bright Immortal Dove,
Pf. 14. 3. Who contrite Hearts with Joy inspires,
Rom. 5. 5. And sheds abroad Redeeming Love,
 To warm our Breasts with holy Fires.
 1 *Job. 5. 7.* O praise the Sacred Three in One,
 To whose Love, Wisdom, Pow'r, we owe
 2 *Tim. 1. 20* That Bliss which is in Time begun,
 But shall with Time no period know.

HYMN

HYMN XLI.

- T**HE Sun of Righteousness has shin'd,
 And God's new Cov'nant has reveal'd ;
 Christ's Hand the sacred Bond has sign'd,
 His Blood the sacred Bond has seal'd.
Mal. 4. 2.
Luke 1. 78.
Heb. 8. 6.
Pf. 40. 6, 7.
Luk. 22. 20
 (His numerous Promises assure
 Salvation on his Father's part :
 Salvation can't but be secure,
 When purchas'd with his bleeding Heart.
2 Cor. 1. 20.
Heb. 9. 13,
14, 15.

- The kind Testator freely dies,
 To ratify this Testament :
 The Sacred Dove from Glory flies,
 To gain the Sinner's free Consent.)
Ver. 15, 17.
Mat. 3. 16.
John 16.
 7 — 16.
 The Table of the LORD displays
 The Dear Memorials of his Love :
 The Church below applauds his Grace,
 In Confort with the Church above.
Luk. 22. 19.
Rev. 7.
 9 — 15.

- LORD, when we gave our selves to Thee,
 Drawn by the charming Bands of Love,
 We vow'd for ever Thine to be,
 And by thy Grace will Constant prove.
2 Cor. 8. 5.
Hbf. 11. 4.
1 Pet. 3. 21.

- Thee we have always Gracious found,
 Thy Promises are firm and true :
 The Tyes wherewith our Souls are bound,
 We now most solemnly renew.
Pfal. 36.
 5 — 8.
Pfal. 119.
 106.

E 4

Command,

Acts 9. 6. Command, and we'll obey thy Call;
Mark 8. We'll take our Cross, and follow Thee
 34. 35. To Prison, to the Judgment-Hall,
Joh. 18. 15. Without the Gate to *Calvary*.

Ch. 19. 26,
 27. Since Thou art ours, may we retain
Cant. 2. 16. Thy Sacred Image which we bear :
Col. 3. 10. Since we are thine, may we remain
Pf. 119. 38. Ever devoted to thy Fear.

1 Chron. 29. Our selves to Thee, LORD, we resign,
 10—18. All we possess to Thee belongs ;
Pf. 56. 12. Thou hast our Vows, our Hearts are thine,
 And Thou shalt ever have our Songs.)

H Y M N XLII.

[As the 100 Psalm.]

COME let us bless the Glorious Name
Mat. 1. 22. Of our Great Prince *Immanuel*,
 23. Who from Heaven's highest Regions came,
Pf. 86. 13. To save us from the lowest Hell.

Acts 3. 15. Nor did this *Prince of Life* disdain
1 Tim. 3. 16. A mortal Body to assume ;
Isa. 53. 3, 4. To live in sorrow, die in pain,
Mat. 27. And be inter'd within a Tomb.
 60.
Rom. 5. 21. That Men, by Guilt of Life bereav'd,
 Might have their num'rous Crimes forgiven ;
Rom. 5. 10. Rebels might be to Grace receiv'd,
Heb. 12. T' enlarge the Family of Heaven.

22, 23.

Th'An-

Th'Angelick Host this Grace admire, *1 Pet.* 1. 12.
 Which reconciles Apostate Man ;
 To sound that Mystick Deep desire, *Heb.* 9. 5.
 Contriv'd before the World began. *Eph.* 1. 4, 5.

(They with soft Musick fill'd the Air,
 When first our Saviour drew his Breath : *Luk.* 2. 13,
 They hear'd his mind oppress'd with Care, *Mat.* 4. 11.
 When tempted, and approaching Death) *Luk.* 22. 43

They now around his Throne above *Rev.* 5. 11,
 To Heav'nly Ayres their Voices raise ; *12.*
 With humble Joy that Grace approve *Rev.* 7. 11,
 Which yields 'em endless Songs of Praise. *12.*

While they loud *Hallelujah's* sing *Rev.* 19. 1.
 Above our Notes, our Thoughts above ;
 In glad *Hosanna's* to our King *Mat.* 21. 9.
 We'll sing of Reconciling Love.

H Y M N XLIII.

BEhold the Saviour of the World
 Embr'd with Sweat and Gore, *Mat.* 27.
 Expiring on that shameful Cross,
 Where he our Sorrows bore !

Compassion for lost Human Race
 Brought down Heav'n's only Son,
 To veil in flesh his radiant Face,
 And for their Sins atone. *Heb.* 2. 14,
15, 16, &c.
Heb. 1. 3.

Who

Who can to love his Name forbear,
 1 Pet. 1. That of his Sufferings hears,
 18, 19. And finds the Ransom of his Soul
 Was Blood as well as Tears?

Thy Sacred Blood, O Son of God!
 Which ran from many a Wound;
 Psa. 22. 12, When Earth's and Hell's malicious Pow'rs
 13. All compass'd thee around:

Till Death's pale Ensigns o'er thy Cheeks
 Job. 19. 30. And trembling Lips were spread;
 Till Light forsook thy dying Eyes,
 And Life thy drooping Head.]

Jsa. 53. 4, Joy for thy Torments we receive,
 5. Life in thy Death have found;
 Rev. 7. 14, For the Reproaches of thy Cross
 15, &c. Shall be with Glory crown'd.

1 Job. 4. 19. May we a grateful Sense retain
 Of thy Redeeming Love!
 1 John 3. 3. And live *below* like those that hope
 To live with Thee *above*!

HYMN

HYMN XLIV.

While thy Love's Pledges we receive 1 Cor. 11.
 In this blest Supper, LORD, we see 26.
 What grateful Tribute, what Returns Psa. 116.
 Of Love and Praise we owe to Thee. 12.

(O may thy Altar's holy Fire Jsa. 6. 5,
 In flame our Hearts, refine our Tongues! 6, 7.
 May Love Divine our Breasts inspire Cant. 1. 3,
 With Heav'nly Thoughts, and Heav'nly 4.
 Songs!)

Tho to extol thy Wondrous Grace Eph. 3. 18,
 Our Thoughts and Words too low will prove; 19.
 Thou, LORD, wilt ne'er refuse a Song Job 37.
 From any Heart that's tun'd with Love; 19, 20.

While to thy Cross we turn our Eyes,
 And there thy Agonies review; Jsa. 53. 4,
 What we deserv'd, but Thou hast born, 5, 6.
 Thy Wounds, thy Groans, thy Torments
 (thw.)

While Terror o'er thy Soul was spread, Mat. 27.
 Thy cruel Foes reviling food; 39.
 While Clouds of Wrath burst on thy Head, Jsa. 53. 10.
 They bath'd their Hands in Sacred Blood.

(The Sun astonish'd hid his Face, Mat. 27.
 The Heavens a sable Garment wore; 45.
 The frighted Earth's Foundations shook, Ver. 51.
 And solid Rocks asunder tore:

The

Heb. 9. 7, 8. The Temple's Veil was rent, to shew
Heav'n's Throne unveil'd to our High
(Priest;

Mat. 27. The opening Graves, and rising Saints,
52. The Virtue of his Death confest.)

Acts 3. 15. Thou, LORD of Life, didst soon revive;

Ch. 2. 24. Nor could thy Tomb Thee long retain,

John 10. Who to lay down thy Life hadst pow'r,
18. And pow'r to take it up again.

Isa. 57. 14. Thy Body, once with Wounds deform'd,

Rev. 1. Does now with Heav'nly Glory shine,

13—18. Adorn'd, and made a Temple fit
For such a beauteous Soul as thine.

Gal. 2. 20. As once upon the cursed Tree

Phil. 3. 21. Our Sins, with Thee our Saviour, dy'd:

Rev. 7. 9, So, LORD, we hope to rise like Thee,
10, &c. And sing thy Triumphs at thy Side.

H Y M M XLV.

Pf. 84. 1. **H**OW glorious is this Holy Place,

John 6. 48. Where Bread of Life is giv'n!

Gen. 28. This surely is the House of God!

16, 17. This is the Gate of Heav'n!

JESUS, the Master of the Feast,

Vouchsafes his Presence here;

1 Cor. 10. The Cup of Blessing passes round,

16. The pious Guests to cheer.

Dainties

(Dainties that Royal Tables bear,
And Bowls of ruddy Wine,
Can't with this Nobler Board compare,
Crown'd with a Feast Divine.

Cant. 1. 2.

Pf. 5. 6, 7.

Hence faithless Doubts, desponding Fears

No more our Joys molest;

Hence all vain Thoughts, and vile Desires

No more our Souls infest.)

Mat. 9. 2.

Luke 7. 47.

&c.

Rom. 6. 2.

Can Sinners doubt their Pardon, when

Their Judg upon 'em smiles?

Can they ungratefully rebel

Whom JESUS reconciles?

Eph. 5. 2.

Rom. 12. 1.

(The Merit of his Blood can calm

The Soul with Guilt oppress;

The Torments of his Cross can make

The Soul all Sin detest.)

Heb. 10. 22.

Ch. 9. 14.

JESUS, we lift our Hearts to Thee,

To Thee our longing Eyes;

To Thee our solemn Vows address,

To Thee our ardent Cries.

John 3.

14, 15.

Zech. 12.

10.

O may our Sins, that made Thee bleed,

All on thy Cross expire!

O may the Joys, thy Banquet gives,

Equal our warm Desire!

Gal. 2. 20.

Pf. 84. 2.

Cant. 2. 3.

4.

So shall we mount upon the Wings

Of cheerful Hope and Love;

And here begin the Songs that we

Shall better sing above.

Rev. 7.

H Y M M

HYMN XLVI.

- Y**E happy Guests, who meet around
This Table, your Oblations bring:
Pf. 50.23. Here every one's a Priest, who has
1 Pet. 2.5. A Heart to love, and Tongue to sing.
- Eph. 5. 2.* Our Saviour's bleeding Sacrifice
Heb. 13. His boundless Love and Grace displays;
15, 16. As a just Homage, he demands
Our Sacrifice of Love and Praise.
- Rev. 1. 5.* 'Twas Love expos'd him to Reproach,
To unexampled Grief and Pain:
1 Job. 3 16 Less Power than that of Love Divine,
Job. 15. 13. Nor would nor could his Cross sustain.
- Mat. 26.* (See him abandon'd by his Friends;
56. By a perfidious Kiss betray'd;
V. 48, 49. Sold as a despicable Slave;
Luke 22. With Swords and Staves a Pris'ner made.
4, 5, 47.
V. 57. See him to the Tribunal led,
V. 59, 60, There charg'd with Crimes by Men sub-
Luke 23. (orn'd;
Mar. 14. By Princes and by Priests condemn'd,
65. And by the vilest Wretches scorn'd.
Heb. 1. 6.
- That Awful Face, which low Respect
From prostrate Angels did command,
Mat. 27. Spat on by Men of servile state,
27—30. And struck by each rude Soldier's hand.)

Bearing

Bearing his Cross to *Golgotha,* *John 19.*
With labouring steps behold him go; *16, 17.*
And from his Wounds, when open'd there, *Pf. 22. 16.*
O see what crimson Rivers flow! *Job. 19. 34.*

Plung'd in these Streams, our guilty Souls *1 Job. 1. 7.*
Purg'd from their numerous Sins shall be:
Justice and Mercy, tho' provok'd *Rom. 3. 26.*
By us, **OLORD,** are pleas'd with Thee. *Mar. 3. 17.*

O Lamb of God! who bor'st our Guilt, *Job. 1. 29.*
To thee immortal Praise belongs:
While we thy Love and Sufferings sing, *Rev. 7. 11,*
Angels shall hear, and join their Songs. *12.*
Luke 2.
13, 14.

HYMN

H Y M N XLVII.

Mat. 1. 21. JESUS! O Word Divinely sweet!
Mt. 52. 7, How charming is the Sound!
 8, 9. What joyful News! what Heavenly Sense
 In that dear Name is found!

Rom. 3. 23. Our Souls were guilty, and condemn'd
Eph. 2. 12. In hopeleſs Fetters lay;
Rom. 3. Our Souls with numerous Sins deprav'd,
 10—19. To Death and Hell a Prey.

Col. 1. 14. Jeſus, to purge away this Guilt,
 A willing Victim fell;
Col. 2. 14, And on his Croſs Triumphant broke
 15. The Bands of Death and Hell.

Heb. 2. 14, Our Foes were mighty to deſtroy,
 15. He mightier was to ſave:
Aſſ. 2. He dy'd, but could not long be held
 24—28. A Priſ'ner in the Grave.

Heb. 7. 25. JESUS! who mighty art to ſave,
 Still puſh thy Conqueſts on;
 Extend the Triumphs of thy Croſs
Mat. 1. 11. Where'er the Sun has ſhone.

Heb. 2. 10. O Captain of Salvation! make
 Thy Power and Mercy known:
Pſal. 110. That Crouds of willing Converts may
 1, 2, 3. Worſhip before thy Throne.

H Y M N

H Y M N XLVIII.

[As the 100 Pſalm.]

THOU haſt o'ercome: LORD, who can (prove
 Invincible to Heav'nly Love? *2 Cor.* 5.
 My conquer'd Soul I muſt reſign *14, 15.*
 To that victorious Arm of Thine. *Pſ.* 45. 2,
 3, 4, 5

Thy Grace, whoſe wondrous Pow'r imparts
 The tend'reſt Senſe to ſtinty Hearts, *Aſſ.* 2. 37.
 My inmoſt Soul with Love inſpires, *1 John* 4.
 And mixes Joy with pure Deſires. *9, 10.*

(For who, my LORD, can love like Thee? *Eph.* 3. 18,
 Whoſe Love was e'er ſo Great, ſo Free? *19.*
 Angels may well admire the Flame, *1 Pet.* 2. 3.
 But they have never felt the ſame.

Nor Men whom Nature has ally'd, *Rom.* 5. 6,
 Or ſtrideſt Bonds of Friendſhip ty'd; *7, 8.*
 Who ever did his Life expoſe,
 To ranſom his ungrateful Foes?) *Ver.* 10.

But Thou, O Son of God, didſt take
 Frail human Nature for our ſake; *Phil.* 2. 7.
 The Grievs of human Life didſt try, *1ſa.* 53. 4.
 And on a Croſs for Rebels die.

This Offering well deſerves that We *Rom.* 12. 19
 Should ſacrifice our Selves to Thee;
 And where we owe ſo vaſt a Debt, *Ch.* 14. 7,
 To pay our Homage ne'er forget. *8, 9.*

F

T O

Act. 17. 28. To Thee, in whom we live and move,
Gal. 2. 20. We give our Praise, we give our Love;
Isa. 53. 6. To Thee, on whom our Sins were laid,
Ep. 1. 7. Whose Blood was for our Pardon paid.

Rev. 1. 6. To Thee, who mak'st us Priests and Kings;
 Priests to attend on Holy Things,
1 Pet. 2. 5. And Kings to reign with Thee above,
 & *Rev.* 9. In Realms of Bliss and endless Love.

H Y M N XLIX.

[As the 100 Psalm.]

Jab. 19. 30. **T**IS finish'd, the Redeemer crys,
 Then lowly bows his fainting Head,
 And soon th' expiring Sacrifice
 Sinks to the Regions of the Dead.

Heb. 1. 'Tis done — The mighty Work is done!
 For Men or Angels much too Great;
 Which None, but GOD's Eternal Son,
 Or would attempt, or could compleat.

(Wounds,
 'Tis done, — His Tears, his Groans, and
 His Sweat and Blood, his Pains and Toils,

Heb. 2. 9. Vict'ry with Deathless Glory crowns,
Col. 2. 14. With Trophys, and Triumphant Spoils.

Heb. 2. 14. Hell's broken Troops find no Defence;
 Sin dies, and Death it self is slain:

1 Cor. 15. 54. Hope, Peace, Love, Joy and Innocence
 55, 56, 57. Return to dwell on Earth again.)
Gal. 5. 22. The

The Conqueror falls a Sacrifice,
 Heav'n's just Resentments to appease;
 Justice with Mercy now complys,
 Both with the Sinner's Pardon pleas'd.

'Tis done, — Old things are past away,
 And a new State of Things begun;
 A World whose Age feels no Decay,
 But shall out-last the circling Sun.

A new Account of Time begins,
 When our dear LORD resign'd his Breath,
 Charg'd with our Sorrows and our Sins,
 Our Lives to ransom by his Death.

Once he was Dead, now lives and reigns
 Where Angels his Great Deeds proclaim:
 Let's tell our Joys in pious Strains,
 And spread the Glory of his Name.

H Y M N L.

[As the 100 Psalm.]

THUS we commemorate the Day
 On which our dearest LORD was slain;
 Thus we our pious Homage pay,
 Till he appears on Earth again.

Come, Dear LORD JESUS, quickly come,
 Why stay thy Chariot-Wheels so long?
 Thy Church below, thy other Home,
 Shall welcome Thee with many a Song.

- Rev. 20. 11. Come, Great Redeemer, open wide
 Rev. 1. 7. The Curtains of the parting Sky:
 Psal. 18. On a bright Cloud in Triumph ride,
 9, 10. And on the Wind's swift Pinions fly.)
 Rev. 19. 16. Come, King of Kings, with thy bright Train,
 Mat. 25. Cherubs and Seraphs, Heavenly Hosts;
 31. Assume thy Right, enlarge thy Reign
 Phil. 2. 9, As far as Earth extends her Coasts.
 10, 11.
 Phil. 2. 7. Come, LORD, disdain not to come down
 And rule, where thou wast scorn'd before:
 How well that Head becomes a Crown,
 Rev. 5. 9. Which cruel Thorns so meekly bore!
 (stood,
 Rev. 11. 8. Come, LORD, and where thy Cross once
 Rev. 19. There plant thy Banner, fix thy Throne;
 12, 13, And stain the Ground with Rebels Blood,
 14, 15. Which once was purpled with thy own.
 Mat. 27. Come, LORD, what thy weak Reed began,
 Psal. 2. 9. Compleat by thy strong Iron Rod:
 Rev. 2. 27. Once Thou wert seen a Dying Man,
 Heb. 2. 14. Now shew thy self the Living GOD.
 Rev. 7. 2.

FINIS.

H Y M N S

Compos'd for the

CELEBRATION

OF THE

Holy Ordinance

OF

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By JOSEPH STENNETT.

Luke 15. 10. — I say unto you, there is Joy in the Presence of the Angels of God, over one Sinner that repenteth.

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H Y M N S

FOR

B A P T I S M.

H Y M N I.

OUR LORD, when cloth'd with
mortal Flesh,
Tho free from every sinful Stain, *1 Tim. 3. 16*
Wou'd be Baptiz'd, that Men to *Heb. 7. 26.*
trace
His sacred Steps might not disdain. *Mat. 3. 15,*

Nay more—He was all plung'd in Tears, *Heb. 5. 7.*
And bath'd in bloody Sufferings too;
What Fountain was requir'd to wash *Heb. 9. 22,*
Our guilty Souls, his Wounds will shew!

Thy Blood, dear LORD, can cleanse from *1 Joh. 1. 7.*
This in our Baptism we confess; (Sin,
'Tis for its cleansing Virtue we *Psal. 51. 2,*
Our Prayers and Vows to thee address,

Bury'd with great Solemnity *Rom. 6. 3,*
In thy Baptismal Sepulchre, *4, 5.*
We are reviv'd, and rais'd again,
White Robes of Righteousness to wear. *Rev. 19. 8,*

And, as thy Sacred Word declares,
At the Great Resurrection-Day
Phil. 3. 21. Our Bodies shall be rais'd and chang'd,
Rev. 7. 9. And be adorn'd with bright Array.

H Y M N II.

THE sacred Body of our LORD,
Which on the Cross had bled,
Mat. 20. 19. *Mat.* 12. 40. Three Days lay bury'd in the Grave,
And then rose from the Dead.

Luk. 24. 31. His Presence the desponding Hearts
Of his Disciples cheers:
John 20. His Voice they hear, his Scars survey,
20—28. Which banish Doubts and Fears,

Luk. 24. 32. Explaining Oracles divine,
Their Ears and Souls he charms;
His Order to convert the World,
Their drooping Courage warms.

For thus the Mediator spoke,
Mat. 28. 18. " All Power in Earth and Heav'n
" To Me, triumphant o'er the Grave,
" Is by my Father giv'n.

Ver. 19. " Go therefore teach the Nations all
Mark 15. " What you have learn'd of Me;
15, 16. " Baptize 'em in the awful Name
" Of the Eternal *Thyge*.

" Teach

" Teach 'em whatever I command; *Ver.* 20.
" My Presence I assure,
" To crown your Labours with Success,
" While Heaven and Earth endure.

LORD! we thy wondrous Grace adore,
Thy awful Word revere;
Thy Death and thy Revival both *Col.* 2. 12.
Our Baptism makes appear. *Rom.* 6. 3, 4

The Promise of thy Presence now *Mat.* 18. 20
Does glad Expectance raise; *Joh.* 14. 18.
Hope of thy second Coming fills *Heb.* 9. 28.
Our Souls with Joy and Praise: *Luk.* 21. 28

'Tis then the Dead thy Voice shall hear, *Joh.* 5. 25.
The Dead thy Voice obey;
Thy Saints, who sleep in dust, awake *Dan.* 12.
To Joy's Eternal Day. 2, 3.
1 Thess. 4.
14, 15, 16.

H Y M N III.

COME lowly Souls that mourn, *Mat.* 11. 28
Depress'd with Guilt and Shame; *Ch.* 5. 4.
Wash'd in your Saviour's sacred Blood, *Rev.* 1. 5.
Now call upon his Name. *Aff.* 22. 16.

Rejoice you contrite Hearts, *Isa.* 57. 15.
That tremble at his Word, *Ch.* 66. 2.
In the Baptifmal Laver plung'd, *Tit.* 3. 5.
As was your Humble LORD. *Mat.* 3. 13,
14.

A 3

Bath'd

Bath'd in Repenting Tears,
The Sins which you deplore
1 Cor. 15. Dead in your Saviour's Grave shall lie,
55, 56, 57. And shall be seen no more.
Gal. 5. 24.

Rev. 19. 8. Come pious Candidates
Ch. 3. 4. Of Grace and Glory too,
Pf. 66. 16. Praise your Redeemer's Love, and tell
What he has done for you.

Eph. 5. Unspotted Robes you wear,
26, 27. Your Sighs to Songs are turn'd ;
Isa. 61, 2, 3. Garments of Praise adorn you now,
Who late in Ashes mourn'd.

Col. 3. 1, 2. Your LORD and you are risen,
Job. 17. Aspire to things above :
22, 23, 24. Where he resides, there you shall dwell
Rev. 22. 5. In Realms of Light and Love.

H Y M N I V.

Gen. 6. 5, 6, 7. **W**HEN th' antient World God's Pa-
tience try'd,
1 Pet. 3. And long his threatning Vengeance dar'd,
19, 20. The Righteous Noah Favour found,
Gen. 6. 8, 9. His Family alone was spar'd.

Ch. 7. In secret Chambers of the Ark
11—24. They all secure from Danger lie,
When th' Ocean's Banks were broke, and
Floods
Burst through the Windows of the Sky.
Proud

Proud Waters o'er the Mountains roll, Ver. 19.
And common Ruin widely spread ;
Yet the blefs'd Patriarch's House survives, Ver. 23.
When all Mankind beside were dead.

At the Almighty's awful Word Ch. 8.
Th' obsequious Floods retire again ;
And Noah from his mystick Tomb
Peoples the ruin'd Earth with Men. Ch. 9. 1.

So to reftore a World o'erwhelm'd 1 Pet. 3. 21.
With Guilt and Mifery, dead in Sins, Eph. 2. 1, 2.
Our SAVIOUR rising from the Grave, Rom. 5. 24.
Another Race of Men begins ; Col. 3. 10.

New Creatures of a Heavenly Form, 2 Cor. 5. 17.
Whose Souls his Sacred Image bear ; Ch. 3. 18.
While dead to Sin, they live to God, Rom. 6. 11,
And spotless in white Robes appear. 12.

Bury'd in their Redeemer's Grave, Rev. 3. 5.
With Him they live, with Him they rise ; 1 Joh. 5. 12
While the lost Race of Human Kind Ver. 19.
Delug'd with Sin and Ruin lies. Mat. 24.
28, 29.

O Happy Souls whom Grace revives ! Philip. 3.
Their Bodies too their LORD will raise, 20, 21.
Refin'd and fit for Holy Souls,
To see his Face, and sing his Praise. 1 Joh. 3. 2.
Rev. 5. 8,
10.

HYMN V.

Mat. 3. 13. **T**HUS was the Great Redeemer plung'd
In *Jordan's* swelling Flood;
Heb. 5. 7. To shew he'd one day be baptiz'd
Luk. 22. 44 In Tears, in Sweat, and Blood.

Thus was his Sacred Body laid
Col. 2. 12. Beneath the yielding Wave;
Thus was his Sacred Body rais'd
Out of the liquid Grave.

When lo! from Realms of Light and Bliss
Mat. 3. 16. The Heavenly Dove comes down,
Lights on his venerable Head,
Which Rays of Glory crown.

While his Eternal Father's Voice
Ver. 17. An awful Joy excites;
" This is my well-beloved Son,
" In whom my Soul delights.

Rom. 6. 3, 4, &c. The mystick Rite his Death describ'd,
His Burial did foreflew
The quickening of his Sacred Flesh,
His Resurrection too.

Mat. 28. 19 **L**ORD, thy own Preept we obey,
Mat. 3. 15. In thy own Footsteps tread,
Col. 3. 1, 2. We die, are bury'd, rise with Thee
From Regions of the Dead.

O

O may the Spirit of Truth and Love *Joh.* 14. 17.
His Power on us display,
Approve our Vows, and seal our Souls *Eph.* 4. 30.
To the Redemption-Day!

HYMN VI.

O Bles'd Redemer! in thy Side *Joh.* 19. 34.
Upon the Cross was made a Wound, 35.
The Bath where we are purg'd from Sin, *1 Joh.* 1. 7.
And where our Guilt's intirely drown'd. *Mic.* 7. 19.

Water and Blood hence freely ran, *1 Joh.* 5. 6.
And on the trembling Earth were spilt; *Mat.* 27. 5 &
Water to sanctify and cleanse, *Tit.* 3. 5:
Blood to atone for Crimson Guilt. *Heb.* 9. 22.

This wondrous Grace to represent *Aff.* 22. 16.
Baptismal Waters were design'd,
In which thou, **L**ORD, was't bury'd too, *Mark* 1. 9:
To thy great Father's Will resign'd. *Mat.* 3. 15,
16.

Thus Penitents who die to Sin,
With Thee are bury'd in thy Grave; *Col.* 2. 12,
Thus quicken'd to a Life Divine, *Rom.* 6. 4,
Their Souls a Resurrection have. 5, &c.

And tho their Bodies turn to Dust,
This Holy Symbol does assure,
The Resurrection of the Just
Shall render them all bright and pure. *Luk.* 14. 14
1 Cor. 15.
42, 43, 44

Made

Phil. 3. 21. Made like his Body ours shall be,
Col. 3. 4. When Christ, who is our Life, appears;
Luk. 12. 50. Who to procure us Life, was once
Mar. 10. 38. Baptiz'd in his own Blood and Tears.

HYMN VII.

Exod. 14. **W**HEN from Egyptian Slavery
 The Hebrews were redeem'd,
 The parted Seas and covering Cloud
 A Grave to Israel seem'd:

But soon the joyful Tribes emerge,
 And stand upon the shore,

Exod. 15. With grateful Hearts and tuneful Tongues
 Their Saviour's Name adore.

Exod. 14. He made th' obsequious Waves retire,
 16. His Favourite Tribes to save;
Ver. 26, 27. Made them a way to Liberty,
 28, &c. Where Egypt found a Grave.

I Cor. 10. Thus Jacob's Sons baptiz'd of old
 2. To Moses in the Sea,
Exo. 20. 2. Sav'd by God's Arm, themselves devote
Ch. 19. His Statutes to obey.

Rom. 6. So from the Bondage of our Sins,
 11-18. Redeem'd by Sovereign Grace,
Mat. 3. 13. We thro his watry Sepulchre
 24. Our Saviour's Footsteps trace.

†

Our

Our Sins, the worst of Enemies,
 Are bury'd there and drown'd;
 To a new Life our Souls are rais'd,
 With tender Mercy crown'd.
Col. 3. 5.
Gal. 2. 20.
Col. 2. 13.

To thee, O Jesus, may we live,
 Devoted to thy Fear;
 Thee will we love, Thee will we praise,
 And all thy Laws revere.
Rom. 14.
 7, 8, 9.
1 Job. 5. 1,
 2, 3.

HYMN VIII.

THE Great Redeemer we adore,
 Who came the Lost to seek and save;
 Went humbly down from Jordan's Shore,
 To find a Tomb beneath a Wave.
Luk. 19. 10
Mat. 3. 13.

“ Thus it becomes us to fulfil
 “ All Righteousness, he meekly said:
 Why shou'd we then to do his Will
 Or be asham'd, or be afraid?
Ver. 15.

With Thee into thy watry Tomb,
 LORD, 'tis our Glory to descend;
 'Tis wondrous Grace that gives us room
 To lie inter'd by such a Friend!
Rom. 6. 3,
 4, &c.

But a much more tempestuous Flood
 O'erwhelm'd thy Body and thy Soul;
 That's plung'd in Tears, and Sweat, and Blood,
 And over this black Terrors roll.
Heb. 5. 7.
Luk. 22. 44
Mat. 26. 38
Ch. 27. 46,
 Yet 47.

Yet as the yielding Waves give way,
To let us see the Light again:
So on thy Resurrection-Day

Acts 2. 24. The Bands of Death prov'd weak and vain.

1 Cor. 15. 52, 53. Thus when Thou shalt again appear,
The Gates of Death shall open wide;
Joh. 5. 25. Our Dust thy powerful Voice shalt hear,
Shall rise and triumph at thy side.

These now vile Bodies then shall wear

Mat. 17. 2. A glorious Form resembling Thine;
Rev. 20. 14 To be dissolv'd no more shall fear,
Cb. 22. 3, 4. But with immortal Beauty shine.

H Y M N IX.

Joh. 5. 2, 3, 4. **W**HEN fam'd *Bethesda's* Waters flow'd,
By a descending Angel mov'd;
The wondrous Pool a sovereign Bath
For every Pain and Sickness prov'd.

Hither distemper'd Crouds repair,
Hither the Feeble, Lame, and Blind;
The first who steps into the Spring,
Leaves his Disease and Pains behind.

That languishing and dying Souls
A nobler Cure might freely meet,
The Son of God came down and stir'd
Baptismal Waters with his feet.

LORD,

LORD, 'tis but just we follow Thee, *1 Pet. 2. 21.*
Who didst not scorn to lead the way,
Where we just see the Vale of Death, *Rom. 6. 3,*
Then view the Resurrection-Day. *4, &c.*

Happy! who haste into the Flood *John 5. 7.*
Where healing Virtues ever flow,
Where filthy Lepers clean are made, *Isa. 53. 4.*
The Blind to see, the Lame to go; *Mat. 8. 16,*
17.

Where contrite Spirits heal their Wounds, *Isa. 61. 1.*
And broken Hearts assuage their Pain; *Ch. 57. 15.*
The Dead themselves new Life inspires, *Joh. 5. 25.*
They breathe, they move, and rise again. *Col. 3. 1.*

With lowly Minds, and lofty Songs,
Let all admire the SAVIOUR's Grace,
Till the great Rising-Day reveal
Th' immortal Glory of his Face. *1 Joh. 3. 2.*
Rev. 1. 16.

H Y M N X.

IN such a Grave as this *Mat. 3. 13.*
The meek Redeemer lay,
When He, our Souls to seek and save,
Learn'd humbly to obey. *Luk. 19. 10*

See how the spotless Lamb *1 Pet. 1. 19.*
Descends into the Stream!
And teaches Sinners not to scorn
What Him so well became. *Mat. 3. 15.*

His

Rom. 6. 3. His Body sanctifies
 4, 5. The salutary Flood,
Act. 22. 16. And teaches us to plunge our Souls
Rev. 7. 14. I'th' Fountain of his Blood.

Oh! Sinners, wash away
Isa. 1. 18. Your Sins of Crimson Dye;
Col. 2. 12. Bury'd with him, your Sins shall all
 In dark Oblivion lie.

Col. 3. 1, 2. Rise, and ascend with Him,
 A Heavenly Life to lead,
Heb. 2. 14, 15. Who came to rescue guilty Men
 From Regions of the Dead.

Isa. 38. 5. LORD, see the Sinner's Tears,
 Hear his Repenting Cry;
Isa. 57. 15. Speak, and his Contrite Soul shall live;
Gal. 5. 24. Speak, and his Sins shall die:

Speak with that mighty Voice,
Job. 5. 25. Which one day wide shall spread
Rev. 20. Its Summons thro the Earth and Sea,
 13. To wake and raise the Dead.

H Y M N XI.

Col. 2. 12. SEE in what Grave our Saviour lay,
 Before he shed his precious Blood;
Mat. 3. 13, 14. How he mark'd out the humble way
 To Sinners thro the mystick Flood.

The

The Sun of Righteousness his Beams, *Mal.* 4. 2.
 Tho so divinely fair and bright,
 Immers'd in *Jordan's* swelling Streams,
 Submitting to this Holy Rite.

O *Jordan!* honour'd oft before!
 What greater Glory would'st thou have,
 Than CHRIST descending from thy
 To find in thee a liquid Grave? [Shore,

Thy Streams retir'd on either side, *Josh.* 3.
 To th' Holy Ark once form'd a Way;
 A Prophet's Mantle could divide *2King.* 2. 8.
 Thy willing Streams, taught to obey.

Plung'd by the Holy Baptists' Hand,
 Buried in thee our SAVIOUR lies:
 Did not thy Waters wondrous stand, *Psal.* 114.
 To see Him die, and see Him rise? 5.

Blest Sepulchre! where JESUS lay,
 Which JESUS for us sanctifies!
 Blest Flood! to wash our Sins away, *Act.* 22. 16.
 And sink 'em so as ne'er to rise. *Ch.* 2. 38.

H Y M N XII.

WHene'er one Sinner turns to God,
 With contrite Heart and flowing
 [Eyes,
 The happy News makes Angels smile, *Luket.* 57.
 And tell their Joys above the Skies. *V.* 10.

Well

Well may the Church below rejoice,
And echo back the Heavenly Sound:

Luke 15. " This Soul was dead, but now's alive;
32. " This Sheep was lost, but now is found.

Mat. 15. See how the willing Converts trace
3. The Path their great Redeemer trod;
And follow through his liquid Grave,

Mat. 11. The meek, the lowly Son of God.

29.

Tit. 3. 5. Here in the Holy Laver plung'd,
Their Souls are cleans'd from every Stain;

Gal. 2. 19. They die, descend into the Tomb,

Col. 3. 1, 2. By Grace they live, and rise again.

AH 19. 18. Here they renounce their former Deeds,

Rom. 6. 3. And to a Heavenly Life aspire:

Zech. 3. 3. Their Rags for glorious Robes exchange'd,

Rev. 3. 5. They shine in clean and white Attire.

Ch. 19. 8.

O Sacred Rite! by this the Name

AH. 19. 5. Of JESUS we to own begin;

1 Pet. 3. 21 This is our Resurrection's Pledge,

AH. 2. 38. And seals the Pardon of our Sin.

Luk. 2. 14. Glory to God on high be giv'n,
Who shews this Grace to sinful Men:

Rev. 7. Let Saints on Earth, and Hosts of Heav'n,

9—12. In Comfort joyn their loud AMEN.

FINIS.

A

VERSION

OF

SOLOMON'S

Song of Songs.

Together with

The XLVth PSALM.

The Second Edition, Corrected.

By JOSEPH STENNETT.

Isa. 54. 5. — Thy Maker is thy Husband, the
LORD of Hosts is his Name. —

Eph. 5. 32. This is a great Mystery: but I speak
concerning Christ and the Church.

LONDON, Printed by J. Darby for John
Baker at Mercers Chappel in Cheapside, 1799.

Where may be had Mr. Stennett's Sacramental Hymns,
either single, or bound up with this Version.

THE
P R E F A C E.

THO 'tis generally agreed that this Poem was compos'd by Solomon, yet some have denied that he wrote it by Divine Inspiration; and make his Design to be only that of celebrating his Amours with Pharaoh's Daughter, or some other Person. This was formerly the Opinion of Theodorus Mopsuestanus, and was condemn'd in the 2d Council of Constantinople: and Grotius of late in his Annotations on this Book declares himself to be * much of the same

* [Hoc canticum] est *baeset*'s inter Solomonem & filiam regis Ægypti, interloquentibus etiam choris duobus, tum juvenum tum virginum, qui in proximis thalamo locis excubabant, nuptiarum arcana sub honestis verborum involucris hic latent; quæ etiam causa

same mind; tho to qualify the matter a little he tells us, 'Tis thought that Solomon, the better to eternize this Book, compos'd it so artificially, that without much straining there might be Allegories enough found in it to express the Love of God to the Israelitish Nation; which the Chaldee Paraphrast perceiv'd and declar'd, and Maimonides understood it no otherwise. And this Love being a Type of the Love of Christ to his Church, Christians have laudably exercis'd their minds in applying

est cur Hebraei veteres hunc librum legi noluerunt nisi a jam conjugio proximis. Creditur autem Solomon, quò magis perennaret hoc scriptum, ea arte id composuisse, ut sine multa distortionè ἀλληγορίας in eo inveniri possent quæ Dei amorem adversus populum Israeliticum exprimerent, quod & sensit & ostendit Chaldaeus hic paraphrastes; nec aliter accepit Maimonides. Ille autem amor typus cum fuerit amoris Christi erga ecclesiam, Christiani ingenia sua ad applicanda ad eam rem hujus carminis verba exercuerunt laudabili studio. *H. Grot. in Cant.*

*

the

the words of this Poem to this purpose. But with how little reason any have presum'd to deny the Divine Authority and spiritual Design of this Book, will appear when 'tis consider'd; That it has always been number'd among the Canonical Books of the Old Testament both by Jews and Christians. The Title given it by the Chaldee Paraphrast is, Songs and Hymns, which Solomon the Prophet, the King of Israel, utter'd by the Spirit of Prophecy before the Lord, the Lord of all the World. The extreme Reverence the Jews had for it, as containing Divine Mysteries of the highest rank, was the reason of their prohibiting their Children to read it (as well as the first Chapter of Genesis, and both the beginning and end of the Prophecy of Ezekiel) till they arriv'd at 30 years of Age. They call it The || Holy of Holies, and say its Divine Authority was

קדש
קדשים

never so much as controverted among them by any but the Profane. They say the Name [Solomon] mention'd in this Song is sacred, and to be ascrib'd to the Messiah, the Prince of Peace. And the most celebrated Christian Writers, both Antient and Modern, so generally agree in the Divine Original of this Song, that it is as needless as it would be endless to name 'em.

'Tis true, this Poem treats of two Lovers, sometimes under the Character of a Shepherd and Shepherdess, and sometimes under that of a Prince and Princess. But does it thence follow that it has not a Mystical Sense, designing to set forth the mutual Love of Christ and his Church, when 'tis so usual a thing to find Allegories in the Divine Writings? The 45th Psalm celebrates the same mystical Espousals, and very much in the same strain (a Version of which I have

have therefore added at the end) and John the Baptist gives the Character of Bridegroom to our Blessed Saviour, as well as John the Apostle. The Apostle Paul uses the same kind of Language, when he alludes to Marriage, in speaking of the mystical Union of Christ and the Church. Indeed it may be allow'd that here are divers Allusions to Solomon and his Queen, their Court and Gardens, &c. and the rather because Solomon was an eminent Type of Christ; but Longè majora canuntur, and a Greater than Solomon is here, as is evident not only from what has been already said, but from the improbable things that will result from the contrary supposition. For instance, if Solomon were one of the principal Subjects of this Song, is it to be imagin'd that he would speak so largely in his own praise, and magnify his own Beauty to so high a degree? On the other

A 4

hand,

hand, is it likely he should one while so plainly set forth the Defects and Imperfections of his Bride, and at another time extol her to the Skies? Is it to be thought he would make her so amorous and importunate in her inquiries after him? or that he would represent his Queen running unattended thro the Streets of Jerusalem in the night to seek him; and so exposing her self to all manner of Affronts and Abuses, contrary to the rules of Decency? This no way agrees with the Modesty and Reservedness of her Sex (especially in those Times, and in that Place) nor with the Greatness of her Quality: for in this part of the Song she is not consider'd as a Shepherdeſs in a Country Cottage, but as a Princess in her City-Palace. Now all this, and much more to the same purpose, which for brevity sake I forbear to mention, will very well bear a mystic Sense, and may easily be accommodated

to Christ and the Church. For 'tis no wonder if Solomon speaks highly in the praise of this heavenly Bridegroom, and represents this Bride sometimes veil'd with Blemishes and Infirmities, and sometimes without any Defect, shining with Beauty and Glory; because the various Conditions and Frames of the Church of Christ make her appear very much to differ from her self, when view'd in different respects and at different times. 'Tis no Trespass on her Modesty, but an addition to her Glory, to represent her Love to Christ extremely fervent. Her diligent Inquiry after him in the night, when withdrawn from her; after she refus'd him admission, her Sorrows and Afflictions in seeking him, her Transports of Joy when she finds him, all ſute very well with what passes between our Saviour and his Spouse while she continues in this lower World.

It is likewise worth observation, that the Tower of Lebanon spoken Chap. 7. 4. of in this Book, which in all appearance is the same with the House of the Forest of Lebanon mention'd 1 Kings 7. 2. was not built till a considerable time after the Temple was finish'd, and yet Solomon was married to Pharaoh's Daughter at least some time before the finishing of it, as appears by comparing 1 Kings 3. 1. with ch. 6. 38. and ch. 7. 1, 2. And therefore, if this Song had been a kind of Epithalamium made immediately on their Marriage, this Building in Lebanon would not have bin alluded to in it.

As to the nature of this Poem, 'tis a kind of Pastoral, tho some Parts of it contain Descriptions more agreeable to a Prince's Court than to a Shepherd's Cottage. This mixture of City and Country, and sudden passing from simple and rustic

stick to noble and magnificent Descriptions, was no doubt highly esteem'd in the Hebrew Poesy (whatever Account our Moderns make of it) since we have such instances of it in this Poem, which was compos'd by the wisest of Men, and the choicest Piece of a thousand and five whereof he was the Author; as appears by the Title given it of The Song of Songs, which signifies the most excellent Song; as The King of Kings and Lord Rev. 19. of Lords, denotes in Scripture the 16. Supreme King and Lord.

The Form of it is Dramatick: The Persons speaking and spoken to, are the Bridegroom, the Bride, the Friends or Companions of the Bridegroom, and the Companions of the Bride, who are called the Daughters of Jerusalem. As by the Bridegroom Christ is represented, and the Church in general by the Bride; so the Companions of the Bridegroom

groom seem to signify the Prophets, Apostles, and other Ministers of the Word of God; and the Daughters of Jerusalem, young Converts, or such as are inquiring after Christ and his Religion.

If any are shock'd at the Stile and manner of Composure, as thinking the Figures some of them too bold, and not natural, the Transitions too abrupt, &c. let 'em consider that the Gust of all Ages and Nations is not the same; and that that is a very graceful Expression in one Language, which seems very mean in another. They that would judge accurately of the Stile of this Poem, should be well acquainted with the Language in which it was originally written, and with the Genius and Customs of the Age and Nation in which it was first publish'd. These none can now pretend to be thoroughly vers'd in; therefore 'tis more modest and becoming to lay the fault

on our own Ignorance, if we don't see that Beauty and Elegancy which the antient Hebrews did, in a piece compos'd by one who, by the testimony of God himself, had the highest intellectual Accomplishments of any man in the World, and who wrote it by the special Inspiration of the Holy Spirit too: And instead of puzzling our selves and others by too nicely criticizing on its external Form, to seek a more useful and agreeable Entertainment, in getting a solid and experimental knowledg and relish of those Spiritual Mysteries it contains.

I have attempted in the ensuing Sheets to give a Version of this Divine Drama; in which I have endeavour'd to keep as close as I well could to the Terms, or however to the Sense; to be modest and sparing in paraphrasing; to leave Passages capable of various probable Interpretations, in such terms as

might be differently applied. I have endeavor'd carefully to pursue the Ideas of the Divine Poet; yet not to tie my self only to his Terms so scrupulously as quite to neglect the Air of our English Poetry. No body expects a Translation in Verse from any Language can be perform'd verbatim, or as strictly as one in Prose. I have consulted the Original Text, and various Commentators on occasion, and taken the liberty to differ from our English Translation in some places where I thought it reasonable. For instance: ch. 1. 17. instead of [Rafters of Fir] I say [Galleries of Brutine-tree.] Chap. 2. 7. ch. 3. 5. and ch. 8. 4. I take to be the words of the Bridegroom, and that he charges the Daughters of Jerusalem not to awake the Bride till she pleases; whereas our Translators suppos'd the Bride now speaking, and charging them not to awake the Bridegroom till he pleases.

ses. And since I am speaking of these Texts, it may not be amiss to advertise by the way that the Adjuration here made by the Roes and Hinds of the Field, is not to be understood as if the Party speaking swore by these Creatures: for as God swears Heb. 6. 13. only by himself because he can swear by no Greater, so it is Dent. 6. 13. Matt. 5. 34-35. unlawful for his Creatures to swear by any thing below him. But these words may either signify, I adjure you who are by [or among] the Roes and Hinds, &c. or else may be taken for a kind of Obtestation, whereby these Creatures are call'd to witness against the Daughters of Jerusalem, if they should not observe the solemn Charge given 'em; as Heaven and Earth are by a Prosopopœia call'd Dent. 32. 19. on by Moses to testify against the Israelites, and the Stone that Joshua Josh. 24. erected is term'd a Witness, and 27. Hearing ascrib'd to it. Chap. 5. 10. the Bridegroom in our English

Tran-

*Translation is said to be the chiefest of ten thousand: This I think might better be render'd * [Carrying the Banner over ten thousand men] I therefore turn it thus:*

Under his Standard marshal'd are Ten thousand Youths, but none so fair.

What is call'd most fine Gold in our Bible, I render [the finest Gold, the Gold of Fez:] for there † *another word just before* ‡ *that signifies fine Gold; therefore I take this to be the proper Name of a part of Africa still call'd the Kingdom of Fez: and perhaps because there was plenty of pure Gold in this Country, the Arabians term fine Gold Fez. (for Mr. Ainsworth in his Annotations on this place, tells us 'tis so*

* רגול מרבכה Vexillum gerens, cui subsint decem hominum millia. *Ayant une enseigne de dix mille hommes.* Mercer in loc.

call'd

call'd in the Arabick Tongue.) I have throughout noted which Party is speaking, according to the best judgment I could make. How I have succeeded in these matters, must be left to others to judg.

I have compos'd it in such a measure, and divided it into such parts as might render it fit and easy to be sung in the Worship of God. If any should scruple so to use it, because the sense of it is (in many places at least) obscure and difficult; I desire them to consider that many of the Psalms are liable to the same Objection (particularly the 45th, which treats of the same subject of Divine Love) and yet these are not laid aside as useless to this purpose, because dictated by the same Spirit with those that are more plain and easy to be understood. The Obscurity that is found in this or other parts of the sacred Writings, should excite us to the greater

a diligence

diligence in searching after the mind of the Holy Spirit, that we may improve both in Grace and Knowledge. And the Providence of God has furnish'd various helps to this end, and some in our own Language: The Learned and Judicious Mr. Ainsworth's Annotations on this Book very well deserve to be perus'd by such as aspire after the knowledg of those excellent things of which it treats.

What is represented to pass between Christ and the Church in general in this Song, is in a great measure applicable to the Transactions between him and every particular Christian. Here we may discern the pious Soul convinc'd of Christ's Loveliness and Worth, inflam'd with Love towards him, and earnestly desiring and seeking intimate Communion with him, tho she meets with many difficulties in her way. We afterwards find her trans-

ported

ported with joy upon the reception of many signal favours from him, and very ample demonstrations of his Love, which are attended with the most grateful expressions of Love on her part. After this, through her Negligence and the power of Temptation, she grows cool and languid in her Affection to him, upon which he as it were retires and hides himself from her; he withdraws the manifestation of his Kindness, the want of which alarms and awakens her from her slothful Frame, and seems to fill her with almost as much Sorrow as his Smiles gave her Pleasure: her joyful Raptures are now turn'd into Sighs and Complaints. However, she resolves to seek her absent Lord, till she finds him: her Zeal revives: she makes great protestations of the Sincerity of her Love, and resolutions of her future Constancy: she diligently enquires after

a 2

him,

him, and at length, after having past through many Dangers and Difficulties, she meets with him. Their renewed Communion then furnishes 'em both with the sublimest and most endearing Expressions of Joy and Love; and they take the greatest complacency in each other's Society, by turns describing one another's Beauty, till at last she seems impatient of longer delays, and to desire a yet fuller and more perfect enjoyment of her Beloved Lord, by a Translation from the Kingdom of Grace into that of Glory. This seems to be the general Plot and Design of this Divine Poem.

And those gracious Souls, who are truly converted to God, and have experienced the renewing Influences of the Divine Spirit to maintain their spiritual Life; who have a spiritual relish, or (to use our Saviour's Phrase) savour the things

things that be of God (tho themselves are accounted the foolish things of this World) will easily find much intelligible and instructive matter in this Holy Song, while the wise men of the world are pos'd with Mystery, and stumble at it. Not but that the wisest and most learned Christian may find some difficulties in it (as well as in many other parts of the Scripture) capable to exercise his pious Industry.

To conclude, If the whole Scripture is given by Inspiration of God, and is profitable for Doctrine, for Reproof, for Correction, for Instruction in Righteousness, that the man of God may be perfect, throughly furnished to all Good Works: Then this part of it is useful to these purposes: And we shall do well to attend to the Apostle's Exhortation, who says, Let the Word of Christ dwell in you richly in all Wisdom,

^{2 Tim. 3. 16, 17.}

^{Gal. 3. 16.}

teaching and admonishing one another in Psalms and Hymns and spiritual Songs, singing with Grace in your hearts to the Lord.

And if this small Performance shall by the Divine Blessing any way contribute to the strength of those pious Affections which devout Souls bear to the Blessed Jesus, it will be the satisfaction and joy of him who esteems it the highest Honour in the World to be a Servant and Friend to the Heavenly Bridegroom; and heartily wishes Grace may be with all them that love our Lord Jesus Christ in sincerity. Amen.

Eph. 6. 24.

J. S.

To Mr. Joseph Srennett, on his Excellent Version of the Book of Canticles.

LET untun'd Souls Poetic Flights despise,
Who to the Heights of Verse could
never rise,
Insensible to all the Charms of Wit,
And lofty Sease, in flowing Numbers writ;
Whilst I (unskill'd to imitate) admire
The Hebrew Song of Songs tun'd to an Eng-
lish Lyre.

Sublime the Theme! This Sacred Poem
treats
Of Love Divine, with all its charming sweets.
Under a King's and Shepherd's Name con-
ceal'd,
The Love of Christ is to his Church reveal'd;
He, tho' the Sovereign Lord, God over all
Blessed for ever, condescends to call
His Church, collected from the wretched Race
Of sinful Adam (when adorn'd with Grace)
His Royal Bride; and as a Bridegroom loves,
With soft Endearments all her Passions moves.

Her mighty Joys she does in transport tell,
As on the Subject she could ever dwell.
But ah! too soon forgetful of her Bliss,
She grows secure; and then she grows remiss,
Till her provok'd yet constant Lord with-
draws,

And gives her time to mourn her Fault and
Loss. (Soul,

Then Cares and Fears possess her troubl'd
And anxious Doubts within her Bosom roll.
No Ease, no Quiet can the Fair One find,
Till his Return restores her peaceful Mind.

The inspir'd Poet thus in Mystic Lays,
The Church's Duty sings, her Saviour's Praise:
The Prince and Preacher both in one com-
bine, (join,

And with strong Reason courtly Language
To beautify a Subject so Divine.

But all these Beauties were to Us obscur'd
By distant Time and Place (yet just secur'd
Of the true Sense in rough unpolish'd Prose)
Till You (Preacher and Poet too) arose
To storm the Heights of Sacred Poetry,
And boldly set the Smiling Captive free,
Tho in an *English*, yet a charming Dress:
Great the Attempt, and equal the Success!

Jos. Collet.

CHAP. I.

Verse]

SOLOMON'S

Song of Songs.

PART I.

The Bride.

2 **O** Let him seal his Lips on mine,
His Kisses breathe a Love Divine:
No Juice the generous Vine can
bear,

May with thy sweeter Love compare.

3 The precious Ointments on thee shed,
Around their liberal Odors spread,
And with their Odors spread thy Fame;
Sweet, as rich Oils diffus'd, thy Name,
Thy Name the Virgins Hearts inspires
With sacred Love and pure Desires.

4 Draw me by thy Almighty Charms;
We'll run, we'll fly into thy Arms.

Me;

Me, happy me! the King of Kings
 Into his Bridal Chambers brings!
 Joy sits upon our Hearts and Tongues;
 Joy tunes our Thoughts, and tunes our Songs.
 We'll think upon this Love of thine,
 More than full Bowls of sparkling Wine:
 For every Soul that's Good and Just,
 Loves Thee, dear Lord, and love Thee must.

PART II.

- 5 O Daughters of *Jerusalem*,
 (Fair Offspring of a Noble Stem)
 Tho, I confess, my Skin is brown,
 My comely Features you must own:
 I'm black as Tents of *Kedar* are;
 As *Solomon's* Curtains bright and fair.
- 6 O do not with censorious Eyes
 Survey my Face, and then despise:
 The Sun has view'd me many days,
 And scorch'd my Beauty with his Rays.
 My Mother's Sons against me fir'd
 With an uncomely rage, conspir'd
 To make me keep and dress their Vines,
 Thro Winter-Storms and Summer-shines;

While

- While that lov'd Vineyard of my own
 With Weeds and Thorns is all o'ergrown.
 7 Dear Object of my Soul's Desire!
 O tell me whither dost retire
 With thy lov'd Flock, thy Joy and Care?
 Where dost thou feed 'em? tell me where?
 Where giv'st 'em soft repose at noon?
 For why should I, as some have done
 To other Pastures turn aside,
 Where thy Companions Flocks abide?

(which as she says she will become
 The Bridegroom.)

- 8 Fair One, who hast more Charms in gross
 Than all thy Sex beside can boast!
 I'll be thy Guide, if thou wouldst know
 How to my Fields and Folds to go.
 The Footsteps of my Flock you see;
 Follow them, as they follow me:
 Beside those Shepherds Tents repair,
 There feed thy Kids, and fold 'em there.

PART

PART III.

- 9 Thy Steps and Port so graceful are;
Thee, O my Love, I may compare
To a fair Set of goodly Steeds
Of that fam'd Race which *Egypt* breeds,
To *Pharaoh's* pompous Chariot ty'd,
When he in solemn State does ride.
- 10 Thy Cheeks with rows of Jewels shine;
(Jewels become such Cheeks as thine)
And Chains of Gold, fit to be worn
On Royal Necks, do thine adorn.
- 11 We'll golden Borders for thy sake,
Pouder'd with Studs of Silver, make.
- The Bride.*
- 12 While the glad King at Table sits
Among his welcome Favourites,
My Spikenard shall the Board perfume,
And breathe its Sweets all round the Room.
- 13 A heap of Myrrh, for Fragrancy,
Is my beloved Lord to me:
Him in my Arms I will embrace,
My Bosom make his resting place.

- 14 My dearest Love appears to me
A Cluster from the Camphire-Tree,
Whose odorous Gum in Drops distill'd,
Engedi's fertile Vineyards yield.

The Bridegroom.

- 15 How fair, my Love, how wondrous fair
Art Thou, beyond what others are!
Thy Eyes, that flame with spotless Loves,
Are chaste and bright, like those of Doves.

The Bride.

- 16 How fair art Thou! my only Dear,
How Amiable dost Thou appear!
Come let us here securely rest,
Our Bed with pleasant Greens is dress'd;
- 17 And all we have delightful seems:
Our House is built with Cedar Beams;
The Galleries, contriv'd to be
For spacious Walks, with *Brutine-Tree*.

CHAP. II.

PART I.

The Bridegroom.

- 1 I Am the Rose of *Sharon's* Field,
The Lilly that the Vallies yield;
Which paint the Fields with White and Red,
And far and near their Odors spread.
- 2 Just as the Lilly, which adorns
The Vale beset around with Thorns;
So bright my Love appears among
The brightest of the Virgin-Throng.

The Bride.

- 3 Just as a Tree with Apples crown'd,
Amidst wild Shrubs encompass'd round;
So fair my Dear appears among
The fairest of the Youthful Throng.
To his cool Shade I did retire,
There sat me down, with great desire
To pluck his Fruit, which gave delight
Both to my Taste, and to my Sight.

4 He

- 4 He led me to the joyful Place,
Which splendid Banquets us'd to grace:
To entertain me there, he spread
Love's conquering Banner o'er my Head.
- 5 O chear this fainting Heart of mine
With Goblets crown'd with generous Wine!
Treat me with Apples, these will prove
A Cordial, now I'm sick of Love.
- 6 May his Left Hand my Head uphold,
May his Right Arm me round enfold.

The Bridegroom.

- 7 O Daughters of *Jerusalem*,
(Fair Offspring of a Noble Stem)
Since here my Love now rests secure,
I with a solemn Charge adjure
You, by the nimble Roes and Fawns,
That run and skip along the Lawns;
Permit her soft repose to take,
And no indecent Clamor make;
Nor jog her as she slumb'ring lies,
Till she her self is pleas'd to rise.

PART

PART II.

The Bride.

- 8 I hear the Voice of Him I love;
And now I see him swiftly move:
O'er haughty Mountains how he trips!
O'er Hills and Rocks how fast he skips!
- 9 My Love is like a Roe or Fawn,
That runs and leaps along the Lawn:
Now by the Wall he stands I see,
Now through the Window looks at me:
His Face now through the Lattice shows,
His Beautys all their Charms disclose.
- 10 Nor stands my Dearest silent there,
His Voice, his charming Voice I hear:
"Rise, rise, my Love, make no delay,
"Rise, my Fair One, and come away;
- 11 "For see the frozen Winter's gone,
"The Rains abate, the Spring comes on;
- 12 "On the Earth's bosom Flowers arise,
"To please the Scent, and please the Eyes:
"The Birds begin to chirp and sing,
"To welcome the returning Spring:
"The Turtle in our Plains we hear
"Proclaiming the reviving Year:

13 "The

- 13 "The Fig-tree her green Fruit discloses,
"And to the warmer Air exposes:
"The fruitful Vine begins to bloom,
"Her tender Buds the Air perfume:
"Rise, rise, my Love, make no delay;
"Rise, my Fair One, and come away.

PART III.

- 14 "My Dove, who in a Rock dost hide,
"And in the secret Cliffs reside,
"O let thy Face to me appear!
"Nor let me fail thy Voice to hear!
"That melting Voice of thine is sweet;
"And in thy Face all Graces meet.
- 15 "The Foxes, those young Foxes take,
"Which in our Vineyards ravage make:
"Strive to defeat their ill designs;
"For tender Grapes adorn our Vines.
- 16 My Love is mine, and I am his,
His Pasture 'mong the Lillies is.
- 17 Until the welcome dawn of Day,
When gloomy Shadows fly away,
Turn, my Beloved, turn again,
Nor let me call and beg in vain:

C

Be

Be like a Roe or nimble Fawn,
That runs and skips along the Lawn;
Such as the Hills of *Bether* breed,
Such as the Hills of *Bether* feed.

C H A P. III.

P A R T I.

1 **T** WAS dark, as on my Bed I lay,
My Dreams and Slumbers fled away;
Waking I mis'd my Soul's Delight,
I mis'd him in the shades of Night:
I call'd aloud, and call'd again;
I sought him, but I sought in vain.
2 I'll rise, said I, and search the Town,
View every corner up and down;
Search every Lane, and every Street,
Till I my Soul's Delight can meet.
For him I ask'd, and ask'd again;
I sought him, but I sought in vain:
I found not him, but I was found
By them that walk the City round,

The

The Watch that guard the Walls by night;
Saw ye, said I, my Soul's Delight?
4 From these not many steps I past,
And found my Soul's Delight at last:
Fast in my Arms my Dear I caught,
And to my Mother's Lodgings brought,
Into the joyful Chamber, where
I drew at first my vital Air.

The Bridegroom.

5 O Daughters of *Jerusalem*,
(Fair Offspring of a Noble Stem)
Since here my Love now rests secure,
I with a solemn Charge adjure
You, by the nimble Roes and Fawns,
That run and skip along the Lawns;
Permit her soft repose to take,
And no indecent clamour make,
Nor jog her as she slumbering lies,
Till she her self is pleas'd to rise.

C 2

P A R T

PART II.

The Friends of the Bridegroom.

- 6 Who's this that from the Desert comes,
Expiring Aromatick Gums,
Sweet as the Altar's Fumes, that rise
In Pillars to propitious Skies?
Such sacred Odors flow from her,
Perfum'd with Frankincense and Myrrh;
And all rich Powders of the store
The Merchant brings from th' Eastern shore.
- 7 Behold Great *Solomon's* Bed of State,
Where threescore mighty Champions wait;
All other Champions these excel,
That head the Tribes of *Israel*;
- 8 All vers'd in Arms, know how to wield
The warlike Sword, and warlike Shield:
Each on his Thigh his Weapon bears,
To guard the Court from nightly Fears.
- 9 The Chariot of King *Solomon*
Was made of Wood from *Lebanon*;
- 10 The Pillars Silver finely wrought,
The Bottom Gold from *Ophir* brought,

With

- With *Tyrian* Purple lin'd above,
The Middle pav'd with mystick Love
For th' Daughters of *Jerusalem*,
(The Offspring of a Noble Stem.)
- 11 Come, *Sion's* Daughters, bright and fair,
Like that blest Stock that did you bear;
See how King *Solomon* appears,
How bright the Diadem he wears!
Crown'd by his Mother's Royal Hand,
This smiling Day the nuptial Band
Him to his lovely Bride has join'd,
And Tides of Joy o'erflow his Mind.

CHAP. IV.

PART I.

The Bridegroom.

- 1 HOW fair, my Love, how wondrous fair
Art thou beyond what others are!
Thy Eyes that flame with spotless Loves,
Are chaste and bright like those of Doves.

C 3

They

They shine beneath thy curling Locks,
 Which seem like Goats in numerous Flocks,
 That on Mount *Gilead's* brow appear,
 Climbing to find sweet Pasture there.

2 Within thy lovely Mouth there grows
 A set of Teeth in even rows,
 Like Flocks of Sheep of equal size,
 Just as they from the Water rise,
 And to be shorn from washing come,
 Bearing their snowy Fleeces home;
 Or like the pretty Twins they bear,
 When none of 'em abortive are.

3 Thy Lips, that wear a lively Red,
 Are like a Scarlet-colour'd Thred:
 When with thy sweetest Voice they move,
 Their Graces still more charming prove.
 Thy Temples, shaded with thy Hair,
 And Checks, like cut Pomegranates are;
 As those abound with purple Veins,
 In these a blushing Tincture reigns.

4 Such Majesty and Beauty shine
 In that illustrious Neck of thine;
 Like *David's* Tower it seems to be,
 Built for a Royal Armory:
 Thy Necklace, strung with glittering Gems,
 Like thousand shining Bucklers seems,

All

All Shields by mighty Captains born,
 Which that bright Tower around adorn.

5 Thy Breasts, which equal Beauties share,
 Are like two Fawns, an equal pair,
 The lovely Twins o'th' fruitful Roe,
 Feeding where Snow-white Lillies grow.

6 Until the welcome dawn of Day,
 When gloomy Shadows fly away,
 To th' Mount of Myrrh I'll get me hence,
 And to the Hill of Frankincense.

PART II.

7 All Beauties reign, my Love, in thee:
 From every blemish thou art free.

8 From *Leb'non* come with me, my Bride;
 From *Leb'non* come with me, thy Guide.
 From high *Amana* take thy view,
 From *Shenir's* top, and *Hermon's* too;
 From Dens where Lions do reside,
 From Hills where savage Leopards hide.

9 My Sister and my lovely Bride,
 (To me by many Ties ally'd)
 My Heart is ravish'd with thy Charms;
 My Heart is conquer'd by thy Arms.

C 4

One

- One glance of Love shot from thy Eye
 Has won the easy Victory:
 One Chain, wherewith thy Neck's array'd,
 Has me a willing Captive made.
- 10 My Sister and my lovely Bride,
 (To me by many Ties ally'd)
 How pleasant is this Love of thine!
 How much more sweet than generous Wine!
 How much thy precious Oils in smell
 The best of Spices all excel!
- 11 Thy Lips, my Spouse, that move with skill,
 Drops like the Hony-comb distil.
 Hony and Milk's beneath thy Tongue,
 Which feeds the Weak as well as Strong.
 Thy Garments with rich Scents abound,
 Such as in *Lebanon* are found.

PART

PART III.

- 12 My Sister and my lovely Bride,
 (To me by many Ties ally'd)
 Is like a Garden round inclos'd,
 Not, as the common Field, expos'd:
 A Spring shut up, a Fountain seal'd,
 And ne'er to vulgar Eyes reveal'd.
- 13 Thy Plants, all set in decent rows,
 A fruitful Paradise compose:
 There Trees, with fair Pomegranates
 crown'd,
 And all delicious Fruits abound:
 There Camphire drops, and Spikenard grows,
- 14 With Spikenard fragrant Saffron blows:
 Sweet Cane, and Cinnamon are there,
 With Aloes, Frankincense, and Myrrh:
 And all choice Spices there are found,
 Which fill the Air with Odors round.
- 15 From Thee the Gardens all derive
 The Streams, that keep their Plants alive;
 From Thee their Spring and sacred Well,
 Whose living Waters all excel:
 From *Lebanon* these Waters flow,
 And blest with Fruit the Vale below.

- 16 Awake, O North-wind, and at last
Give thou, O South, a warmer Blast;
Upon my Garden kindly blow,
That all sweet Spices there may flow.

The Bride.

To's Garden let my Love repair,
Pluck his rare Fruits, and eat 'em there.

CH A P. V.

P A R T I.

The Bridegroom.

- 1 MY Sifter and my lovely Bride,
(To me by many Ties ally'd)
I'm come into my Garden, where
I please my self in gathering Myrrh,
In gathering every Spice, and Gum:
I eat my Hony from the Comb;
My Wine and Milk go sweetly down,
With plenty these my Table crown.
Come eat with me, my welcome Friends,
Eat of the Gifts Heaven kindly sends;

Drink,

Drink, as our Joys and Wines abound;
Drink, dear Companions, freely round.

P A R T II.

The Bride.

- 2 I laid me down my rest to take;
I slept, yet was my Heart awake:
A Voice salutes my waking Ear,
One knocking at the Door I hear.
My Love, it seems, was pleas'd to wait,
Calling and knocking at the Gate:
" My Sifter, loud he cry'd, my Love,
" My Fair, my Chast, my spotless Dove;
" Be kind, as I to you have bin,
" Unlock the Door, and let me in:
" With trickling Dew my Head is fill'd,
" My Locks with Drops by night distill'd.
3 My Garments I have laid aside,
How shall I dress me? I reply'd:
I've lately wash'd my Feet, and how,
My Dear, shall I defile 'em now?
4 Unkindly thus I let him stand,
Till through the Door he thrust his Hand;
At last my Heart began to move
With all the tender Thoughts of Love.

51

- 5 I rose, Ah that I rose so late!
 I had no sooner touch'd the Gate,
 My Hands with Drops of Myrrh were fill'd,
 My Fingers sweetest Myrrh distill'd;
 The Handles of the Lock I found
 With dropping Myrrh perfum'd around.
- 6 I open'd to my Love the Door,
 O that I'd open'd it before!
 For now alas! my Love was gone,
 Was gone! and I left all alone!
 My Soul was ready to expire
 With fear, with sorrow, with desire:
 When his kind Words I call'd to mind,
 I thought how I had been unkind!
 I sought him, but I sought in vain;
 I call'd, but could no answer gain.
- 7 I found not him, but I was found
 By Guards that walk the City round;
 These treated me with Wounds and Blows,
 And aggravated all my Woes:
 The Watch that guard the Walls by night,
 E'en took away my Veil in spight.
- 8 O Daughters of *Jerusalem*,
 (Fair Offspring of a Noble Stem)
 You I most solemnly adjure,
 Whene'er you find my Love, be sure

With

With my Complaints his Pity move,
 And tell him I am sick of Love.

P A R T III.

The Daughters of Jerusalem.

- 9 O Thou, who hast more Charms ingross,
 Than all our Sex beside can boast!
 What Charms in thy Beloved dwell,
 To make him other Loves excel?
 Describe his Beauties, let us know,
 Fair One, why thou adjur'st us so.

The Bride.

- 10 In my Love's Cheeks, pure White and Red
 In just degrees their mixture spread:
 Under his Standard marshal'd are
 Ten thousand Youths, but none so fair.
- 11 His Head with finest Gold is crown'd,
 The Gold of *Fez* so much renown'd:
 His Hair in decent Curls appears,
 Black as the Plumes the Raven wears.
- 12 His Eyes, that flame with spotless Loves,
 Are pure and bright like those of Doves,
 When in clear Streams their Heads they wet;
 They're wash'd in Milk, and fitly set.

13 His

- 13 His Cheeks a Bed of Spices are,
Or Flowers, as sweet as they are fair.
His Lips with balmy Myrrh do flow;
Within 'em snowy Lillies grow.
- 14 His Hands display their lovely White,
Deck'd with Gold Rings and Chrysolite.
His Breast of polish'd Ivory made,
And all with Saphires overlaid.
- 15 His Legs like Marble Pillars show,
In Golden Sockets fixt below.
His Presence bears a Noble Air,
As *Leb'non* and its Cedars fair.
- 16 But O how sweet his Mouth doth prove!
He's all made up of Charms and Love!
O Daughters of *Jerusalem*,
(Fair Offspring of a Noble Stem)
This is my Dearest! this is He
Who loves, and is belov'd of Me!

C H A P.

C H A P. VI.

P A R T I.

The Daughters of Jerusalem.

- 1 O Thou, who hast more Charms ingroft,
Than all our Sex beside can boast!
Whither is thy Beloved gone?
Tell whither is thy Love withdrawn?
Which way he turn'd let us but know,
We'll all to seek Him with thee go.

The Bride.

- 2 To's Garden he's gone to retire,
Where Beds of Spice their Sweets expire.
To's Gardens, where he feeds, and where
He gathers Lillies sweet and fair.
- 3 My Love is mine, and I am his;
His Pasture 'mong the Lillies is.

The Bridegroom.

- 4 As *Tirzah* fair, my Love, you seem,
And comely as *Jerusalem*.

Among

- Among thy milder Graces now
 An awful Dread reigns on thy Brow;
 Like Armies that for War prepare,
 And to the Field their Ensigns bear.
- 5 O turn from me those conquering Eyes,
 Whose powerful Charms my Heart surprize!
 Thy Hair, all curl'd in curious Locks,
 Seems like those Goats in numerous Flocks,
 That on Mount *Gilead's* Brow appear,
 Climbing to find sweet Pasture there.
- 6 Within thy lovely Mouth there grows
 A set of Teeth in even Rows;
 Like Flocks of Sheep of equal size,
 Just as they from the Water rise,
 And to be shorn from washing come,
 Bearing their snowy Fleeces home;
 Or like the pretty Twins they bear,
 When none of them abortive are.
- 7 Thy Temples shaded with thy Hair,
 And Cheeks like cut Pomegranates are;
 As those abound with Purple Veins,
 In these a blushing Tincture reigns.

PART

PART II.

- 8 Not all the Train of Threescore Queens,
 And Fourscore beauteous Concubines,
 Innumerable Virgins too,
 May e'er compare, my Love, with You.
- 9 My only Dove, my spotless One
 Transcends 'em all her Self alone;
 The only One her Mother bare,
 Her Mother's tender Joy and Care.
 The Virgins saw her, and confess
 None with such Beauty e'er was blest:
 The Queens and Concubines admir'd,
 And in her Praises all conspir'd.

The Daughters of Jerusalem.

- 10 Who's this so chearful and so bright,
 Gay as the rising Morning Light?
 Ne'er did the Moon so fair appear;
 Nor is the Sun more bright and clear.
 Among her milder Graces now
 An awful Dread reigns on her Brow;
 Like Armies that for War prepare,
 And to the Field their Ensigns bear.

D

PART

PART III.

The Bridegroom.

- 11 To the Nut-garden I went down,
To see what Fruits the Valley crown;
To see how well the Vines were grown,
How the Pomegranate-trees were blown.
- 12 Surpriz'd I know not how, I find
Fervent Desires transport my Mind;
And Raptures wing my wondring Soul,
That nothing can my Speed controul:
So Volunteers in Chariots fly,
Resolv'd to overcome or dy.
Return, return, O *Shulamite*,
Thy Prefence will rejoice our sight:
- 13 Return, return, what shall we see,
O Fairest *Shulamite*, in Thee?
In Thee bright Pomp and Terror shine,
As when two shouting Armies join.

C H A P.

C H A P. VII.

PART I.

- 1 IN Thee, O Prince's Daughter, meet
Numberless Charms from Head to Feet!
Those Feet become the Shoos they wear,
Become the lovely Weight they bear;
Two beauteous Pillars they sustain,
Whose Joints the finest Work contain;
Like precious Gems, more precious still
When cut and set with wondrous Skill.
- 2 Thy Navel's like a Goblet round,
Which does with vital Juice abound:
Thy Belly promises a Race,
Heirs to thy Honour, and thy Grace.
'Tis like a heap of Wheat, when crown'd
With snowy Lillies all around.
- 3 Thy Breasts, which equal Beauties share,
Are like two Fawns an equal pair,
The lovely Twins o' th' fruitful Roe.
- 4 Above these Hills of driven Snow
Stands that fair Neck, which seems to be
A Tower of polish'd Ivory.

D 2

Those

Those Eyes, those sparkling Eyes of thine,
Like the clear Pools in *Hesbon*, shine
Just by *Bath-rabbim*-Gate. Thy Nose
Methinks like some fair Turret shows,
Like that of *Leb'non*, which describes
The Plain where great *Damascus* lies.

5 Thy Head's with many Graces blest,
(Thy Head, whose Beauty crowns the rest)
It looks like *Carmel's* Fields, and bears
A lovely Fleece of purple Hairs.
By these dear Chains the King is bound,
When in the Galleries he's found.

PART II.

6 Thou Lov'd, and Lovely One, how fair,
How charming all thy Features are!
How they inspire refin'd Delight!

7 Thy Stature's like the Palm upright;
Thy Breasts like Clusters of the Vine,
When ripe, and full of generous Wine.

8 The stately Palm I'll climb, said I,
I'll reach its fruitful Boughs on high;
Thy Breasts, like Clusters of the Vine,
Shall now abound with generous Wine.

Thy Nostrils breathe a fragrant Air,
Like Apples sweet, as they are fair.

*

9 Thy

9 Thy Mouth, the Seat of Eloquence,
Shews the right Gust of Truth and Sense;
Like sparkling Wine, that briskly moves,
Such as my dearest Love approves;
Which can inspire the Dull, and rouse
The silent Lips of them that drouze.

The Bride.

10 I am my Love's, I am his own;
And his Desire's to me alone.
11 Come, my Beloved, let's repair
To th' open Fields, and take the Air;
Into the Country we'll retreat,
And there a quiet Lodging get:
12 We'll rise up with the dawning Day,
And through the smiling Vineyards stray;
See if the Vine begins to shoot,
And promises good store of Fruit;
See if her tender Grapes she shows;
See how the fair Pomegranate blows.
There will I give my Loves to thee.
13 The Mandrakes breathe their Fragrancy:
Our Gates with choicest Fruits abound,
Fruits new and old with us are found;

D 3

This

This Store, my Love, I did provide
For Thee, who hast my Heart beside.

C H A P. VIII.

PART I.

1 O How I wish, that Thou, my Love,
Wouldst to me as a Brother prove!
Fed by those Breasts, born on that Knee,
Which suckled and supported me.
With how much Joy I should thee meet,
Or in the Field, or in the Street!
There I'd embrace thee, there I'd kiss;
Nor should I be despis'd for this.

2 How gladly would I lead Thee home!
Whither Thou wouldst as gladly come,
To my dear Mother's pleasant Seat,
Where Thou shouldst many Welcomes meet.
Thy kind Instructions all should find
A listening Ear, and pliant Mind:
Wine mix'd with Spices I'd prepare,
And Thou shouldst freely drink it there.

The

The Fruit of my Pomegranate-tree
Should yield its grateful Juice to Thee.
3 His Left Hand should my Head uphold,
His Right Arm should me round enfold.

The Bridegroom.

4 O Daughters of Jerusalem,
(Fair Offspring of a Noble Stem),
Since here my Love now rests secure,
You I most solemnly adjure;
Permit her soft repose to take,
And no indecent clamour make;
Nor jog her as she slumbering lies,
Till she her self is pleas'd to rise.

PART II.

The Daughters of Jerusalem.

5 Who's this that from the Desert moves,
Leaning upon the Arm she loves?
The Bridegroom.
At first, my Love, I rais'd up Thee
Under the fruitful Apple-tree;

D 4

There

There many a Pang, and many a Throw
 Did thy Fair Mother undergo;
 But after many Pangs and Throws,
 Did her blest Fruit at last disclose.

The Bride.

- 6 O Let my Name be deep impress'd,
 Like a fair Signet, on thy Breast!
 Ingrave it on thy Arm, and wear
 The precious Seal for ever there:
 For there's so great a Power in Love,
 Not Death it self so strong, can prove;
 The King of Terrors in his Pride
 By fiercer Jealousy's outv'y'd:
 Those Darts shine with Celestial Fire,
 Those Darts a Love Divine inspire,
- 7 A Love whose Flame can never be
 Extinguish'd by th' o'erflowing Sea:
 The swelling Floods in vain conspire
 To quench so pure and bright a Fire.
 He whose large Stores do most abound,
 Too poor to purchase Love is found;
 His Offers would successles prove,
 Should he give all his Wealth for Love;

Love

Love at so high a rate is priz'd,
 His Treasures would be all despis'd,

PART III.

The Bridegroom.

- 8 A little Sister, fair and young,
 Does to our Family belong:
 Her Breasts appear not yet, 'tis true;
 What shall we for our Sister do,
 When she begins to get a Name,
 When growing Beauties spread her Fame?
- 9 If, by the Firmness of her Mind,
 She seems a Wall, for Strength design'd;
 A Palace on that Wall we'll found,
 Glittering with Silver all around:
 If like a Gate, built to defend
 From Foes, and to admit a Friend;
 With Cedar Boards we'll fence her well,
 Of lasting Strength and fragrant Smell.

The Bride.

- 10 Such is the Firmness of my Mind,
 I am a Wall for Strength design'd;
 My Breasts are grown, and now appear
 Like two fair Towers built for my Dear.

When

When thus I spake, his Smiles I gain'd,
With them his very Heart obtain'd.

PART IV.

- 11 King Solomon a Field possess,
Baal-hamon Field with Plenty blest:
With Vines of noblest kind 'twas set.
This Vineyard he to Keepers let;
These for the Fruit agreed to bring
A thousand Shekels to the King.
- 12 That fertile Vineyard I possess,
I always keep, and fence, and dress:
A thousand Silver Shekels are,
O Solomon, thy Rightful share;
And those two hundred which remain,
To them that keep the Fruit pertain.

The Bridegroom.

- 13 O Thou who dwelt in Gardens fair,
And art the fairest Flower there!
Thy Voice our glad Companions hear,
Which melts the Heart, and charms the Ear.
Give me the same delight, my Dear;
Thy sweetest Voice O let me hear.

The

The Bride.

- 14 Haste, my Beloved, haste away,
Nor let me vainly beg and pray:
Flee like a Roe or nimble Fawn,
That runs and skips along the Lawn;
Such as the spicy Mountains breed,
Such as the spicy Mountains feed.

PART I.

M

Psalm

Pſalm XLV.

To the chief Muſician upon Sho-
ſhannim, for the Sons of
Korah, Maſchil.

A Song of Loves.

PART I.

Verſe]

1 MY Heart a Noble Theme indites,
What I compoſe concerns the
King;

My Tongue the ſwifteſt Pen that writes
Outvies, while I attempt to ſing.

2 None among all the Human Race
Like Thee for Lovelineſs appears;
Thy Lips, bedew'd with Heavenly Grace,
Raviſh each wondring Soul that hears:

For

Pſalm XLV.

For God will ever from on high
His conſtant Bleſſings Thee afford.
3 O mighty One, upon thy Thigh
Make haſte to gird thy Conquering Sword:
4 Thy Majeſty and Glory ſhow;
Along in Proſperous Grandeur ride;
Let Meekneſs, Truth, and Juſtice go
In Solemn Triumph by thy ſide.

Thy Right Hand, verſ'd in Warlike Arts,
Thee terrible Exploits ſhall teach:
5 O King, thy Foes rebellious Hearts
Thy keenest Darts ſhall ſurely reach:
The Nations under Thee ſhall fall.
6 Thy Throne, O God, ſhall ſtand ſecure;
And, as its Power extends o'er all,
It ſhall for evermore endure.

The Scepter of thy Kingdom proves
A Scepter of Impartial Right:
7 Thy Soul unſpotted Juſtice loves,
And Sin is odious in thy fight.

For

For God; thy God, in plenteous Showers
On thee the Oil of Gladness sheds;
More of that Holy Ointment pours
On Thine, than thy Companions Heads.

8 Myrrh, Aloes, Cassia, rich Perfumes
Thy Robes of Glory more expire,
When passing from the Ivory Rooms,
Than all thy dearest Friends Attire.

9 Kings Daughters there were waiting seen,
And in the Croud of Virgins prest;
On thy Right Hand the Brighter Queen
Stood all in Gold of *Ophir* drest.

P A R T II.

10 O Royal Daughter, bow thy Ear,
Attend with serious thoughts to Me;
Forget thy People once so Dear,
Nor long thy Father's House to see:

11 So

11 So the King's Heart shall be thy own,
He shall thy Beauty still admire;
For he's thy LORD, thy LORD alone,
And does thy Worship all require.

12 Tyre's Stately Daughter shall attend
With Costly Presents at thy Gate:
The richest of the People bend,
And for thy Favour beg and wait.

13 The King's Fair Daughter's pious Heart
All Inward Glories does enfold;
Her outward Garments wrought with Art,
Are made of Threads of purest Gold.

14 She shall be led in Solemn State,
In Robes of fine Embroidery;
Her Virgin Friends that on her wait,
Shall all be introduc'd to Thee.

15 As to the Palace they resort,
Full Joys in every Heart shall reign,
Till the bright Gate o'th' Royal Court
Receives the welcome Nuptial Train.

16 Instead

16 Instead of Fathers soon there springs
A stock of Sons, that owe their Birth
To Thee; a Noble Race of Kings,
Whom Thou shalt place o'er all the Earth.

17 And I, O King, will make thy Name
To all successive Times descend;
All Nations shall thy Acts proclaim,
And thy loud Praises ne'er shall end.

F I N I S.