

IV.

Tho' Hills be in the Ocean lost
With all their trembling Load,
No Fear shall e'er disturb the Just,
Or shake his Trust in GOD.

V.

Nations remote and Realms unknown
In vain resist his Sway;
For lo! *Jehovah's* Voice is shewn,
And Earth shalt melt away.

VI.

Let War's devouring Surges rise
And swell on ev'ry Side:
The Lord of Hosts our Safeguard is,
And *Jacob's* GOD our Guide.

PSALM CXIII.

I.

YE Priests of GOD, whose happy Days
Are spent in your Creator's Praise,
Still more and more his Fame express!
Ye pious Worshipers proclaim
With Shouts of Joy his holy Name;
Nor satisfy'd with praising, blefs.

II.

Let God's high Praises still resound
Beyond old Time's too scanty Bound,

And

ost
oad,
Just,
D.

unknown

hewn,
y.

ife

ard is,
ide.

III.

ie happy Days
ator's Praise,
ame exprefs !
im.

Name ;
blefs.

efound
y Bound,

And

HYMNS and SACRED POEMS. 137

And thro' eternal Ages pierce,
From where the Sun first gilds the Streams,
To where he sets with purpled Beams,
Thro' all the wide-stretch'd Universe.

III.

The various Tribes of Earth obey
Thy awful and imperial Sway ;
Nor Earth thy Sov'reign Pow'r confines ;
Above the Sun's all-cheering Light,
Above the Stars, and far more bright
Thy pure essential Glory shines.

IV.

What Mortal form'd of fading Clay,
What Native of eternal Day
Can with the GOD of Heav'n compare ?
Yet Angels round thy Glorious Throne
Thou stoop'st to view : Nor they alone ;
Ev'n Earth-born Men thy Goodness share.

V.

The Poor Thou liftest from the Dust ;
The Sinner, if in Thee he trust,
From Depths of Guilt and Shame Thou'lt
raise ;
That he, in Peace and Safety plac'd,
With Pow'r and Love and Wisdom grac'd,
May sing aloud his Saviour's Praise.

PSALM