

H Y M N S

OF

INTERCESSION

FOR THE

K I N G D O M

OF

E N G L A N D.



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P A R T I.

LET GOD, the mighty GOD,
 The Lord of Hosts arise,
 With Terror clad, with Strength endu'd,
 And rent and bow the Skies!
 Call'd down by faithful Prayer,
 SAVIOUR appear below;
 Thy Hand lift up, thy Arm make bare,
 And quell thy Church's Foe.
 Our Refuge in Distress,
 In Danger's darkest Hour,
 Appear, as in the antient Days,
 With full redeeming Power;
 That thy Redeem'd may sing
 In glad triumphant Strains,
 The Lord is GOD, the Lord is King,
 The Lord for ever reigns.

2.

We with our Ears have heard,
 Our Fathers us have told,
 The Work that in their Days appear'd,
 And in the Times of old;
 The mighty Wonders wrought
 By Heaven in our Defence,
 When *Jacob's* GOD for *Britain* fought,
 And chas'd the Invaders hence.
 Vainly invincible,
 Their Fleets the Seas did hide,

And doom'd our Sires to Death and Hell,
 And *Israel's* G O D defied :
 But with his Wind He blew,
 But with his Waves He rose,
 And dash'd, and scatter'd, and o'erthrew,
 And swallow'd up his Foes.

3.

Jesus, • Jehovah, Lord,
 Thy wonted Aid we claim,
 Not trusting in our Bow or Sword,
 But in thy saving Name :
 Thy Name, the mighty Tower,
 From whence our Foes we see
 Ready our Country to devour,
 Without a Nod from Thee.
 Thou wilt not give us up
 A Prey into their Teeth,
 But blast their Aim, confound their Hope,
 Their League with Hell and Death :
 With *such* Deliverance bless
 Whom Thou hast chose for thine,
 That every *Briton* may confess
 "The Work is all divine!"

P A R T II.

G O D of unbounded Power,
 G O D of unfathom'd Love,
 Be present in the dangerous Hour,
 The Danger to remove;
 To guard this favourite Land,
 So oft preserv'd by Thee,

Come, Lord, and in the Channel stand,
 Come and block up the Sea :
 Refuse them Leave to pass,
 Forbid them to come nigher ;
 Surround us as a Wall of Brais,
 A Battlement of Fire :
 Our Lives, our threatned Coast,
 Beneath thy Shadow take,
 And turn aside the alien Host,
 And drive the Ruffians back.

2.

Or if thy awful Will
 Admit our *Romish* Foe,
 And force the sleeping Crowd to feel
 The long-suspended Blow ;
 If Justice stern hath past
 Th' irrevocable Doom,
 And arm'd with *Britain's* Crimes, at last
 The Ravagers must come :
 Come first, Thou Man in White,
 Thy Father's Love reveal,
 His Name on every Mourner write,
 And every Servant seal ;
 Let their Deliverance prove
 Thou canst preserve thine own,
 And all who trust thy guardian Love,
 Are safe in Thee alone.

3.

Come then, ye hostile Bands,
 For one short Moment come !

The Man in White shall bind your Hands,
 Ye Murtherers of *Rome*;
 If suffer'd from on high
 To reach our fatal Shore,
 With Bridles in your Mouths draw nigh,
 And shew your bounded Power,
 Your Power to Him submits,
 He keeps our faithful Souls,
 Above the Water Floods He sits,
 And Earth and Hell controuls.
 In Dangers, Deaths, and Snares,
 He lays the sacred Line;
 Nor can ye touch a Man that bears
 The Saviour's Bloody Sign.

P A R T III.

B U T will the gracious Lord
 Who hides us in his Breast,
 Redeem his Servants from the Sword,
 And give up all the rest?
 Wilt Thou thy Fury pour
 On the unthinking Crowd,
 And let the *Romish* Wolves devour
 The Men that know not **GOD**?
 Bowels divine forbid!
 Forbid it, heavenly Grace!
 And let the mourning praying Seed
 Protect the sinful Race:
 To *Abraham's* Son and **GOD**,
 With *Abraham's* Faith we cry;

O spare a Nation in their Blood,
Nor suffer them to die!

2.

Forc'd by the public Crimes,
If Justice must take place,
Why, Lord, in our degenerate Times
Hast Thou remembered Grace?
Thy Kingdom why restor'd!

What means thy Spirit's Strife,
While Thousands by his powerful Word,
Are pass'd from Death to Life?

The Tokens of thy Love
On every Side we see,
And Crowds begotten from above,
Stretch out their Hands to Thee :
Against this evil Day,
Ready prepar'd they stand,
To turn thy vengful Wrath away,
And save a guilty Land,

3.

Ev'n now with them we meet,
Around thy gracious Throne;
And humbly for the Land intreat,
Where Thou art truly known :
We wrestle for the Throng,
Who unconcern'd abide,
(Because the Judgement lingers long,)
And all thy Threats deride.
What can'st Thou do to save
The Souls insensible,

Who madly their Destruction brave,
 And laugh at Death and Hell?
 They claim thy Scourge from thee,
 They bid thy Day make haste;
 But public Ill c'er-rul'd by thee,
 Shall turn to Good at last.

P A R T IV.

H E R E then we calmly rest,
 Whate'er thy Will intend,
 It must be for thy People best,
 It must in Blessings end;
 To those that love the Lord,
 And feel thy sprinkled Blood,
 Famine, and Pestilence, and Sword,
 Shall jointly work for good.
 Our Lives are hid with thine,
 Our Hairs are number'd all,
 Nor can, without the Nod divine,
 One worthless Sparrow fall.
 And shall a Nation bleed,
 And shall a Kingdom fail;
 While Thou, O Christ, art Lord and Head
 O'er Heav'n and Earth and Hell!

2.

Beneath thy Wings secure,
 In Patience we possess
 Our Souls, and quietly endure,
 Whate'er our G O D decrees:
 Yet still (we cry) delay
 The careless Sinners Doom,

And till the Judgement comes, we pray,
 That it may never come:
 May never come *alone*,
 But guided by thy Grace;
 Their vain Self-Confidence cast down,
 And all their Pride abase:
 Who will not see thy Hand,
 Thy Will and Love adore,
 Compel them, Lord, to understand,
 The Thunder of thy Power.

3.

Out of their Slumber woke,
 Bid all our Nation rise,
 And bless the providential Stroke
 That turn'd them to the Skies:
 Who walk'd in darkeft Night,
 In Death's dread Shadow lay,
 Shew them the great and glorious Light,
 The Dawn of Gospel-Day.
 Escap'd the Hostile Sword,
 O may they fly to Thee;
 And find in our redeeming Lord,
 Their Life and Liberty;
 Their Strength and Righteousness,
 O let them hold thee fast,
 With Confidence divine, and Peace,
 That shall for ever last.

F I N I S.