

**THE OXFORD SELECTION OF  
PSALMS AND HYMNS, FOR THE  
USE OF PARISH CHURCHES. A NEW  
EDITION ENLARGED. TO WHICH IS  
APPENDED A GENERAL INDEX**

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The Oxford Selection of Psalms and Hymns, for the Use of Parish Churches. A New Edition  
Enlarged. To Which Is Appended a General Index by Anonymous

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**ANONYMOUS**

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## OXFORD SELECTION.

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### PSALM 1.

How blest are they who ne'er consent  
By ill advice to walk ;  
Nor stand in sinners' ways, nor sit  
Where men profanely talk :

But make the perfect law of God  
Their business and delight ;  
Devoutly read therein by day,  
And meditate by night.

Like some fair tree, which, fed by streams,  
With timely fruit does bend ;  
They still shall flourish, and success  
All their designs attend.

## PSALM 3.

My God how many are my fears,  
My foes do much increase ;  
Conspiring my eternal death,  
They break my present peace.

But thou my glory, and my strength,  
Shalt on the tempter tread ;  
Shalt silence all my threat'ning guilt,  
And raise my drooping head.

Salvation to the Lord belongs,  
His arm alone can save ;  
Blessings attend his people here,  
And reach beyond the grave.

Why troubled, why cast down, my soul ?  
Trust God, and he'll employ  
His aid for thee, and change thy sighs  
To thankful hymns of joy.



## PSALM 5.

Lord, hear the voice of my complaint,  
Accept my fervent prayer;  
To thee alone, my King, my God,  
Will I for help repair.

Thou in the morn my voice shalt hear;  
And, with the dawning day,  
To thee devoutly I'll look up,  
To thee devoutly pray.

And when thy boundless grace shall me  
To thy lov'd courts restore;  
On thee I'll fix my longing eyes,  
And humbly there adore.

There let all those, who trust in thee,  
With shouts their joy proclaim;  
Let them rejoice whom thou preserv'st,  
And all that love thy Name.

## PSALM 8.

O God our Lord, how wonderful  
Are thy works ev'ry where !  
Thy fame surmounts in dignity  
The highest heav'ns that are.

E'en by the mouth of sucking babes  
Thou wilt confound thy foes ;  
For in those babes thy might is seen,  
Thy graces they disclose.

And when I see the heav'ns above,  
The works of thine own hands ;  
The sun, the moon, and all the stars,  
In order as they stand ;

Lord, what is man, that thou of him  
Tak'st such abundant care !  
Or what the son of man, whom thou  
To visit dost not spare !

## PSALM 8.

O THOU, to whom all creatures bow  
Within this earthly frame,  
Through all the world how great art thou!  
How glorious is thy Name!

When heav'n, thy beauteous work on high,  
Employs my wond'ring sight;  
The moon, that nightly rules the sky,  
With stars of feebler light;

What's man, say I, that, Lord, thou lov'st  
To keep him in thy mind?  
Or what his offspring, that thou prov'st  
To them so wondrous kind?

O thou, to whom all creatures bow  
Within this earthly frame,  
Through all the world how great art thou!  
How glorious is thy Name!