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CHAP. I. OF THE

THE HISTORY OF THE

REIGN OF



OF GREAT BRITAIN

By JOHN HANCOCK, Esq. of the Middle Temple, Barrister at Law.
LONDON: Printed and Sold by J. H. B. at the Sign of the Crown in St. Dun-
stons Church-yard, 1714.

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A H Y M N, &c.

GREAT God! when Famine threaten'd late
To scourge our guilty land,
O did we learn from that dark fate
To dread thy mighty hand?

II.

Did then our sins to mem'ry rise?
Or own'd we GOD was just?
Or rais'd we penitential cries?
Or bow'd we in the dust?

III, Did

III.

Did we forsake one evil path,
Was any sin abhorr'd?
Or did we deprecate thy wrath,
And turn us to the Lord?

IV.

'Tis true we fail'd not to *repine*,
But did we too *repent*?
Or own the chastisement divine
In awful judgment sent?

V.

Tho' the bright chain of Peace is broke,
And war with ruthless sword
Unpeoples nations at a stroke,
Yet who regards the Lord?

VI. But

VI.

But God, who in his strict decrees

Remembers mercy still,

Can, in a moment, if he please,

Our hearts with comfort fill.

VII.

He mark'd our angry spirits rise,

Domestic hate increase ;

And for a time withheld supplies,

To teach us love and peace.

VIII.

He, when he brings his children low,

Has blessings still in store ;

And when he strikes the heaviest blow,

He does but love us more.

IX. Now,

IX.

Now, Frost, and Flood, and Blight no more

Our golden harvests spoil;

See, what an unexampl'd store

Rewards the Reaper's toil!

X.

As when the promis'd harvest fail'd

In Canaan's fruitful land;

The envious Patriarchs were assail'd

By famine's pressing hand.

XI.

The angry brothers then forgot

Each fierce and jarring feud;

United by their adverse lot,

They lov'd as brothers shou'd.

XII. So

XII.

So here, from Heaven's correcting hand,

Tho' famine fail'd to move;

Let Plenty now throughout the land,

Rekindle peace and love.

XIII.

Like the rich fool, let us not say,

Soul! thou hast goods in store!

But shake the overplus away,

To feed the aged poor.

XIV.

Let rich and poor, on whom are now

Such bounteous crops bestow'd,

Raise many a pure and holy vow

In gratitude to God!

XV. And

XV.

And while his gracious name we praise

For bread so kindly given;

Let us beseech him, all our days,

To give the bread of heav'n.

XVI.

In that blest Prayer our Lord did frame,

Of all our prayers the guide;

We ask that "hallow'd be his name,"

And then *our* wants supplied.

XVII.

For grace he bids us first implore,

Next, that we may be fed;

We say, "Thy will be done," before

We ask "our daily bread."

Z.

T H E E N D.

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