PREPARATION
FOR
DEATH,
IN SEVERAL
HYMNS.

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PREPARATION FOR DEATH.

HYMN I.

1 Jesus, to thee distressed I cry,
   A sinner at the point to die,  
   Before I yield my breath,  
   Thy mercy in my heart reveal,  
   Thy heart-felt love alone can save.

2 Thy soul from that infernal grave,  
   That worm which never dies;  
   Can ascertain my sins forgiven,  
   Bless'd with an antepast of heaven,  
   And fit me for the skies.
3 What shall I say thy love to gain?
Remind thee of the mortal pain
Which bought the grace for me?
Thy pain thou never canst forget,
Thine agony and bloody sweat,
Thy prayer on Calvary.

4 Why wait thou there of God forsook,
Why didst thou to thy Father look?
And gasp for help in vain?
Why did thy blood so kindly flow,
But that I might the blessing know
Of loving thee again?

5 By all thou didst on earth endure,
To make our peace and pardon sure,
My infant suit allow,
The grace for which alone I pray;
Streaming after thy wounds display,
And grant the blessing now.

6 Behold me with thy closing eye,
Revive by thy expiring cry,
And let me hence depart,
Exclaiming with my latest breath,
Thou know'st I love thee, Lord, in death,
I give thee all my heart!

H Y M N II.

S A V I O U R, lavish of thy blood,
My poor spony heart to win,
Must I faint beneath the load
Of this base ungrateful sin?
Thou who didst my burdens bear,
All my burdens to remove,

H Y M N III.

H O W foolish was my hope and vain,
That age would conquer sin,
My nature's enmity restrain,
And end the war within;
Would tame my passion's wild excess,
The slighted world o'erthrow,

Wilt thou leave me in despair,
Let me die without thy love?

2 No: thy passion answers no:
Since thou couldst expire for me,
I shall thy salvation know,
Thy indulgent goodness see;
Apprehended of my Lord,
I my Lord shall apprehend:
True and gracious is the word,
Hope and love are in my end.

3 On thy bleeding passion said,
On thy faithful mercy cast,
By my sin so long delay'd,
Thee I shall receive at last;
In my loving heart receive,
Which thou didst so dearly buy;
Here an happy moment live,
Sure of life eternal die.

4 Grant me this, I ask no more:
Then the balmy grace exert,
Then below the loving power,
When my soul and body part;
In the bond of perfectness
Knit my loving soul to thee,
Then indulg'd to die in peace,
God I shall for ever see.
The fiend's malicious rage repents,
And weary out the foe!

Because his time to tempt and try
Is short, he tempts the more,
And hunts me on the wing to fly
Beyond his baleful power;
His utmost rage and strength exerts,
Before I escape away,
And strives by all his hellish arts
My parting-soul to slay.

My heart he turns to earthly things,
From which I soon shall go,
And closer to the world it clings,
And seeks its rest below:
By base mistrust impell'd to spare,
I cloak the forlorn vice,
And, in the garb of prudent care,
Applaud my avarice.

My stiff-neck'd stubborness of will
By time is not subdued,
My carnal mind is carnal still,
And enmity to God:
With years infirmities increase,
While strength and patience fails,
And countless ills my spirit oppress,
And perversed flesh prevails.

The sin which long betrays my soul,
Would re-fulfil the sly way,
Reason's enfeebled powers controul,
And force me still to obey:
With shame indignantly I groan,
With lifted heart and eyes,
I finite my aged breast, and own
That anger never dies.

What must a dying sinner do,
From sin to be set free?
Merciful God, and strong, and true,
I gasp for help to thee:
O let my utter helplessness
Thy kind compassion move!
I cannot, Lord, from sinning cease,
Till I begin to love.

O might thy love on me bestow'd
The love of sin expel,
O'ercome the world, cast down their god,
With all the powers of hell!
The works of Satan to destroy,
Jesus, in me appear;
In peace, and righteousness, and joy,
Restore thy kingdom here.

Peace, righteousness, and joy divine,
Thou dost with love impart,
That thou art love, that thou art mine,
Afflire my happy heart:
Then am I meet for my reward,
Renew'd in holiness,
And live the image of my Lord,
And die to see thy face.

Hymn IV.

Warn'd of my dissolution,
Unfit to die or live,
With horror and confusion
The summons I receive.
I want the preparation
Before I hence depart,
The knowledge of salvation,
The purity of heart.
Hymn V.

1 Saviour, all my wretchedness
   In thy bosom I confess,
   Let thy compassion move,
   O relieve my want of love.

2 Hear me, Lord, myself bemoan,
   Burthen'd with an heart of stone;
   Sinking
HYMN VI.

Isaiah xlv. 4. Even to your old age I am be, and even to hoary hairs will I carry you: I have made, and I will bear, even I will carry and will deliver you.

1 JESU, thou hast to hoary hairs.
   My manners and my birth I have born,
   Carried me through ten thousand snares,
   And, when I would to sin return,
   With thine high hand and outstretch'd arm,
   Redeem'd me from the mortal harm.

2 0 let me still the promise plead,
   Thy kind continued aid engage!
   Thy aid I every moment need,
   In childhood, youth, and trembling age;
   A sinner I, on mercy cast,
   By mercy sav'd from first to last.

3 Still, O thou patient God of love,
   My soul's infirmity sustain,
   Bear me on eagle's wings above
   The world of ill, the vale of pain;
   The flesh that weigh my spirit down,
   The fiend who strives to take my crown.

4 While, hanging on thy faithful word,
   My utter helpless I feel,
   Carry me in thy bosom, Lord,
   Beyond the reach of earth and hell,
   Till on the margin of the grave,
   I prove thine utmost power to save.

5 Thou
   No may thy love to one be given
   And make thy servant hear of thee
   If thou wilt save unworthy one
   I'll praise thee in Eternity

HYMN VII.

1 The will of my Creator
   I would with joy obey,
   And pay the debt of nature
   Which all are born to pay,
   The graves are ready for me:
   But ere I disappear,
   O God! in Christ, restore me
   To thy own image here.

2 Th' experience of salvation
   I languish to receive,
   And, free from pride and passion,
   The life of faith to live,
   In holiness unpolluted,
   To attain my heart's desire,
   Fulfill the work allotted,
   And one with Christ expire.

3 Come then, my present Saviour,
   Thy precious Self reveal,
   And
H Y M N VIII.

1 I COME, at Jesus' call I come,
    Submissive to the general doom,
The way of all the earth I go,
    And only wait my guide to know;
Happy, if thou my steps attend,
    And bless me with a peaceful end.

2 While struggling in the toils of death,
    Convuls'd, I gasp my latest breath,
O that my soul, reclined on thee,
    Serene in mortal agony,
Might all the tyrant's darts defy,
    And show the world how Christians die!

3 O could I then behold my God
    Arrayed in garments dipp'd in blood!
As when thou didst the wine-press tread,
    And meekly bow thy dying head,
That I my spirit may resign,
    Like thee, into the hands divine.

4 The grace thou didst for me procure,
    Let it my final peace infuse;
Implant thine image in my heart.
    And then, made ready to depart,
I gladly to the sentence bow;
    I die to see my Saviour now.

H Y M N IX.

1 JESUS, the just, the good,
    Remember Calvary,
And claim the purchase of thy blood,
    Expended all for me:
My Saviour hitherto,
    A little longer stay;
The pardon'd penitent renew,
    And hide me in the grave.

2 Not my own faithfulness,
    But thine I humbly plead,
Who will not quench a spark of grace,
    Nor break a bruised reed:
Thy work, with life begun,
    In this weak soul compleat,
And let me groan my latest groan
    For mercy, at thy feet.

3 I ask not extasies;
    But with a loving heart,
In steadfast hope and humble peace
    Permit me to depart:
Suffice, that here I know
    My fins thro' grace forgiven,
And calmly blest, with safety go
    To endless joys in heaven.
HYMN XI.

1 By justice doom'd to die,
   I feel the time is nigh,
Wanting strength, increasing care,
   Sickly life's redoubled load,
All cry out, For death prepare,
   O prepare to meet thy God.

2 With thankfulness and fear
   Thy warning voice I hear;
Let me then my life's remain,
   To unfeign'd repentance give,
Middl' infirmities and pains,
   Meek, and daily dying live.

3 Giver of godly woe,
On me the grace bestow;
Stony into fleshly turn,
   By thy last expiring cry;
Bid me look on thee and mourn,
   Mourn, and with my Saviour die.

4 Thy bleeding love declare,
Too strong for life to bear;
Let it purge, and break my heart,
   Then my heart's desire I prove,
Bowing on thy cross depart,
   Pay thee back thy bleeding love.

May you and may I on Jesus rely,
For grace to support by believing,
No doubt but he will his promise fulfill,
And we shall see him the glad day.
God of love, no more delay
The grace, for which alone I grieve;
Take the sting of death away,
And now my soul receive.

Hymn XII.

1. Thee, Saviour, I confess
Omnipotent in grace:
True I account thee, Lord,
And faithful to thy word:
Freely thou wilt confer
Whate’er we ask in prayer,
And readier art to give
Than sinners to receive.

2. Ere with my lips I pray,
Thou know’st what I would say;
Might I be found of thee
In peace and purity,
And then my spirit give
With my dear Lord to live:
Safe on that happy shore,
I could desires no more.

Hymn XIII.

1. Thrice happy estate of the dead,
Who die on Immanuel’s breast!
From trouble and misery freed,
From pain they eternally rest;
Purged by their labours of love,
By mercy assign’d their reward,
They mount to the mansions above,
And heaven enjoy in their Lord.

2. O how shall a sinner like me
That blissful enjoyment obtain?

To Jesus’s bowels I flee,
Oppress’d with affliction and pain.
My burthen of guilt I confess,
Just ready from earth to depart:
O Saviour, in pity release,
And pardon inscribe on my heart.

3. That rest from oppression beflow,
That faith in a crucified God,
And, freely forgiven, I know
The mercy procur’d by thy blood;
Thy easy command I receive,
Affix’d to the infamous tree,
And daily expiring I live,
I suffer and triumph with thee.

4. Then lowly I enter the rest
For lowly believers design’d,
The people in Jesus posses’d
Of pardon and purity join’d;
Then, faithful and just to thy word,
Permit me in peace to remove,
Dissolv’d by, a sight of my Lord,
And blest with an heaven of love.

Hymn XV.

1. World of vanity, farewell!
Thee without regret I leave;
While, redeem’d from death and hell,
Mercy doth my foul forgive,
Lends me wings from earth to fly;
Tells me I shall never die.

2. Though the worms this flesh devour,
Cloath’d with immortality,

T"
4. The grace affectionate infuse;
   And when of love possessed,
   From chains of flesh my spirit loose,
   And take me to thy breast.

H Y M N X VI.

1. LOVE divine, for whom I languish,
   Bring relief to my grief,
   To my spirit's anguish.

2. Ease of every heart-oppression;
   O come in, end my sin,
   Finish my transgression.

3. Witness, seal of sin forgiven,
   When thou art in my heart,
   Thou art Instant heaven.

4. Ready made for my translation,
   Then I prove; God is love,
   Jesus is salvation.

5. Then, partaker of thy nature,
   I fulfill all the will
   Of my new creator.

6. Into nothing sink before thee,
   Sink and rise, grasp the prize,
   See my Lord in glory.

H Y M N
HYMN XVII.

1 A Sinner ready to expire,
   Afraid to drop the sinful clay,
   With vehemence of intense desire,
   For peace and purity I pray.

2 Unless thou wash my life from sin,
   Saviour, I've no part in thee,
   Unless thou make my nature clean,
   The holy God I cannot see.

3 Obedient saints, and they alone;
   Into the sacred city press,
   And, conquering all, partake thy throne,
   And, pure in heart, behold thy face.

4 The meetness for that rapturous fight,
   Is all I can on earth request;
   The righteous robe, the linen white,
   T'adorn me for that heavenly seat.

5 The law-fulfilling power of love,
   Love of souls, to me impart;
   And then thy easy yoke I prove,
   Thy lowly, meek, obedient heart.

6 Then, then I feel redemption nigh,
   Listening I catch the welcome word,
   "Go, get thee up the mount, and die,
   "And live triumphant with thy Lord."

HYMN XVIII.

1 A Transgressor from the womb,
   Sinking now into my tomb;
   O forbid it, Lord, that I,
   Born in sin, in sin should die.

2 Whom thyself hast died to save,
   Snatch from the infernal grave;
   Me to save, thy love impart,
   Pour the bliss into my heart.

3 Essence of eternal love,
   Joy of all thy hosts above,
   Joy of all thy saints below,
   Only thee I long to know.

4 Banish'd now out of thy sight,
   Bound in chains of penal night,
   Painfully my want I feel;
   Absent love is present hell.

5 Kindler of seraphic fires,
   Fill my soul with pure desires;
   All my guilty gloom to chase,
   Jesus, shew thy heavenly face.

6 Pain before thy presence flies,
   Grief no longer weeps or sighs;
   Sin and unbelief remove,
   God in thee I see and love.

HYMN XIX.

1 Away with my fears!
   The Redeemer appears;
   Offer'd
HYMN XX

1 In anxious agony of doubt,  
Who shall the dying sinner save?  
Afraid my soul will find me out,  
And sink my soul beneath the grave,  
To whom can I for refuge run,  
Undone, eternally undone?

2 My only hope, in sad despair,  
Expiring hangs on yonder tree!  
His speaking blood’s effectual prayer  
Is heard all-prevalent for me.

3 His blood rebounding thro’ the skies,  
Mercy, unbounded mercy, cries!  
His blood has bought the general peace,  
His blood has purg’d my guilty stain,  
Has sign’d my guilty soul’s release,  
And brought me back to God again,  
Who makes in Christ his goodness known,  
And gives me to his loving am.

4 This, only this, I stay to know,  
And feel it in my sprinkled heart,  
I then with calm alliance go,  
To see thee, Saviour, as thou art,  
Thy shining fears, thy face to see,  
Whose death is life, is heaven to me.

HYMN XXI

1 By the Redeemer certified,  
That here I have not long to live,  
I wait to feel his blood applied,  
Who doth for his own sake forgive.

2 His favour seal’d in perfect peace,  
Is joy unspeakable to obtain,  
His image of true holiness,  
That meeteth with himself to reign.

3 The Son of God reveal’d in me,  
He only can my soul prepare,  
Fill’d with his immortality,  
To meet and grasp him in the air.

4 O might I now with Jesus find  
The everlasting life brought in,  
And know the Saviour of mankind,  
My Saviour from all fear and sin!
5 O might I after God wake up,
And do his will like those above,
And taste in Christ, my glorious hope,
Th' anticipated heaven of love,

6 Of love, of God in Christ posse'sd
And wing'd with infinite desire,
I then should enter into rest,
And face to face my Lord admire.

HYMN XXII.

1 O Immaculate Lamb!
Thy disciple I am,
And in following thee my assistance I claim:
Thy assistance is nigh;
And on this I rely,
And obediently come with my Saviour to die.

2 Though of dying afraid,
Through the horrible shade,
In view of thy cross I may walk undistayed:
To banish my fear,
My dependence to cheer,
In thy crimson apparel, O Jesus! appear.

3 Thou hast pacified God;
And the mountainous load
Of my guilt is remov'd by thy all-cleansing blood:
Only shew on the tree
Thy passion for me,
And an end of my sin and my sorrow I see.

4 'Tis finish'd, 'tis done!
By Messiah alone,
The wine-press is troid; and the victory won:
I have

5 The salvation is sure,
Which he died to procure
For whoever believe to the end and endure:
I in Jesus confide,
And can all things abide,
With a God of omnipotent love on my side.

6 Departing in thee,
Thee, Lord, may I see
Walking on in the shadowy valley with me:
Then all evil is o'er,
And I suffer no more,
With my Saviour arriv'd at the heavenly shore.

HYMN XXIII.

1 Thou hast restrain'd my soul from sin,
And still, O Lord, restrain,
Till, born of God, and pure within,
I cannot sin again:
I cannot thy good Spirit grieve,
Or take the tempter's part,
Or basely to the creature cleave;
When thou hast all my heart.

2 O that this moment be,
O that I now could prove
The blest impossibility
Of trampling on thy love!
Instant for this thou hearst me pray
With groans unspeakable,
O take the carnal mind away,
And empty me of hell.

3 Thy
[ 26 ]

3 Thy nature's purity reveal,
   And plant the heaven in me;
And now my gasping spirit fill
   With love's immensity:
The love which calls out fear and sin,
   Which thou, my Jesus, art,
Bring with thy Father's fulness in,
   And take up all my heart.

4 Then shall I never more offend
   My Saviour's glorious eyes,
But walk with my indwelling Friend,
   Unspotted, to the skies;
Obtain th' inheritance prepar'd
   For all the sons of grace,
And find my full immense reward
   In my Redeemer's face.

HYMN XXIV.

H Y M N  XXV.

3 Suffice that more than three-score years
   I have thine indignation borne;
Glad may I quit the vale of tears,
   And, pardon'd, to thine arms return!
The tokens of thy pard'ning love,
   The comforts sweet thro' life fulfill;
But, while I from the flesh remove,
   Let hope and peace be in my end.

4 Walk with me thro' the dreadful shade,
   And, certified that thou art mine,
My spirit, calm and undisturb'd,
   I shall into thine hands reign:
No anxious doubt, no guilty gloom,
   Shall damp whom Jesus' presence cheers;
My light, my life, my God, is come,
   And glory in his face appears!

HYMN XXV.

1 W A R N'D of my dissolution near,
   As on the margin of the grave,
Jesus, with humble faith and fear,
   I now bespeak thy power to save:
Thou who hast tasted death for me,
   Indulge me in my fond request,
And let a worm preside to thee
   The manner of my final rest.

2 My feeble heart's extreme desire,
   If now thine eye with pity sees,
Whene'er thou dost my soul require,
   O let me then be found in peace;
In active faith, and humble prayer,
   Resign'd, yet longing to depart,
To rise, redeem'd from earthly care,
   And see thee, Saviour, as thou art.

3 Suffice that more than three-score years
   I have thine indignation borne;
Glad may I quit the vale of tears,
   And, pardon'd, to thine arms return!
The tokens of thy pard'ning love,
   The comforts sweet thro' life fulfill;
But, while I from the flesh remove,
   Let hope and peace be in my end.

C 2 3 When
3 When nature's strength, and spirits fail,
   And all the internal powers combin'd
   My conscience furiously affai'd,
   And Satan brings my sins to mind;
   The fierce accusing fiend restrain,
   Prevent, or break his final blow,
   And, 'rondom'd thro' thy bleeding pain,
   I trample on my vanquish'd foe.

4 I sing the new triumphant song,
   O death, where is thy boasted sting?
Salvation doth to God belong,
   Who doth to me salvation bring!
Thanks be to God thro' Christ alone,
   Who gives the final victory,
   Mingles with his my latest groan,
   And bids me die his face to see.

**HYMN XXVI.**

1 Jesus, to whose omnicient mind
   Future and past are present now,
See my weak soul on thee reclining,
   Whene'er my dying head I bow;
Ev'n now a sinner's suit admit,
   Who humbly my request make known,
   And, prostrate at thy mercy seat,
   For peace, and final pardon groan.

2 Sav'd from ten thousand deaths and snares,
   Wilt thou not lead me safely home,
Number'd with thee my hoary hairs
   Bring down with triumph to the tomb?
Thou infinite in love and power,
   My tempted soul thro' life stand by,
   And when I meet my mortal hour,
   My only business to die.

3 My finish'd work, my conflicts past,
   O may I then with joy perceive,
   And more than conqueror at last,
   Glory to my Redeemer give!
Dealing thy grace to all around,
   I would my latest breath employ,
   Witnesses of full redemption found,
   And ripe for all my master's joy.

4 A sinner sav'd! (be then my cry)
   Sav'd by the riches of his grace,
Who would not have one sinner die,
   Who died himself for all our race?
His blood my utmost debt has paid,
   His blood has cleans'd me from all sin,
   And bought the heaven I see display'd
   To take an heir of glory in.

**HYMN XXVII.**

1 Drawn by a dying sinner's prayer,
   Come, Saviour, from above,
   And in my parting soul declare,
   The majesty of love:

2 Before I render up my breath,
   Thy glorious goodness show,
   And safely through the gates of death
   To endless life I go.

3 I long thy smiling face to see,
   Who freely doth forgive
   Transgression, sin, iniquity,
   The moment we believe.

C 3 4 In
4 In me create that seeing eye,  
Which doth the peace impart,  
And now with all thy wounds pass by,  
And captivate my heart.

5 Soon as thou dost in me proclaim,  
And make thy nature known,  
The new unutterable name  
Which perfects us in one;

6 Made capable of heavenly rest,  
I shall from earth remove,  
Te' enjoy the God for ever blest,  
Whom I entirely love.

H Y M N XXVIII.

1 B E F O R E my Judge severe,  
O how shall I appear!  
Stranger to his saving grace,  
Guilty and unholy I,  
Banish'd from his glorious face,  
Must I not for ever die?

2 Answer to God for me  
The man on Calvary!  
Pleasant of my desperate cause,  
He hath paid the debt I owe,  
Bought my pardon on the cross;  
Died himself to save his foe.

3 His death to thee I shew,  
Thou righteous God and true;  
In arrest of judgment, plead  
Jesus, crush'd beneath my load:  
I no other ransom need,  
Speaks for me the sprinkled blood!

4 His blood from every sin  
Shall make my nature clean;  
Faith if in his blood I have,  
All my sins are wash'd away;  
He shall ransom from the grave,  
He shall raise me in that day.

5 I then shall lift mine eyes,  
With rapturous surmise,  
Boldly stand before the throne,  
In the Judge the Saviour see,  
Christ my Intercessor own,  
Mine thro' all eternity!

H Y M N XXIX.

1 I N mercy infinite,  
Who hearken the sinner's prayer,  
A little longer, yet  
A little longer spare  
Thy work, originally good,  
Thy fallen creature—bought with blood.

2 My soul in life detain,  
Saviour and lord of all,  
Till, made like thee again,  
Recover'd from my fall,  
Thy long-lost favour I retrieve,  
And finisht in thine image live.

3 Thou hast in patient love,  
Referv'd me to this day,  
That I the power may prove  
Which takes my sins away,  
Which bids my soul depart in peace,  
In joy, and finish'd holiness.

4 Bid
4 Bid then my new-born soul
   After thy likeness rise,
   The faith that makes me whole
   That clears and sanctifies,
To a poor ransom'd worm impart,
   With all thou hast, and all thou art.

H Y M N  XXX.

1 Long in prayer and supplication
   Have I made my fruitless moan,
   Waited, Lord, for thy salvation
   Hunger'd for a good unknown:
   Hid from all but the receiver,
   Life's imperishable Tree,
   Meat divine that lasts for ever,
   God himself reveal'd in me.

2 Thro' thy death and righteous merit
   Pardon still I hope to obtain,
   Thro' thy pure indwelling Spirit:
   Perfect holiness to gain:
   Partner of thy sinless nature,
   All thy spotless mind to show,
   Fashion'd after my Creator,
   God as I am known to know.

3 Whence the earnest expectation
   Struggling now within my breast?
   Pants my soul with boundless passion
   After its eternal rest.
   O that now the grace were given,
   Taste of immortality!
   Ere I can ascend to heaven,
   Heaven must descend to me.

4 If thou hast in mercy caught me,
   Thee that I may apprehend,
5 Thee let thy bleeding love compel
   Its saving virtue to reveal
   In this poor heart of mine:
   A glad partaker of my hope,
   I then shall after God wake up
   To righteousness divine.

6 To my primeval state restor'd,
   Found in the image of my Lord,
   The perfect character,
   I then, with thee in spirit one,
   Boldly approach th' eternal throne,
   And in thy sight appear!

H Y M N  XXXII.

1 J E S U S, come! (the mortal sentence
   I receive) come and give
   Faith, and true repentance.

2 All my hope and consolation
   Is in thee; visit me
   With thy full salvation.

3 Shew thyself the Lord of glory,
   Lamb of God, bath'd in blood,
   Crucified before me!

4 By the dreadful exhibition
   Make me groan, melt the stone
   Into deep contrition.

5 Now apply the blood that cleanses
   Every stain, once again
   Blot out my offences.

6 Bleeding

6 Bleeding love— I long to feel it!
   Let the smart break my heart,
   Break my heart, and heal it.

7 Let the sense of sin forgiven,
   Make my soul thoroughly whole,
   Be my taste of heaven.

8 Then the earnest I inherit;
   To its rest, in thy breast,
   Then receive my spirit.

H Y M N  XXXIII.

1 I KNOW, and feel it cannot be
   That I the holy God should see,
   Or stand before his sight,
   Unless I after him awake,
   His nature here on earth partake,
   And in his love delight.

2 But he my flesh and blood assum'd,
   That I, to death eternal doom'd,
   His Spirit might retrieve,
   The favour of my Lord regain,
   Substantial holiness obtain,
   And in his image live.

3 Come then, great God, thyself reveal,
   With extacies unpeakeable
   Thy pard'ning love impart;
   Thy sanctifying blood apply,
   To purge my nature's deepest die,
   And purify my heart.

4 My heart, which then to thee I give,
   To earthly things no more shall cleave,
Or seek its rest below,
No more to vile affections yield,
But with th' indwelling Spirit fill'd,
My only Jesus know.

Soon as of thee possess'd I am,
The leopard sinks into a lamb,
And with thy nature blest,
Thy lowly, meek, unspotted mind,
Rest to my hallow'd soul I find,
The true eternal rest.

Then, then, mature for my reward,
Fit to behold my glorious Lord
With all thy white-rob'd choir,
(My faith and holiness fill'd up)
I reach the sacred mountain's top,
And in thy sight expire!

**H Y M N** XXXIV.

1 **W** hy shall that rapt'rous flight explain,
Which gracious souls departing gain,
The crown of all their grace?
Life cannot bear the blis-divine;
Then let me, Lord, my soul resign,
To see thy heavenly face.

2 This earth, I know, is not my home,
Thro' which a baali'd man I roam,
A weary pilgrim I.
Till, at thy word, my wanderings cease,
And, mounting from the wilderness,
I to thy bosom fly.

3 O that I on the wings of love,
The wings of thy celestial dove,
Could

**H Y M N** XXXV.

1 **T** ell me, affrighted Reason, tell
What is that Death I soon shall feel?
"The foul original disgrace
Involving our devoted race,
The sad effect of Adam's fall,
The direful curse intailed on all."

2 His Oracles the answer give,
Who wills that all mankind should live,
Who liv'd himself in grief and woe,
On me his blessing to bestow,
To purchase immortality,
Who died for all mankind and me.

3 Saviour and Prince of life and peace,
Thy passion bids my horrors cease:
Thro' thy atoning sacrifice,
The light doth out of darkness rise,
And scatters all my guilty gloom,
And gilds the horrors of the tomb.

4 The death Thou didst for me sustein,
Shall mitigate my mortal pain,
While
While leaning on thy bloody cross,
I trust with Thee my desperate cause,
My sufferings to thy sufferings join,
And mix my parting soul with thine.

**HYMN XXXVI**

1 **W**EAR Y of all below,
   And drawing toward my end,
   My only want I show
   To Thee, the sinner's Friend,
Who hast thro' life my Saviour been;
   Open thy arms to take me in.

2 Yet here my soul detain,
   God of almighty love,
   Tis, join'd to Thee again,
   The life of faith I prove,
The utmost power of godliness,
   The plenitude of gospel-grace.

3 I want a pardon seal'd
   In peace and humble joy,
   The Deity reveal'd,
   My evils to destroy,
The Spirit purchas'd by thy blood,
   The fulness of indwelling God.

4 Thy absence from my heart
   Forbids my soul to aspire,
   And longing to depart,
   I check the rash desire,
Bewail my want of purity,
   My painful want of love and Thee.

5 **O** let my mournful cry
   Thy kind compassion move,
   Nor suffer me to die
   A stranger to thy love ;
Thy word the weeping sinner shears;
   O keep not silence at my tears.

6 I wait the quick'ning word,
   Which bids my soul awake,
   In holiness restor'd,
   Thy nature to partake;
That life which time and death defies,
   That charity which never dies.

7 Then let this body drop
   Into its earthen bed;
   This flesh shall rest in hope,
   While number'd with the dead;
Sweet fellowship with Thee I have,
   And share my dear Redeemer's grave.

8 My spirit then set free,
   On eagle's wings shall rise,
   With eagle's eye shall see
   Its Lord in Paradise,
Till thy eternal Spirit come,
   And call my soul out of the tomb.

8 In soul and body blest,
   My utmost flight I fear,
   Enter the heavenly Rest,
   And face to face adore
The glorious God in persons three,
   My God thro' all eternity!
HYMN XXXVII.

1. To my latest moment crying,
   Must I cry for grace in vain?
   Jesus, save a sinner dying,
   O redeem a wretched man!
   Wretched I beyond expression,
   Longer if my Lord defer,
   Finisher of the transgression,
   End of sin in me appear.

2. Contrary to Thee by nature
   Shapen in iniquity,
   Born thine enemy and hater,
   How shall I thy kingdom see?
   How into thy presence venture,
   Unrenew'd in righteousness?
   No unholy thing can enter,
   Stand before thy glorious face.

3. Yet I in my lost condition
   May approach the sinner's friend,
   Still presenting my petition,
   Saviour, in the cloud descends;
   Make thy goodness pass before me,
   God discover'd from above,
   To thine image here restore me,
   Change my nature into love.

4. Love excludes the selfish passion,
   Love destroys the carnal mind;
   Love be here my full salvation;
   Love for Thee and all mankind.

5. Thus prepar'd for my dismission,
   Let me for thy coming stay,
   Gliding with a smooth transition
   Into everlasting day,
   Seal'd by thy uniting Spirit,
   Meet with Thee, O Christ, to live—
   Then impute thy righteous merit,
   Then my spotless soul receive.

Verses under Trials

To God that lifts our spirits high or sinks them to the grave
He gives and blessed be his name
He takes but what he gave
Peace all my angry passion then
Let each rebellious sigh
Be silent at his sovereign will
And every murmuring Die

Let thine own compassion move thee
Thy own nature to impart,
Force me now to cry— I love thee,
Love thee, Lord, with all my heart.
HYMN XXXVIII.

1. W E A R Y of my own complaints,
Still I sigh for Purity:
Jesu, come, my spirit faints,
Faints and dies for want of Thee:
Drawn by my expiring groan,
Quickly come, and save thine own.

2. Alien from the life of God,
Left the second death I die,
Me polluted in my blood,
Pains compassed by:
Faith divine and pardon give,
Bid me in thy likeness live.

3. Only Thee I grasp to know,
Truth of holiness and love,
Truth of happiness below,
Way to glorious joys above;
Life, eternal life thou art;
Speak thyself into my heart.

My unworthiness confessing
Thy correcting hand I prove
In thy dealings acquiescing
Bless thy faith full love
 Wise in every dispensation
Holy just and true thou art
Leaving me to full Salvation
Calling Son give me thy head.

HYMN XXXIX.

1. O near the haven brought
Might I be shipwreck'd here?
Saviour, forgive the hasty thought
Of believing fear;
Fear of myself, not Thee, O Lord,
It is my grief and shame;
It is my own infirmity;
But Thou art still the same.

2. In childhood's giddy hour
Thou hatest my Keeper been,
And shored my youth from passion's power,
From every pleasing sin;
When by the fiend impell'd,
In slippery paths I ran,
Thy hand invisible withheld,
"And led me up to man."

3. Refrain'd by heavenly grace
From what the world pursu'd,
"Eager ambition's fiery race
"With unconcern I view'd."
The lust of wealth and fame
Thou only didst supplest,
And gavest my mounting soul to aim
At nobler happiness.

4. Of
4 Oft as from thee I rov’d,
In quest of my own will,
Thy Spirit tenderly reprov’d,
And kept me back from ill;
He cross’d my fond desire
Of perishable good,
And pluck’d the brand out of the fire,
And quench’d it in thy blood.

5 Unnumber’d deaths and snares,
Thy love hath turn’d aside;
And still, O God, to hoary hairs,
Thou art my faithful Guide:
Thy miracles of grace
Thou daily dost renew,
Straiten th’inextricable maze,
And bring me strangely thro’.

6 Why then am I cast down,
With anxious thoughts oppress’d,
With doubts if Thou wilt lead me on
To my eternal rest?
Thy will and power are join’d
The helpless to defend;
And fav’d so long, I trust to find
Salvation in my end.

7 This unbelieving sin
Thou wilt, O Lord, controul,
And perfect righteousness bring in
To my expecting soul:
Finish, expel, destroy,
This inbred enemy;
And fill with everlasting joy,
And make me all like Thee,

8 Confiding in thy word,
I ask the grace unknown,
According to thy promise, Lord,
Let it in me be done:
My faith’s defects supply,
Almighty to forgive,
And then I get me up, and die,
And then for ever live!

H Y M N X L.

1 FATHER of all, to Thee I come!
By thee supported from the womb,
Thy Providential charge and care;
I magnify thy gracious power,
Who dost to life’s extremest hour
My every grief and burthen bear:

2 Thou never wilt thine own forfake,
Till pure I give my spirit back
Into those blessed hands of thine;
Thy name ineffable receive,
An image of thy glory live,
And with thy light for ever shine.

3 My deathless soul, my mould’ring dust,
To God the merciful and just,
Thro’ Christ, I faithfully commend;
Kept by my Advocate above,
Told in a whisper of his love,
That hope and heaven is in my end!

4 This,
This, this is all my heart's desire,
When mercy doth my soul require
   By Jesus found mature in grace,
In full conformity divine
My spotless spirit to resign,
   And see my Saviour face to face.

Blessed be God for all
For all things here below
For pain and ease and joy and tears
To my advantage grow.

FINIS.

Blessed be God for shame
For slander and disgrace
Welcome reproach for Jesus name
Let as afflict my face

Blessed be God for loss
For loss of earthly friend
For every scourge and every cross
Me nearer Jesus brings