ADDENDA

IN THE TENTH—AN ENLARGED EDITION

OF

A SELECTION OF HYMNS

FROM THE BEST AUTHORS,

BY J. RIPPON, D. D.

SOLD BY THE AUTHOR, IN GRANGE ROAD:
MESSRS. LONGMAN, BUTTON, & CONDÉ, LONDON; AND BY ALL, WHO SELL THE "SELECTION," IN EUROPE, ASIA, AND AMERICA.
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### A Table

To find any Hymn by the first Line.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Hymn and page</th>
<th>2d part</th>
<th>4th part</th>
<th>1st part</th>
<th>3d part</th>
<th>5th part</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>AH I shall soon be dying</td>
<td>550</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Amid the Splendors of thy State</td>
<td>12</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Awake awake thou mighty Arm</td>
<td>420</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Behold th' expected time draws near</td>
<td>419</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>But if I die with Mercy fought</td>
<td>356</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Come holy Spirit come</td>
<td>211</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Dear Lord why should I doubt thy Love</td>
<td>288</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Empty'd of Earth I fain would be</td>
<td>212</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Exert thy Power thy Rights maintain</td>
<td>418</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>FATHER! SON and HOLY SPIRIT</td>
<td>397</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Go favour'd Britons and proclaim</td>
<td>418</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Go forth ye Saints behold your King</td>
<td>421</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Go said the voice of heavenly love</td>
<td>418</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Great God 'tis from thy sovereign Grace</td>
<td>111</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Great God to thee I'll make</td>
<td>231</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hasten O Sinner to be wise</td>
<td>116</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>He sends his Spirit from above</td>
<td>109</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Help and Salvation Lord I crave</td>
<td>296</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Holy holy holy Lord</td>
<td>22</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>How gracious and how wise</td>
<td>542</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>How vast the Blessings how divine</td>
<td>284</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>How long O God has Man been driven</td>
<td>421</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>I hear the Counsel of a Friend</td>
<td>121</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>If Duty calls and suffering too</td>
<td>293</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Immanuel sunk with dreadful woe</td>
<td>135</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>If God is mine then present things</td>
<td>287</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>If Lord in thy fair Book of Life</td>
<td>382</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>I'm in a world of Hopes and Fears</td>
<td>215</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Indulgent God to thee I raise</td>
<td>299</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>In the Floods of Tribulation</td>
<td>541</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Is there in Heaven or Earth who can</td>
<td>294</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Jehovah speaks seek ye my Face</td>
<td>114</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Let Ocean's Waves tumultuous rise</td>
<td>217</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lift up your joyful Eyes and see</td>
<td>422</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
THE FIRST LINES.

Hymn and page

Like Israel Lord am I 2d part 298
Lo Wisdom stands with smiling Face 2d part 121
Look from on high great God and see 2d part 361
Lord shed a Beam of heavenly day 2d part 268
Lord how delightful 'tis to see 2d part 351
Lord let me see thy beauteous Face 2d part 299
Lord must I die, O let me die 3d part 550
Lord 'twas a time of wondrous love 2d part 216
My God thy boundless Love we praise 2d part 297
My Grace so weak my Sins so strong 2d part 215
My waken'd soul extend thy Wings 2d part 570
O charge the Waves to bear our Friends 420
O God of Love with cheering ray 2d part 551
O God of Zion from thy Throne 2d part 427
O Zion afflicted with Wave upon Wave 3d part 427
Proud Babylon yet waits her doom 3d part 413
Rejoice the Saviour reigns 2d part 422
Sinners you are now addressed 2d part 115
Temptations, Trials, Doubts and Fears 2d part 286
The blessed Spirit like the Wind 2d part 207
The Fabric of Nature is fair 2d part 540
The House now to be built to the Lord 3d part 421
The Love of the Spirit I sing 2d part 206
Thee we adore, Eternal Word 4th part 129
'Tis my Happiness below 2d part 336
'Tis Religion that can give 2d part 377
To him who on the fatal Tree 2d part 383
When Jesus for his People dy'd 3d part 298
Where'er the blustering North-wind blows 2p 420
Who is the trembling Sinner who 2d part 376
Ye bankrupt Debtors know 37
Ye Messengers of Christ 3d part 420
Ye Saints of every Rank with Joy 2d part 384
Yes mighty Jesus thou shalt reign 4th part 22
ADDENDA.

HYMN 12 (Second Part.)  C. M.
Staughton 264. Liverpool 83.

*God is Love.*  1 John iv. 8.

1 **A MID** the splendors of thy state,
   My God, thy Love appears
   With the soft radiance of the moon
   Among a thousand stars.

2 Nature through all her ample round
   Thy boundless Power proclaims,
   And, in melodious accent, speaks
   The Goodness of thy names.

3 Thy justice, holiness, and truth,
   Our solemn awe excite;
   But the sweet charms of sovereign grace
   O'erwhelm us with delight.

4 Sinai, in clouds, and smoke, and fire,
   Thunders thy dreadful name;
   But Sion sings, in melting notes,
   The honours of the Lamb.

5 In all thy doctrines and commands,
   Thy councils and designs,—
   In ev'ry work thy hands have fram'd,
   Thy love supremely shines.

6 Angels and men the news proclaim
   Through earth and heaven above;
   The joyful, the transporting news,
   That God the Lord is Love!

B
HOLY, Holy, Holy Lord! -
Self-existent Deity, -
By the hosts of Heaven ador'd,
Teach us how to worship thee:
Only uncreated mind,
Wonders in thy nature meet;
Perfect unity combin'd
With society complete,

All perfection dwells in thee,
Now to us obscurely known; -
Three in one, and one in three,
Great Jehovah, God alone!
Be our all, O Lord divine!
Father, Saviour, Vital Breath! -
Body, spirit, soul be thine,
Now, and at, and after death!

Glorious thou in holiness,
Father, didst thy rights maintain,
Truth and grace at once express,
When thy only Son was slain.
Here is deepest wisdom seen;
Here the richest stores of grace;
Mildest love, and yeng'ance keen;
Oh how bright their mingled rays!

Fearful thou in praises, too,
Loving Saviour, slaughter'd Lamb!
We, with joy and reverence, view
All thy glory, all thy name!
SALVATION.

Be thy death the death of sin,
Be thy life the sinner's plea;
Save me, teach me, rule within,
Prophet, Priest, and King to me.

Wonder-working Spirit! thine,
Thine efficacious grace we sing;
Set on us thy seal divine,
Safely to thy kingdom bring:
Mortify sin, root and deed,
Daily strengthen every grace;
Send us, urge us on with speed,
And let glory crown the race!

57 ——— JUBILEE.

Addenda in the Tenth Edition.

Ye bankrupt debtors, know
The sovereign grace of heav'n;
Though lumps immense ye owe,
A free discharge is given:
The year of Jubilee is come;
Return, ye ransom'd sinners, home.

109 ——— SALVATION.

Addenda in the Tenth Edition.

He sends his Spirit from above,
Our nature to renew;
Displays his power, reveals his love,
Gives life and comfort too.

He heals our wounds, subdues our foes,
And shews our sins forgiv'n;
Conducts us through the wilderness,
And brings us safe to heaven.

B 2
III (First Part.) C. M.

**By the Grace of God, I am what I am.** 1 Cor. xv. 10

1 GREAT God, 'tis from thy love so great grace
That all my blessings flow.
Whate'er I am, or do possess,
I to thy mercy owe.

2 'Tis this my powerful Spirit controls,
And pardons all my sin;
Spreads life and comfort thro' my soul,
And makes my nature clean.

3 'Tis this upholds me whilst I live,
Supports me when I die;
And hence ten thousand saints receive
Their all, as well as I.

4 How full must be the springs, from whence
Such various streams proceed!
The pasture cannot but be rich,
On which so many feed.

II4 (Second Part.) L. M.

Rippon's 188. Manning 245. Lebanon 79.

**Seek ye my Face.** Psalm xxvii. 8.

1 JEHOVAH speaks, "Seek ye my face!"
My soul admires the wondrous grace;
I'll seek thy face—thy Spirit give!
Oh let me see thy face and live.

2 I'll wait; perhaps my Lord may come;
(If I turn back, how sad my doom!)
And, begging, in his way I'll lie
'Till the sweet hour he passeth by.
3 Daily I'll seek with cries and tears,
With secret sighs, and fervent prayers;
And, if not heard—I'll weeping sit,
And perish at the Saviour's feet.

4 But canst thou, Lord! see all my pain,
And bid me seek thy face in vain?
Thou wilt not, cannot, me deceive,
The soul that seeks thy face shall live.

115 (Second Part.) 8, 7, 4. Mr. FOUNTAIN
(one of the Missionaries in Bengal.)

Helmley 223. Painwick 162.

[Maybe sung to Trowbridge Tune 21, by omit-
ting the Chorus of each Verse.]

The Gospel Message; or, Reconciliation to God.

1 SINNERs, you are now addressed
In the name of CHRIST our LORD;
He hath sent a message to you,
Pay attention to his word;
He hath sent it,
Pay attention to his word.

2 Think what you have all been doing,
Think what rebels you have been;
You have spent your lives in nothing
But in adding sin to sin;
All your actions—
One continued scene of sin.

3 Yet your long-abused Sovereign
Sends to you a message mild,
Loth to execute his vengeance,
Prays you to be reconcil'd;
Hear him woo you,—
Sinners, now be reconcil'd.
4 Pardon, now, is freely published
Thro' a Mediator's blood,
Who hath dy'd, to make atonement
And appease the wrath of God!
Wond'rous mercy!
See, it flows through Jesus' blood!

5 In his name, you are entreated
To accept this act of grace;
This the day of your acceptance,
Listen to the terms of peace;
O delay not,
Listen to the terms of peace.

6 Having thus, then, heard the message,
All with heavenly mercy fraught;
Go and tell the gracious Jesus
If you will be saved or not:
Say, poor sinner,
Will you now be saved or not.

116 (Second Part.) L. M.


The Angels hastened Lot. Gen xix. 15.
I made haste, and delayed not. Psalm cxix. 60.

1 Hasten, O sinner, to be wise,
And stay not for the morrow's sun;
The longer Wisdom you despise,
The harder is she to be won.

2 O hasten, mercy to implore,
And stay not for the morrow's sun;
For fear thy season should be o'er
Before this evening's stage be run.
3 O hasten, sinner, to return,
And stay not for the morrow's fun;
For fear thy lamp should fail to burn
Before the needful work is done.

4 O hasten, sinner, to be blest,
And stay not for the morrow's fun;
For fear the curse should thee arrest
Before the morrow is begun.

5 O Lord! do thou the sinner turn!
Now rouse him from his senseless state!
Oh let him not thy counsel spurn,
Nor rue his fatal choice too late.

121 (Second Part) C. M.
Cambridge New 74. Missionary 257.
The Invitation of Wisdom.

1 O! Wisdom stands with smiling face,
And courts us to her arms;
Who can resist the wond'rous grace,
And slight her pow'ful charms!

2 She, generous, holds out to our sight
Riches which shall endure;
Not sparkling rubies half so bright,
Nor finest gold so pure.

3 Eternal pleasures fill her train,
Pleasures which never cloy;
"Come drink of bliss unmix'd with pain,
"And taste celestial joy."

4 Immortal crowns she now displays,
And thrones beyond the skies:
Accept her blessings while she stays,
And seize the glorious prize.
HEAR the counsel of a friend,  
And to his soothing voice attend;  
"Come, sinners, wretched, blind, and poor,  
"Come, buy, from my unbounded store.

I only ask you to receive,  
"For freely I my blessing give:"  
Jesus! and are thy blessings free?  
Then I may dare to come to thee.

I come for grace, like gold refin'd,  
T'enrich and beautify my mind;  
Grace that will trials well endure,  
And in the furnace grow more pure.

Naked, I come for that bright dress,  
Thy perfect spotless righteousness;  
That glorious robe, so richly dy'd  
In thine own blood, my shame to hide.

Like Bartimeus, now to thee  
I come, and pray that I may see.  
Ev'n clay is eye-salve in thy hand,  
If thou the blessing but command.

Here, wretched, poor, and blind, I came;  
Oh, let me not return the same!  
Let me depart, all-gracious Lord!  
Happy, enrich'd, to fight restor'd.
The Divinity of Christ.

1. THEE we adore, Eternal Word!
   The Father's equal Son,
   By heaven's obedient hosts ador'd,
   Ere time its course begun.

2. The first creation has display'd,
   Thine energy divine;
   For not a single thing was made
   By other hands than thine.

3. But, ransom'd sinners, with delight,
   Sublimer facts survey,—
   The All-creating Word unites
   Himself to dust and clay.

4. See the Redeemer cloth'd in flesh,
   And ask the reason "Why?"
   The answer fills my soul afresh,—
   "To suffer, bleed, and die!"

5. Creation's Author now assumes
   A creature's humble form;
   A Man of grief and woe becomes,
   And trod on like a worm.

6. The Lord of Glory bears the shame
   To vile transgressor's due;
   Justice the Prince of Life condemns
   To die in anguish too.—

7. God over all, for ever blest,
   The righteous curse endures:
   And thus, to souls with sin distress,
   Eternal bliss endures.
8 What wonders in thy person meet,
   My Saviour, all divine!
I fall with rapture at thy feet,
   And would be wholly thine.

(Second Part) 8, 8, 6.

Hinton 266. Chatham 59.

Gethsemane, Matt. xxvi. 36—45.

I IMMANUEL, fast with dreadful woe,
   Unfelt, unknown to all below—
Except the Son of God—
In agonizing pangs of soul,
Drinks deep from wormwood's bitterest bowl,
   And sweats great drops of blood.

2 See his disciples flumbering round,
   Nor pitying friend on earth is found!
   He treads the press alone;
In vain to heaven he turns his eyes.
The curse awaits him from the skies—
   His death it must atone.

3 O Father, hear! this cup remove!
Save thou the darling of thy love
   (The prostrate victim cries)
From overwhelming fear and dread—
Tho' he must mingle with the dead—
   His people's sacrifice.

4 His earnest prayers, his deep'ning groans,
Were heard before angelic thrones;
   Amazement wrapt the sky;
  "Go, strengthen Christ!" the Father said:
   'Th' astonish'd seraph bow'd his head,
   And left the realms on high.
THE LOVE OF THE SPIRIT.

5 Made strong in strength, renew'd from heav'n,
Jesus receives the cup as giv'n,
And, perfectly resign'd,
He drinks the wormwood mix'd with gall,
Sustains the curse,—removes it all,—
Nor leaves a dreg behind.

206 (Second Part.) 8°.

Limefield 94.

The Love of the Spirit. Rom. xv. 30:

1 THE Love of the Spirit I sing,
By whom is redemption apply'd:
Who sinners to Jesus can bring,
And make them his mystical bride.

2 'Tis he circumcises their hearts,
Their callousness kindly removes;
Light, life, and affection imparts
To them that so freely he loves.

3 He opens the eyes of the blind,
The beauty of Jesus to view;
He changes the bent of the mind,
The glory of God to pursue.

4 The stubbornest will he can bow;
The foes that dwell in us restrain:
And none can be trodden so low,
But he can revive them again.

5 His blest renovation begun,
He dwells in the hearts of his saints;
Abandons his temple to none,
Nor e'er of his calling repents.

6 Imprest with the image divine,
The soul to redemption he seals;
THE INFLUENCES OF
And each with the Saviour shall shine,
When glory complete he reveals.

7 How constant thy love I believe,
Which steadfast endures to the end!
Then never, my soul, may I grieve
So loving—to holy a friend.

207 (Second Part.) C. M.
Follet 181. Braintree 25.

The Work of the Spirit represented by the Wind; or,

1 THE blessed Spirit, like the wind,
Blows when and where he please;
How happy are the men who feel
The soul-enlivening breeze.

2 He forms the carnal mind afresh,
Subdues the power of sin,
Transforms the heart of stone to flesh,
And plants his grace within.

3 He sheds abroad the Father's love,
Applies redeeming blood;
Bids both our guilt and grief remove,
And brings us near to God.

4 Lord, fill each dead benighted soul
With light, and life, and joy!
None can thy mighty power control,—
Thy glorious work destroy.

211 (Second Part) S. M.
Stoke 207. New Eagle Street 55.
The Holy Spirit invoked.

COME, holy Spirit! come,
With energy divine;
And, on this poor benighted soul,
With beams of mercy shine.

From the celestial hill
Light, life, and joy, dispense.
And may I daily, hourly feel
Thy quickening influence.

Melt, melt, this frozen heart;
This stubborn will subdue;
Each evil passion overcome,
And form me all anew.

Mine will the profit be,
But thine shall be the praise;
And unto thee I will devote
The remnant of my days.

(First Part.) L. M.
Mark's 65. Chard 175.

Entire Dedication; or, Reasons for desiring the Work of the Spirit.

EMPTY'D of earth, I fain would be
Of sin, of self, of all but thee;
Reserv'd for Christ that bled and dy'd,—
Surrender'd to the crucify'd !—

Sequester'd from the noise and strife,
The lust, the pomp, and pride of life;
Prepar'd for Heaven, my noblest care,—
And have my conversation there.

Nothing, save Jesus, would I know!
My friend, and my companion thou;
Lord, take my heart—assert thy right,
And put all other loves to flight.

Each idol tread beneath thy feet,
And to thyself the conquest get.
THE INFLUENCES OF

Let sin no more oppose my Lord,
Slain by thy Spirit's two-edg'd sword.

Constrain my soul Thy sway to own:
Self-will, self-righteousness, dethrone:
Let Dagon fall before thy face,—
The ark remaining in its place.

Detach from sublunary joys
One that would only hear thy voice,—
Thy beauty see, thy grace admire,
Nor glow but with celestial fire.

Larger communion let me prove
With thee, blest object of my love!
But, Oh! for this no power have I:
My strength is at thy feet to lie.

215 (Second Part) C. M.
Workshop 31. Walfal 237.
The grieved Spirit desired to return.

My grace so weak, my sin so strong,
My heart is greatly pain'd:
Bless'd Spirit art thou griev'd?—and is
Thine influence restrain'd!

Tell me—Oh, tell me what will please
And cause thee to return;
As doves, the absence of their mates,
I thy withdrawments mourn.

Come, then! Celestial Helper! come
With energy divine;
Ease, of its heavy load of guilt,
This troubled heart of mine.

Vouchsafe, in answer to my prayer,
Thy visits to renew;
Increase my faith, dispel my fears;
Oh, guard and save me too!
Prayer for all the saving Influences of Grace.

1. I'm in a world of hopes and fears,
   A wilderness of toils and tears,
   Where foes alarm, and dangers threat,
   And pleasures kill, and glories cheat.

2. Shed down, O Lord! a heavenly ray
   To guide me in the doubtful way;
   And o'er me hold thy shield of pow'r
   To guard me in the dangerous hour.

3. Teach me the flattering path to shun
   In which the thoughtless many run,
   Who for a shade the substance mis,'
   And grasp their ruin in their bliss.

4. Each sacred principle impart:
   The faith that sanctifies the heart;
   Hope, that to Heaven's high vault aspires;
   And love, that warms with holy fires.

5. Whate'er is noble, pure, refined,
   Just, gen'rous, amiable, and kind,
   That may my constant thought pursue—
   That may I love and practice too.

5. Let neither pleasure, wealth, nor pride,
   Allure my wand'ring soul aside;
   But, through this maze of mortal ill,
   Safe lead me to thy heav'nly hill:

7. There glories shine, and pleasures roll
   That charm, delight, transport the soul;
   And ev'ry panting wish shall be
   Possess'd of boundless bliss in Thee.
216, 217 GRACES OF THE SPIRIT.

216 (Second Part.) L. M.
The Time of Love; or, Praise for the Work of the Spirit. Ezek. xvi. 6, 8.

1 LORD! 'twas a time of wondrous love,
When thou didst first draw near my soul,
And, by thy Spirit from above,
My raging passions didst control!

2 Guilty and self-condemn'd I stood,
Nor dreamt of life and bliss so near;
But He my evil heart renew'd,
And all his graces planted there.

3 He will complete the work begun,
By leading me in all his ways!—
To God the Father, God the Son,
And God the Spirit, equal praise.

217 (First Part) 8. 8. 6. S. PEARCE.
Baltimore 167. Hinton 266.
Contentment encouraged by the divine Promise.
Heb. xiii. 5.

1 LET Ocean's waves tumultuous rise,
And strive in vain to pierce the skies,
And mingle with the stars;
Then, disappointed, backward roll;
And, wild with rage, disturb the pole
With their presumptuous wars.

2 Let rebel Angels, doom'd to fire,
Provoke the Dread-Eternal's ire,
And combat with their God:
Then headlong from the ethereal height
Precipitate their downward flight,
At his effective nod.
3 [Let murm'ring mortals too repine,  
Arraign the Providence divine;  
And blame the deeds of Heav'n;  
While passions strong, without control,  
Disturb the agitated soul,  
Enrag'd at what is given.]

4 But shall the Christian's nobler mind—  
By Grace renew'd, by Heav'n refin'd—  
Indulge a murm'ring thought?  
Shall he, who claims Jehovah's strength,  
Who shall be brought to Heav'n at length,  
Bemoan his present lot?

5 Forbid it, gracious God! he cries:  
Nor let the ungenerous thought arise—  
Offspring of discontent:  
No! while my God, my Saviour lives,  
Thankful I'll take whate'er he gives,  
And prize the blessings sent.

5 Since he has said, "I'll ne'er depart;"  
I'll bind his promise to my heart,  
Rejoicing in his care:  
This shall support, while here I live;  
And, when in glory I arrive,  
I'll praise him for it there.

231 (Second Part.) 148th. Beddome.

Carmarthen New 35.

Who can tell? or, hoping against hope. Jonah iii. 9.

1 GREAT God! to thee I'll make  
My griefs and sorrows known:  
And with an humble hope  
Approach thine awful throne:
GRACES OF THE SPIRIT.

268 Tho', by my sins, deserving hell,
I'll not despair;—for, who can tell?

2 To thee, who by a word
My drooping soul canst cheer,
And by thy Spirit form
Thy glorious image there—
My foes subdue, my fears dispel—
I'll daily seek—for, who can tell?

3 Endanger'd or distress,
To thee alone I'll fly,
Implore thy powerful help,
And at thy footstool lie;
My case bemoan, my wants reveal,
And patient wait;—for, who can tell?

4 My heart misgives me oft,
And conscience storms within;
One gracious look from thee,
Will make it all serene:
Satan suggests that I must dwell
In endless flames;—but, who can tell?

5 Vile unbelief, begone;
Ye doubts, fly, swift away;
God hath an ear to hear
While I've an heart to pray.
If he be mine, all will be well—
For ever so;—and, who can tell?

LORD! shed a beam of heav'nly day
To melt this stubborn stone away;
Now thaw, with rays of love divine,
This heart—this frozen heart of mine.
The rocks can rend; the earth can quake;
The seas can roar; the mountains shake;
Of feeling, all things show some sign
But this unfeeling heart of mine.

To hear the sorrows thou hast felt,
What but an adamant would melt!
Goodness and wrath in vain combine
To move this stupid heart of mine.

But one can yet perform the deed;
That One in all his grace I need;
Thy Spirit can from dross refine,
And melt this stubborn heart of mine.

Oh, Breath of Life, breathe on my soul!
On me let streams of mercy roll:
Now thaw, with rays of love divine,
This heart, this frozen heart of mine.

284. (Second Part.) C. M.
Sprague 166.

Godliness profitable; or, the Benefit of genuine Religion. 1 Tim. iv. 8.

1 How vast the blessings, how divine,
From godliness which flow!
Nor men, nor angels, should they join,
Can half its value shew.

Ten thousand comforts it procures
To Christians, while on earth;
It endless happiness secures,
And frees from endless death.

3 God, for himself, hath set apart
The godly, whom he loves;
They have a place within his heart;
Their conduct he approves.
286, 287 GRACES OF THE SPIRIT.

4 [There is a rich and free reward,
   The eye of faith descries,
   Reserv'd for all, who serve the Lord,
   Above the starry skies.]

5 A glorious kingdom, and a crown,
   Christ will on such bestow;
   For them the seeds of bliss are sown,—
   The fruits of glory grow.

286 (Second Part.) L. M.
Portugal 97. Paul's 246.
All Things working for Good, &c. Rom. viii. 28,

1 TEMPTATIONS, trials, doubts, and fears,
   Wants, losses, crosses, groans, and tears,
   Will, thro' the grace of God, our friend,
   In everlasting triumphs end!

2 To those, who him sincerely love,
   All penal evils blessings prove;
   Whom grace hath call'd and made his own,
   Nor fires can burn, nor floods can drown.

3 Lord, let this thought in deep distress
   Our hopes confirm, our spirits raise!
   Midst earth and hell's opposing pow'rs,
   We still are safe if thou art ours.

287 (Second Part.) C.M.
Grove House 143. Bedford 91.
Trust encouraged by the Promise,—I will be their God.

1 If God is mine, then present things,
   And things to come, are mine;
   Yea, Christ, his Word, and Spirit too,
   And glory all divine.
2 If he is mine, then, from his love,
He every trouble sends;
All things are working for my good,
And blis his rod attends.

3 If he is mine, I need not fear
The rage of earth and hell;
He will support my feeble frame,
Their utmost force repel.

4 If he is mine, let friends forsake
Let wealth and honours flee—
Sure he, who giveth me himself
Is more than these to me.

5 If he is mine, I'll boldly pass
Thro' death's tremendous vale;
He is a solid comfort, when
All other comforts fail.

6 Oh, tell me, Lord! that thou art mine;
What can I wish beside?
My soul shall at the fountain live
When all the streams are dry'd.

288 (Second Part.) C. M.
Worklop 37. Ludlow 84.

Trust in God promoted by grateful Recollection.

1 DEAR LORD! why should I doubt thy love,
Or disbelieve thy grace?
Sure thy compassions never remove,
Altho' thou hide thy face.

2 Thy smiles have freed my heart from pain,
My drooping spirits cheer'd:
And wilt thou not appear again,
Where thou hast once appear'd?
3 Hast thou not formed my soul anew,
And told me I am thine?
And wilt thou now thy work undo,
Or break thy word divine?

4 Dost thou repent, wilt thou deny
The gifts thou hast bestow'd?
Or, are those streams of mercy dry,
Which once so freely flow'd?

5 Lord! let not groundless fears destroy
The mercies now possessed.
I'll praise for blessings I enjoy,
And trust for all the rest.

293 [Second Part.]  C. M.
Zeal for God; or, longing for the Mind of Christ.

1 If duty calls, and suffering too,
My Lord! I'd follow thee,
As thou hast done, so would I do.
As thou art, would I be.

2 With zeal inflam'd, 'twas thy delight
To do thy Father's will;
May the same zeal my soul excite
Thy precepts to fulfill.

3 Meekness, humility, and love,
Did through thy conduct shine;
Oh, may my whole deportment prove
A copy, Lord, of thine!

4 Depending on thy sovereign grace,
I'll tread the heavenly road;
With willing mind thy footsteps trace,
And climb to thine abode.
5 Oh, let me run the Christian race
With diligence and speed!
God's Word, his Spirit, and his Grace,
Do all to duty lead.

6 Did Jesus leave the realms of bliss
To save from sin and hell?
A love so wonderful as this
Calls for a glowing zeal.

7 Those who to Christ for refuge fly
Should in his footsteps tread;
Our Prophet, Priest, and King should be
Both trusted and obey'd.

Is there, in heav'n or earth, who can
A wretched mortal save?
Make a poor leprous sinner clean!
Redeem an help'd slave?

2 Who can appease an angry God?
Relieve a burden'd mind?
In whom a soul, o'erwhelm'd with guilt,
May ease and safety find?

3 Yes! there is One, who dwells on high;
That can do this and more—
A being of unbounded love
And uncontrolled power—

4 Immanuel is his name: who once
Upon th' accursed tree,
Bore the vast weight of all their sins
Who, burden'd, to him flee.
5 But now he lives—he ever lives,
And pleads what he hath done;
Whilst God ten thousand crimes forgives,
Through his atoning Son.

6 Jesus! I to thy feet repair,
And there will prostrate lie;
Be thou propitious to my prayer,
And I shall never die.

296 (Second Part.) C. M.

Bedford 91. Abridge 101.

The plain serious Christian's daily Hymn.

HELP me, my God—Oh save me. Psalm cxix. 26.

1 HELP and SALVATION, Lord! I crave;
For both I greatly need:
None else these blessings can bestow;
From thee they must proceed.

2 Help me thy glories to behold,
Thy loveliness to see:
Save from an atheistic heart,
Which thins the deity.

3 [Help me the turpitude of sin
With shame to realize;
Save from impenitence; and thaw
A breast as hard as ice.]

4 Help me to cleave to CHRIST alone!
Where else can sinners fly?
Save me from all self-righteousness,
And every idol night.

5 Help me to live upon thy word,—
The Christian’s daily food;
Save me from unbelief, that foe—
That bar to every good.
6 Help me to do thy holy will;  
Let duty-bliss dispense:  
Save from a disobedient heart,  
From sloth and negligence.

7 Help me to persevere in grace;  
Still gladly following on:  
Save me from each backsliding path  
To which my heart is prone.

[Help, in prosperity, that I  
True gratitude may find:  
Save me from pride and carnal ease,  
And from an earthly mind.

8 Help, in adversity, to bow  
My neck to bear the yoke:  
Save me from wrath and discontent,  
Which would my God provoke.]

9 Help me to conquer all my foes  
Satan, the world, and sin:  
Save from temptation's snares without,  
And this base heart within.

10 Help me to wait the time decreed,  
And then meet death with joy:  
Save me from all the ills of life,—  
The dread of death destroy.

297 (Second Part.) 8. 8. 6.  
Westbury-Leigh 278. Broadmead 150.  
Admiring the Love of God in Christ.

1 My God! thy boundless love we praise:  
How bright on high its glories blaze—  
How sweetly bloom below!  
It streams from thy eternal throne;  
Thro' Heaven its joys for ever run,  
And o'er the earth they flow.
2 'Tis Love that gilds the vernal ray—
   Adorns the flow'ry robe of May—
   Perfumes the breathing gale:
'Tis Love that loads the plenteous plain,
   With blushing fruits and golden grain,
   And smiles o'er ev'ry vale.

3 But, in thy Gospel, it appears
   In sweeter fairer characters,
   And charms the ravish'd breast;
There, Love-immortal leaves the sky
   To wipe the drooping mourner's eye,
   And give the weary rest.

4 There smiles a kind propitious God—
   There flows a dying Saviour's blood,
   The pledge of sins forgiv'n:
There Faith, bright cherub, points the way
   To regions of eternal day,
   And opens all her heav'n.

5 Then, in redeeming Love, rejoice,
   My soul!—and hear a Saviour's voice
   That calls thee to the skies:
Above life's empty scenes aspire—
   Its fordid cares and mean desire—
   And seize th' eternal prize.

298 (Second Part) S. M.
Broderip's 252. Aynhoe 108.
Go forward; or Difficulties the occasion of Prayer and Pleading. Exod. xiv. 15.

1 LIKE Israel, Lord, am I!
   My soul is at a stand;
   A sea before, an host behind,
   And rocks on either hand.
THE CHRISTIAN.

2 O Lord! I cry to thee,  
And would thy word obey:  
Bid me advance; and, thro' the sea,  
Create a new-made way.

3 Without Thee, I must sink  
Beneath the swelling flood;  
Or fall a prey to those, who think  
To glut them with my blood.

4 The time of greatest straights,  
Thy chosen time has been  
To manifest thy power is great,  
And make thy glory seen.

5 Thou wast by Abra'm own'd  
A God in time of need:—  
Thou art Jehovah-Jireh found  
By all of Abra'm's seed.

6 Thy power is still the same;  
On thee I would rely:  
Wilt Thou not answer to thy name  
To such a worm as I?

7 Oh, send deliverance down!  
Display the arm divine!  
So shall the praise be all thy own,  
And I be doubly thine.

298 (Third Part.) L. M.  
Lebanon 79. Paul's 246.

Renouncing the moral law as a covenant of life;  
but admiring it as a rule of conduct.

1 When Jesus for his people dy'd,  
The holy law was satisfied;  
Its awful penalties he bore;  
It can command but curse no more.
299 THE CHRISTIAN.

2 He having suffer'd in their stead,
- The law in cov'nant form is dead,
- But rules them with a gentle sway:
- And they, with sweet delight, obey.

3 Amazing Love!—how rich, how free!
That Christ should die for such as we!
From hence, the holiest duties flow
Of saints above and saints below.

299 (Second Part.) C. M.

ORD! let me see thy beauteous face!
It yields a heav'n below;
And angels round the throne will say
'Tis all the heav'n they know.

A glimpse—a single glimpse of thee
Would more delight my soul
Than this vain world, with all its joys,
Could I possess the whole.

299 (Third Part.) L. M.

INDULGENT God! to Thee I raise
My spirit, fraught with joy and praise:
Grateful I bow before thy throne,
My debt of mercy there to own.

Rivers descending, Lord! from Thee,
Perpetual glide to solace me:
Their varied virtues to rehearse
Demands an everlasting verse.
And yet there is, beyond the rest,
One stream—the widest and the best—
Salvation! Lo, the purple flood
Rolls rich with my Redeemer's blood!

I taste—delight succeeds to woe;
I bathe—no waters cleanse me so:
Such joy and purity to share
I would remain enraptur'd there—

Till death shall give this soul to know
The fulness sought in vain below;—
The fulness of that boundless sea
Whence flow'd the river down to me.

My soul—with such a scene in view—
Bids mortal joys a glad adieu;
Nor dreads a few chastizing woes
Sent with such love—so soon to close.

**306 (Second Part)** 7t. Cowper.
Bath Abbey 147. Alcester 231.

Welcoming the Cross.

1 "TIS my happiness below
Not to live without the cross;
But the Saviour's power to know
Sanctifying every loss:
Trials must and will befall;
But—with humble faith to see
Love inscrib'd upon them—this
This is happiness to me.

2 God, in Israel, sows the seeds
Of affliction, pain, and toil;
These spring up, and choke the weeds
Which would else overspread the soil.
THE CHRISTIAN.

Trials make the promise sweet;
Trials give new life to pray'ri;
Trials bring me to his feet,—
Lay me low, and keep me there.

3 Did I meet no trials here—
No chastisement by the way—
Might I not, with reason, fear
I should prove a cast-a-way?
Bastards may escape the rod*
Sunk in earthly vain delight;
But the true-born child of God
Must not,—would not if he might.

(Second Part.) L. M. DR. WATTS.

Portugal 97. New Sabbath 122.

LORD'S DAY EVENING.

ORD, how delightful 'tis to see
A whole assembly worship thee!
At once they sing, at once they pray!
They hear of heav'n, and learn the way.

2 I have been there, and still would go;
'Tis like a little heaven below:
Not all that hell or sin can say
Shall tempt me to forget this day.

3 Oh write upon my mem'ry, LORD,
The text and doctrine of thy word;
That I may break thy laws no more,
But, love thee better than before.

4 With thoughts of CHRIST, and things divine,
Fill up this foolish heart of mine;
That, hoping pardon through his blood,
I may lie down and wake with God.

* Heb. xii. 8.
WORSHIP. 355, 361, 376

355—WORSHIP.
Addenda in the Tenth Edition.

7 But if I die with mercy sought,
When I the King have tried,
This were to die (delightful thought!)
As sinner never died.

361 (Second Part.) L. M.

Longing for the Presence and Blessing of God,
1 Sam. vii. 2.

1 LOOK from on high, great God! and see
Thy saints lamenting after thee:
We sigh, we languish, and complain;
Revive thy gracious work again.

2 To-day thy cheering grace impart,
Bind up and heal the broken heart;
Our sins subdue, our souls restore,
And let our foes prevail no more.

3 Thy presence in thy house afford,
To every heart apply thy word;
That sinners may their danger see
And now begin to mourn for thee.

376 (Second Part.) L. M.

The convinced Sinner encouraged.

1 WHO is the trembling sinner, who
That owns eternal death his due?
Who mourns his sin, his guilt, his thrall,
And does on God for mercy call?

C4
WORSHIP.

2 Peace, troubled soul! dismiss thy fear;
Hear,—Jesus speaks, "be of good cheer";
Upon his cleansing grace rely,
And thou shalt never, never die.

377 (Second Part.) 7°.
The Pleasures of Religion.

1 Tis religion that can give
Sweetest pleasures while we live;
Tis religion must supply
Solid comfort when we die.

2 After death its joys will be
Lasting as eternity!
Be the living God my friend,—
Then my bliss shall never end.

382 (Second Part.) C. M.
-Sprague 166. Bedford 91.
Good Hope of Interest united with Gratitude.

1 If, Lord! in thy fair book of life
My worthless name doth stand;
And in my heart the law is writ,
By thine unerring hand;

2 I am secure, by grace divine,
Of crowns above the skies;
And on the road, from thy rich stores,
Shall meet with fresh supplies.

3 To thee, in sweet melodious strains,
My grateful voice I'll raise;
But life's too short, my powers too weak,
To shew forth half thy praise.
WORSHIP.

4. [Had I ten thousand thousand tongues, Not one should silenced be; Had I ten thousand thousand hearts, I'd give them all to thee.]

383. (Second Part.) L. M.
Portugal 97. Bredby 165.
Gratitude to Christ.

1. To him, who on the fatal tree— Pour'd out his blood, his life for me,—
In grateful strains my voice I'll raise, And in his service spend my days.

2. To listening multitudes I'll tell How he redeem'd my soul from hell; And how, reposing on his breast, I lost my cares, and found my rest.

3. Thro' him, my sins are all forgiven; He ever pleads my cause in heaven: I'll build an altar to his name, And to the world his grace proclaim.

384. (Second Part.) C. M.
Joying and glorying in the Lord.

1. Ye saints, of every rank, with joy To God your offerings bring; Let towns and cities, hills and vales, With loud Hosannas ring.

2. Let him receive the glory due To his exalted name; With thankful tongues, and hearts inflam'd, His wond'rous deeds proclaim.
397. (First Part.) 8, 7, 4.
Helmptey 223.

FA THER, SON, and HOLY SPIRIT!—
Thou the God whom we adore;
May we all thy love inherit:
To thine image us restore;
Vast Eternal!
Praises to thee evermore.

418 (Second Part.) L. M.
Gloucester 12. Chard 175.
Prayer for the Spread of the Gospel, animated by
Prophecy.

1 EXERT thy power, thy rights maintain,
Infulted, everlasting King!
The influence of thy crown increase,
And strangers to thy footstool bring.

2 [We long to see that happy time,
That dear, expected, blissful day,
When countless myriads of our race
The second Adam shall obey.]

3 Thy prophecies must be fulfill'd,
Tho' earth and hell should dare oppose;
The stone cut from the mountain's side,
Tho' unobserv'd, to empire grows.

4 Soon shall the mingled image fall,
(Brass, silver, iron, gold, and clay;)
And superstition's gloomy reign
To light and liberty give way.
MISSIONS.

3 In one vast symphony of praise,
   Gentile and Jew shall then unite;
   And infidelity, ashamed,
   Sink in th' abyss of endless night.

6 Afric's emancipated sons
   Shall join, with Europe's polish'd race,
   To celebrate, in different tongues,
   The glories of redeeming grace.

7 From east to west, from north to south,
   Immanuel's kingdom must extend;
   And every man, in every face,
   Shall meet a brother and a friend.

418 (Third Part.) L. M.

Wareham 117. Portugal 97.
The approaching Fall of Babylon predicted,
Rev. xiv. 6, 8.

1 Proud Babylon yet waits her doom;
   Nor can her tottering palace fall,
   'Till some blest messenger arise,
   The spacious heathen world to call.

2 And see the glorious time approach!
   Behold the mighty angel fly,
   The Gospel tidings to convey
   To every land beneath the sky!

3 Oh see, on both the India's coast,
   And Africa's unhappy shore,
   The unlearn'd savage press to hear;
   And hearing, wonder and adore:

4 [See, while the joyful truth is told,
   "That Jesus left his throne in heaven,
   "And suffer'd, died, and rose again,
   "That guilty souls might be forgiv'n."
See what delight, unfelt before,
Beams in his fix'd attentive eye;
And hear him ask, "For wretched me,
"Did this divine Redeemer die?"

"Ah! why have ye so long forborne:
"To tell such welcome news as this;
"Go now, let every sinner hear,
"And share in such exalted bliss."}

The Islands, waiting for his law,
With rapture greet the sacred sound;
And, taught the Saviour's precious name,
Cast all their idols to the ground.

Now, Babylon, thy hour is come!
Thy curs'd foundation shall give way;
And thine eternal overthrow
The triumphs of the cross display.

Go, favour'd Britons! and proclaim
The kind Redeemer you have found;
Publish his ever precious name
To all the wond'ring nations round!

Go, tell th' unletter'd wretched slave,
Who groans beneath a tyrant's rod,
You bring—a freedom bought with blood,—
The blood of an incarnate God.

And tell the panting sable chief,
On Ethiopia's scorching sand,
You come—with a refreshing stream,—
To cheer and bless his thirsty land.
MISSIONS.

4 Go, tell, on India's golden shores;  
The Ganges, Tibet, and Boutan;*  
That to enrich their deathless mind,  
You come—the friends of God and man.

5 Tell all the distant isles afar  
That lie in darkness and the grave,  
You come—a glorious light to show,  
You come—their souls to seek and save.

6 Say, the religion you profess  
Is all benevolence and love;  
And, crown'd with energy divine,  
Its heavenly origin will prove.

418 (Fifth Part). L. M.  
Narrative in spreading the Gospel reproved and deplored.

1 "Go," said the voice of heavenly love,  
"My Gospel preach to every land;  
"Lo! I am with you to the end;  
"Observe and follow my command."

2 With joy the first disciples heard,  
And told the ever-gracious news,  
As they from him receiv'd in charge,  
First to the unbelieving Jews;

3 Then to the Gentiles, far and near,  
Publish'd salvation in his name;  
And the glad tidings of his grace  
To this distinguish'd island came.

4 But ah! to spread their sacred theme,  
How few have our attempts been found!  
What heathen lands from us have heard  
The glorious heart-reviving sound?

* Tibet and Boutan; parts of Asia, little known to Europeans, but lately mentioned by the Baptist Missionaries.
To us their duty they bequeath'd;
And left the promise on record;
And had our ardour equall'd theirs;
The fame had been our blest reward.

[We, too, had multitudes beheld
Forfaeke the gods their hands had made,
And the bright beam of heavenly day
Their yet benighted realms pervade.]

Saviour divine, our guilt forgive!
Inspire our souls with warmer zeal!
Pour out thy Spirit from on high;
And let us all his influence feel.

BEHOLD th' expected time draws near,
The shades disperse, the dawn appears;
Behold the wilderness assume
The beauteous tints of Eden's bloom.

Events, with prophecies, conspire
To raise our faith, our zeal to fire;
The ripening fields, already white,
Present an harvest to our sight.

The untaught heathen waits to know
The joy the Gospel will bestow;
The exil'd slave waits to receive
The freedom Jesus has to give.

Come, let us with a grateful heart
In the blest labour share a part;
Our prayers and offerings gladly bring
To aid the triumphs of our King.
5 Let us improve the heavenly gale,
Spread to each breeze our houseted sail,
Till north and south, and east and west,
Shall be, as favour'd Britain, blest.

6 Invite the globe to come and prove
A Saviour's condescending love,
And humbly fall before his feet,
Assur'd they shall acceptance meet.

7 [Our hearts exult in songs of praise,
That we have seen these latter days,
When our Redeemer shall be known,
Where Satan long has held his throne.]

8 Where'er his hand hath spread the skies,
Sweet incense to his name shall rise;
"And Tyre, and Egypt, Greek, and Jew,"
By sovereign grace be form'd anew.

420 (First Part:) C. M.

Addenda in the Tenth Edition.

8 [O charge the waves to bear our friends,
In safety o'er the deep,
Let the rough tempest speed their way,
Or bid its fury sleep.]

9 * Whene'er thy sons proclaim good news,
Beneath the Banián's shade,
Let the poor Hindoo feel its power,
And grace his soul pervade.

10 O let the heavenly Shafter spread,
Bid Brahmans preach the word;

* Verses 7, 9, and 10, of this Hymn, may be sung alone.
† The Shasters are the religious books of the Hindoos; the Brahmans are their Priests; and the Câshi are the different classes of the people.
And may all India's tribes become
One at to serve the Lord.

Verses 8, 9, and 10, of this Hymn, in substance, were
written off Margate, by Mr. William Ward, one of
the Baptist Missionaries, on their departure for India,
May 28, 1799.

11 Send forth thy word, and let it fly,
Arm'd with thy Spirit's pow'r,
Then thousands shall confess its way,
And bless the saving hour.

12 Beneath the influence of thy grace
The barren wastes shall rise,
With sudden greens, and fruits array'd;
A blooming Paradise.

13 True holiness shall strike its root
In each regen'rate heart,
Shall in a growth divine arise,
And heavenly fruits impart.

14 Peace, with her olives crown'd, shall stretch.
Her wings from shore to shore;
No trump shall rouse the rage of war,
No murd'rous cannon-roar.

15 Lord, for those days we wait! those days
Are in thy word foretold:
Fly swifter, sun and stars, and bring
This promis'd age of gold.

16 Amen! with joy divine, let earth's
Unnumber'd myriad's cry;
Amen! with joy divine, let heaven's
Unnumber'd choirs reply!
MISSIONS.

420 (Second Part.) L. M.


A Blessing on Missions, and Missionaries, requested.

1 WHERE'ER the blustering north-wind blows,
   And spreads its frost or fleecy snows;
   Where'er the sun with quickening ray Shines all abroad, and gives the day;

2 Where'er the lesser orbs of light
   Dart forth their beams, and gild the night,
   There may his Heralds loud proclaim
   The Saviour's love— the Saviour's name.

3 For work so pleasing, so benign,
   Lord, grant thy influence divine;
   Till all " the spacious globe around"
   "With" raptur'd songs of praise resound.

420 (Third Part.) S. M.


Missionaries addressed and encouraged.

1 Y E Messengers of Christ,
   His sovereign voice obey:
   Arise! and follow where he leads;
   And peace attend your way.

2 The master, whom you serve,
   Will needful strength bestow:
   Depending on his promis'd aid,
   With sacred courage go.

3 Mountains shall sink to plains,
   And hell in vain oppose;

* See also Hymn 415.
420, 421

THE CHURCH.

The cause is God's,—and must prevail
In spite of all his foes.

4 Go, spread a Saviour's fame,
And tell his matchless grace
To the most guilty and deprav'd
Of Adam's num'rous race.

5 We wish you, in his name,
The most divine success;—
Assur'd that he who sends you forth
Will your endeavours bless.

420 (Fourth Part.)  C. M.

Evans 190. Cambridge New 74.
The wonder-working God invoked for his Church.

1 WAKE, awake, thou mighty arm,
Which hast such wonders wrought;
Which captive Israel freed from harm,
And out of Egypt brought.

2 Art thou not it, which Rahab slew?
And crush'd the dragon's head;
Constrain'd by thee, the waves withdrew
From their accustomed bed.

3 Again thy wonted prowess show;
Be thou made bare again;
And let thine adversaries know
That they resist in vain.

421 (Second Part.)  L. M.

Ayliffe Street 241. Portugal 97.

Prayer to God for his special Interposition in spreading the Gospel. Zec. ix. 13—16.

1 "How" long, O God, "has man been driv'n,
"Far off from happiness, and heav'n!"
MISSIONS.

"When wilt thou," graciously "restore"
Thy banish'd sons to rove no more?

2 For near six thousand years, thy foe
Has triumph'd over all below;
Save that a little flock is found,
With ravening wolves encompass'd round.

3 Shall not the Lamb, who once was slain,
An ample compensation gain,
And many happy millions more
To happiness and God restore?

4 From every nation, every tongue,
A remnant must to him belong;
Nor can there be too vile a race
To furnish trophies of his grace.

5 Exert that power, which could subdue
The furious slaughter-breathing Jew,
And make him in thy cause become
Victorious over Greece and Rome.

6 Now, Lord, before thy servants go!
Let God himself the trumpet blow!
Hasten the Gospel jubilee,
That bids a captive world be free.

421 (Third Part) 108,

Warlaw 211. Gueftwick 274.

The House must be of Fame and Glory throughout all Countries, 1 Chron. xxii. 25.

1 The house now to be builded to the Lord,
Whose firm foundation stone his hand hath laid,
Shall in magnificence and fame exceed
That which King Solomon so glorious made.
THE CHURCH.

2 Wide as the spacious globe on which we tread,
This sacred temple shall its bounds extend.
Its blessings, not to Abra'm's seed confin'd,
Shall millions of the Gentile race befriend.

3 See, in the torrid regions of the south,
The humble worshipper approach with joy;
And shivering natives of the frozen pole,
In the same heavenly strains their lips employ.

4 With all simplicity of word and deed—
With zeal for God, and love to souls inspir'd—
See the successful Missionaries teach;
Their ardour still by gathering converts fir'd.

5 Hark! they proclaim salvation by the Cross;
And thousands press to accept the boundless grace:
Jesus his own almighty power displays—
His temple, now, is universal space!

421 (Fourth Part.) C. M.
Sprague 166, Staughton 264. Cambridge New 74.
Saints longing to see their King with his many Crowns, Rev. xix. 12.

1 Go forth, ye saints! behold your King.
With god-like honours crown'd,
Ten thousand beauties in his word
Shall spread his fame around,

2 Where'er the sun begins its race,
Or stops its swift career,—
Both east and west shall own his grace,
And Christ be honour'd there,

3 Ten thousand crowns encircling show
The victories the hath won:
Oh, may his conquests ever grow,
While time its course shall run.
Ride forth, thou mighty conqueror! ride,
And millions more subdue!
Destroy our enmity and pride,
And we will crown thee too.

Evangelical Philanthropy: or, the Song of a Christian Loyalist.

Rejoice! the Saviour reigns
Among the sons of men;
He breaks the prisoner's chains,
And makes them free again:
Let hell oppose God's only Son,
In spite of foes his cause goes on.

The cause of righteousness,
And truth and holy peace—
Design'd our world to bless,
Shall spread and never cease:
Gentile and Jew their souls shall bow,
Allegiance due, with rapture, vow.

The baffled prince of hell
In vain new projects tries
Truth's empire to repel
By cruelty and lies:
Th' infernal gates shall rage in vain:—
Conquest awaits the Lamb once slain,

He died, but soon arose
Triumphant o'er the grave;
And now himself he shows
Omnipotent to save:
Let rebels kiss the victor's feet;
Eternal bliss his subjects meet,

All power is in his hand,
His people to defend;
THE CHURCH.

To his most high command
Shall millions more attend;
All heaven with smiles approves his cause,
And distant isles receive his laws.

6 This little seed from heaven
Shall soon become a tree;
This ever blessed leaven
Diffus'd abroad must be:
Till God the Son shall come again,
It must go on.—Amen! Amen!

PAUSE.

Resurrection 72.

7 Ye, who have known his name,
Subserve his glorious plan;
Proclaim to all your race
The friend of God and man:
How happy ye own his sway!
Ye own'd shall be another day.

8 All hail, incarnate Lord!
Our souls triumphant cry;
Be thy bless'd name ador'd,
By all beneath the sky.
But when we join the hosts above,
In strains divine we'll sing thy love.

422 (Third Part.) L. M.

Horsley 111. Magdalene 34.

The Fields white for Harvest.

1 Lift up your joyful eyes, and see
A plenteous harvest all around
MISSIONS.

Rip'ning for bliss; and not a grain
Shall ever fall unto the ground:

A harvest of immortal souls,
Secur'd by an almighty power;
Nor heat, nor cold, nor storms shall hurt,
Nor ravenous beasts of prey devour.

O happy day, when all th' elect
Complete in number shall be found,
And—like their great, their mystic head—
Be with eternal honours crown'd.

422 (Fourth Part.) L. M.
Gloucester 12. Lebanon 77. Islington 40,
He must reign; or the Victories of Christ the
Triumph of Christians.

1 YES, mighty Jesus! thou shalt reign,
Till all thy haughty foes submit;
Till hell, and all her trembling train,
Become like dust beneath thy feet.

2 Then rescu'd souls shall bless thy power,—
Thy arm shall full salvation bring;
Thy saints, in that illustrious hour,
Shall conquer with their conquering King.

3 And when, thro' brilliant gates of gold,
Thou lead'st thy chosen to the skies;
May we the shining pomp behold,
And partners of the triumph rise.

4 Then, rang'd thy blazing throne around,
The Saviour's honours we'll proclaim;
While heaven's transported realms resound
Thy glorious deeds and darling name.
For a Church in a low Condition. Psalm 15. 18.

1 O God of Zion! from thy throne
Look with an eye of pity down!
Thy church now humbly makes her prayer,—
Thy church, the object of thy care.

2 We are a building thou hast rais'd;
How kind thy hand,—that hand be prais'd!
Yet all to utter ruin falls,
If thou forfake our tottering walls.

3 We call to mind the happier days
Of life and love, of pray'r and praise,
When holy services gave birth
To joys resembling heav'n on earth:

4 But, now, the ways of Zion mourn,—
Her gates neglected and forlorn:
Our life and liveliness are fled,
And many number'd with the dead.

5 We need defence from all our foes;—
We need relief from all our woes:
If earth and hell should yet assail;
Let neither earth nor hell prevail.

6 Near to each other and to thee,
Lord, bring us all in unity!
Oh, pour thy Spirit from on high,
And all our numerous wants supply.

7 Oh shew that, in our low estate,
No blessing for us is too great;—
We plead thy Son, we plead thy word,
O Founder, Patron, bounteous Lord!
Zion! afflicted with wave upon wave,
Whom no man can comfort, whom no man can save;
With darkness surrounded, by terrors dismay'd,
In toiling and rowing thy strength is decay'd.

O fearful, O faithless! in mercy he cries,
"My promise, my truth, are they light in thine eyes?"
Still, still I am with thee, my promise shall stand,
Thro' tempest and toiling I'll bring thee to land.

Forget thee I will not, I cannot; thy name
Engrav'd on my heart doth for ever remain;
The palms of my hands, whilst I look on, I see
The wounds I received, when suffering for thee.

I feel at my heart all thy sighs and thy groans,
For thou art most near me, my flesh and my bones;
In all thy distresses thy head feels the pain,
Yet all are most needful,—not one is in vain.

Then trust me, and fear not;—thy life is secure;
My wisdom is perfect, supreme is my power;
In love I correct thee, thy soul to refine,—
To make thee, at length, in my likeness to shine.

The foolish, the fearful, the weak, are my care;
The helpless, the hopeless, I hear their sad pray'r:
From all their afflictions my glory shall spring;
And the deeper their sorrows, the louder they'll sing."
The fabric of nature is fair,
But fairer the temple of grace:
To saints 'tis the joy of the earth—
The most glorious and beautiful place.

To this temple I once did resort,
With crowds of the people of God;
Enraptured we enter'd his courts,
And hail'd the Redeemer's abode.

The Father of mercies we prais'd,
And prostrated low at his throne;
The Saviour we lov'd and ador'd,
Who lov'd us, and made us his own.

Full oft to the message of peace,
To sinners address'd from the sky;
We listen'd—extolling that grace,
Which set us, once rebels, on high.

Faith clave to the crucified Lamb,—
Hope, smiling, exalted its head,—
Love warm'd at the Saviour's dear name,
And vow'd to observe what he said.

What pleasure appear'd in the looks
Of the brethren and sisters around!
With transport all seem'd to reflect
On the blessings in Jesus they'd found.

Sweet moments!—If sought upon earth
Resembles the joy of the skies,
It is, when the hearts of the flock,
Conjoin'd to their Shepherd, arise.
SICKNESS.

But ah! these sweet moments are fled,
Pale sickness compels me to stay,
Where no voice of the turtle is heard,
As the moments are hastening away.

My God! thou art holy and good,
Thy plans are all righteous and wise!
O help me submissive to wait,
Till thou biddest thy servant to rise.—

If to follow thee here in thy courts,
May it be with all ardour and zeal,—
With success and increasing delight,
Performing the whole of thy will.

Or shouldst thou in bondage detain,
To visit thy temples no more,
Prepare me for mansions above,
Where nothing exists to deplore!

Where Jesus—the sun of the place—
Refulgent incessantly shines;
Eternally blessing his saints,
And pouring delight on their minds.

There, there are no prisons to hold
The captive from tasting delight—
There, there the day never is clos'd
With shadows, or darkness, or night:

There, myriads and myriads shall meet,
In our Saviour's high praises to join;
While transported we fall at his feet,
And extol his redemption divine.

Enough, then! my heart shall no more
Of its present bereavements complain;
Since, e'er long, I to heav'n shall soar,
And ceaseless enjoyments obtain.
TIMES AND SEASONS.

I N the floods of tribulation,
While the billows o'er me roll,
Jesus whispers consolation,
And supports my fainting soul:
Hallelujah, Hallelujah,
Hallelujah! Praise the Lord!

Thus the Lion yields me honey;
From the eater food is given:
Strengthen'd thus, I still press forward;
Singing, as I wade to heaven,
Sweet affliction, sweet affliction!
And, my sins are all forgiven!

Mid the gloom, the vivid lightnings
With increasing brightness play!
Mid the thorn-brake, beauteous flow'rets
Look more beautiful and gay:
Hallelujah, &c.

So, in darkest dispensations,
Doth my faithful Lord appear,
With his richest consolations
To re-animate and cheer:
Sweet affliction, sweet affliction!
Thus to bring my Saviour near.

Floods of tribulation heighten,
Billows still around me roar;
Those, that know not Christ—ye frighten;
But my soul defies your power:
Hallelujah, &c.

In the sacred page recorded
Thus his word securely stands,
"Fear not; I'm, in trouble, near thee;
Nought shall pluck you from my hands."
Sweet affliction, sweet affliction!
Every word my love demands.

7 All I meet, I find afflicts me
   In my path to heavenly joy,
Where, tho' trials now attend me,
   Trials never more annoy:
Hallelujah, &c.

8 Bless'd there with a weight of glory,
   Still the path I'll ne'er forget;
But, exulting, cry,—It led me
   To my Blessed Saviour's seat!
Sweet affliction, sweet affliction,
Which has brought to Jesus' feet!

542 (Second Part) S. M.
Harborough 142. Stoke 207.

The Benefit of sanctified Affliction; or, God
bringing his People into the Covenant under
the Rod. Ezek. xx. 37.

1 HOW gracious, and how wise
   Is our chastising God!
And O! how rich the blessings are
   Which blossom from his rod!

2 He lifts it up on high
   With pity in his heart,
That every stroke his children feel,
   May grace and peace impart.

3 Instructed thus, they bow,
   And own his sov'reign sway;
They turn their erring footsteps back
   To his forsaken way.

4 His cov'nant love they seek,
   And seek the happy bands
That closer still engage their hearts
   To honour his commands.
DEATH.

5 Dear Father! we consent,
To discipline divine;
And bless the pains that make our souls,
Still more completely thine.

6 Supported by thy love,
We tend to realms of peace;
Where ev'ry pain shall far remove,
And ev'ry frailty cease.

Culmstock 6.

Pleasing Anticipation of Death and Glory.

1 A H! I shall soon be dying;
Time swiftly glides away;
But, on my Lord relying,
I hail the happy day—

2 The day when I must enter
Upon a world unknown;
My helpless soul I venture
On Jesus Christ alone.

3 He once, a spotless victim,
Upon Mount Calvary bled!
Jehovah did afflict him,
And bruise him in my stead.

4 Hence all my hope arises,
Unworthy as I am:
My soul most surely prises
The sin-atonning Lamb.

5 To him, by grace, united,
I joy in him alone;
And now, by faith, delighted,
Behold him on his throne.

6 There he is interceding
For all who on him rest:
The grace, from him proceeding,
Shall waft me to his breast.
DEATH.

7 Then with the saints in glory
   The grateful song I'll raise,
   And chant my blissful story
   In high seraphic lays.

8 Free grace, redeeming merit,
   And sanctifying love,
   Of Father, Son, and Spirit,
   Shall charm the courts above.

550 (Third Part.) C. M.
Grove House 143
The safe and happy Exit.

1 LORD, must I die? Oh, let me die—
   Trusting in thee alone!
   My living testimony giv'n,
   Then leave my dying one!

2 If I must die,—Oh, let me die
   In peace with all mankind;
   And change these fleeting joys below
   For pleasures all refin'd.

3 If I must die—as die I must—
   Let some kind seraph come
   And bear me on his friendly wing
   To my celestial home!

4 Of Canaan's land, from Pisgah's top,
   May I but have a view!
   Though Jordan should o'erflow its banks,
   I'll boldly venture through.

551 (Second Part.) L. M.
Old Hundred 100. Wareham 117.
Prayer for Deliverance from the Fear of Death.

1 GOD of Love! with cheering ray
   Gild my expiring streak of day;
   Thy love, through each revolving year,
   Has wip'd away affliction's tear.
JUDGMENT.

2 Free me from death's terrific gloom,
And all the guilt which shrouds the tomb;
Heighten my joys, support my head,
Before I sink among the dead.

3 May death conclude my toils and tears!
May death destroy my sins and fears!
May death, through Jesus, be my friend!
May death be life when life shall end!

4 Crown my last moment with thy pow'r—
The latest in my latest hour;
Then to the raptur'd heights I soar,
Where fears and death are known no more.

570 (Second Part.) L. M.
Paul's 246. Horlsey 205.

The Second Appearance of Christ. 2 Pet. iii. 11, 12.

1 My waken'd soul, extend thy wings
Beyond the verge of mortal things;
See this vain world in smoke decay,
And rocks and mountains melt away.

2 Behold the fiery deluge roll
Thro' heaven's wide arch from pole to pole.
Pale sun, no more thy lustre boast:—
Tremble and fall, ye starry host.

3 This wreck of nature all around—
The angels shout, the trumpets sound,
Loud the descending Judge proclaim,
And echo his tremendous name.

4 Children of Adam, all appear
With rev'rence round his awful bar;
For, as his lips pronounce, ye go
To endless bliss, or endless woe!

5 Lord, to my eyes this scene display
Frequent through each returning day;
And let thy grace my soul prepare
To meet its full redemption there!

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